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North British Review.

ECCE HOMO AND MODERN SKEPTICISM.*

[We give this favorable criticism upon this remarkable book from the *North British Review*, and may in a future number give a far less favorable critique upon it from the *British Quarterly*, many points in which are fairly and strongly put. The authorship of the anonymous book has been attributed to Mr. Gladstone, but whether with good reason or not we are unable to judge. The work has attracted unusual attention across the water, and, republished by a Boston house here, is being very rapidly and extensively circulated.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.]

It is not too much to say that the great conflict, even of distinctively Christian faith in the present day, must be more and more, not with Theism or Deism, but Atheism itself, and Atheism of no common order—not an Atheism that revolts cultivated men by its coarseness and alienates earnest men by its levity, but Atheism allied with manly and courageous science; Atheism contending for its right to a warm glow of

spiritual feeling; Atheism speaking humbly of Nature as the great teacher; Atheism courting poetry as the fountain of all pure delight. And when we speak of Atheism, we do not mean, of course, the positive denial of a God, for all the intellectual skepticism of the day is learning true modesty, and asserting its own ignorance, rather than denying anything. Nay, many of the most learned and eminent men, whose teaching is morally and spiritually, as we believe, though not intellectually indistinguishable from Atheism—because they take the utmost pains to extinguish trust in the love of a personal Father—earnestly deny the imputation of intellectual Atheism, which they feel to be an absurdity. Thus a distinguished man of science, to whom the world has much reason to be grateful, and by the side of whom the most eminent men may feel their inferiority, Professor Huxley, has recently been teaching working men that “there is but one kind of knowledge, and but one method of acquiring it;” that that kind of knowledge makes “skepticism the

**Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.* Macmillan & Co. 1866.

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highest of duties, blind faith the one unpardonable sin" — all faith being described as "blind" which accepts anything on *any kind* of authority but that of scientific experience. He describes the true religion as "worship, 'for the most part of the silent sort,' at the altar of the Unknown and Unknowable," and proclaims "justification, not by faith, but by verification,"* as the gospel of modern science. But Professor Huxley warmly repudiates Atheism as being at least as absurd as Polytheism, though it is clear that he does so on the intellectual ground of the marvellous unity and order of nature; for all his teaching is expressly directed to extinguish the spiritual instinct of trust, regarding the spiritual world from which Christ took the veil as a vacuum, and the kingdom of God within us, which he came to rule, as a kingdom of dreams. We should be very sorry to ignore a distinction to which the persons most concerned attach any importance, and it is obviously unfair to use a term supposed to convey moral opprobrium, of any one who rejects it for himself. But as regards the only aspects in which we care to discuss the matter at all, an absolute rejection of the principle of spiritual *trust* is a denial, not indeed of the God of the universe, but of the God of the human soul, and will work therefore as a total eclipse of God in all moral and spiritual concerns. Again, we find in the present day a *school*, as we fear we must call it, growing up, of refined, discriminating, and at least, for the purpose of intellectual and poetic *nuances*, very delicate criticism, the most modern tendencies of which we may take as represented by the writer, said, we believe truly, to be a young man just starting on his intellectual career, who criticised Coleridge in the last number of the *Westminster Review*. This school of thought, taking its departure from a spirit and purpose as different as possible from that of the men of pure science, indeed, expressing an almost supercilious contempt for the mob, expresses also a joy unspeakable, which its members pet in themselves, in gazing on the delicate

coloring and beauty of those spiritual petals which the natures of the gifted few, who are favored by fine soil and finer culture, put forth here and there, to distinguish themselves from the "dim common populations." Yet they too describe the Christian faith as an enthusiasm which is evidence only of rare moral possibilities in man, not of any God of unfathomable love. If this school is to gain ground, we shall have even "the wonder and bloom of the world" turning against God, and preferring to trace their descent downwards to a root of clay, instead of upwards to the eternal glory of the heavens. Now, when high-minded scientific men set up their altar at Charing Cross to a not only Unknown but "Unknowable" God, and the democratic secularists of the *Westminster Review* sacrifice their radicalism for the sake of an alliance with an intellectual aristocrat — almost an intellectual "exquisite" — only because he has disburdened himself of God, it is time for Christians to reflect somewhat seriously how they have managed to combine against them — first, the aristocracy of science, most worthily represented by Professor Huxley — explaining, as we have seen it said, between the bursts of music selected from Haydn's *Creation*, that, in the beginning, the Spirit "of the Unknown and Unknowable" brooded on the face of the waters, saying, "Let light be, and light was" — next, the men of the working-class secularists themselves, who went in numbers to hear Professor Huxley's eloquent and thoughtful skepticism — finally, the aristocracy of poetic feeling, as represented by the intellectual critic, who, for this purpose only, was permitted to recommend, in an able democratic Quarterly, a higher appreciation of those "remote, refined, intense feelings, existing only *by the triumph of a few* over a dead world of routine, in which there is no lifting of the soul at all."

Of course, the true shortcomings among Christians, which render these strange phenomena possible, must be rather spiritual than intellectual; and the answer can be found in books at all only so far as the intellect reflects the deficiencies, and can therefore at times detect the deficiencies of our spiritual nature. But to this extent the author

* See the remarkable "Lay Sermon," first read by Professor Huxley to a working-class meeting, on Sunday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, and published in the *Fortnightly Review* for the 15th January.

of *Ecce Homo* will give us, at least, a partial reply to our question. It is long since we have read any book that has treated the Christian faith in a more comprehensive and more truly Christian spirit, alike in relation to the claims of science, the wants of the great masses of the people, and to the more delicate graces and bloom of spiritual culture. We do not say that we think his point of view always as strong as it might be, or his adjustment of the many complex and difficult issues raised between the modern or "relative" spirit, and the eternal revelation of God, always satisfactory. The book was not written to answer the questions we have asked, but to satisfy the writer's own mind as to what Christ claimed to do, how far he can be said to have accomplished it, and by what means. But with the instinct of true culture, he has necessarily discussed this matter with all the hostile tendencies of the modern skepticism full in his mind; and where he has not precisely met them, he has given us the means of seeing how he would meet them in his modes of statement. We think that we can best convey our strong sense of the power and truthfulness of his book by bringing out, with this able writer's help, the true attitude of Christian faith, so far as we can clearly determine it, in relation to the skepticism of science, which finds the Christian faith an illusion, the skepticism of secular industry, which finds the Christian faith practically inoperative to help it, and the skepticism of æsthetic refinement, which finds the Christian faith in "the absolute" far too clumsy and unmanageable an instrument for the delicate discrimination of the modern "relative spirit."

There is no point more powerfully brought out in *Ecce Homo* than the absolutely regal character of Christ's spiritual legislation, the infinite height from which it descends upon the hearts of his disciples, searching their most secret motives, and yet, though with an entire absence of any visible machinery for frightening or bribing them into compliance, having an unparalleled success in revolutionizing the morality, and at least as completely the religion, of ages. Mohammed, indeed, as our author points out, established a faith quite as successful, and no doubt a faith not without gran-

deur and truth; but then he began by founding a dynasty—that is, by the use of influences a thousand times more vulgar—to rivet his hold on the imagination; and he attempted, even with this aid, infinitely less; never putting forward any of Christ's imperious claims to purge the secret thoughts and hearts of his disciples, by spiritual principles the most subtle and the most universal. Christ commenced a reign infinitely more powerful in practical life than that of any dynasty of kings, or all the dynasties of all the kings of earthly empires, by the mere unsupported assertion of his authority during a year or two of obscure life. His word established *itself*, and this for centuries after his ignominious death. The question is to what to ascribe this wonderful reign of one, who, if the skeptics are right, without any pretence to supernatural power, proceeded on a false method, and asserted an illegitimate claim. "The improver of natural knowledge," says Professor Huxley, in the name of men of science, "absolutely refuses to acknowledge authority as such." And he labors to show that all that is solid in our intellectual, moral, and spiritual life, is built up on a gradual experience of facts, and a temper that vehemently challenges authority (moral no less than intellectual), and will accept nothing which it has not proved for itself. In other words, Professor Huxley maintains that the method of the inductive sciences is the only method by which any human creature can arrive at any sort of truth. If he is right, there are but two alternatives for explaining the power of Christ's inward legislation. Either it must have been legislation only in name, and be really the result of a series of accurate moral experiments, which our Lord only appeals to other human beings' experience to confirm—experiments on the practical value of mercy, justice, purity of heart, the power of prayer, and the negation of these (for no inductive experiment can be of any force till it has tried both alternatives)—or it must have been a misleading power, succeeding by the inherent slavishness of human ignorance, and the undermining of which is the great desideratum of our day. Now, that Christ's legislation is not of the first kind, no one who has the faintest insight into it will dream of as-

serting—assuredly no one who reads the delineation of it given in *Ecce Homo* :

"In defining as above the position which Christ assumed, we have not entered into controvertible matter. We have not rested upon single passages, nor drawn upon the fourth Gospel. To deny that Christ did undertake to found and to legislate for a new theocratic society, and that he did claim the office of Judge of mankind, is indeed possible, but only to those who altogether deny the credibility of the extant biographies of Christ. If those biographies be admitted to be generally trustworthy, then Christ undertook to be what we have described; if not, then of course this, but also every other, account of him falls to the ground.

"When we contemplate this scheme as a whole, and glance at the execution and results of it, three things strike us with astonishment. First, its prodigious originality, if the expression may be used. What other man has had the courage or elevation of mind to say, 'I will build up a state by the mere force of my will, without help from the kings of the world, without taking advantage of any of the secondary causes which unite men together—unity of interest or speech, or blood relationship; I will make laws for my state which shall never be repealed, and I will defy all the powers of destruction that are at work in the world to destroy what I build?'

"Secondly, we are astonished at the calm confidence with which the scheme was carried out. The reason why statesmen can seldom work on this vast scale is that it commonly requires a whole lifetime to gain that ascendancy over their fellow-men which such schemes pre-suppose. Some of the leading organizers of the world have said, 'I will work my way to supreme power, and then I will execute great plans.' But Christ overleaped the first stage altogether. He did not work his way to royalty, but simply said to all men, 'I am your king.' He did not struggle forward to a position in which he could found a new state, but simply founded it.

"Thirdly, we are astonished at the prodigious success of the scheme. It is not more certain that Christ presented himself to men as the founder, legislator, and judge of a divine society, than it is certain that men have accepted him in these characters, that the divine society has been founded, that it has lasted nearly two thousand years, that it has extended over a large and the most highly civilized portion of the earth's surface, and that it continues full of vigor at the present day."

Nor is this method, whether true or false, unique. Certainly the application of it by our Lord is infinitely bolder and more successful than in any other era of

human history; but it seems probable that all great constitutive and organizing influences spring into life in the same way, by the aid of an authority coming more or less from above; that nations are born out of the moral impulse given by a single commanding personality, instead of being joint-stock companies voluntarily associating for civil purposes; that civilizations are crystallized, fixed, and broken up through the vibration of a single wave of moral conviction; in a word, that societies are governed, as societies, not by scientific generalizations from particular experience, but by subduing moral principles, that, once uttered, seize upon the conscience, and inform the body politic with a living spirit. It seems nearly certain that all great past revolutions are traceable, not to correct inferences duly tested, but to discoveries of a higher life (whether human or superhuman), which is no sooner discerned than it brings the heart into captivity, and justifies itself, not "by verification," but "by faith."

Now, compare this with Professor Huxley's teaching, and we may gain some glimpse into the true attitude of Christian faith towards the spirit of modern science. Mr. Huxley states his own view very clearly. All knowledge, he says, is of one sort, proceeding from the observation of natural facts to a study of their order, and breaking into what he calls religion at the point wherever (for the time, that is) the effort of the mind to pass the bounds set to natural knowledge fails :

"I cannot but think that the foundations of all natural knowledge were laid when the reason of man first came face to face with the facts of nature; when the savage first learned that the fingers of one hand are fewer than those of both; that it is shorter to cross a stream than to head it; that a stone stops where it is unless it be moved, and that it drops from the hand which lets it go; that light and heat come and go with the sun; that sticks burn away in a fire; that plants and animals grow and die; that if he struck his fellow-savage a blow he would make him angry, and perhaps get a blow in return, while, if he offered him a fruit, he would please him, and perhaps receive a fish in exchange. When men had acquired this much knowledge, the outlines, rude though they were, of mathematics, of physics, of chemistry, of biology, of moral, economical, and political science, were sketched. Nor did the

germ of religion fail when science began to bud. To use words which, though new, are yet three thousand years old:

' . . . When in heaven the stars about the moon

Look beautiful, when all the winds are laid,
And every height comes out, and jutting peak
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens
Break open to their highest, and all the stars
Shine, and the shepherd gladdens in his heart.'

But if the half-savage Greek could share our feelings thus far, it is irrational to doubt that he went further, to find, as we do, that upon that brief gladness there follows a certain sorrow, the little light of awakened human intelligence shines so mere a spark amidst the abyss of the unknown and unknowable; seems so insufficient to do more than illuminate the imperfections that cannot be remedied, the aspirations that cannot be realized, of man's own nature. But in this sadness, this consciousness of the limitation of man, this sense of an open secret which he cannot penetrate, lies the essence of all religion; and the attempt to embody it in the forms furnished by the intellect is the origin of all theology."

Here then we have the strongest possible contrast of methods. The historical student of Christ's life, entering on his work, as he tells us, without having formed any clear conception of the significance of the subject he was to study, cannot avoid seeing the assumption of an amazing legislative authority over the most secret attitudes of the wills and affections of men, enforced either by no visible power at all, or by no visible power that the modern scientific man will admit; embodied in no written code, and proceeding from lips which had scarcely uttered the new law when they were closed in death; yet he sees that this legislative authority was not nominal, but real—that it spread from conscience to conscience and heart to heart, till it undermined the Roman power, founded institutions which all over the West are potent still, and changed the secret motives and the spiritual beliefs even more than the outward actions of those on whom it laid its grasp. The scientific student, on the other hand, tells us that doubt—the rejection of this sort of authority—is in all cases, and every department of life, "the highest of duties;" the keenest skepticism the highest of virtues; that moral knowledge, like all other, is the product of a careful study of the conse-

quences of different kinds of conduct; and that religious *knowledge*, properly so called, does not exist at all, religion being properly only a tone of feeling—a name for the humility which wise men feel toward the Unknown and Unknowable.

The contrast seems to us as instructive as it is strongly marked: science reproaching history with being founded on a tissue of fable; history ignoring science through the necessity which obliges it to follow those great streams of organizing and constitutive social principles which always originate in sources above the analysis of the scientific understanding. Professor Huxley is committing the very same mistake, on behalf of the scientific principle, which Christians of all creeds, but most of all the Roman Catholic Church, have committed on behalf of the theological principle. Recognizing the inherent divinity of the revelation which at once humiliates and elevates, refines and enlarges, saddens and rejoices, the heart of man, Christian theology has always been in danger of annexing to its province those accidentally connected fields of thought, by the aid of which its truths have been expressed and illustrated. As lawyers assume that a grant of land includes a grant of all the tower of space above it up to the very zenith, so theologians have assumed that the breadth of heaven measured by a divine revelation must carry with it all the depths beneath, down to the very earth illumined by its light. And the Roman Church has gone further still, and maintained, with Dr. Newman, a principle of development which claims "preservative additions," as bulwarks of the ground already won, until, as in our Indian Empire, State after State is annexed, to insure the safety of what had been annexed before; and the theological principle has exiled every other from the realm of human nature. The blunder which theologians have thus made, the men of science are now retorting upon them. They have established their principles firmly on the earth, and are now proceeding to push them up to the highest heavens, branding everything as unknown and unknowable which they cannot make known by their own method. Instead of "preservative additions," these thinkers really ask for

"preservative subtractions"—negations, that is, of every other principle of knowledge—in order that science may be left alone in the field, with a desert spreading around it on every border. Yet how would Professor Huxley propose to establish, on the scientific method, the "knowledge" that purity of heart is one of the highest of virtues? Would he make his savage "try" both alternatives, and embrace that which he found to be, "by verification," the most successful as a principle of living? How would he propose to make it clear even that the love of pure scientific knowledge, on which he is so wisely eloquent, is one of the nobler principles in the human heart, and infinitely more worthy, as he justly remarks, than that love of the mere utilitarian results of knowledge—of such useful "toys" as the pump and the steam-engine—with which he complains of its being confounded? We suspect that in answer to either question he would be compelled to say that the intrinsic nobility of purity of heart, and of disinterested intellectual passion, as of all other noble principles, is appreciated as soon as distinctly felt; that a mind higher than our own in these respects no sooner stirs us than we recognize its rank, nay, much as he dislikes the word, acknowledge its *authority*. His highest of virtues, "doubt," would, if applied to all departments of life, the moral and spiritual as well as intellectual, soon do more to render the world uninhabitable than science can ever do to populate it. Imagine the child doubting whether it ought to trust, and the woman whether she ought to love, till scientific habits of mind had verified the credentials of the mother or the brother; imagine love exactly measured out in proportion to human deserts; imagine the moral influence of character repelled on the very highest scientific principles till some social anthropometer had been applied to it to verify its efficiency; imagine establishing scientifically that loving resignation is a better state of mind than stoical endurance, and gratitude than proud aversion to receive the favors of others; in short, imagine any condition of society in which the mysterious and instantaneous authority of moral and spiritual qualities should be undermined, and a scientific doubt, demanding demonstra-

tion that they were good, instead of freely acknowledging their influence, in its place, and you imagine an anarchy that no conceivable familiarity with the order of nature could convert into organization and harmony. But once grant the principle of the spiritual authority of character, and you grant in effect the rule of the Holy Spirit, which alone can teach us that one spirit is lower than another spirit; that a spirit *of which we have made no trial*, which scientifically we could neither approve nor condemn, and which is soliciting us to make trial of it, is beneath and not above us; that another spirit, equally untried as yet, is above and not beneath us; which alone, in short, can lead our steps aright in the thicket of spiritual influences which make up human life.

But, once granting that there is this distinct source of knowledge—for knowledge of the most valuable kind, if knowledge at all, it undoubtedly is—and we have a clew by which to settle the true relation of theology to science. As this sort of knowledge, by its very nature and essence, comes down upon us from above, and convinces us of the existence of something higher than ourselves, which has a natural authority over us, we may trust those who tell us of such knowledge as having entered their own minds, to give us its *upward history* as we may call it—to show us whence it descended upon them, and what was the precise spiritual conviction which it brought. Thus we may trust profoundly the genuineness of such a testimony as Peter's: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life"—for what did it mean, except the most sincere, specific, and definite piece of testimony of which perhaps the human mind is capable, that from a certain source new moral life had been flowing in full streams into Peter's own mind, and that he knew and recognized that source? So too, with still more profound conviction, we may accept that higher testimony which said, "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do;" "I am not alone, for the Father is with me;" "All things are delivered unto me of my Father, and no man knoweth the Son but the Father, nor any man the Father but the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son shall reveal

him;" and which, in sayings far too numerous to quote, ascribed to the eternal union with the Father all those deeds and words which men wilfully call so "original," but the true power of which, according to our Lord's own mind, lies precisely in their not being original, but derivative, the faithful reflection of eternal filial love. We take it that on no point is the mind of man capable of more accurate testimony than of the origin of its own higher life. The moment, and the source, whether human or divine, whence a new and higher influence has descended upon us, are always memorable, and almost always of that precise and distinctly outlined character, that, however inward, is properly historic. That this is so, is doubtless one of the causes of that mischievous and exacting demand for a datable "conversion" with which some theologies pester their disciples. It is true, however, that every new and great influence from above us, whether it dates itself accurately in time or not, and whether it is of that peculiar and sometimes morbid kind known popularly as "conversion" or not, does bring with it the distinctest knowledge as to its mode and source. But though the upward history, as we may call it, of genuine spiritual influence, human or divine, is almost always authentic, it is by no means necessary, or even true, that the *downward* history of revelation, the history of its actual conquests and human successes, should include only the history of authentic divine influence, and of its legitimate victories. The difference between scientific knowledge and this kind of spiritual knowledge, which is of the essence of revelation, is, that in the former there is always the strictest possible equivalence between these premises and the conclusion into which they are "developed;" in the latter, as with all practical moral influences, the actual development is apt to be very much wider indeed than is warranted by the principle from which it springs. The early Church, from its knowledge of God, got a great deal of practical human authority in other matters which was often wisely and often unwisely used. It became an authority in all matters of philosophy and law, and annexed, as we have said, province after province of human life and thought to the field over

which it claimed authority, till scarcely any was left out of the reach of its lateral extension. Yet a great deal of this lateral extension was of course illegitimate. We have not yet nearly got rid of the pernicious effects of the assumption of revelation to decide questions of history, science, and general expediency. The downward growth of revelation is a history of graftings of new principles upon the spiritual and moral authority of a revelation which simply claims to link us to God through him who had lived both an eternal life with God, and in human history also. Revelation is an organizing force, and, as such, assimilates plenty of temporary material. All revelation, all downward-streaming light, in passing through stratum after stratum of our thick human atmosphere, falls upon, and touches with its own beauty, human means and instruments and temporary expedients of human energy, useful for a time perhaps, but not useful for eternity; and many dreams, fictions, and errors which are not useful in themselves even for a time, but only seem to become so when they catch the gleam of a divine influence; and, lastly, earnest human thoughts, whether wholly or only partially true, which revelation has kindled and illuminated, but with which it is not to be identified. When we come to compare the scientific principle of thought, therefore, with the theological, or unveiling of the Holy Spirit to men, we find the two absolutely in different planes, and unable, properly compared, to clash with each other. But this is by no means the case with respect to the temporary materials which the theological principle has frequently embodied, and for a time successfully embodied, with itself, by virtue of the great prestige of its spiritual authority. The scientific principle has most useful work to do in disentangling again from revelation elements which have been imported into it without really belonging to it, and reclaiming them for their own proper province. Only, in attempting this, science, as we have said, is under a great temptation to mistake what it can do more fatally than theology has ever mistaken what it could do. Instead of annexing to its own fields those borderlands of thought over which it neither has nor pretends to have any right, it

lays them waste, for every one who will trust it, by the bare assertion that there exists no knowledge but the scientific, and that all which claims to be knowledge not scientific in its basis, is spurious fable. As the author of *Ecce Homo*, with his usual wise moderation, well says :

"To assist us in arranging the physical conditions of our well-being another mighty revelation has been made to us, for the most part in these latter ages. We live under the blessed light of science, a light yet far from its meridian and dispersing every day some noxious superstition, some cowardice of the human spirit. These two revelations stand side by side. The points in which they have been supposed to come into collision do not belong to our present subject; they concern the theology and not the morality of the Christian Church. The moral revelation which we have been considering has never been supposed to jar with science. Both are true and both are essential to human happiness. It may be that since the methods of science were reformed and its steady progress began, it has been less exposed to error and perversion than Christianity, and, as it is peculiarly the treasure belonging to the present age, it becomes us to guard it with peculiar jealousy, to press its claims, and to treat those who, content with Christianity, disregard science, as Christ treated the enemies of light, 'those that took away the keys of knowledge,' in his day. Assuredly they are graceless zealots who quote Moses against the expounders of a wisdom which Moses desired in vain, because it was reserved for a far later generation, for these modern men, to whom we may with accurate truth apply Christ's words and say that the least among them is greater than Moses. On the other hand, the Christian morality, if somewhat less safe and exempt from perversion than science, is more directly and vitally beneficial to mankind. The scientific life is less noble than the Christian; it is better, so to speak, to be a citizen in the New Jerusalem than in the New Athens; it is better, surely, to find everywhere a brother and friend, like the Christian, than, like the philosopher, to 'disregard your relative and friend so completely as to be ignorant not only how he gets on, but almost whether he is a human being or some other sort of creature.'"

It will be replied, however, that if it is legitimate for science to disentangle from the field of theology all that is not a link in the direct chain of spiritual influence which unites God with the lowest being capable of recognizing his will and love, it is legitimate for it to

disentangle all miracle properly so called, and so to leave the gospel a mere fine network of religious thought, interrupted all over by solid blocks of falsehood, the conspicuous error of which throws a whole world of doubt even over the divine lineage of its spiritual truth. But the true answer is, that though it is perfectly right to demand more evidence, and a totally different kind of evidence, for a spiritual revelation when it is mixed up with physical facts on which science throws doubt, than for a purely spiritual revelation, yet that if such facts, by their very essence, do convey a new spiritual teaching to the mind, and if the special evidence which we have a right to require is forthcoming, the scientific improbability attaching to them may weigh as nothing in the balance. No doubt, such scientific improbability ought to be clearly set forth and weighed; no doubt, it has a distinct right to be heard. But science never teaches us anything but a *method*, and does not pretend to say how that method may not or must not be modified, under the influence of new and rare causes or conditions. Now one part of the purely spiritual lesson which revelation teaches us, and teaches us by the higher method of divine impression from above, rather than by generalized experience, is the strict subordination of nature and natural laws to the spiritual purposes of God. Time, nature, and what we call accident, it asserts, are but divine influences, for the outcome of which we ought to be as ready prepared as for the gifts of the Holy Spirit itself. "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say?—Father, save me from this hour; *but for this cause came I to this hour*: Father, glorify thy name," is a spiritual, almost a *purely* spiritual lesson; and yet what it teaches is that the ordinary succession of the seasons, the whole procedure of nature is subordinate to the divine purposes of God; that

"The slow sweet hours which bring us all things good;

The slow sad hours which bring us all things ill,

And all good things from evil,"

are not independent of, but only the ministers of a divine love. Indeed, science itself teaches us something analogous, in showing how the higher

natural laws overrule the lower—chemical overbearing mechanical, vital chemical, and finally moral and spiritual laws overbearing even vital laws, and the free will of man modifying all. Hence revelation, in asserting the direct dependence of what are called physical laws on the higher purposes of God, and exhibiting those purposes as shining through them here and there so as to transfigure them directly with its light, is keeping strictly within its sphere, though also touching a world in which it becomes properly and fairly exposed to the direct criticisms of science, and where, therefore, other and strong evidence *besides* the intrinsic spiritual evidence of the truth that is conveyed, must and ought to be demanded. But if this evidence is forthcoming—and, as to the great central miracle of the resurrection at least, it is scarcely possible to conceive of stronger historical evidence than is afforded, not only by Peter and Paul, but by the joyful reanimation of large numbers of dispirited and ignorant disciples—a reanimation which led them to cast away life, and many things dearer than life, in preaching the new gospel—science has no right whatever to contradict the facts simply because she can, on her own empirical data, show an antecedent improbability about them. We do not deny the right of science to discuss the subject of miracle. Nay, we are disposed to suspect that as the connection between the spiritual and physical life of man is more closely studied, phenomena, not perhaps explaining, but nevertheless *proving*, a remarkable control exerted by the former over the latter, such as all great religious movements (the Jansenist, for instance) have exhibited in some small (and often grossly exaggerated) degree, may be discovered, which will render the great miracles of the gospel somewhat less astounding to the scientific imagination, by showing that miracle, or the historically supernatural, has some definite proportion to the relative development of the spiritually supernatural—that is, to the conscious subjection of the human soul to God. But whether this be so or not—and we speak of it only as the general drift of the teaching of many remarkable periods in history, and as at

least quite consistent with all we know of science—there can be no question but that the physically supernatural in the gospel has indefinitely strengthened the spiritual faith that nature, with all its monotony, is only the instrument of God's spiritual purposes; and this physical supernaturalism has therefore a good title to be included as of the essence of revelation, if adequately supported by historical testimony. The author of *Ecce Homo* adds another effective touch to this consideration, though it is one which we can only use subordinately, when the main question of the validity of the physically supernatural has been decided in the affirmative. He remarks very finely on the wonderful impression produced upon those who conceded supernatural power to Christ, by the extraordinary temperance and self-imposed limitations observed in its use:

"This temperance in the use of supernatural power is the masterpiece of Christ. It is a moral miracle superinduced upon a physical one. This repose in greatness makes him surely the most sublime image ever offered to the human imagination, and it is precisely this trait which gave him his immense and immediate ascendancy over men. If the question be put—Why was Christ so successful?—why did men gather round him at his call, form themselves into a new society, according to his wish, and accept him with unbounded devotion as their legislator and judge? some will answer, 'Because of the miracles which attested his divine character;' others, 'Because of the intrinsic beauty and divinity of the great law of love which he propounded.' But miracles, as we have seen, have not by themselves this persuasive power. That a man possesses a strange power which I cannot understand is no reason why I should receive his words as divine oracles of truth. The powerful man is not of necessity also wise; his power may terrify, but not convince. On the other hand the law of love, however divine, was but a precept. Undoubtedly it deserved that men should accept it for its intrinsic worth, but men are not commonly so eager to receive the words of wise men nor so unbounded in their gratitude to them. It was neither for his miracles nor for the beauty of his doctrine that Christ was worshipped. Nor was it for his winning personal character, nor for the persecutions he endured, nor for his martyrdom. It was for the inimitable unity which all these things made when taken together. In other words, it was for this, that he whose power and greatness as shown in his miracles

were overwhelming, denied himself the use of his power, treated it as a slight thing, walked among men as though he were one of them, relieved them in distress, taught them to love each other, bore with undisturbed patience a perpetual hailstorm of calumny; and when his enemies grew fiercer, continued still to endure their attacks in silence, until, petrified and bewildered with astonishment, men saw him arrested and put to death with torture, refusing steadfastly to use in his own behalf the power he conceived he held for the benefit of others. It was the combination of greatness and self-sacrifice which won their hearts, the mighty powers held under a mighty control, the unspeakable condescension, the *Cross of Christ*. By this, and by nothing else, the enthusiasm of a Paul was kindled. The statement rests on no hypothesis or conjecture: his Epistles bear testimony to it throughout. The trait in Christ which filled his whole mind was his condescension. The charm of that condescension lay in its being voluntary. The cross of Christ, of which Paul so often speaks as the only thing he found worth glorying in, as that in comparison with which every thing in the world was as *dung*, was the voluntary submission to death of one who had the power to escape death; this he says in express words. And what Paul constantly repeats in impassioned language, the other apostles echo. Christ's voluntary surrender of power is their favorite subject, the humiliation implied in his whole life and crowned by his death."

We may say, then, in summing up this part of our subject, that the skepticism of science is best met by first putting in the clearest possible light the imperious claims of Christ to legislate for the spirit of man, and the marvellous concession of those claims through centuries—a concession infinitely more marvellous to any one who thinks that the miracles (which alone could have saved the three years' teaching of a Galilean peasant from oblivion) were illusions; and pointing out that such authoritative legislation would have been simply impossible if there were no source of knowledge but scientific induction—if there were not also a natural and instantaneous source of moral authority communicated by the mere touch of a higher character to a lower. Natural science and revelation are thus seen to grow from different roots, the one dealing with principles that are exactly equivalent, neither more nor less, to the phenomena which they explain;

the other with the relation of lower to higher natures, and the tracking of spiritual light from below to its source above. Again, the natural meeting ground of science and revelation is on the question of physical supernaturalism, where both have a claim to be heard—science, because it has studied the ordinary laws of such phenomena—revelation, because it claims to show, by the special modification of those ordinary laws under the influence of a revealed divine will, the spiritual purpose which penetrates to the very bottom even of the physical continuity of nature and redeems it from appearing a dead, purposeless monotony. Finally, in the sublime temperance and moderation of our Lord's use of the supernatural, revelation gives a glimpse not only of the absolute subordination of nature to divine purpose, but of the reasons why that subordination is so little obtruded upon us; why it is hidden from sight though visible to faith; why the sun shines and the rain falls alike for the just and the unjust; why the physical order of nature is so subtly and indirectly subordinated to the spiritual order, instead of being made its more direct and visible expression. Temperance in the divine use of the supernatural is essential to the culture and independence of the supernatural will in man. Unless the Omnipotent kept the play of his spiritual judgments partially veiled behind the constancy of natural laws, there would be no sufficient room for the moral growth and discipline of a finite free will. The spectacle of love *laying aside power* for the sake of man, is the highest revelation of the supernatural; and Christ, therefore, exhibited the supernatural power chiefly to show us the higher supernatural spirit involved in laying it down.

With the skepticism of science, as we have seen, our author deals rather indirectly than directly. Nor indeed does he address himself with absolute directness to the skepticism of secularism—a species of skepticism which is not strictly skepticism at all, but rather *indifference* to a faith, which, in our own day, seems to have so little to say to the most urgent wants of the laboring class—though he deals with the secular, benevolent, and philanthropic aspects of

Christ's own purposes voluminously and thoughtfully. It seems strange that a faith, which was originally addressed immediately to a laboring class, and which anxiously sought out not merely the poor and miserable, but those criminal and dissolute classes who usually hem in the poor so closely, should now have lost hold, nominally at least, more completely on the highest ranks of manual labor, than on the comfortable middle class, and the luxurious aristocratic class themselves. Yet what the laboring class values more, and shows that it values more than any other living principle, is the organizing power which creates and holds together a society in practical unity; and if the Christian faith certainly generated any power at all, it was, as our author clearly points out, such an organizing power. If it developed one vital principle more than another, it was the capacity to inspire that value and respect for humanity as such, which has always been the principal craving of the poorest class, as the condition of its crystallization into an orderly society. Our author's essay is one long dissertation on the claim of Christ's legislation to inspire more than respect, "enthusiasm," for man as man—to sow in the heart what our author calls "the enthusiasm of humanity"—which bids us regard even the meanest as capable of possessing the mind of Christ himself. Here one would suppose is the very essence of a faith that could fascinate the heart of physical toil, and fit it for social unity and dignity. Our author says of Christ:

"He associated by preference with these meanest of the race; no contempt for them did he ever express; no suspicion that they might be less dear than the best and wisest to the common Father; no doubt that they were naturally capable of rising to a moral elevation like his own. . . . We have here the very kernel of the Christian moral scheme. We have distinctly before us the end Christ proposed to himself, and the means he considered adequate to the attainment of it. His object was, instead of drawing up, after the example of previous legislators, a list of actions prescribed, allowed, and prohibited, to give his disciples a universal test by which they might discover what it was right and what it was wrong to do. Now, as the difficulty of discovering what is right arises commonly from the prevalence of self-interest in our minds, and as we commonly behave rightly to any

one for whom we feel affection or sympathy, Christ considered that he who could feel sympathy for all would behave rightly to all. But how to give to the meagre and narrow hearts of men such enlargement? How to make them capable of a universal sympathy? Christ believed it possible to bind men to their kind, but on one condition—that they were first bound fast to himself. He stood forth as the representative of men, he identified himself with the cause and with the interests of all human beings; he was destined, as he began before long obscurely to intimate, to lay down his life for them."

And the greater part of the book is an expansion of this mode of conceiving the aim of Christ. Christ proposed to himself, according to our author, to awaken a fire of enthusiasm in the heart of his disciples for human nature, as represented in himself; and farther, to organize that enthusiasm into the greatest and most practical of human institutions, for the rescue of human beings from misery as well as from sin. And yet it seems to us precisely here that our author may most fail to take hold of the mind of the great class to which he truly represents Christ as appealing. That they earnestly seek for an organizing principle and unity and self-respect, and for precisely every one of those great philanthropic ends which our author shows that Christ holds out, is as clear as that, as a rule, their class—and the highest part of their class probably most of all—is alienated from the faith which could give them these great gifts, and look upon it as a dream of unpractical men, who had never heard of the steam-engine, the railway, or the electric telegraph. Possibly, indeed, one reason for this may be truly given in the following fine criticism:

"The objection which practical men take is a very important one, as the criticisms of such men always are, being founded commonly upon large observation and not perverted by theory. They say that the love of Christ does not in practice produce the nobleness and largeness of character which has been represented as its proper and natural result; that instead of inspiring those who feel it with reverence and hope for their kind, it makes them exceedingly narrow in their sympathies, disposed to deny and explain away even the most manifest virtues displayed by men, and to despair of the future destiny of the great majority of their fellow-creatures; that instead of binding them to their kind, it divides them from it by a gulf which they

themselves proclaim to be impassable and eternal, and unites them only in a gloomy conspiracy of misanthropy with each other; that it is indeed a law-making power, but that the laws it makes are little-minded and vexatious prohibitions of things innocent, demoralizing restraints upon the freedom of joy and the healthy instincts of nature; that it favors hypocrisy, moroseness, and sometimes lunacy; that the only vice it has power to check is thoughtlessness, and its only beneficial effect is that of forcing into activity, though not always into healthy activity, the faculty of serious reflection.

"This may be a just picture of a large class of religious men, but it is impossible in the nature of things that such effects should be produced by a pure personal devotion to Christ. We are to remember that nothing has been subjected to such multiform and grotesque perversion as Christianity. Certainly the direct love of Christ, as it was felt by his first followers, is a rare thing among modern Christians. His character has been so much obscured by scholasticism, as to have lost in a great measure its attractive power. The prevalent feeling towards him now among religious men is an awful fear of his supernatural greatness, and a disposition to obey his commands arising partly from dread of future punishment and hope of reward, and partly from a nobler feeling of loyalty, which, however, is inspired rather by his office than his person. Beyond this we may discern in them an uneasy conviction that he requires a more personal devotion, which leads to spasmodic efforts to kindle the feeling by means of violent ruptures of panegyric and by repeating over and getting by rote the ardent expressions of those who really had it. This is wanting for the most part which Christ held to be all in all, spontaneous warmth, free and generous devotion. That the fruits of a Christianity so hollow should be so poor and sickly, is not surprising."

But that is scarcely the whole truth. The working classes of this country, notwithstanding all their great qualities, especially notwithstanding those almost "ascetic virtues" which an eminent politician, whose knowledge of Lancashire and Yorkshire operatives is considerable, Lord Houghton, has recently attributed to them, combine with these great qualities and ascetic virtues a certain hardness of grain, over which the proposal to yield enthusiastic love to a human being who lived eighteen centuries ago, and to ascribe to all other human beings the capacity for his virtues, would pass without making any impression. We do not believe that

this proposal represents our author's true theology; but this is the only point of view from which his somewhat defective method enables him to describe the great motive power of the Christian faith in this preliminary work. The English artisan realizes well—no one better—that forces of human origin, whether moral or physical, are nothing in comparison to those great reservoirs of natural and spiritual energy which man is permitted partly to use and direct, but which he cannot originate. The practical believers in water-power, steam-power, gravity, and electricity, naturally do not feel inclined in spiritual matters to attribute too much importance to moral exercises of their own volition. Hence the fascination for them of the great fatalistic Necessarian, Calvinistic, Pantheistic faiths—a fascination which all who know the artisan class will admit. The artisan proper has as little respect for enthusiasms of human origin, as he has for a productive process which does not seem to avail itself of any power greater than manual labor. And it is the great defect of this beautiful essay as it at present stands that, while it is one long demonstration of the claim of the Christian revelation to awaken a new "enthusiasm of humanity," its method does not permit the author really to trace the moral power, on the magnitude of which he is commenting, to its true spring. Our author professes to make his book an examination into Christ's aims, as *preliminary* to a discussion of his true supernatural claims. Now the difficulty of such an attempt is, that it seems to separate the aims from the only rational justification of these aims — as if a man should inquire into the musical aims of a great vocalist without any discussion of the musical capacities of his voice, or the aims of a great engineer, without mention of the mechanical means at his disposal. It presents our Lord rather as spanning the centuries with a brilliant rainbow of visionary hope, than as laying his foundations deep in the heart and conscience of man. To aspire to fill the heart of men in all ages with love for one who has long passed from the world, reverence for his laws, and faith in his promises—to hope to make not merely a memory, but far less than a memory, a tradition, rule over the passions and

the moral and intellectual truths and imaginations of men; above all, to hope that men should be so credulous as to find in such a tradition of one man's isolated goodness a guarantee that any other man, however deeply degraded, may be transfigured into his image—would be fairly regarded as a wild dreamer's dream, apart from the theology at the basis of such a hope. We do not believe for a moment that this is the picture which our author intends ultimately to draw, but it is the only picture which the method of his present essay enables him to draw. By inquiring into Christ's aims before he has conceded anything as to his nature, by representing those aims simply as springing from his noble sentiments, he makes those aims resemble cut flowers, drawing their beauty from the water which only delays their decay, instead of from the roots which really enfolded their principle of life. The working classes will be the first to realize this; they will say at once that all the talk about "the enthusiasm of humanity" is beautiful enough, but that it compels the question, Where is the enthusiasm to come from? Man is a poor creature at best, and cannot manufacture powerful motives for himself by dint of gazing at a beautiful picture dimmed by time, and taking for granted that all its finest features are not unique but universal. "If you can show us," they might say, "great spiritual forces *not depending on ourselves*, but still close to us, and of which we might avail ourselves, as we do in physical life of the great ocean-currents, and steam-power, and the magnetic streams of earth, of which for centuries our race was ignorant, though they were then as efficient as now—then, no doubt, you may produce as great spiritual results upon us as the discovery of the great natural forces has produced physical results. But if it is all to depend on *our* strength of love for a being whom we never saw—on emotions which we are to squeeze out of ourselves—then your great enthusiasm will be as long in coming as the wind when it is whistled for." Nor would the working class be wrong in such a criticism. The aims of Christ cannot be sundered from his theology. Unless we believe him to be still at the fountains of every human heart, doing

for man what man cannot do for himself, giving strength to effect that which, unassisted, we have not even strength to attempt, commanding peace to human passions, and restraining the selfishness of intellectual tastes, and, above all, convincing us that he who commands us to rescue the degraded from their degradation, *enables* us to do it by himself knocking at the door of the most degraded heart—the "enthusiasm of humanity" would be a mere romanticist dream. Unless the working class can be brought to believe that Christ has opened the way between God and man, not only for the generation among which he lived on earth, but for all of us; that the eternal will which moved him to "take upon himself the form of a servant" is still and for ever willing the great ends which he came down upon earth to declare; that the power and wisdom and love of God are always close to us in all the fulness of that life which shone out for the only time in human history, centuries ago—unless they can be brought to believe this, "the enthusiasm of humanity" must be for them a factitious affair. Indeed, we think that, with all his truthfulness and power, the author of *Ecce Homo* has made somewhat too much of active "enthusiasm" and too little of that quiet and receptive attitude of mind which is probably the nearest to our Lord's. It is true that there is an enthusiasm—of the kind which our author certainly means to indicate—which depends entirely on the great sustaining power of thoughts that are in us, but not of us, to which we trust, as a swimmer trusts himself to the sustaining sea; but then it is of the essence of this enthusiasm to know that the source from which it enters the mind is a perennial source, not capable of running dry. And the attitude of mind in which the greatest and most victorious of working philanthropists stand towards such sustaining convictions is often far from one of *elation*, which is generally supposed to be part of enthusiasm, but one of mere humble, tranquil trust. The having a great faith to lean upon may often, perhaps most often, be the one influence which extinguishes the outward appearance of enthusiasm. When first the spirit catches sight of the new wave of power, no doubt a thrill, properly de-

scribed as one of enthusiasm, runs through it. But after once resting upon it and testing its full strength, the flush fades away, and what we feel is no longer enthusiasm, but quiet trust in a great agency distinct from ourselves, and which uses us for its greater ends. And this is the true aspect in which to present the purposes of Christ to working men—as a revelation of eternal strength ever at work behind the veil of visible phenomena—of which we may avail ourselves, if we will—which will avail itself of us whether we will or not—but which is ever carrying out the great aims and laws of Christ—though sometimes men in their blindness may fall on it and are broken, and sometimes, when they set themselves consciously against it, it may fall on them and “grind them to powder.”

We may illustrate what we mean in this respect by the fine passage in which our author speaks of Christ's anxiety to guard his disciples against the devouring “cares of this world” (*μεριμνὰ βιωτικά*) a danger felt by none, except the mercantile class, more keenly than by the class which is always living on the verge of want, and sometimes has the greatest possible difficulty in realizing that “the life is more than meat,” or “the body than raiment:”

“The most formidable temptation of manhood is that which Christ described in a phrase hardly translatable as *μεριμνὰ βιωτικά*. To boys and youths work is assigned by their parents or tutors. The judicious parent takes care not to assign so much work as to make his son a slave. We cherish as much as possible the freedom, the discursiveness of thought and feeling natural to youth. We cherish it as that which life is likely sooner or later to diminish; and if we curb it, we do so that it may not exhaust itself by its own vivacity. But in manhood work is not assigned to us by others who are interested in our welfare, but by a ruthless and tyrannous necessity which takes small account of our powers or our happiness. And the source of the happiness of manhood, a family, doubles its anxieties. Hence middle life tends continually to routine, to the mechanic tracing of a contracted circle. A man finds or fancies that the care of his own family is as much as he can undertake, and excuses himself from most of his duties to humanity. In many cases owing to the natural difficulty of obtaining a livelihood in a particular country, or to remediable social abuses, such a man's conduct is justified by necessity, but in many more it arises from

the blindness of natural affection, making it difficult for him to think that he has done enough for his family while it is possible for him to do more. Christ bids us look to it that we be not weighed down by these worldly cares, which indeed, if not resisted, must evidently undo all that Christianity has done, and throw men back into the clannish condition out of which it redeemed them. How many a man who at twenty was full of zeal, high-minded designs, and plans of a life devoted to humanity, after the cares of middle life have come upon him and one or two schemes contrived with the inexperience of youth have failed, retains nothing of the Enthusiasm with which he set out but a willingness to relieve distress whenever it crosses his path, and perhaps a habit of devoting an annual sum of money to charitable purposes! To protect the lives of men from sinking into a routine of narrow-minded drudgery, the Christian Church has introduced the invaluable institution of *the Sunday*.”

Christ's cure for these gnawing claims on our thought and attention was to open a field of trust and contemplation behind the veil, which would enable even the most restless spirit, once realizing it, to lean for all that it cannot control on One who can. In other words his cure is strictly theological, the revelation of a rest for the intellect and a rest for the will, in a power within man, but above man. Our author—who insists, not too much, indeed, on the practical side of Christ's teaching, but too much on the zeal which he wished to inspire as distinct from the faith which nourished that zeal—is perhaps too much disposed to turn the Sunday into a day for maturing plans of action, instead of a day for falling back on the rest of trust:

“The enthusiasm should not be suffered to die out in any one for want of the occupation best calculated to keep it alive. Those who meet within the church walls on Sunday should not meet as strangers who find themselves together in the same lecture hall, but as coöperators in a public work the object of which all understand, and to his own department of which each man habitually applies his mind and contriving power. Thus meeting, with the *esprit de corps* strong among them, and with a clear perception of the purpose of their Union and their meeting, they would not desire that the exhortation of the preacher should be, what in the nature of things it seldom can be, eloquent. It might cease then to be either a despairing and overwrought appeal to feelings which grow more

callous the oftener they are thus excited to no definite purpose, or a childish discussion of some deep point in morality or divinity better left to philosophers. It might then become weighty with business, and impressive as an officer's address to his troops before battle. For it would be addressed by a soldier to soldiers in the presence of an enemy whose character they understood and in the war with whom they had given and received telling blows."

But the attraction which takes the working class away from Christian sermons to hear Professor Huxley telling them of the grandeur of "natural knowledge" in his lay sermon, and Dr. Carpenter discussing the bearing of physiological discovery on the antiquity of man, should teach us that the day of rest from "the cares of the world" is really wanted for the return of the mind to the contemplation of wider and sublimer fields of thought than even the marching orders for a philanthropic campaign. What disgusts working men with ordinary sermons is the appearance of mere didacticism about them, of hackneyed sentiments that do not seem to have any root in the larger order of the universe, while their minds are thirsting for a wider and a deeper insight into the springs of life. Science, though it only satisfies the intellect, does satisfy this yearning for intellectual space and sublimity. It does not rest the spirit or the will, but it lulls for a time by its grandeur "the cares of the world" to sleep. And unless the Christian churches can effect the same, and much more than the same; unless they can draw "living water" for the intellect, will, and spirit of careworn men on the Sunday, the men of physical science will keep the secularists still—not because they speak of matters which bear immediately on the utilities and comforts of life, but, on the other hand, because they speak of matters which feed the spiritual imagination so much more effectually than the commonplaces of a half-realized system of morality and religion. Mr. Matthew Arnold has recently assured us, with his usual imperious beauty of diction, that the problem of the age is to find a life more natural, more rational, with more love of the things of the mind, more love of beautiful things, for the toiling classes. Assuredly we believe with him that to

save more opportunity for enjoying the *ends* of life, out of the time now devoted to manipulating its *means*, is the great problem of modern society, though we should probably differ from him very much as to what those ends are. The contemplation of the life of God, as it is seen shining here and there through the revolving constellations of secular phenomena, seems to us the highest and most refreshing of these ends, which no one needs more than the noblest practical philanthropist, whose life would be ever in danger of being grated down into a mere powder of small purposes and petty arrangements without this slaking of their highest thirst. None feel this thirst, we believe, more deeply than the secularists. Science does not satisfy it, except for the intellect, but rather presents an order too pitiless and undeviating for the education of free beings—a silent order, which prostrates the mind, like the stillness of those gigantic idols before whose mock serenity and lifeless steadfastness of gaze Oriental worshippers cower, and often consent to sacrifice their life. Undoubtedly working men are seeking to-day, as much as eighteen centuries ago, after a great organizing force, such as we believe Christ's revelation contains. But they cannot find the organizing force without finding the revelation. They cannot find the "enthusiasm of humanity" without finding the living well of inspiration. They cannot find the infinite love of man which it contains without finding the root of that love. Human love is a poor instrument for any divine purpose. St. John knew what he meant, and knew that he was touching a chord of feeling as deep in the working classes of the first century as it is in those of the nineteenth, when he said: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us."

The skepticism of the modern æsthetic refinement is in some respects the deepest, because apparently the most human, and because it is mingled with that spiritual thirst for poetry which is usually but one side of faith. Shelley's skepticism has warped deeper minds than ever did Comte's. When the poetry of the most passionate yearning refuses to hear any voice that answers to its yearning, there comes a deeper shock to those who enter into its spirit than either the skept-

ticism of science, or of dull, laborious labor, can awaken. And the fine discrimination of shades of feeling on which it prides itself, is often so true and delicate, that men are at first sight disposed to give it credit for ample *power* to discover the truth as to God and his revelation, as well as perfect fidelity in reporting all the characteristic facts it discerns. Shelley's skepticism, however, may be seen to rest chiefly on his impatience—on the ardor with which he gave himself up to thick-coming impulses, and the abhorrence he felt for the regal power of conscientious volition. He seemed almost incapable of understanding, "Be still, and know that I am God." His heart panted after sweet emotions, not after One "who sitteth between the cherubim, be the people never so unquiet." His poetry was the poetry of yearnings, rather than of yearning—of single desires chasing each other eagerly through the heart; and yet, had he lived, he would probably have reached a higher faith, for nearly his last and greatest poem contains the finest of all assertions of the Absolute and Immutable Light that shines behind the fitting shadows of human emotion:

"Then One remains, the many change and pass,
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity."

But the modern poetic skeptics are certainly far enough from the feverish impatience which marked the genius of Shelley. They are, for the most part, Goethe-worshippers, lovers of tranquil discriminations, of calm insights. The sign of weakness, however, appears in their intellectual exclusiveness; their delight in "distinction;" that love of moral monopoly which forms a great part of their joy in art. They love to criticise from above, to sit on an intellectual throne and judge the world. And then they maintain that "the modern spirit," "the relative spirit," in which they discharge this function, is the only one which can do justice to the infinite variety of nature and circumstances which comes beneath its eye. The belief in an absolute God, in an absolute love of men, in an absolute standard of morality

and humanity, they say, makes criticism rigid, inflexible, unfair; weakness and frailty must be misjudged if the mind is full of a dream of absolute righteousness. In short, this school believes that there is not really *any* absolute standard; the historic and "positive" view, which admits no categorical "ought," but looks at everything in relation to the antecedents out of which it arose, affords the only elastic, the only humane, canon of criticism. The writer in the *Westminster Review* to whom we have alluded, applies this doctrine to show the injustice of Coleridge's "romantic" faith in the Absolute, by the havoc it would produce in the criticism of Coleridge's own wrecked genius. "The relative spirit," he says, "by dwelling constantly on the more fugitive conditions or circumstances of things, breaking through a thousand rough and brutal classifications, and giving elasticity to inflexible principles, begets an intellectual *finesse*, of which the ethical result is a delicate and tender justness in the criticism of human life." Now we believe that no one has practically shown better than the author of *Ecce Homo*, how precisely this passage describes the moral judgments of Christ, whose nature even the *Westminster* reviewer must admit was fed upon faith in the Absolute, and not on a philosophy which makes it its chief duty to "dwell on the fugitive conditions or circumstances of things." Indeed, we believe the fact to be the precise contrary of the essayist's statement. In philosophy and practical life alike, the "modern spirit," the spirit which is satisfied with "the relative," and dwells much on the fugitive conditions or circumstances of things, has always been the greatest victim of the spirit of "brutal" classification, the least able to reconcile the various contradictions of life and thought. Where has there been a school of philosophy more tyrannic and brutal in its classifications than that of Locke, and James Mill, and Bentham, and, though in a less degree, even of J. S. Mill, who has, nevertheless, profited greatly by the teaching of his great opponent Coleridge? Where has there been one of larger, more catholic, and elastic spirit than that which we owe to the moral criticism of Bishop Butler? And in practical life, where do we go for trench-

ant "brutal" criticisms, with so much certainty as to the light gossip of the drawing room? Where do we expect to find gentler, kindlier criticisms than from the contemplative piety which like Fénelon's, or Madame Guyon's, or Bishop Berkeley's, or Mr. Maurice's, is really formed upon Christ's? But the test of the truth or falsehood of the criticism is, of course, in the extreme cases at either end of the scale. If this view is right, whose lives should be so full of severe and unjust criticisms as Christ's and his apostles whose spirits were permeated as it were with God? Yet even Renan attributes to our Lord a tenderness and delicacy of moral discrimination which marked a new crisis in the Oriental genius, and there has been no great critic of any school, of St. Paul's character, who has not testified to the wonderful tact and charity of the apostle in adapting himself to the "fugitive conditions" of things when passing his moral judgments. We believe the truth to be that, without profound rest in the Absolute righteousness, there is always some little tendency to overstrain our own dogmatic opinions. So much more seems to depend on emphasis of statement, if you cannot trust the vindication of your faith to God. Besides, the faith in him in whose mysterious essence so many seemingly conflicting attributes are reconciled, engenders a habit of mind which renders it comparatively easy to recognize in the same men the most apparently conflicting qualities. At all events, every new delineation of Christ that attracts attention, even among skeptics, insists upon the flexibility and beauty of his feeling for human infirmity, and the "tender justness" of his moral judgments. The author of *Ecce Homo* is evidently penetrated with this feeling, and we wish the plan of his book had allowed him to illustrate more fully his conception of the individual relations between Christ and his followers. There are, however, several passages of great beauty on isolated scenes in Christ's life, and the following will show, as well as any, how little, in our author's conception, Christ's eternal communion with God had blunted the delicacy of his feeling for the fugitive influences which shade off human character:

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"We have insisted upon the effect of personal influence in creating virtuous impulses. We have described Christ's Theocracy as a great attempt to set all the virtue of the world upon this basis, and to give it a visible centre of fountain. But we have used generalities. It is advisable, before quitting the subject, to give a single example of the magical passing of virtue out of the virtuous man into the hearts of those with whom he comes in contact. A remarkable story which appears in St. John's biography, though it is apparently an interpolation in that place, may serve this purpose, and will at the same time illustrate the difference between scholastic or scientific and living or instinctive virtue. Some of the leading religious men of Jerusalem had detected a woman in adultery. It occurred to them that the case afforded a good opportunity of making an experiment upon Christ. They might use it to discover how he regarded the Mosaic law. That he was heterodox on the subject of that law they had reason to believe, for he had openly quoted some Mosaic maxims and declared them at least incomplete, substituting for them new rules of his own, which at least in some cases appeared to abrogate the old. It might be possible, they thought, by means of this woman to satisfy at once themselves and the people of his heterodoxy. They brought the woman before him, quoted the law of Moses on the subject of adultery, and asked Christ directly whether he agreed with the lawgiver. They asked for his judgment.

"A judgment he gave them, but quite different, both in matter and manner, from what they had expected. In thinking of the 'case' they had forgotten the woman, they had even forgotten the deed. What became of the criminal appeared to them wholly unimportant; towards her crime or her character they had no feeling whatever, not even hatred, still less pity or sympathetic shame. If they had been asked about her, they might probably have answered, with Mephistopheles, 'She is not the first;' nor would they have thought their answer fiendish, only, practical and business-like. Perhaps they might on reflection have admitted that their frame of mind was not strictly moral, not quite what it should be; that it would have been better if, besides considering the legal and religious questions involved, they could have found leisure for some shame at the scandal and some hatred for the sinner. But they would have argued that such strict propriety is not possible in this world; that we have too much on our hands to think of these niceties; that the man who makes leisure for such refinements will find his work in arrears at the end of the day, and probably also that he is doing injustice to his family and those dependent on him. This they

might fluently and plausibly have urged. But the judgment of Christ was upon them, making all things seem new, and shining like the lightning from the one end of the heaven to the other. He was standing, it would seem, in the centre of a circle, when the crime was narrated, how the adultery had been detected *in the very act*. The shame of the deed itself, and the brazen hardness of the prosecutors, the legality that had no justice and did not even pretend to have mercy, the religious malice that could make its advantage out of the fall and ruin and ignominious death of a fellow-creature—all this was eagerly and rudely thrust before his mind at once. The effect upon him was such as might have been produced upon many since, but perhaps upon scarcely any man that ever lived before. He was seized with an intolerable sense of shame. He could not meet the eye of the crowd, nor of the accusers, and perhaps at that moment least of all of the woman. Standing as she did in the midst of an eager multitude that did not in the least appreciate his feelings, he could not escape. In his burning embarrassment and confusion he stooped down so as to hide his face, and began writing with his finger on the ground. His tormenters continued their clamor, until he raised his head for a moment and said, 'He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her,' and then instantly returned to his former attitude. They had a glimpse perhaps of the glowing blush upon his face, and awoke suddenly with astonishment to a new sense of their condition and their conduct. The older men naturally felt it first and slunk away; the younger followed their example. The crowd dissolved and left Christ alone with the woman. Not till then could he bear to stand up; and when he had lifted himself up, consistently with his principle, he dismissed the woman, as having no commission to interfere with the office of the civil judge. But the mighty power of living purity has done its work. He had refused to judge a woman, but he had judged a whole crowd. He had awakened the slumbering conscience in many hardened hearts, giving them a new delicacy, a new ideal, a new view and reading of the Mosaic law."

This strikes us not only as very fine criticism, but as criticism which catches the true secret of Christ's charity towards sinners. It was not "the relative spirit," the "modern spirit," but the absolute spirit of revelation, which enabled him to feel how much of God there was, how much more there might be, in those who had violated his most sacred laws. Where is there a man possessed of enough of "the relative spirit" to have calmly warned his most

trusted follower, as Christ warned Peter, that he would be the first to desert and disown his master, and this without a touch of bitterness or contempt, adding, in the same breath, "and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren?" Communion with the absolute God, rest in the absolute God, is alone equal to producing so perfect an equanimity as this in dealing with the weakness and frailty of man without any loss of love. No doubt such communion and such rest does give a firmness of touch in laying down what is righteousness and what is evil, which "the relative spirit" may disown. But that is only saying that the knowledge of God brings with it insight into what is nearer to or farther from God—phrases which have no meaning to those who think that the fugitive elements in human morality are the only important elements.

The speciousness of the fallacy that the "relative spirit," the "modern spirit," is more charitable, more capable of a "tender justness" than the faith in the Absolute, consists in this, that we are accustomed to confound "absolute" moral rules with literal rules—rules incapable of exception, like those of the Decalogue, for instance, and to regard the hard old Jewish spirit which carried them into effect with a Draconic severity, as the natural illustration of the absolute spirit. But this is really to speak of "the absolute" in its application to God, in the same sense in which we speak of absolute despotism, and to use the word not to convey moral power and insight, but moral weakness and ignorance. In this sense the prophets reveal a far less absolute God than Moses, and Christ a far less absolute God than the prophets. In fact, however, that which made the Jewish moralists so external and literal, was, as our Lord pointed out, the *hardness* of their hearts, the *want* of knowledge of the absolute God, and not the knowledge of him. He who came from eternal communion with God, softened every rigid judgment of the Jewish law, while raising its spiritual demand up to the "absolute" point. It was the very fulness of his knowledge of the absolute life which enabled him to see at once how much of compliance with God's verbal

law was really rebellion against its inward meaning, and how much of infraction of the verbal law was really compatible with its inward meaning. Absolute morality too often means no doubt with man, formal morality—morality by formula, morality which has no life standard by which to judge. But if the author of *Ecce Homo* has done one thing more effectively than another, it is to show how infinitely superior is the spiritual morality which lays down no iron verbal rules, but simply requires the heart to open itself to the fulness of the beauty of one perfect spirit and life, to morality of the abstract kind. Indeed, it is all but self-evident that the only true knowledge of the absolute Father, which we may be permitted without irreverence to call *intimate*—the knowledge of him shown by the Son of God and Man—must imply, as it did imply, insight into shades of human character infinitely more various and delicate, related in infinitely more subtle ways with the divine nature, betraying sympathy with or alienation from God, or here sympathy, and there alienation, at points infinitely more numerous, than any knowledge which the divinest Dialogues could give. We see the signs of this pervading everywhere even our imperfect Gospel histories. The “rich young man,” though he cannot rise to our Lord’s standard, is loved by him even in the very act of disobedience. The woman who is a sinner is forgiven because “she has loved much.” When John the Baptist begins to doubt, the moment is seized by Christ to delineate his true greatness. Peter’s threefold denial was made the opportunity, not for reproach, but for a threefold confession, followed by a special prediction of a glorious death. When it is necessary to indicate the traitor, it is done silently by an act of kindness which might even then have touched his heart. The moment of ambitious strife is seized to teach the lesson of childlike humility; the moment after transfiguration to teach a lesson of coming humiliation. Nothing, in short, is more remarkable than the exquisite feeling for the delicate shades of moral and spiritual life which pervades the teaching of him who communed most with the absolute God. Our Lord’s most special war

was, we may truly say, waged against the legal and formal spirit; his most special teaching was the sweetness of the spiritual liberty conferred by the yoke which was easy, and the burden which was light.

We have not pretended in these few pages to follow the author of *Ecce Homo* through his striking, but, we venture to think, in some respects, defective argument, because we thought we could avail ourselves better of his fine criticisms and noble thoughts in another way. But we cannot conclude without expressing our hearty delight at the appearance of an essay, evidently so thoroughly independent of all special ecclesiastical influence, and so thoroughly imbued with the true historic spirit, which is yet entirely free from the irrational assumptions by which the method falsely called “historic” has recently been marked. We shall look for the completion of the work, begun by this thoughtful and delicate criticism, with the deepest interest. Indeed, sincerely as we admire this preliminary essay, we imagine that the theological inferences which the author has yet to give us must be as full of new historical criticism, and fuller of moral power for the majority of readers, than the introductory investigation itself.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE ENGLISH TROOPS IN THE EAST.

WE propose in the following paper to lay before our readers some details of the present state of the English army in the East, meaning by this term the troops sent out direct from England and now quartered in various parts of India, China, Burmah, and Ceylon, whose muster roll, as they yearly diminish in numbers from sickness and other causes, has to be filled up by fresh drafts of recruits from the mother country. We propose to show that, owing to the mismanagement which prevails, and has prevailed so generally throughout the East, an amount of misery has been entailed upon the unfortunate English troops in each of the above-mentioned countries, the greater portion of which might unquestionably have been avoided under regulations properly devised and carried out.

In working out this subject, we shall not deem it necessary to enter, in the case of India, on the wide question of Indian government, nor shall we consider whether India, undoubtedly the largest of our dependencies, and, therefore, the most important of our national responsibilities, has, practically, gained or lost by the transference of all political power from the old East India Company to the Imperial Government at home. The mutiny may be held to have settled this and similar questions. The India we have to deal with now has been conquered by the sword and must be held by the sword.

We shall therefore take each individual case in the order mentioned above, and shall begin with

I. Our English troops in India.

Now the direct effect of the mutiny has been that under the existing arrangements we need something like seventy thousand men instead of the twenty or thirty thousand of former days to retain this country under due subjection; hence difficulties, partially felt before, on questions relating to the health, well-being and contentment of so large a force of men not naturally fitted to contend against the multiplied evils of a climate ruinous to English constitutions, together with a total neglect of ordinary sanitary precautions, have to be anxiously considered, and as far as possible obviated. No one can doubt that, on the general efficiency of the English troops in India, no less than on their presence there, depends the security of our sway.

We propose, therefore, to demonstrate, that in India (as well as elsewhere in the East) all the ordinary requisites for the successful maintenance of European troops have been not only neglected but even ignored; that, so far is their health from being adequately cared for, mortality and invaliding carry off, even in healthy years, more than can possibly be supplied by recruits from England; and that from these causes the army is gradually, year by year, falling below its proper numerical strength. Nor is this all: at home, as it is but too well known, we do not get recruits with the facility of former years: the opportunities for employment are greater, the necessity

for enlistment less felt by the classes from which soldiers are mostly taken. Hence, the supply of a large annual number of new levies for India becomes far more difficult, to say nothing of the fact, for reasons detailed below, and sufficiently well known to every regiment, that service in India has no longer the popular charms it once had, or, at least, was supposed to have. And yet, for the present, we cannot dispense with the English troops in India; if, with the fatal policy of arming and drilling a vast native army and police, the British force should be sensibly diminished, another and probably a more disastrous mutiny than the last is what we may reasonably expect. Should such an event take place, we shall not pay the penalty of our folly only by the murder of our countrymen and countrywomen: England herself must suffer among nations from the loss of her *prestige*.

It should be borne in mind that what we popularly call in England "our army" is really, and should be called, "an army for service in the East;" our troops at home, excepting the Foot Guards and the Household Cavalry, acting simply as a *dépôt* for the relief of the regiments serving in India, etc., and being generally absent from England for periods varying from ten to fourteen years.

Our English troops in India at present consist of—

11 regiments of Cavalry,
56 regiments of Infantry,
4 brigades of Horse Artillery,
11 brigades of Foot Artillery.

Each brigade of Horse Artillery comprises six batteries, and each battery six guns; so that we have in India 144 guns of Horse Artillery.

The Field Artillery brigades have eight batteries of six guns, but as two or three brigades consist of garrison artillery, the actual number of guns in India amounts to about 400, making in all quite 550 guns, or considerably more than the French and the Allies together brought into the field of Waterloo.

Our army at home consists of—

12 regiments of Cavalry,
37 regiments of Infantry,
2 brigades of Horse Artillery,
6 brigades of Garrison and Field Artillery.

Thus it will be seen that the necessities of our empire in the East absorb almost double the number of artillery and infantry we keep at home, and this in such a manner and under such conditions that the troops so employed on Eastern service cannot be spared for any other purpose.

They cannot be spared, and why not? Because the native mercenaries, amounting to more than three hundred thousand men whom we have ourselves armed and drilled, require the whole of these seventy thousand English men to watch them.

Whether a fact like this, which is patent to the world, would be overlooked by our numerous wellwishers on the Continent or in America, we are not called on to say. But if these good friends have not overlooked it, is it not conceivable that such a knowledge would have an important bearing, not perhaps on the ultimate issue of a struggle, if struggle there be, but in allowing or inviting one in the first instance?

The matter is really too urgent and fraught with consequences too momentous to the Empire generally to admit of any unnecessary circumlocution. Danger threatens us in India, because of the large bodies of natives whom we are continually training in those arts of war which may be most effectually used against ourselves. The bubble of Sepoy fidelity was thought by many to have completely burst at the time of the mutiny of 1857, when many a gallant fellow paid with his life the price of his infatuation on that point. But it is no less true than lamentable that the great warning has apparently been forgotten, and the fatal practice of training cruel and relentless Orientals, in the best possible way for the extinguishing of our power in India, is still favored by the bureaucracy at Calcutta. It is neither necessary nor wise to attribute motives, but it is simply stating a matter of fact to say that interests, the more tenacious that they are those of family, are involved in the maintenance of a large native force. Many officers and civil servants connected by relationship with the governing class would be deprived of pleasant and valuable appointments by any measure which threw out of our employment large bodies of natives. Hence

the astonishing fact that at this very moment upwards of three hundred thousand mercenaries draw pay in India, this pay being by no means the least part of what they cost us. Yearly this practice costs us, even in healthy years, the lives of nearly sixteen hundred Englishmen, together with the invaliding of at least three thousand more. Nor is this all; so large a number of armed natives causes a feeling of insecurity fatal alike to the prestige and power of our Indian Empire, and produces a drain on the bone and muscle of the mother country we cannot meet much longer, and which must eventually entail either a complete change of the system or the loss of Hindostan.

It is essential to draw special public attention to this mortality of our soldiers in India. When we said just above that India costs us annually the lives of sixteen hundred men, we referred to the year 1863, which has had hardly a parallel for healthiness.

The average of loss in this and previous years is almost as high again. A distinguished officer of Engineers, taking an average of the six years previous to 1863, showed that the mortality of our soldiers in the Punjab was considerably lower than in the other provinces. Yet, even in that province, the annual average of deaths over a period of six years ending with 1863, was 43 per 1000. Taking, therefore, this as the lowest computation, over three thousand English soldiers, or three entire regiments of one thousand strong, disappeared yearly from their parade grounds into an early grave. Again, in the Report issued by the Commissioners appointed by the late Lord Herbert to inquire into the sanitary state of the army in India, we read at page 19:

"The mortality rate was as high as 134 per 1000 in 1804, in the first Mahratta war, and it was at 41 in 1852. It was high again in the year of mutiny, and it has been subsequently lower than the Indian standard. From the rate of 55 in 1770-99 the rate rose to 85 in the 30 years, 1800-29; and the mortality fell to 58 in the 27 years, 1830-56; so that the death-rate of the British soldiers since the first occupation of the country down to the present day has oscillated round 69 per 1000. If the mortality is set down at 69 in 1000, it follows that besides deaths by natural causes, 61, or, taking the English

standard, 60 per thousand of our troops perish in India annually. It is at that expense that we have held dominion there for a century; a company out of every regiment has been sacrificed every twenty months. These companies fade away in the prime of life, leave few children, and have to be replaced, at great cost, by successive shiploads of recruits."

The Report says "they have to be replaced," but it is by no means clear how this can be accomplished—even if we had always such exceptional years as that of 1863.

Let us see now to what extent the recruiting sergeant at home is able to keep pace with the various competitors he has in India, in the form of cholera, fever, dysentery, etc., which take men out of the army as fast as he can induce them to enter it. The exact number of soldiers who died in that year (1863) was 1596, and 2322 were invalidated home. But, out of the number of invalids, 1366 were discharged as wholly incapable of further service. Thus, in a healthy year, the English army lost for ever the services of 2962 men. Reinforcements were sent out with dispatch and energy to fill the gaps thus made by death and disease, but they were not able to get to India as fast as their comrades were leaving it, homeward bound in more senses than one. The army in 1863 numbered 67,525. In 1864 its numbers were 66,176. Thus our recruiting sergeant and his fellow-workers at home had positively been beaten by the Indian climate and Indian mismanagement to the amount of 1349 men.

The year 1864 was also for India remarkably healthy. In it the army lost by death 1292. This was less than even in the previous year. But although the year was healthy, it is to be observed that the additional twelve months' exposure to the Indian climate was telling on the men, for 3008 men were invalidated to England, making an excess of 680 over that of 1863. It should also be noticed that these numbers do not include 880 time-expired men, who returned to England on the completion of their ten years' service. The number of men finally discharged as unfit for service has not yet been made public; they are probably more numerous than they were in 1863. In any case, the total

drain from sickness and death for two healthy years amounts to the enormous figure of 8218 men.*

It will surprise no one, after reading so much, to be told that our army in India is rapidly falling below its proper strength. A few years ago we had 80,000 men in that Peninsula, and it is commonly supposed that we still have 70,000. But this is an error. The numbers of the English army, as we have just seen, were in 1864 only a little over 66,000 men. The infantry of the line had fallen to 47,000. If the regiments were of their full strength they would amount to 50,000. This shows a deficiency of 3000, or nearly four regiments—that is to say, it would require as many men as would make up four regiments to be dispersed among our infantry of the line to bring that infantry up to its proper strength. Thus our army is considerably stronger on paper than it would really be in the field—a fact which no one but a Red-tapist can contemplate without alarm. And can this be wondered at? Healthy, active, young Englishmen are daily finding a better market for their thews and sinews at home than is afforded them in the pestilential plains and unwholesome barracks of India.

But what renders this waste of English lives so sad is that those most competent to judge regard such a waste as wholly unnecessary and avoidable. Our countrymen have shown pretty extensively that death for any high patriotic or inevitable cause is not clothed with any insupportable terrors. Not only the "bubble reputation," but the call of duty, however stern, irksome, or fatal, will bring them to the front, in almost any numbers. But here is no reputation to be gained, and what call of duty urges a stalwart young peasant or artisan to evaporate in a few years his exuberant strength under the burning Indian sun, or to die of malaria ere he has reached his prime? Neither his country, nor his class, nor his family, nor he himself can

* Since this paper has been in type, we have ascertained, from the Parliamentary returns, that from 1861 to 1864 inclusive, 6610 British soldiers died in India, and 14,483 were invalidated to England; out of an average force of 64,332 men, these figures show a yearly loss of 5278 men, or about 82 per 1000.

derive the smallest conceivable benefit by so doing. No English interest, no phase or fragment of English honor is benefited. A vicious system alone is supported, and that system requires, for the sake of its perquisites and patronage, that a large native force should be kept up; that a less large but more powerful English force should be in readiness to watch it, and that, consequently, to perform successfully this gaoler's work, the British army should be scattered like a rural police over the length and breadth of the unhealthy plains of India, in defiance of every strategical and sanitary law, instead of being quartered on healthy hills, where the mortality need never exceed, if it exceeded at all, the English standard. Given a supply not equal to the demand, the proverbial schoolboy with a competent knowledge of the most ordinary arithmetic, and the numbers before him of the annual deaths and losses caused by invaliding, will make a tolerably accurate guess at the time when the English troops in India will cease to exist.

Now, it is a simple matter of fact that this tropical land of India, infested with fevers, rheumatism, dysentery, liver disease, and cholera, as it doubtless is throughout its plains, contains also mountain ranges of various altitudes, singularly healthy, and well adapted to the constitution of Europeans. As is well known, India is divided into presidencies, of which the western, that of Bombay, is traversed from north to south by the mountainous range called the Ghauts. The Madras Presidency contains the beautiful Neilgherries, while that of Bengal is overlooked almost from Calcutta to Peshawur, by the magnificent Himalayas, which, unlike the former mountains, do not rise abruptly to any very great height from the plains, the usual distance from the commencement of the hills to the snowy range being about fourteen stages of twelve miles, and each stage being considered in that rough country a day's work for the tourist. These fourteen stages cross and bend round successive tiers of hills, varying from five thousand to twelve thousand feet in altitude, while in the distance the snowy range is to be seen towering above all.

The climate at an altitude of seven thousand feet, is perfectly charming dur-

ing those months which in the plains are trying in the extreme. Great heat may be said to commence in the low country in the end of March, and to increase rapidly during the months of April, May, June, and July. About the middle of July the rains commence, and September, when the sun beats with its full fury on the soaking earth, brings fevers and sickness on constitutions already enfeebled by the terrible summer. There is nothing of all this on the hills, except in their valleys, which, being full of native villages, or cultivated, generally contain fever. On the crests of the hills, the air is calm and pure, and at an elevation of seven thousand feet is bracing at night and in the morning, and extremely healthy. No pen could describe to the reader the extraordinary sight the burning plains present to the eye when viewed from the summit of one of these hills during the hot months. The scene represents as it were a vast ocean of fire and steam, and when one thinks of the poor fellows below, the words "God help them," involuntarily rise to one's lips.

There are over thirty infantry regiments in Bengal, seven cavalry regiments, and 350 guns of the Royal Artillery, and yet there are but two hill stations for the regiments, and a few small stations for invalids. The hill stations for regiments are about sixty miles from Umballah, and are called Dughshai and Subathoo; the first is at an altitude of seven thousand feet, and is remarkably healthy, the Forty-second Highlanders quartered there looking as well as if they were in England; the other, Subathoo, is at an elevation of forty-five hundred feet, and comes under the influence of the valley fevers, and is therefore unhealthy: the Eighty-second Regiment lost many men there during 1863. It is but fair, however, to state that the regiment came there in a very sickly state from that pestilential city Delhi, where they had been allowed to remain for nearly three years. No more distressing sight could be conceived than that presented by the little children of that regiment, many of whom were horribly disfigured for life by the Delhi boil in the face. About twelve miles nearer to Umballah than Subathoo, lies a charming little dépôt for sick, called Kussowlie, perched on a

hill seven thousand feet high, directly overlooking the plains. But these dépôts for sick are rather delusions than anything else, as is so often the case with enterprises taken in hand by the Anglo-Indians, who generally begin at the wrong end. It has long since been proved that it is not when a man becomes sick, perhaps suffering from dysentery, that he should be sent to an altitude of several thousand feet; and, therefore, the medical officers only send such cases as their experience tells them will be benefited by the change: those sick not sent to the hills must either die or be invalided to England. The proper course would be that pointed out by the Medical Sanitary Commission, when they gave it as their opinion that one third of the English troops should be *always* in the hills, and that troops landing in India should at once be sent to the hills for acclimatization. The Anglo-Indian Government are ever ready to point out the evil effects of the mountain air on the British soldier; but, in truth, this change is only inadvisable when he is in such a state of exhaustion that his removal to a colder climate may prove fatal.

An excuse constantly offered for the want of hill stations is the lack of funds to build barracks for the troops in the mountains; but it may be urged that if one third of the native army were reduced, and the present building of expensive barracks in notoriously unhealthy stations, as Neemuch, for instance, were put a stop to, there would be sufficient money forthcoming for the purpose. During the hot season of 1864, a wing of the Seventy-ninth Highlanders was sent from Raul Pindee to the vicinity of the hill station called Murree; they lived in huts, and were employed in repairing the mountain roads. There seems to be no reason why this system should not be extended as much as possible. At a certain height, about six thousand feet, the hills are clothed with fine pine timber, and with a good supply of tools, the men could hut themselves. Their presence is, however, regarded with dislike at those hill stations, in which the house property mostly belongs to the governing classes of civilians, and they are supposed to disturb the peace and privacy

of these mountain retreats. But even this terrible calamity can be avoided, for there is room for all the armies in Europe in the Indian hills.

Another objection urged against an extensive removal of the English troops from the plains is the license which would thereby be allowed to the numerous bands of armed ruffians who find refuge in the Protected Native States. These states are generally very ill-governed, and it is a common occurrence to have fighting going on between the rajah and his oppressed subjects. In this case also our apathy is all but incredible, and can hardly fail to give the natives a contemptuous notion of our power. We suffer the most outrageous and infamous doings to go on without check, and of course the Orientals attribute this to feebleness or fear. When a rajah wants money for an unusually extensive debauch, or it may be, as lately occurred, to make an expensive purchase of an English girl fourteen years old, to stimulate the appetites of an old sensualist of seventy, then a merciless taxation very often drives the wretched multitudes to open resistance, and fighting and bloodshed are the inevitable result. A peremptory notice that such proceedings must cease would have an incalculable effect not only on the general well-being of the country, but as a manifestation of our power. The course pursued is to decorate these vile despots with titles, and to bedizen them with gimcracks from the toyshops of the Continent. In these times of general peace, when our hands are unfettered, and all our strength could be conveniently exerted, it might be hoped that some large, wise, well-considered measure for the domestic pacification of India would be brought forward. But such a hope, to judge from the past, is wildly chimerical. No; the plan is to permit native ruffians to prowl about armed to the teeth, and even to increase the natural supply by arming three hundred thousand more at our own expense, and then to procure seventy thousand English soldiers and to keep them festering and dying in the plains for fear the mine we have ourselves dug and filled with combustibles should accidentally be fired.

It is hardly conceivable that rulers in India should be so ignorant as not

to understand that the system of scattering our troops over the country, which obtained in former days, when the means of communication were far less than they are now, should still be necessary, at a time when the peninsula is daily becoming more and more intersected by railways. We can, however, discern no intention of altering this antiquated plan, or any evidence that the Anglo-Indian Government acknowledge the need of occupying a conquered country on sound strategical and sanitary rules. Indeed, it is too much to hope for any practical or advantageous change from men who have grown old in the management of an effete system. It is only from the most energetic action of the public at home that any useful reform in these Indian matters can be anticipated, for it must never be forgotten that a public in India can scarcely be said to exist. Public opinion there is none; its press, however able, finds no readers, and meets with no echo at home; while the voices of those who *do* try to attract the attention of the public in England, are few and feeble.

Yet there should be no despairing. England must in time awake to the fact that her position as a first-class power is incompatible with the present military situation in India. She will discover that her good right arm is paralyzed through the utter incompetence of those to whom she has intrusted the government of that empire; and she will then take the steps necessary to settle at once and for ever her military occupation of India on such a footing that, if pressed by enemies in the West, no danger to the stability of her Indian Empire could be incurred, should she recall for service at home some forty thousand men from her Indian garrison.

A Royal Commission would find most useful employment in inquiring into the necessity of maintaining masses of native troops, together with an armed but disorganized police force; and their attention ought to be directed to the length of service in India for English regiments, which at present amounts to banishment to a tropical climate for from ten to fifteen years; add to which, leave of absence is grudgingly doled out to the officers, while the

poor private soldiers die off through the prevailing mismanagement of those who rule the country. As to real soldiering, almost the only opportunity for service is the chance of from time to time hunting down armed natives, when mutinous, over an arid soil and under a burning sun.

If, however, an inquiry by a Royal Commission is to be a satisfactory one, care must be taken that the Commission be composed exclusively of men who will approach the subject without prejudice—men on whose judgment reliance can be placed to distinguish between good and bad evidence. It must be borne in mind that the local government of India has hitherto been, as it were, the patrimony of a certain number of families, who have been far too much in the habit of considering it as their exclusive right. Such men cannot be expected to look with indifference on proceedings which may threaten their interests, and they will certainly oppose them by every means in their power.

Many reasons indeed concur at the present moment to urge the fullest attention of England on the present system of distributing English troops throughout the whole of the East, a system which is so faulty, and shows such consummate ignorance, as to call forth the most indignant protestations. Not only do the officers of our army receive a far better military education than in former days, but the special institution of the Staff College delivers a yearly supply of highly-trained scientific officers for the general service of the country. It is therefore not surprising that their voices are raised at the total ignorance of strategical and sanitary laws to which they justly attribute the rapid deaths among their men. Nor is this by any means all: the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers have ready access to the press, which finds its way every fortnight from England to their barrack rooms in India. They can tell when their comrades' lives are sacrificed to needless mismanagement, and they know perfectly well the healthy or unhealthy qualities of the various stations in India and China; in fact, this knowledge is so certain, that men entitled to their discharge generally demand it on learning that their regiment is likely to be moved

to some Oriental pest-house. The occupation of some of these posts *may* be strategically necessary, but it is notorious that many are merely used because there happen to be some old mud barracks ready made on the spot.

II. To take next the case of China.

The decimation by sickness of one whole regiment, and in a great measure that of another, in Hongkong—namely, the second battalions of the Eleventh and Ninth Regiments—is a signal instance of Eastern mismanagement. One would almost imagine that the ideas of the authorities in China were cast in the same mould as those of the clique who govern in India, and who appear to be impressed with the notion that English officers and soldiers can be collected as fast in England as rupees are in the East; and that pure air in the hills and healthy stations ought to be reserved for those Anglo-Indian governors who fly to Simla in the summer, and for those Anglo-Chinese authorities who seek the charming climate of Japan at the same unhealthy season.

The innocent cause which led to the Hongkong disaster is to be found in the pay for which officers of the Indian native army take service. These gentlemen undertake to serve the Crown in India, and spend the greater portion of their lives in that country, for a rate of pay amounting to—

For an Ensign—£240 a year.
For a Lieutenant—£300 a year.
For a Captain—£492 a year.
For a Major—£936 a year.
For a Lieutenant-Colonel—£1236 a year.

The retiring pension after twenty years' service in India, irrespective of rank, is the small sum of £191 12s. per annum. Now, though the rate of pay may appear large, it is not so in fact, for the expenses of living in India are, at the present time, more than three times as heavy as before the mutiny. Sometimes it happens that a native regiment is sent on foreign service, and accordingly one took up its quarters at Hongkong, the consequence being that the pittance of colonial pay received by the officers of British regiments already there was raised to the same standard as that of

their comrades in charge of the native troops.

This was too much for the home authorities: economy being the life of the army, they set to work to do the thing cheaply. The native regiment was sent back to its country, and an English regiment from the Cape of Good Hope was directed to relieve it, the pay of the garrison being then and there reduced to the colonial rate, which is, indeed a little higher than that received in England, but much lower than that of the native Indian forces. It further appears that although the Horse Guards had warned the authorities at Hongkong that the second battalion of the Eleventh Regiment was under orders to proceed to their station, no preparations were made for its reception.

The Tamar arrived on the 31st of May, 1865, from the Cape with twenty-five officers, seven hundred and two non-commissioned officers and men, fifty-four women, and ninety-two children.

Now it so happened that there were plenty of houses that might have been hired for the use of the regiment; but, as we know the excessive pressure brought to bear to enforce economy, we can excuse Captain Roberts, the Quartermaster-General, from undertaking such responsibility in the absence of his General, who had gone to Japan: had he acted on his own judgment, and made the regiment comfortable he would doubtless have had to pay out of his own purse for any such accommodation by order of the War Office. So her Majesty's regiment was left to take its chance; two companies were stowed away in an old three-decker, the Hercules, a few in another hulk, and the rest of the regiment under sheds placed in a swamp called Kawloon on the mainland opposite Hongkong.

The natural result was an immediate outbreak of disease. In the seven months from June 5th to the end of December, two officers, fifty-eight non-commissioned officers and men, five women, and twenty-eight children died; four officers, one hundred and eighty nine non-commissioned officers and men, twenty-two women, and thirty-five children were invalided. As it is now usual to judge of the rate of death and sickness by taking an average of one thou-

sand men over the space of one year, we find the deaths in the second battalion of the Eleventh Regiment amounted to the terrible sum of one hundred and forty per one thousand, and the invalids exhibited the no less shocking rate of four hundred and sixty-one per one thousand. By the last account there were still fifty-three men in hospital, and the three surgeons were accounted for, as one dead, one sick, and the third on leave at home. The result of this miserable attempt at economy is that the Eleventh is so reduced that there are only thirty-six non-commissioned officers, one hundred and thirty-six privates, and twelve drummers fit for duty, and the country will be put to the expense of £40,000 to replace the lives thus shamefully wasted.

We must not pass over the sufferings of the second battalion of the Ninth Regiment without some notice, though as compared with the Eleventh, it was so far fortunate that it was quartered in barracks instead of in sheds on a swamp. The strength of this regiment on its arrival at Hongkong, in February, 1865, was eight hundred and thirty-nine non-commissioned officers and men, forty-seven women, and seventy-seven children; by the end of the year forty-eight men, six women, and twenty-eight children had died; one hundred and thirty-nine men, twenty-seven women, and thirty-one children had been sent home sick, and there remained at the station last January only six hundred and thirty-six non-commissioned officers and men, fourteen women, and eighteen children—so that the pestilential climate combined with night duty, at all times so fatal to our troops in the East, has inflicted an annual death loss of sixty-two per thousand, and a drain by invaliding of not less than one hundred and eighty per thousand; in addition to which two officers died and one was invalided home. In both these cases, it will be observed that by far the largest proportion both of deaths and invaliding fell to the lot of the unfortunate children: in the first instance, out of ninety-two, only twenty-nine remained after seven months; in the second, out of seventy-seven, sixteen only survived after a sojourn of eleven months. Lastly, it must be distinctly remembered that even the

above lists only represent the deaths we know have actually occurred: there cannot be the slightest doubt that many men, women, and children, the returns of whom are not at present available, died on their passage to England from the effects of disease contracted at Hongkong.

A large fleet lies idle the greater part of the year on the China station, and there is no reason why it should not land some of its men, on the French principle, to guard the Hongkong dockyard and arsenal. There are two excellent stations within a week's easy steam of Hongkong—one to the north, Japan, with a European climate, the other to the south, Singapore, a station which is salubrious, though its temperature is very high; moreover, Singapore possesses excellent and unoccupied barracks, capable of affording accommodation for two regiments; and being equidistant between Calcutta and China, is in its strategical position unexceptionable. There could be no reasonable objection to moving the English troops now doing garrison duty at Hongkong to Japan and Singapore; and some steps should at once be taken, before the approaching summer repeats the havoc which has recently attracted such just and universal indignation.

III. To take the case of Burmah, a station as deadly as any of those to which we have called attention, but which has hitherto quite escaped notice at home.

The garrison in this territory usually consists of two English regiments which are sent thither from Madras, their term of Eastern service being five years in Madras and five in Burmah, a period more than enough to destroy any European constitution. The stations of these regiments are situated on the banks of the Irawaddy, and are three in number—Rangoon, Tongoo, and Thyetmyo—the last two being in the vicinity of Prome. The third battalion, Sixtieth Rifles, suffered very severely during their residence in Burmah; and the second battalion, Nineteenth Regiment, has also given many victims to the climate of this country. The left wing of the latter regiment marched into Thyetmyo on the first of January, 1864, with twenty-

one officers and four hundred men : how many non-commissioned officers and privates died and were invalided it is very difficult to ascertain, but some estimate may be formed from the fact that, by the autumn of the year 1865, two officers had died and fourteen had been invalided to England out of the twenty-one, leaving five to carry on the duties in that terrible climate. One young officer is now at home, broken down from sickness, caused by too frequent exposure to the scorching sun in the execution of his duties as orderly officer.

About sixty miles from Thyetmyo are the mountains of Arrakan, offering healthy sites where English regiments could establish themselves; but, as in India, no attempt has been made to make them available; on the contrary, new barracks are being built near the river side at Thyetmyo.

IV. And, lastly, even in Ceylon we find the same customary neglect of advantages offered by nature for the preservation of European constitutions in the East.

In this island the English troops are divided between Colombo, Kandy and Trincomalee—the healthy mountains being almost neglected. The lovely plains of Newera Ellia, elevated six thousand feet above the sea, are now well known to most visitors to that delightful island; groves of forest trees dot the plains here and there, and on three sides are mountains offering a complete shelter from the monsoon gales, and covered with dense woods, the natural haunts of the Sambar deer, the wild boar, and elephant. Numerous houses and villas are scattered over the plains, which are well provided with excellent roads and with an abundant supply of water from rapid mountain streams. With such advantages, it will hardly be believed that on these plains there are barracks for only a single company of soldiers, although the ravages from fever, liver disease, diarrhoea, and dysentery of the most fatal type, the prevailing diseases of all Eastern low countries, must be well known to the Ceylon authorities.

We trust we have now said enough to show the urgent need of an active in-

vestigation into the conditions under which this country maintains her empire in India and other Eastern countries.

It is but too certain that the present state of things cannot endure; and no nation worthy the name of a first-class power can be content to see a great army perish from causes over most of which it has perfect control.

The time is past for vain and empty regrets: the Imperial Government at home must look these difficulties in the face; and committees, alike of the Lords and Commons, must inaugurate a searching inquiry, and fearlessly carry into execution what conclusions they may arrive at. No fancied tenderness for vested interests; no palliating of evil, because certain privileged persons may suffer from the investigation, will satisfy the demands of our English troops in the East, or of their friends and relations in England. They, doubtless, first, but all alike must plainly see that this country will not sacrifice the lives of her sons to please any class, however entitled to consideration for their past services.

London Society.

THE BARINGS OF LONDON.

Two hundred years ago a Peter Baring was living at Gröningen, in the Dutch province of Overysseel. His son or grandson, Francis, was a Lutheran minister at Bremen, until the accession of William of Orange to the English throne opened the way for him to greater influence as a pastor of a Lutheran church in London. John Baring, his son, was founder of the commercial house, now famous in every quarter of the world. Using the experience that he seems to have acquired in the factories of the continent, he set up a cloth manufactory at Larkbeer, in Devonshire. Making money there, he came to increase it in London; at first, merely sending his cloths to the American colonies, and thence procuring, in exchange, such articles as he could be sure of selling to advantage in England. By strict honesty and close business habits, we are told, he won the esteem of merchants much greater than himself. They helped him on in his business, and before

his death he too was a merchant of wealth and eminence.

Of his four sons, Francis, the third, born in 1736, was the most notable. Carefully trained during childhood under his father's own supervision, he was in due time put to school with a Mr. Coleman, author of several mathematical treatises of some note in their day. Mr. Coleman's arithmetic was not wasted on young Francis Baring. From him, it is recorded, the lad "acquired the talent for which he was most distinguished: for in calculations made on the spot, admitting of no previous study, he was certainly considered as unequalled." It is not clear whether on leaving school he went at once into his father's office or first served a sort of apprenticeship in the great house of Boehm. While yet a young man he became a merchant on his own account. At first, from the time of his father's death, he, and his eldest brother John, were in partnership pushing the interest of the Larkbeer cloth factory, buying, wherever they could be bought most cheaply, the wool, dye-stuffs, and other raw material required for its operations, and finding a market for the cloths when they were made, besides engaging in various other sorts of mercantile enterprise. Before long, John Baring retired from trade and went to enjoy his wealth at Mount Radford, near Exeter. Francis Baring carried on the business on a vastly extended scale. Having married an heiress in 1766, he became an East India proprietor, a holder of bank stock, and a great dealer in funds and shares. He was known all through life as "a man of consummate knowledge and inflexible honor." "Few men," it was said, "understood better the real interests of trade, and few men arrived at the highest rank of commercial life with more unsullied integrity." Lord Shelburne styled him "the prince of merchants," and turned to him as his chief and best adviser on all questions of commerce and finance during his brief time of office. Pitt, coming into power in 1783, regarded him with equal honor. To him he came for help in settlement of the difficulties on matters of trade that sprang up between England and the insurgent colonies of America. To him also he looked both in the management

of the East India Company and in defence of the government measures assailed by Fox and all the Whigs. Baring entered Parliament as the champion of the Tories in 1784, and he retained his seat for more than twenty years. In 1784, moreover, the year of reorganization, consequent on the passing of Pitt's famous bill, he became a director of the East India Company, to continue during many years its most active and influential governor. He was also for a long time one of the principal managers of the Bank of England; and in 1797, when Sir William Pulteney introduced his bill for its virtual abolition, he wrote two powerful pamphlets on the subject, besides taking an energetic part in opposition to the bill in the House of Commons.

It was Baring who, in 1798, found a place for Charles Lamb in the India Office, the friend who introduced the poor author to the rich merchant being Joseph Paice, "the most consistent living model of modern politeness," as he is called in the *Essays of Elia*. He it was whom Lamb once saw "tenderly escorting a market woman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess." The good man was grandson of an older Joseph Paice, born at Exeter, 1658, who became a wealthy London merchant, and was M.P. for Lyme Regis during many years. Joseph Paice, the younger, carried on the business. To his counting-house Lamb went from the Blue-coat school, to be transferred thence, in 1795, to the South Sea House, of which Paice was a director, before settling down, three years later, in the India Office. *Elia's* good friend was a good friend to everybody. Paice spent all his fortune, something over £30,000, in charitable ways. "My whole annual income," he wrote in a private note when he was about sixty years old, "is £329 16s. 4d.; out of which I steadily allow to my relatives in narrow circumstances annually £95 9s., and to established charities, over and above all demands of a like nature, £35 2s. 6d.; and the remainder, to defray property tax, board, apparel, and every incidental expense, is only £199 4s. 10d."

Joseph Paice was not a man to get on in the world. In Francis Baring, however, he had a steady friend and counsellor. Having exhausted the fortune left him by his father, and having no family to which to leave any wealth, Paice was anxious in his old age to turn into ready money, which he could apply in ways congenial to him, the reversion of an estate in Kent to which he was heir. For many years Baring urged him to retain his rights. At last, finding him resolved to take the reversion into the market, the great merchant bought it himself for £20,000. That had hardly been done before the original proprietor died suddenly, and Baring found himself master at once of property that he had expected to wait several years for. Thereupon he did what no man but a true gentleman and a man of rare honor would have thought of doing. He immediately forwarded to his friend a draft for £7000. "As I have maturely considered every circumstance that attaches to the question," he said in the letter that went with the money, "the result is what you will find inclosed, which it is absolutely necessary for my peace of mind should remain without alteration. I will not wound your delicacy with reasons why it should be one sum in preference to another; but I hope you will suffer me to assure you that neither myself nor any of my family will ever receive the return of any part of this sum, either now or hereafter. With this view you will permit me to request an assurance from yourself, which I know to be sacred, that you will not give or bequeath to the whole or any part of my family what shall exceed the value of £100."*

Well might Baring be called the prince of English merchants. "At his death," according to the common and true judgment of his friends, "he was the first merchant in England; first in knowledge and talent, character and

opulence." "My dear sir," Baring said to Paice on the last day of October, 1810, "we have enjoyed a friendship of nearly seventy years." It was a friendship very full of happiness to both men. Paice earnestly desired, it is said, that he might not survive his comrade; and his wish was curiously met. Paice died on the 4th, Baring on the 11th of September, 1810.

Francis Baring had been made a baronet in 1793. He left property worth £1,100,000 and a great house of business, to become yet greater and more remunerative in the hands of his sons. Of these sons, five in all, Thomas the eldest, born in 1772, inheriting his father's baronetcy and the greater part of his property, took no active share in the business, William and George, the youngest, passed most of their busy years in India. Alexander and Henry took charge of the London establishment. Henry's share in the management, however, was of short duration. He was a great gambler and an almost constant frequenter of the gaming tables of Baden-Baden, and other towns on the continent. Therein he made money, but it was not wealth that could add to the credit of the house of Baring Brothers. Therefore he was soon induced to retire from business; and for eighteen years the exclusive direction of affairs was with Alexander, the second son.

Alexander Baring was born on the 27th of October, 1774. He was educated partly in Germany and partly in England, before being placed, for commercial schooling, in the great Amsterdam house of Hope & Company, seventy or eighty years ago the greatest mercantile and banking establishment in the world.* The youngest partner in that house was Peter Cæsar Labouchere, whose friendship for young Baring lasted through life. In 1796, he married the young man's sister Dorothy, and by

* For this interesting letter, as well as for everything else that is said above about the connection between Baring and Paice, we are indebted to a volume of *Family Pictures*, by the authoress of *Mary Powell*, Paice's grandniece. Several other facts about Sir Francis Baring and his sons are drawn from *Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres*; or, *Reminiscences of a Merchant's Life*, by Mr. Vincent Nolte, for some time a sort of agent of the house in the United States.

* The house had been founded near the end of the seventeenth century by Henry Hope, a Scotchman, born in Boston, who, early in life settled in Amsterdam. In Baring's time it comprised several members of the family, the principal being three brothers, grandsons of old Henry Hope: Adrian, who lived in Amsterdam; Henry Philip, who resided sometimes at the Hague and sometimes in England; and Thomas, best known as "Furniture Hope," the famous writer on furniture and costumes, and father of Mr. Beresford Hope.

her became father of the present Lord Taunton.

The French occupation of Holland, under Pichegru, brought the Hopes to England, and put an end to Alexander Baring's employment in their office. Having mastered the whole mystery of European commerce, he next determined to make personal observation of the younger commerce of America. His father sanctioned the project; but urged him to be careful on two points—to buy no waste lands in the New World, and not to bring a wife thence. "Uncultivated lands," said shrewd Sir Francis, "can be more readily bought than sold again; and a wife is best suited to the home in which she has been brought up, and cannot be formed or trained a second time." The young man, however, followed neither piece of advice. In 1798, soon after his arrival in the United States, he married the daughter of William Bingham, a rich merchant and influential senator, who bequeathed the sum of \$900,000 to his son-in-law. He also made wise investment of a great deal of money, some £30,000 or £40,000, in purchasing and improving vast tracts of land in Pennsylvania and Maine, soon greatly increased in value by the growth of population in the United States.

Alexander Baring spent four or five years in America; there having General Washington for one of his friends. When he was about thirty he returned to England, to settle down as chief adviser of his father—soon as chief manager on his own account—in the London business. His wealth and his good sense made him, in spite of some personal disadvantages, as great a favorite in the fashionable as in the commercial world. Miss Berry, whose charming *Journals* were published the other day, sat next to him at dinner on the 26th of March, 1808. He was, she said, "rather a heavy-looking young man, with a hesitating manner; but very clear in his ideas, and unassuming in his manners."

Soon the whole world had proof of the strong will and wonderful power of organization that were beneath that modest exterior. With Alexander Baring's supremacy began the European fame and influence of the house of Baring. The young merchant-prince at once brought

his wisdom to bear on every question affecting the commercial welfare of England. Entering Parliament, as member for Taunton, in 1806, he at once took rank with the great financiers and economists of half a century ago. His stutter and oratorical deficiency lessened the weight of his counsels; but they were always listened to with respect, and very often followed. In the budget of 1811, for instance, it was proposed to raise money by levying a tax of a penny a pound on all cotton-wool imported from all districts save British and Portuguese colonies. Baring showed that the measure would be fraught with twofold evil; that it would deprive England of great quantities of American cotton, even then found far more desirable than any that could be got from the East or the West Indies; and that, in keeping American cotton out of England, it would encourage American manufactures, and so cause further injury to our trade. The foolish scheme was withdrawn in that year, and on its revival in 1813, being again opposed by Baring and his fellow-thinkers, it was finally abandoned.

In the mean while, Baring was taking a prominent part in other questions about America. In 1812 he supported Henry Brougham in his opposition to the famous Orders in Council of 1807 and 1809, directing stringent search, in all foreign vessels, for English seamen and contraband articles. Those orders, it was urged, had already proved very disastrous to the commercial and manufacturing interests of England, and were the cause of much needless misery to great numbers of British subjects. They were soon after made the excuse for the American declaration of war with England. In the House of Commons, Baring pointed this out, and found in it good reason for condemning the ministry. As war had been brought about, however, he insisted that it must be carried through with zeal. He boldly advocated the blockading of all the ports of the United States; and when peace had been negotiated, in December, 1814, he angrily denounced the negotiators for supineness. The wisdom of his complaints has been since abundantly proved by the frequent disputes concerning right of search in the case of American vessels.

In all the commercial legislation of the latter part of George III.'s reign, and the whole of George IV.'s, Baring took an influential part. In 1814, he led the Opposition in a measure for establishing the price at which foreign corn might be imported, that price being paid for the protection of English grain. Therein he failed. Next year he succeeded in his resistance to the income tax. In 1821, in the discussions concerning the resumption of Bank payments, he advocated a modification of the established rules regarding currency. Something must be done, he said, to meet the growing wants of an increasing population, driven to all sorts of difficulties through scarcity of floating coin, and in the absence of its equivalent in paper. "No country before ever presented the continuance of so extraordinary a spectacle as that of living under a progressive increase in the value of money and decrease in the value of the productions of the people." On this occasion, Baring moved for a select committee to inquire into the financial embarrassments of the country, and to suggest remedies for the evil. In this, and in other efforts to improve the state of the currency, however, he failed.

In the management of his own commercial affairs he certainly did not fail. The greatest proof of his influence in the monetary world appeared in 1818. "There are six great powers in Europe—England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Baring Brothers," said the Duc de Richelieu in that year; and with reason. Baring had just negotiated for the French Government a loan of 27,238,938 francs, in 5 per cent. rentes, at a rate of 67 francs to the 100. By that means the restored Bourbons were able to buy off the projected occupation of France for five years by Russian, Prussian, and Austrian troops, and the convention of Aix-la-Chapelle was brought about. Baring's "power," however, did not end there. The sudden issue of State paper for the loan of 27,000,000 francs caused a depression of the funds from 67 to 58, and consequently gave room for much wild speculation, and made certain the failure of many honest traders. Baring thereupon persuaded Richelieu to annul the contract for half of his loan, and at the same time induced

the bankers who had joined with him in effecting it—the Hopes and the Rothschilds being the principal—to agree to the surrender. That restored the funds to something like their proper condition. All through the conferences of the plenipotentiaries at Aix-la-Chapelle, Baring was in attendance to answer questions, give advice, and see that the decisions arrived at were in accordance with sound monetary principles.

From that time the chief business of the House of Baring Brothers lay in the negotiation of foreign loans. Throughout Europe it was second only to the Rothschilds; among the American States it had the preëminence. Nearly all the merit of this must be assigned to Alexander Baring. Having brought the house, however, to the highest pitch of its greatness, he retired from all active part in its direction when he was only fifty-four years old. One of his nephews, Mr. John Baring, had, in 1823, joined with Mr. Joshua Bates, an American, in establishing a large commission agency in Boston. Another nephew, Mr. Thos. Baring, had been for some time engaged in the house of Hope, at Amsterdam. In 1825, on the advice of his brother-in-law, Peter Labouchere, Alexander Baring resolved to take into partnership with him his son Francis, both his nephews, and Joshua Bates as well; and three years later, in 1828, finding that the young men worked well, he left the business altogether in their hands, surrendering his part in the management, and appointing as a substitute his son-in-law, Mr. Humphrey St. John Mildmay. Henceforth the house was known as Baring & Company, to have for its principal directors, during more than thirty years, Mr. Joshua Bates, who died in 1864,* and Mr. Thomas Baring, the

* Bates was born at Weymouth, near Boston, in 1788. For several years, beginning with 1803, he was a clerk in the great American house of W. R. & W. Gray. In 1815 or 1816 his employers sent him as confidential agent to the north of Europe. Returning to Boston, a few years later, he soon entered into partnership with John Baring, each partner providing £20,000, with which to start the business. From 1825, when the business was merged into that of Baring & Co., to the time of his death, he resided almost constantly in London. For many years he was in intimate friendship with Coleridge, and during that period Bates's drawing room was a famous haunt of the admirers of the

present member of Parliament for Huntingdon.

As early as 1811, Alexander Baring had been rich enough to buy an estate at Shoreham for £100,000. He adorned it with almost the choicest private collection of paintings to be found in England. He was reputed an excellent judge of pictures; if now and then he made mistakes, his error was shared by other competent critics. Of this an instance occurs in Tom Moore's *Diary*, where, by the way, we find ample proof of the witty poet's liking for the good dinners and the good society to be met with at the merchant's table. One day in June, 1829, says Moore, "Mrs. Baring showed me some new pictures that Baring had just bought. She told me of a picture of Rembrandt that Baring once bought at a very large price, which used to make Sir Thomas Lawrence unhappy, from its being a finer Rembrandt than that of Angerstein. After contemplating it, however, for several hours one day, he came to the conclusion that it was too highly finished to be a genuine Rembrandt; and, in consequence of this opinion of his, the picture fell in value instantly." At another time, a picture which Baring had paid £5000 for, as a Correggio, was in like manner declared an imitation, and accordingly reduced in price to £500 or less. In 1826, Baring made a splendid addition to his gallery, by purchasing Lord Radstock's collection, including a Titian, priced at 1800 guineas, and a Giorgione at 700.

In other ways Baring showed an enlightened taste and disposition. His father had been one of the founders of the London Institution in 1806. In 1825 the son was chosen one of the council

of the London University, just founded at a cost of £30,000. In 1828 he presided at a festival at Freemasons' Tavern in celebration of the repeal of the Test and Corporation acts. It was through him, moreover, though more for commercial than any other reasons, that Sir Robert Peel was induced, in the following year to abandon a project for bringing all the Friendly Societies in England under the management of the Government. This measure gave umbrage to great numbers, and, after vainly petitioning on the matter, they decided upon a system of coercion. On the morning before the bill was to be read a third time, bills were posted all over the country requesting all who had any money invested through the agency of Friendly Societies to draw it out if the obnoxious bill was made law. As the total deposits for the whole kingdom were very heavy, that proposal caused much excitement in the money market. Therefore, in the evening, when Sir Robert Peel brought forward his bill, Baring rose and protested. "Does my right honorable friend know what he is doing? This morning I was astonished to find the funds had fallen two per cent., with no apparent reason for the fall. Then I found that it was caused by the determination of these depositors to withdraw all their money from public use. Sir, this is a very serious measure, very serious indeed. I trust the House will not indorse it without grave consideration." The result of that speech was the withdrawal of the bill, and the substitution for it, next session, of another, framed by the delegates of the Friendly Societies themselves.

Alexander Baring began political life as a Whig, the friend and supporter of Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, and other liberal reformers. Soon after his retirement from business, however, he changed his policy. He was alarmed at the growing excitement of the English people on the question of parliamentary reform. "It is impossible," he said, in November, 1829, "for rich capitalists to remain in a country exposed to tumultuary meetings. Great numbers of manufacturers have been brought to this country at various times from other countries, some to escape civil, and some religious, persecutions.

great thinker and greater talker. Another of Joshua Bates's favorites was Prince Louis Napoleon. The close and trustful friendship existing before 1848 between the wealthy merchant and the modest refugee continued, without hindrance, we are assured, after the refugee had become Emperor of the French. Among many other proofs of his benevolent disposition, Bates spent \$50,000 in buying some of the best European books for the free library of Boston, and sent over another sum of \$50,000 to be funded for its benefit, the interest being every year applied to the purchase of more books. He died on the 24th September, 1864, leaving a large fortune to his only surviving child, Madame Van de Weyer, wife of the Belgian ambassador.

But there is no persecution so fatal as a mob persecution. Every other persecution it is possible to find some means of softening; but mob persecution is unrelenting and implacable. Despotism itself is to be preferred to mob persecution." Therefore he went over to the side of despotism. For his opposition to the Reform Bill his windows were broken in 1831, and from that year he sided on all questions with the Tories.

On the formation of Sir Robert Peel's new government in 1834, Baring took office as President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint. In April, 1835, he was raised to the peerage as Lord Ashburton. Henceforth, with one famous exception, he took no prominent part in public affairs.

The exception was in 1841. On Peel's return to power in that year the most pressing business before him related to a question on which Baring had had much to say seven-and-thirty years before. One of his complaints at the way in which peace had been established with America in 1814, concerned the question as to the northeastern boundary line of the United States from British America. The difficulty arose from an inadvertence in drawing up the treaty of 1783, it being there left doubtful which of two lines of highlands was to form the separation. Hence there was debatable ground of nearly a hundred miles' breadth, and with an entire area of 6,750,000 acres. This was one of the grounds of quarrel in 1811, and in the pacification of 1814 Baring found great fault with the negotiators for leaving the question still unsettled. They had referred it to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands. For seventeen years his Majesty studied, or pretended to study, the question without arriving at any decision. At last, in 1831, he proposed to reject both lines and take for boundary line the stream of the river St. John, thus giving to England 2,636,160 of the disputed acres. To this suggestion Lord Palmerston, who was then Foreign Secretary, readily acceded; President Jackson and the American Government also approved of it, but there was so much opposition raised by certain demagogues in the United States, who, eager to have all the territory in their own hands, declared

that the King of the Netherlands had exceeded his authority in proposing a third line, that nothing came of it. Over and over again the English Government sought to effect an arrangement, but the Americans were obstinate. The dispute lasted ten years, and when Sir Robert Peel resumed power in 1841, it seemed almost certain to end in war. Peel, however, determined to make one more peaceful effort. He appointed Lord Ashburton to proceed to Washington, and there effect, if it was any how possible, some sort of settlement. "Lord Ashburton," says Mr. Thomas Colley Grattan, who took part in the negotiation, "was a nobleman well adapted to the occasion, from his connection by marriage and property with the United States. He was not a trained ambassador, but his general knowledge of business, straightforwardness, and good sense, were qualities far more valuable than those to be generally found in professional diplomatists, whose proceedings so often embroil instead of conciliating." Lord Ashburton proceeded to the United States in March, 1842. There many of the commissioners appointed to treat with him were his personal friends, and his arguments took effect. He effected a compromise yet more favorable to England than that designed by the King of the Netherlands, Great Britain being left in possession of 3,370,000 acres, America of 3,413,000. This was the Treaty of Washington, or the Ashburton Treaty, signed on the 9th of August, 1842.

Lord Ashburton died, seventy-four years old, on the 13th of May, 1848. His son, William Bingham Baring, who succeeded to the peerage, had nothing to do with commerce, and the second son, Francis, who became Lord Ashburton a few years ago, soon retired from business. The Barings still flourish and draw money, through commercial channels, from all quarters of the world; but of the living we have not here to speak, and if we had, perhaps nothing more important, as regards their mercantile history, could be said than that they are good and zealous followers of the system of money-making established by old Sir Francis Baring and his son Alexander, Baron Ashburton.

H. R. F. B.

Saturday Review.

THE JOURNAL DES SAVANTS AND THE JOURNAL DE TRÉVOUX.*

FOR a hundred persons who, in this country, read the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, how many are there who read the *Journal des Savants*? In France the authority of that journal is indeed supreme; but yet its very title frightens the general public, and its blue cover is but seldom seen on the tables of the *salles de lecture*. Yet there is no French periodical so well suited to the tastes of the better class of readers in England. Its contributors are all members of the *Institut de France*, and, if we may measure the value of a periodical by the honor which it reflects on those who form its staff, no journal in France can vie with the *Journal des Savants*. At the present moment we find on its roll such names as Cousin, Flourens, Villemain, Mignet, Barthélemy, Saint-Hilaire, Naudet, Prosper Mérimé, Littré, Vitet—names which, if now and then seen on the covers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue Contemporaine*, or the *Revue Moderne*, confer an exceptional lustre on these fortnightly or monthly issues. The articles which are admitted into this select periodical may be deficient now and then in those outward charms of diction by which French readers like to be dazzled; but what in France is called *trop savant, trop lourd*, is frequently far more palatable than the highly-spiced articles which are no doubt delightful to read, but which, like an excellent French dinner, make you forget whether you have dined or not. If English journalists are bent on taking for their models the fortnightly or monthly contemporaries of France, the *Journals des Savants* might offer a much better chance of success than the more popular *revues*. We should be sorry indeed to see any periodical published under the superintendence of the *Ministre de l'Instruction Publique*, or of any other member of the Cabinet; but, apart from that, a literary tribunal like that formed by the members of the *Bureau du Journal des Savants* would

be a great benefit to literary criticism. The general tone that runs through their articles is impartial and dignified. Each writer seems to feel the responsibility which attaches to the bench from which he addresses the public, and we can of late years recall hardly any case where the dictum of "noblesse oblige" has been disregarded in this the most ancient among the purely literary journals of Europe.

The first number of the *Journal des Savants* was published more than two hundred years ago, on the 5th of January, 1655. It was the first small beginning in a branch of literature which has since assumed such immense proportions. Voltaire speaks of it as "le père de tous les ouvrages de ce genre, dont l'Europe est aujourd'hui remplie." It was published at first once a week, every Monday; and the responsible editor was M. de Sallo, who, in order to avoid the retaliations of sensitive authors, adopted the name of Le Sieur de Hedouville, the name, it is said, of his *valet de chambre*. The articles were short, and in many cases they only gave a description of the books, without any critical remarks. The journal likewise gave an account of important discoveries in science and art, and of other events that might seem of interest to men of letters. Its success was considerable, if we may judge by the number of rival publications which soon sprang up in France and in other countries of Europe. In England, a philosophical journal on the same plan was started before the year was over. In Germany, the *Journal des Savants* was translated into Latin by F. Nitzschius in 1668, and before the end of the seventeenth century the *Giornale de Letterati* (1668), the *Bibliotheca Volante* (1677), the *Acta Eruditorum* (1682), the *Nouvelles de la République des Lettres* (1684), the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Historique* (1686), the *Histoire des Ouvrages des Savants* (1687), and the *Monatliche Unterredungen* (1689), had been launched in the principal countries of Europe. In the next century it was remarked of the journals published in Germany, "plura dixeris pullulasse brevi tempore quam fungi nascuntur unâ nocte." Most of these journals were published by laymen, and represented the pure interests

* *Table Methodique des Mémoires de Trévoux* (1701-1775), *précède d'une Notice Historique*. Par le Père P. C. SOMMERVOGEL, de la Compagnie de Jesus. 3 vols. Paris: 1864-5.

of society. It was but natural, therefore, that the clergy also should soon have endeavored to possess a journal of their own. The Jesuits, who at that time were the most active and influential order, were not slow to appreciate this new opportunity for directing public opinion, and they founded in 1701 their famous journal, the *Mémoires de Trévoux*. Famous, indeed, it might once be called, and yet at present how little is known of that collection, how seldom are its volumes called for in our public libraries! It was for a long time the rival of the *Journal des Savants*. Under the editorship of Le Père Berthier it fought bravely against Diderot, Voltaire, and other heralds of the French revolution. It weathered even the fatal year of 1762, but, after changing its name and moderating its pretensions, it at last ceased to appear in 1782. The long rows of its volumes are now piled up in our libraries like rows of tombstones, which we pass by without even stopping to examine the names and titles of those who are buried in these vast catacombs of thought.

It was a happy thought that led the Père P. C. Sommervogel, himself a member of the order of Jesuits, to examine the dusty volumes of the *Journal de Trévoux*, and to do for it the only thing that could be done to make it useful once more, at least to a certain degree, namely, to prepare a general index of the numerous subjects treated in its volumes, on the model of the great index, published in 1753, of the *Journal des Savants*. His work, published at Paris in 1865, consists of three volumes. The first gives an index of the original dissertations; the second and third, of the works criticised in the *Journal de Trévoux*. It is a work of much smaller pretensions than the index to the *Journal des Savants*; yet, such as it is, it is useful, and will amply suffice for the purposes of those few readers who have from time to time to consult the literary annals of the Jesuits in France.

The title of the *Mémoires de Trévoux* was taken from the town of Trévoux, the capital of the principality of Dombes, which Louis XVI. had conferred on the Duc de Maine, with all the privileges of a sovereign. Like Louis XVI., the young prince gloried in the title of a

patron of art and science, but, as the pupil of Madame de Maintenon, he devoted himself even more zealously to the defence of religion. A printing office was founded at Trévoux, and the Jesuits were invited to publish a new journal, "où l'on eût principalement en vue la défense de la religion." This was the *Journal de Trévoux*, published for the first time in February, 1701, under the title of "Mémoires pour l'Histoire des Sciences et des Beaux Arts, recueillis par l'ordre de Son Altesse Sérénissime, Monseigneur Prince Souverain de Dombes." It was entirely and professedly in the hands of the Jesuits, and we find among its earliest contributors such names as Catrou, Tournemine, and Hardouin. The opportunities for collecting literary and other intelligence enjoyed by the members of that order were extraordinary. We doubt whether any paper, even in our days, has so many intelligent correspondents in every part of the world. If any astronomical observation was to be made in China or America, a Jesuit missionary was generally on the spot to make it. If geographical information was wanted, eye-witnesses could write from India or Africa to state what was the exact height of mountains or the direction of rivers. The architectural monuments of the great nations of antiquity could easily be explored and described, and the literary treasures of India or China or Persia could be ransacked by men ready for any work that required devotion and perseverance, and promised to throw additional splendor on the order of Loyola. No missionary society has ever understood how to utilize its resources, in the interests of science, like the Jesuits, and if our own missionaries may on many points take warning from the history of the Jesuits, on that one point at least they might do well to imitate their example. Scientific interests, however, were by no means the chief motive of the Jesuits in founding their journal, and the controversial character began soon to preponderate in their articles. Protestant writers received but little mercy in the pages of the *Journal de Trévoux*, and the battle was soon raging in every country of Europe between the flying batteries of the Jesuits and the strongholds of Jansenism, of Prot-

estantism, or at least of liberal thought. Le Clerc was attacked for his *Harmonia Evangelica*, Boileau even was censured for his *Épître sur l'Amour de Dieu*. But the old lion was too much for the reverend satirists. The following is a specimen of his reply :

" Mes Révérends Pères en Dieu,
Et mes Confrères en Satire,
Dans vos Ecrits dans plus d'un lieu
Je voy qu'à mes dépens vous affectés de
rire ;
Mais ne craignés-vous point, que pour rire
de Vous,
Relisant Juvénal, refeuilletant Horace,
Je ne ranime encore ma satirique audace ?
Grands Aristarques de Trévoux,
N'allés point de nouveau faire courir aux
armes,
Un athlète tout prêt à prendre son congé,
Qui par vos traits malins au combat ren-
gagé
Peut encore aux Rieurs faire verser des
larmes.
Apprenés un mot de Régnier,
Notre célèbre Devancier,
Corsaires attaquant Corsaires
Ne font pas, dit-il, leurs affaires."

Even stronger language than this became soon the fashion in journalistic warfare. In reply to an attack on the Marquis Orsi, the *Giornale de Letterati d'Italia* accused the *Journal de Trévoux* of *menzogna* and *impostura*, and in Germany the *Acta Eruditorum Lipsiensium* poured out still more violent invective against the Jesuitical critics. It is wonderful how well Latin seems to lend itself to the expression of angry abuse. Few modern writers have excelled the following tirade, either in Latin or in German :

" Quæ mentis stupiditas ! At si qua est, Jesuitarum est. . . . Res est intoleranda, Trevoltianos Jesuitas, toties contusos, iniquissimum in suis diariis tribunal exerxisse, in eoque non ratione duce, sed animi impotentia, non æquitatis legibus, sed præjudiciis, non veritatis lance, sed affectus aut odii pondere, optimis exquisitissimisque operibus detrahare, pessima ad cælum usque laudibus efferre : ignaris auctoribus, modo secum sentiant, aut sibi faveant, ubique blandiri, doctissimos sibi non plane pleneque deditos plus quam canino dente mordere."

What has been said of other journals was said of the *Journal de Trévoux* :

" Les auteurs de ce journal, qui a son mérite, sont constants à louer tous les ouvrages

de ceux qu'ils affectionnent, et pour éviter une froide monotonie, ils exercent quelquefois la critique sur les écrivains à qui rien ne les oblige de faire grâce."

It took some time before authors became at all reconciled to these new tribunals of literary justice. Even a writer like Voltaire, who braved public opinion more than anybody, looked upon journals, and the influence which they soon gained in France and abroad, as a great evil. " Rien n'a plus nui à la littérature," he writes, " plus repandu le mauvais goût, et plus confondu le vrai avec le faux." Before the establishment of literary journals, a learned writer had indeed little to fear. For a few years, at all events, he was allowed to enjoy the reputation of having published a book, and this by itself was considered a great distinction by the world at large. Perhaps his book was never noticed at all, or, if it was, it was only criticised in one of those elaborate letters which the learned men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries used to write to each other, which might be forwarded indeed to one or two other professors, but which never influenced public opinion. Only in extreme cases a book would be answered by another book, but this would necessarily require a long time ; nor would it at all follow that those who had read and admired the original work would have an opportunity of consulting the volume that contained its refutation. This happy state of things came to an end after the year 1655. Since the invention of printing, no more important event had happened in the republic of letters than the introduction of periodical literature. It was a complete revolution, differing from other revolutions only by the quickness with which the new power was recognized even by its fiercest opponents. The power of journalism soon found its proper level, and the history of its rise and progress, which has still to be written, teaches the same lesson as the history of political powers. Journals which defended private interests, or the interests of parties, whether religious, political, or literary, never gained that influence which was freely conceded to those who were willing to serve the public at large in pointing out real merit wherever it could be found, and in unmasking pre-

tenders to whatever rank they might belong. The once all-powerful organ of the Jesuits, the *Journal de Trévoux*, has long ceased to exist, and even to be remembered; the *Journal des Savants* still holds, after more than two hundred years, that eminent position which was claimed for it by its founder, as the independent advocate of justice and truth.

All the Year Round.

MR. THOMPSON'S UMBRELLA.

"AUGUSTA, I wish you would practice Chopin's march. Mr. Thompson likes music."

Oh! how sick I was of hearing about Mr. Thompson! My poor aunt, she meant it very kindly, of course, but she little knew how she made me hate those single gentlemen whom she so wished me to please. I was an orphan, and had forty pounds a year, and my aunt's annuity died with her; so I suppose her anxiety to see me married was both commendable and natural, but to me it was dreadful. Moreover, perhaps because I was a proud girl, and perhaps, too, because I was a foolish one, the mere fact of a man, young or middle-aged—for only the old and wedded were excluded—coming to the house on my account, made him detestable in my eyes. I should not wonder if that were not the reason why I pleased none. I was said to be pretty—I may say that now, alas! it is so long ago—but plainer girls, with no greater advantages than I had, went off at a premium in the marriage market, and I remained Augusta Raymond, uncared and unsought for. I did not care, not I. I only lamented that aunt would worry both these unfortunate gentlemen and me with vain efforts to make them admire me, and make me like them. She was my best friend, however, and I loved her dearly. So I now sat down to the piano and played Chopin's march, and practiced for the benefit of the devoted Mr. Thompson, who was to come this evening, and who little knew, poor fellow, he had been invited to spend a week with us for the express purpose of falling in love with his second cousin's niece. I had not seen him since I was a child. He was a young man then, tall,

dark, and grave, and already on the road to prosperity. He was a rich man now—at least, rich for such a poor girl as I was, but he was Mr. Thompson, and I hated him; besides, he must be old, quite old.

I thought of all these things while I was playing, and then I forgot them, for the divine music bore me away, and music was a passion to me then.

We lived in the country, and a small but beautiful garden inclosed my aunt's cottage. It was a low one, with broad rooms, a little dark, perhaps, but strangely pleasant. At least, they seemed so to me. I dearly liked the room in which I now sat playing. It was our best room, but it was also our sitting room. A central table was strewn with books, some of which were dear old friends, and others were pleasant and new acquaintances. Flower-stands, work-baskets, and delightful chairs, chairs made to read or dream in, added to the attractions of this apartment. I enjoyed it even as I played; but then, to be sure, the windows were all open, and every one gave me a glimpse of the green garden with a patch of blue sky above its nodding trees, and the sweet scent of the mignonette came in with every breath of air. Where are you now, pleasant room and green garden? The ruthless hand of man has laid you waste, and my eyes can see you no more. Is there no home for lost places, no dreamland like the Indian's hunting-ground, where the things that have once been may enjoy a shadowy existence? Are you really for ever gone and lost, save when you come back every time a woman, whose hair is turning gray, hears that grand, mournful music to which your pleasant homeliness would seem so little akin?

"My dear! Mr. Thompson!" said my aunt's voice, as I closed the instrument. I turned round and saw him; tall, dark, grave, very little altered, and not at all old. We had expected him for dinner, and he had come for luncheon; I forget how the mistake arose. As he opened the garden gate, he met my aunt. They heard me playing, and stood by one of the windows to listen. When I ceased, they entered the room, and it was then that, as I said, I saw him.

I did not know it at the time, but I knew it later; I liked him from that very

moment. I am not sure that every girl would have liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good looking, and he was both shrewd and pleasant; but he had a quaint and abrupt manner, which was apt to startle strangers. I liked it well, however. I liked that eccentricity which never took him too far, and that slight want of polish which gave flavor to every thing he said or did. I liked all, excepting his umbrella. That I detested. It was large, solid, massive, and dreadfully obtrusive. He had it in his hand on that bright warm day, and long as our acquaintance lasted I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our intimacy had progressed, I taxed him with this. "Yes," he said, good humoredly, "I confess it is my hobby. My earliest ambition as a boy was to possess an umbrella, and my greatest happiness as a man is to go about with one."

Of course we did not speak about his umbrella on this the first morning we spent together. Mr. Thompson praised my music, and, looking me full in the face, told me I played divinely. He said it without preamble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt was delighted, and I felt pleased; but, somehow or other, I also felt that Mr. Thompson treated me like a little girl; and so he did—not merely then, but ever afterwards. Tiresome man! I had thought him old before I saw him, and I could not make him think me old now that he saw me.

Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with us, but a month. Oh, that happy month, with long golden days and delicious evenings, and music and sweet converse! shall I ever forget it? If the waking was bitter, let me remember that the dream was very sweet.

Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morning, and we were in the garden together. I knew by this time how I felt towards him, and, kind though he was, I doubted if he cared much for me. And when he said, "Augusta, I have something to say to you," my heart began to beat. He used to call me Augusta now and then, having known me as a child; but never had he said it so kindly as this evening.

Ah, well! I suppose many women have to go through the bitterness which came to me then. Mr. Thompson had met my cousin Jessie at Mrs. Gray's,

proposed to her, and been accepted. From the moment he mentioned Jessie's name, I knew my fate. Without seeking it, I suppose, she had ever stood between me and every good. She had taken the friendship of my best friend, the liking of my nearest relative—I was not really my aunt's niece, only her late husband's—and now she had forestalled me in the love of the only man I had ever cared for. Surely she was not to blame in that, but, oh, how hard, how very hard, it seemed to me! The nightingale sang in the trees above us, pure, brilliant stars burned in the sky, the garden was full of fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pouring Jessie's praises in my ear. She was so handsome, so bright, so genial, and so delightfully innocent! And what do you suppose he told me all this for? Why, because he wanted me to go and live with them. My aunt's health had been failing of late, and he was aware that I knew the worst might soon come, so he wanted me to be sure of a home. I burst into tears.

"My dear good child," he cried, warmly, "if I were not going away, I would not have grieved you so. You have, I know, a true, warm heart. Your dear aunt may live for years; only, if she should not, Jessie and I"—

"Pray, don't!" I interrupted. I could not bear it. The more he praised me, the kinder he was, the more I wept and felt miserable. At length, at my request, he left me. I grew calmer after a while, and went in.

"Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear," said my aunt. Poor dear aunt! she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. She little knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been beforehand with me there.

I played it again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A gray twilight filled the room, and they could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played well, they said; and I believe I did. Something from myself was in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came and sat by me when I had done. The servant brought in the lights and a letter for my aunt. While she was reading it, he said, softly:

"You will think over it?"

"Pray don't!" I entreated.

"But you do not know how much I like you," he insisted; "and then you will do my little heedless-Jessie good—poor childish darling! Besides, I have set my heart on something."

This crowned all. I guessed his meaning; he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all but said so this evening in the garden. "It would do John, who was rather light, all the good in the world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to aunt.

"What news, aunt?" I asked.

"News, indeed!" she replied amazed. "There's Jessie going to marry my cousin, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I wonder what he will do with the little flirt?"

There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him.

"What Jessie is that?" he asked. "Surely not Miss Raymond's cousin?"

"Yes; the same. Do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. I pitied him; from my heart I pitied him.

"Perhaps it is not true, aunt?" I said.

"Not true! why she writes it to me herself—there's her letter."

I looked at him now. He was pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the cruel storm within. Something now called my aunt out of the room.

"Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing towards the letter, which my aunt had handed to me.

I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with the same composure, then looking for his umbrella, which he *would* always keep in a corner of the sitting room, he said, very calmly:

"I think I shall go and take a walk."

And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, when he left us.

My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr. Thompson had not proposed to me after all, and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessness; mine had been at the best but a reflected light. I was liked because Jessie was loved.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. She was married from my aunt's house, out of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That busybody," he called her, and I am afraid she was a busybody. Jessie was very bright, and seemed very happy. She teased me unmercifully about Mr. Thompson. She was sure, she said, he had made love to me, and she looked at me with cruel significance as she spoke. But I betrayed neither his secret nor mine; and though she vexed me when she quizzed him to Mr. Norris, especially about his umbrella, I did keep silent.

"I am sure he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her own wedding. "Don't you think so?"

I did not answer her; I went out into the garden, and wondered how she had charmed him. Alas! I might have wondered how, without seeking it, he had charmed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's indifference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered looks. I believe I got pale and thin just then. And I was always playing Chopin's march.

"My dear," said aunt to me one evening, "is not that very mournful?"

"I like it, aunt," I replied; but I resolved to play it no more.

"Mr. Thompson liked it," she said, with a sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you," she added, abruptly.

I was mute.

"I wish I had never asked him here," she resumed; "I cannot help thinking"—

"Don't, pray don't!" I interrupted.

She did not insist, but she made me go and sit by her. She caressed me, she coaxed me, and little by little she drew my secret from me.

"My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet."

"No, aunt, he never will. But pray do not trouble about me. I mean to get over it, and I will."

I spoke resolutely, and my aunt praised me.

"You have always been the best of girls," she said, tenderly, "and I am glad you have had confidence in me. I

did not mean to leave home this year ; but now I will take you to the seaside. You must have a change, my poor darling."

She kissed me, and I remember how calm and happy I felt in that gray room, sitting by my dear aunt's side, and looking at the starry sky. The nightingale was singing again as on that sad evening when I had felt so broken-hearted ; tears rose to my eyes when I remembered it, and his last kindness, and my foolish, withered hopes ; but the bitterness was gone from my sorrow.

"You must have a change," said my aunt again.

Alas ! the change came with the morning. My aunt was late for breakfast. I went up to her room and found her calmly sleeping. But oh ! too calm, too deep, were those slumbers ! The kind eyes which had rested on me in love were closed, the voice which had ever spoken in praise and endearment was silenced, for ever and ever.

I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her husband was my aunt's heir-at-law ; but I found it very hard. Poor dear aunt, she always did mean to make a will in my favor, and she never did. Mr. Norris behaved very handsomely, I was told. He gave me the piano which had been bought for me, a few other articles of no great value, and all my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewels, which were fine, and the furniture, for which, as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the cottage till Lady-day ; though perhaps, as he could not live in two houses at a time, and must pay the rent whether I stayed there or not, this was no such great favor after all. God forgive me, I fear I was very sinful during the dark days that followed. I had some friends who did, or rather who said, their best ; but there was one who never came near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might at least have written, have condoled with me in my sorrow, but he did not. And yet he was in the neighborhood. He was often at Mr. Norris's house. Jessie herself told me so. True, he had business to transact with her husband ; but still, how could he do it ?

He did it, and he did more. Mr. Norris was thrown off his horse one morning and brought home dead. Jessie became a widow, and a poor one, said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous, and defiant, under her infliction ; yet I would have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris's executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only interfere ; besides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless, but it was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. I cannot say she comforted me much. She gave me a world of wearisome advice, and told me much that I would rather not have heard. What was it to me now, that accounts kept him so often and so late with Jessie ? They were both free ; and if he chose to forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry once more for money—I say it again—what was it to me ?

And yet I suppose it was something, after all ; for when Mrs. Gray left me one afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this wide earth. She had harped again on that hateful string—that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten with Mrs. Norris. "And what do you think, my dear ?" she added ; "he thought you were gone. He seemed quite surprised when I said I had seen you on Sunday. 'What, is she not gone ?' he asked—'gone to London ?' 'No indeed ! What should she go to London for ?' He did not answer that, but, from something he said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. 'I wish she were, poor dear !' I replied : 'it is a hard case to be so young and so lonely.' I have no doubt he thinks so too, and so it is to prevent Mrs. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see her so often." Thus she rattled on, stabbing me with every word, till at length she left me to my misery. I sat looking at the fire ; it was bright and warm, but my loneliness was heavy upon me ; besides, it had been snowing, and the gray sky and white garden and silent air had something both lone and chill in them. Yet I was not quite alone. Early in the winter I had taken in a poor half-starved stray dog, and, though he was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had made a pet of him. He

had laid by his vagrant habits willingly enough, and he now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet. Poor Carlo! he heeded not the morrow, and thought not of the future. Yet how long could I keep him?—and if I cast him away, who would have him? He had neither youth nor beauty to recommend him—nothing but his old honest heart, and who would care for that? “Poor Carlo—poor old Carlo!” I thought; and, perhaps because my heart was rather full just then, tears rose to my eyes as I thought of the fate that lay before him. I believe I thought of something else too. I remember a vision I saw in the burning coals; how it came there Heaven knows. I saw them both, as no doubt they often were, bending over accounts which they read together, then looking up and exchanging looks and smiles which no one could mistake. I wonder why I came back to images which tortured me—but it was so. I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had been gone, when Carlo gave a short bark; the gate-bell rang; I saw a tall dark form pass across the window, and my little maid opened the door, saying: “Mr. Thompson, ma’am.”

I rose. He came in, with his umbrella as usual, and Carlo went up to him and wagged a friendly welcome. I could not say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt quite sure he had come to tell me that he meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to go and stay with them, or something of the kind. Nothing else could have brought him. Or perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt, told him that I was gone, he had, on learning the truth, felt ashamed of his long coldness, and had come to make some sort of excuse. He made none; but he asked how I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at me, and, without waiting for my answer, feared I was not very well.

“Oh! I am not ill, you know,” I replied, a little carelessly. “I trust you are well, Mr. Thompson.”

He said he was very well, and he looked at the fire. For a while we were both silent. I spoke first. My remark was scarcely a gracious one.

“I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you,” I said.

I was vexed with myself as soon as I had said it. He might think I was an-

noyed at his long absence, and, surely, I was not! But he took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had, indeed, been much engaged; but that everything was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was mute.

“She left in no very contented mood, I believe,” he resumed. “The balance in her favor was low—lower than I expected. Mrs. Norris has something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her marriage. Unluckily, these speculations cannot be repeated often, you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a time—a brief one; it is apt to wear out, and the first venture ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is natural; but you know I cannot pity her very much.”

I supposed not; but how all that cold, hard talk pained me.

“I have a fancy,” he resumed, “that this kind lady expected some other ending to our accounts. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marketable value; is it, now?”

I would not answer that question. His tone, his manner, vexed me. Suddenly he raised his eyes to mine.

“Did such a rumor reach you?” he asked.

I could not deny it. My face was in flame. I believe I stammered something, but I do not know what.

“Even you have heard it,” he said, scarcely pleased; “the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had hoped you knew me better.”

He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no justification. Then he rather formally asked to be allowed to mention the business that brought him. So it was business! I scorned myself for my folly, which was not dead yet, and I bade him speak.

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

“But,” he added, with some hesitation, “I can do so but in one fashion—as your husband. Will you overlook all those peculiarities in my temper, which

used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of true and good in me? Can you, will you, do this?"

He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me, that he had never seen, never suspected, how much I loved him. And he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could not speak at once.

"And you, Mr. Thompson," I said, at last—"and you"—

"Well, what about me! Do you mean, can I, too, do this?"

"Yes; can you do it?"

"Why, surely — else I had never proposed it."

He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and he looked at me as he smiled. Both look and smile exasperated me.

"Mr. Thompson," I said, excitedly, "I have not deserved this. Carlo, come here."

My poor shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. He laid his head on my knee and looked up at me wistfully and fondly, as only dogs can look when they vainly seek to read the meaning of a human face.

"He was an outcast," I said, looking at Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came to this door; I fed him, and he would not leave it. I took pity on him—I gave him a mat to lie on and a crust to eat. He loves me for it; but, Mr. Thompson, I am not quite so low as to be brought to this poor beast's level—I can take care of myself."

Mr. Thompson threw himself back in his chair, and uttered a dismayed whistle as I made this free commentary upon his proposal.

"Well, well," he said, recovering slowly, "I can understand that you should not care for me, but I did not expect you would take it so."

"And how could I take it?" I cried. "You give me pity—I scorn pity. Ah, Mr. Thompson, if I were not the poor forlorn girl I am, would you feel or speak so? Do you think I do not know how rich girls are wooed and won? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?"

"What do you mean by taking care of me?"

"What I said. Yes, Augusta, I wish to take care of you—true, fond, loving care; nothing shall make me unsay it."

He spoke warmly, and a manly glow rose to his face; but I would not give in, and I said, angrily, that I did not want to be taken care of.

"Do let us drop these unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry me, yes or no. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said "No." Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked to know why it was No and not Yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good will, no hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me banish him? Every step took him away further from me — never—never again — should we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him, "I cannot be happy with you because I love, and you do not; because my love and my pride would suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than to have you on these terms." If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but it was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose thrust in the hand which hung down by my side in the folds of my dress, roused me. I looked up and saw—Mr. Thompson. He was very red, and seemed flurried.

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously.

Yes; there it was, in the corner, that horrible umbrella of his! But, instead of going to look for it, he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready

to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, persuasively "why should we not be happy together? I cannot bear to give you up, indeed I cannot."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then do you really like me?" I asked.

"Do I really like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"Oh, if we are to go back to that"—he began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of women. Still I was not quite satisfied.

"You would not have come back, if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and I glanced in through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and, to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me; but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and, though years have passed over us both, I do not think so now.

British Quarterly.

CLUB LIFE AND SOCIETY IN LONDON.*

ENGLAND is *par excellence* the land of clubs. There are more clubs in London alone, than in all the chief European cities together; yet, strange to say, we have no good history of the rise, progress, and effect of institutions which have existed for two or three centuries,

though not exactly in the shape in which they have presented themselves during the last five-and-twenty or thirty years. Nothing ought to be more entertaining, nothing more instructive, than such a history of clubs; for would it not be a record of men, manners, and opinions; of national customs, fashions, and tones of thought; of once prevailing habitudes fast fading away or now wholly extinct?

English clubs for certainly full two centuries have consisted of the very "porcelain of earth's clay." Statesmen and soldiers, philosophers and historians, poets, lawyers, and wits, orators and table-talkers, men of fashion and men of rank about town, dramatists, and diners out "of the first magnitude," have all belonged to clubs, and within the magic circle have laid aside their gravity, their dignity, or their pompousness, and "laughed the hearty laugh" on equal terms with men less gifted or less fortunate in a worldly sense than themselves. The "trivial fond records" of such *réunions*, of such *symposia*, are wanted in a collected form, and can only with difficulty be found scattered here and there in memoirs or autobiographies, such as those of Roger North, or diaries and letters, such as those of Pepys, Evelyn, George Bubb Dodington, or Horace Walpole. There is, indeed, a history of clubs some one hundred and sixty years old, by Ned Ward, on which Mr. Timbs has pretty largely drawn; but Ward tells us nothing of modern clubs, and deals with none later than the reign of Queen Anne. Club life was then, undoubtedly, fast maturing. It attained, however, a larger growth under William and Mary, shot forth vigorously under the two first Georges, and became more fully developed in the long reign of George III., in the sixty-five years between the years 1760 and the signing of the Peace of Paris. It was not, however, till George IV. ascended the throne in 1820 that clubs received an almost

* *Club Life in London, with Anecdotes of the Clubs, Coffee-Houses, and Taverns of the Metropolis during the 17th, 18th, and 19th Centuries.* By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. In 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1866.

Reminiscences of Captain Gronow, formerly of the Grenadier Guards. 2d Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1862.

Recollections and Anecdotes, being a Second Se-

ries of Reminiscences of the Camp, the Court, and the Club. By Capt. GRONOW. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1863.

Celebrities of London and Paris, being a Third Series of Reminiscences and Anecdotes. By Capt. GRONOW. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1865.

Capt. Gronow's Last Recollections, being the Fourth and Final Series. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1866.

gigantic extension. From that day to the present, they have greatly multiplied, and are still increasing in number, variety, and we may add in luxury. The author of the volume which we have placed at the head of this paper is no novice in the art of book-making and compilation. He is a veteran who has already passed his grand climacteric, and who for nearly half a century has been laboring for the newspapers, the periodicals, and the booksellers. He worked for Sir Richard Phillips—he worked for the *Mirror*—he worked for the *Illustrated London News*, and he has put together six or seven publications, three or four of which are very judiciously (we allude to the *Anecdotal Biography*), and all of which are respectably and fairly, executed. But it must be stated that Mr. Timbs is a compiler, not an original writer or thinker. He but gathers together the facts, the opinions, and the views of others, generally selecting judiciously, and making the proper acknowledgments. This is not assuredly a high mental effort, for Mr. Timbs has not the power of assimilation, but it is a process that requires discernment and judgment; and in a fast and business age like the present, when men read cursorily, such compilations, though in no wise original, are very marketable.

On the earlier clubs Mr. Timbs is more entertaining and instructive than on the modern, of which he has no personal knowledge. He has, as we have stated, drawn largely on Ned Ward; and from the letters of Swift, Pope, Addison, Gay, Steele, Arbuthnot, Chesterfield, Gibbon, and Horace Walpole, he has collected much bearing on the subject. The *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, the *Guardian*, and the *Craftsman*, and the whole body of British essayists, have also been called in aid; and anything that careful reading and business-like, sagacious industry could supply, has not been neglected to illustrate the clubs of a century or a century and a half ago. But where Mr. Timbs ceases to compile and ventures to dissertate, he becomes wearisome, if not ridiculous. His disquisition on the origin of clubs is quite out of place. He ought to know that the *symposia* of the Athenians and the Clubs of Sparta in no degree resembled our club life, and that the social meetings of the Romans were

as remote from anything passing in Pall Mall and St. James-street, either in the reign of Anne or the ages of the Georges or Victoria, as it is possible to conceive. The pages of Petronius and Macrobius testify against Mr. Timbs. Nor do we think his Saxon derivation of the word "club" at all happy. Philologists given to speculations of this kind are too apt to force and strain for a striking, or even a plausible, derivation. We incline to believe the introduction of the word "club" into France to have been later than Mr. Timbs supposes. It is not found in the admirable *Dictionnaire de Trévoux* published at Paris in 1732, in the curious and learned *Dictionnaire de Menage* published in 1750, or in the great Dictionary of the Academy published in the seventh year of the Republic, though the word was for the first time used in 1785, more than eighty years previously, when the *Club des Américains* was founded. Mr. Timbs contends that there was in London a club two centuries earlier than the Friday-street, or more properly the Bread-street Club, said to have been originated by Sir Walter Raleigh. This was a club called "*La Court de bonne Compagnie*," in the time of Henry IV., of which the old poet Occleve, and he cautiously adds probably Chaucer, though he affords no evidence of the fact, were members. Of the Bread-street Club, established at the Mermaid, it is certain Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Raleigh, Selden, Donne, and many other choice spirits, were members. Ben Jonson also had a club of which he was the founder, and which met at the Devil Tavern, between the Middle Temple Gate and Temple Bar. After the Great Fire of London, in 1669, there was the Civil Service Club, which still exists. The Treason Club met in 1668, at the Rose Tavern, in Covent Garden, to consult with Lord Colchester, Tom Wharton, Col. Talmash, and others of the party; and it was there resolved, as stated in Macpherson's *History of Great Britain*, that the regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Langstone's command should desert entire.

The clubs which date from the Restoration were almost exclusively political. The Rota was a club-debating society for dissemination of republican opinions. Here Harrington, of the "*Oceana*," lea-

tured, rather prolixly and pedantically; and Sir William Petty, a deeply observant man, author of the *Political Arithmetic*, and ancestor of the Marquess of Lansdowne, attentively listened, for there was something to learn. The golden era of the older clubs, however, was in the reign of Queen Anne. The October Club was altogether Tory. Swift, as may be supposed, was a constant attendant, and there are allusions to it in his journal to Stella in 1711. Pall Mall was then as now noted for the number of its clubs. Steele, Addison, Tickell, Budgell, and other writers in the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, frequented the clubs of their day, and more especially the Kit Cat Club, where men of titled rank intermingled on fair terms with political, literary, and artistic celebrities. Dukes were as plentiful at the Kit Cat in the days of Queen Anne and the first George, as they were a century later at Brookes's. Their Graces of Somerset, Grafton, Devonshire, Newcastle, and Marlborough, were members of the club; so were Lords Halifax, and Somers, Sir Robert Walpole, Congreve the dramatist, and Dr. Arbuthnot. Whatever people may think of the morality of Congreve's comedies, he must have been, in the flesh, excellent company. The man whose powers were praised by Dryden and Pope, who was glorified by Voltaire, and whose merit was pronounced of the highest kind by Dr. Johnson, could have been no ordinary converser and companion. Nor was Arbuthnot inferior to him as a conversationist. Johnson declared Arbuthnot to be the most universal genius of his time, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and of much humor. It was of Arbuthnot, too, that Pope declared "that his good morals were equal to any man's, but his wit and humor superior to all mankind." The well-known epigram of Dr. Arbuthnot on the Kit Cat Club is recorded by Mr. Timbs:

"Whence deathless Kit Cat took his name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some say from Pastry Cook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.

From no trim beau its name it boasts,
Gray statesman or green wits,
But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
Of old Cats and young Kits."

Arbuthnot was one year the senior of

Walpole, and Congreve ten years his senior; but one can fancy the frank and jovial statesman, who loved society as much as any man, enjoying the wit of the dramatist and the humor of the physician in the Kit Cat Club. Pope has recorded the sociality of the great Minister, the Master of Houghton:

"Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure ill exchanged for power;
Seen him uncumbered with the venal tribe,
Smile without art and win without a bribe."

Walpole hated flatterers, and not men of wit and letters. Neither Congreve nor Arbuthnot would have flattered him, but would have behaved like his own oaks and beeches in Norfolk. "My flatterers here," said Sir Robert, "are all mutes. The oaks, the beeches, and the chestnuts seem best to contend who shall please the lord of the manor. They cannot deceive. They will not lie."

The Calves' Head Club, in ridicule of the memory of Charles I., met at a blind alley near Moorfields. Ned Ward, on insufficient evidence, attributes the origin of the club to Milton, but we are glad to perceive that Mr. Timbs considers the rumor slanderous. It is to be observed that Ward reports from mere hearsay, and that he had himself no more personal knowledge of the club than Mr. Timbs appears to possess of the more modern clubs.

The chief object of the Mohocks Club appears to have been to put the watch to an ignominious rout. Another of their savage diversions was the thrusting women into barrels, and rolling them down Snow Hill or Ludgate Hill. The amiable and sprightly Gay — the friend of Pope and Swift, the friend also of Secretary Craggs, who made him a present of a swinging sum of South Sea Stock—thus alludes to the practice in his *Trivia*, or the art of walking the streets, which appeared in 1712:

"I pass their desperate deeds and mischief done,
Where from Snow Hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hooped within the hog-head's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence: the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
So Regulus to save his country died."

Swift, in his journal to Stella, tells her he heard one design of the Mohocks was upon him if they could catch him. Again he tells her in 1712 that they cut people's faces every night, but that they shan't cut his. The Mohocks had special barbarities. Tipping the lion was squeezing the nose flat to the face and boring out the eyes with the fingers.

The Sweaters of the Hell Fire, another club of those days, worked in parties of half a dozen, surrounding their victims with the points of their swords. The Sweater upon whom the patient turned his back pricked him in that part, that fundamental feature whereon schoolboys are punished. One wonders that such monstrosities should have been tolerated even a century and a half ago, but an adventure of this kind is related in No. 332 of the *Spectator*; and it is certain that the Mohocks, barbarous and villainous as were their pranks, held together till nearly the end of the reign of George I. Smollett attributes, and not improbably, the riotous profligacy and profaneness of the clubs of that day to the demoralization produced by the South Sea Bubble. Prominent among the members of the Hell Fire Club, one of the worst of the bad ones was the Duke of Wharton, celebrated by Pope:

"Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies;
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke."

Among the political clubs of a century and a half ago, was the Mug House Club. There the well-affected gentry, professional men, and tradesmen met, keeping up the spirit of loyalty to the Protestant succession. Mr. Timbs states that in a collection of 180 loyal songs, all written since 1678, is a song in praise of the Mug, which shows that Mug Houses had that name previous to the Mug House Riots. It is also stated by the author that beer mugs were originally fashioned into a grotesque resemblance of Lord Shaftesbury's face, or "ugly mug," as it was called; and this is probably the true derivation of the word. There is little to interest us nowadays

in the history of these grotesque, wild, and lawless assemblages, and we shall not further dwell on what Mr. Timbs calls the blasphemous portion of them.

The Literary Club cannot, however, be passed over in silence. It was founded early in the reign of George III. by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson. It numbered from first to last among its members the already named founders; Goldsmith, who was introduced to Johnson by Dr. Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore; Dyer, supposed by Malone to be the author of the letters of Junius; Gibbon, Cumberland, Burke, Sir William Jones, Colman, the two Wartons, Topham, Beauclerc, Langton, Fox, Sheridan, Dunning, Sir Walter Scott, Sir William Grant, Hallam, Milman; Lords Brougham, Cranworth, Kingsdown, and Macaulay; Sir William Page, Wood, Sam Rogers, Mr. Grote, and Mr. Charles Austin. The Literary Club is in our day called the Johnson Club, and its hundredth anniversary was celebrated a couple of years ago at the Clarendon, in Bond-street. It has been said that the club is not as much a literary club as it was in the last century. There may be, doubtless, fewer authors by profession belonging to it, but still it is as much a Literary Club as it was a century ago.

Of the older clubs we have now said enough. Of these Mr. Timbs tells us all that by persevering industry he has curiously gleaned from books. His labors have undoubtedly been much facilitated by Peter Cunningham's *Hand-book of London*, an author whose exactness is equal to his research, and to whom we do not think Mr. Timbs pays sufficient acknowledgment.

There were not half the clubs forty or five-and-forty years ago that there are at present, but truth compels us to say that of the modern or existing clubs—such as Brookes's, White's, Boodle's, Arthur's, the Travellers', the Windham, the Union, the Reform, and many others—the compiler of these volumes knew little more than the names or the external appearance. The comparatively few clubs that existed between 1821 and 1832, a period antecedent to the Reform bill, were certainly more social than domestic, so to speak, than those which have since grown up. The members

were fewer, and the social circle being less extensive than now, men knew each other better. Members of first-rate clubs, like Brookes's and White's, were nearly all of the very best classes of society—peers, sons or brothers of peers, men of rank and fashion about town, eminent lawyers or wits, or candidates of known and admitted ability for parliamentary honors. St. James-street and Pall Mall were much more crowded and curious spots five-and-forty and five-and-thirty years ago than they are now. From four to seven P. M., in the gay season, there were crowds of pedestrians, equestrians, and fashionable folks in carriages, airing in those streets their youth, beauty, ugliness, or old age. The male exquisites sauntered in twos, threes, and fours, along sweet Pall Mall, St. James-street, or Bond-street, to the Park.

Captain Gronow—the son of a banker at Cardiff, born there in 1794, educated at Eaton, where he was contemporary with the late Mr. Justice Crowder, Turton (Registrar of the Supreme Court of Calcutta), P. B. Shelley, and Colonel Fletcher (formerly of the Coldstreams)—tells us a good deal not before published. After leaving Eton, Gronow joined the Grenadier Guards in 1813, and was old enough to remember London eight years before the time of which we speak; yet, although he tells us of some of the leading members of the fashionable world and clubs, there is much he leaves untold. We do not ourselves remember London, its fashionable life and its clubs, in the earlier days of Capt. Gronow, nor before 1821; but certainly there was in 1821 a much more gorgeous state observed by the upper classes than there has been since the reign of Victoria, or during the latter portion of the reign of William IV. The carriages of persons of high rank were accompanied by two and sometimes by three tall footmen; and no coachman of the upper five hundred then appeared without a stiff curled scratch wig, a three-cornered hat bedizened with gold lace, and a full-blown bouquet in his breast button. Thus moved the Duchesses of Northumberland, Rutland, Montrose, and Richmond; the Marchionesses of Worcester, Hertford, Conyngham, and Ladies Jersey and Cowper. The old Marchioness

of Salisbury was oftener on horseback in those days than in her coach; but on great state occasions she, too, sported her elaborate equipage and her numerous retinue of footmen. The Princess Esterhazy, the Austrian Ambassadress, the Countess Lieven, the Russian Ambassadress, and the Countess Ludolf, the Neapolitan, followed the English custom, with the addition of a jäger or chasseur. The fashionable men, too—such as the Worcesters, Ansons, Alvanleys, Petershams, Harvey, Astons, William Locks, Foresters, Grammonts, and St. Aldegondes, drove their four-in-hands, their tandems, or their curricles, through the Mall and St. James's to their clubs and the Park. Through St. James-street, the distinguished looking Viscount Castlereagh, leader of the House of Commons, was wont to proceed from his house, 16 St. James-square, to the House of Commons on foot; and through St. James-street, on a cob, which sometimes stumbled and threw its rider, followed the Duke of Wellington, either to his office at the Horse Guards, or to the House of Lords. The Duke was then a member of White's, but seldom appeared within its walls. Often might be seen in those days, emerging from Great Stanhope-street, an elaborately dressed equestrian, then in his fortieth year—an M.P., who, for ten or a dozen years previously had admirably filled the place of Secretary of War, without a Cabinet office. This well-dressed man would occasionally alight and remain for ten minutes at White's, after which he would gayly canter down to the House of Commons. The Viscount Palmerston—for it is of him we speak—of 1822 and 1825 rose to be a Cabinet minister in the Government of Earl Gray in 1830. By slow degrees, by patient labor, he attained at length in his old age the highest position it is in the power of the Crown to bestow, as First Minister. In that capacity he won golden opinions of those opposed to him; and men of all parties, now recognizing his personal and political merits, but more especially the former than the latter, now mourn his loss.

The Royal Dukes in those days daily walked or drove through the Mall and St. James's. More than one of them was a member of White's, and George

IV. had been in his earlier days a member of Brookes's. The Duke of Gloucester, who generally, and the Duke of Sussex, who uniformly, voted with the Whigs, were also distinguished members of the club. The Duke of Sussex often wore what was called the Whig uniform of bluff and blue, but the Duke of Gloucester's costume was more peculiar. He dressed in tight blue Hungarian pantaloons, with Hessian boots and white neckcloth. Hessian boots were also worn to his latest day by Jockey of Norfolk, one of the leading members of Brookes's, and by Harry Stephenson, a popular member of the club—a Chancery barrister, who died about twenty years ago, a Commissioner of Customs or of Excise. Lord Althorpe, when Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Minister of the Crown, dressed generally in the Whig livery of blue coat and buff vest.

Into the details of the interior of modern clubs Mr. Timbs does not venture to enter. He apparently knows no more of the interior of Brookes's, White's, the Travellers', the Reform, or the Union, than (the phrase is not original) of the politics of the Georgium Sidus. Nor does Mr. Timbs tell us—which is certainly the fact—that Brookes's was prior to the Reform bill, though it has since greatly fallen, the first political club in London, and the most renowned subscription house in the world. The entrance was thirty guineas, and the annual subscription twelve guineas. In a club of four or five hundred members, the charges for dinners were high in proportion to the more modern clubs of the present day. But the great Whig Lords and Commons—such as the Devonshires, Bedfords, Argyles, Lansdownes, Derbys, Fitzwilliams, Cokes, and Byngs—cared not for the expense where the interests of the Whig party were concerned. Brookes's now, as forty years ago, appears, viewed from the exterior, somewhat dismal and dingy, more especially when contrasted with White's, which is more advantageously placed and in all respects more lightsome. But the interior of the club is cheerful, and the upper rooms, though large and spacious, are in every respect comfortable. Before 1830, as now, Brookes's was but little

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frequented in the forenoon. One of the earliest visitors, seven or eight and thirty years ago, used to be John Williams, then member for the Marquis of Cleveland's borough of Winchelsea, and subsequently one of her Majesty's Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench. When member for the county of York, Henry Brougham occasionally, though rarely, looked in at the club on his way down to Westminster Hall from Hill-street, Berkeley-square. Between three and four o'clock, the rooms used to fill, and before this hour the Whig whip, Viscount Duncannon, then M. P. for Nottingham, used to communicate to the Opposition the wishes of the leaders of the party in both Houses. The business of the House, whether in respect to the Government or the Opposition, was then conducted by about fifty leading members. Parties, before the Reform bill, might be divided into Whigs and Tories, for the Radicals in the House did not number more than a dozen; and of these, half a dozen—namely, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir R. Wilson, Cam Hobhouse, Tom Duncombe, Tom Gisborne, and Joseph Hume—were members of the Whig club. Dinner parties of six or eight were, in the olden time, very common at Brookes's. The convivial habits of Fox and Sheridan partially survived, and many of their contemporaries were still members of the club; among others, the Dukes of Devonshire, Argyle, and Norfolk; Earls Grey, Spencer, Fitzwilliams, Essex, Tankerville, Radnor, Derby, and Lauderdale; the Marquesses of Lansdowne and Cleveland (afterwards Duke); Lords Holland, Dundas, Albemarle, King, Ponsonby, Althorpe, Cowper, Nugent, William Russell, and Ebrington, together with Tierney, Brougham, Mackintosh, William Lamb (afterwards Viscount Melbourne), George Lamb, Dr. Lushington, George Byng, and Scarlett (afterwards Lord Abinger). Earl Grey was, prior to 1830, the leader of the Whig opposition in the House of Lords, but he did not often visit Brookes's. But he did his part in the Lords well, being a lucid and dignified speaker, combining parliamentary knowledge and experience with a clear head. The present Earl Grey, when Lord Howick, visited the club much more frequently than his father. So did William Lamb, after-

wards Viscount Melbourne, and the second Earl Grey's successor in the office of First Minister of the Crown. William Lamb had been a favorite member of the club some years before the death of Mr. Fox, just after his own call to the bar, in 1804. It is not generally known that William Lamb was admitted a barrister, and was a pupil in chambers at Lincoln's Inn at the same time as the late Colonel Love Jones Parry, of Madryn, a cousin-german of Lord Dinorben, who subsequently entered the army, and represented Carnarvon in the first reformed Parliament. From his early manhood to his latest day William Lamb was distinguished for sense, straightforwardness, keen insight into character, and fine animal spirits. Mr. Fox, who had known him from his early days, predicted that he would become a shining political character, and occupy a prominent place in the councils of his Sovereign. While Secretary for Ireland in 1827 and 1828, William Lamb visited Brookes's more rarely, but he continued his subscription when called by the death of his father to the Upper House, and he might be frequently seen in the club from November, 1830, till he was appointed First Minister in July, 1834. His graphic description of Long Wellesley on the Essex hustings, supported and praised by his own agent, the notorious Daniel Whittle Harvey, can never be forgotten by those who heard it. Lord Melbourne was an excellent classical scholar, and well read in the old English divines. He had Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, South, and Nathaniel Lardner, at his fingers' ends. With all his literary tastes, no statesman could, on special occasions, more ardently devote himself to public business or master a thorny question. His brother George, Under Secretary for the Home Department in the Whig Government, was a habitual frequenter of Brookes's. He was boisterous and burly, and not devoid of talent, though castigated by Lord Byron, in *English Bards*, for his rather indifferent musical farce of "Whistle for it."

The late Marquess of Lansdowne rarely visited Brookes's, but when he dropped in his conversation was full of literature, at once pleasant and instructive. Lord Lansdowne was one of the proposers at Brookes's of the late First Minister of

the Crown, Viscount Palmerston, in 1830. There were a few old members of the club, out-and-out Whigs, who remembered that among the writers of pasquinades were Lords Palmerston, Dudley and Ward, and John Wilson Croker. This political squibbing had been carried on by both parties. If the Tories had their Canning, their Frere, their Palmerston, their John William Ward—the Whigs had their Hanbury Williams, their Burgoyne, their Fitzpatrick, their Hare, Luttrell, Edward Dubois, and Thomas Moore. Political controversy and pasquinades were far fiercer half a century ago than they are now. They were sanctioned by Pitt and by Fox, and continued to be practiced certainly down to 1820. In a club which, in 1830, numbered among its members Nugent, Luttrell, and Moore, who had all written political squibs and pasquinades, there were, at first, two or three old fogies for black-balling Lord Palmerston for his contributions to the *New Whig Guide*; but this idea, originating with an effete political mummy, was soon abandoned; and notwithstanding these lines from the *Political Alphabet*, their author was elected without a single black ball:

"E was an Ebrington, dismal and dumb.
F was a Finlay, a hogshead of scum.
G was a Gordon, preposterous phiz.
H was a Heron, a ——— quiz."

When the noble Viscount, then Foreign Secretary, first appeared in the rooms in 1830, his fascinating manners, his affability, thorough kindness of nature, and unaffected good sense, secured him friends and partisans.

Burdett visited Brookes's much from 1828 to 1831. He was well versed in the English historians and poets, and had read much on constitutional law. In air and manner he was the *beau idéal* of a perfect gentleman. There were but two members of the club who could vie with him in this respect, and they were brothers-in-law—the one the late Earl Grey, and the other Viscount Ponsonby, ambassador near the Sublime Porte. In 1829 and 1830, Tierney, who with Brougham, led the Opposition, used to appear much at Brookes's. His House of Commons' speaking was clear, cool, concise, and caustic. His

conversation, too, was exceedingly racy. But he was then old, past seventy, and somewhat worn out and disappointed. A man of the same stamp of mind as Tierney was Tom Creevy, who had been a Senior Wrangler at Cambridge in 1789, and bred to the bar, at which he obtained but little practice, and which he ultimately abandoned. Creevy sat for the boroughs of Thetford and Morpeth, and remained in Parliament till 1834. He was Secretary to the India Board in 1806, and made some pungent speeches when nearly seventy. His style was conversational, and his tone occasionally ironical and bantering. Creevy, according to Captain Gronow's second volume of *Recollections*, was at the Duke of Wellington's quarters at Brussels the night of the battle of Waterloo.

Among the lawyers, Scarlett, Brougham, Dr. Lushington, Denman, John Williams, Campbell, and Rolfe (now Lord Cranworth) belonged to Brookes's. The present Earl of Derby, when Mr. Stanley, as well as his father and grandfather, were also members of the club. Mr. Stanley, now Earl of Derby, was a frequent visitor at the club, between 1829 and 1832, where he enjoyed much of the confidence of the First Minister, Earl Gray. He was a great favorite with old and young, from his exuberant animal spirits and irrepressible mental vivacity. Sir James Graham was also at this period a member of the club, and one of the most rising speakers in the House. He was unquestionably one of the best-looking men about town, and nearly in his early day, as much a man of fashion as George Anson, Tom Duncombe, Viscount Deerpurst, Sir Joseph Copley, Ball Hughes, the Marquess of Blandford, Frank Russell, or Colonels Webster and Cradock, some of whom were members of the Whig Club.

Authors and men of letters were well represented at Brookes's. There were Mackintosh, Jeffrey, Sam Rogers, Thomas Moore, Macaulay, Luttrell, Shiel, and many others.

Rogers visited the club almost daily when in London, but he was not a favorite, even with those to whom he was a courtier, if not a parasite, and to some of whom he gave excellent dinners at his house, within a stone's throw of the club where they had met him in the

morning. There never was a man of whom more bitter things have been said and sung by those who knew him well than of the same Sam Rogers, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*. Byron and Lockhart both exhausted their satire in disparagement of him, but they were both ill-natured men, and Lockhart was an envious, a waspish, and assuming man, wishing to pass for a person of fashion, family, and fortune. But good-natured men and men of good fellowship and feeling did not like Rogers, because of his purely personal, not his mental vanity. Every one is aware that he was not an Adonis, yet he was vainer of his personal appearance, it was said, than of his talents or fortune. Byron wrote of him :

"Hear his tone, which is to talking
That which creeping is to walking ;
Now on all-fours, now on tip-toe.
Hear the tales he lends his lips to,
Little hints of heavy scandals ;
Every friend in town he handles ;
All which women or which men do
Glides forth in an innuendo."

Lockhart indulged in still grosser personalities :

"Mouth and chin would shame a knocker,
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker ;
Mouth which masks the envious scorne,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you,
In the place that most may wring you."

Yet Rogers was socially and pecuniarily kind to Thomas Moore as well as to Thomas Campbell, and to many other literary men ; and the late Mr. Maltby, his schoolfellow, who was wont to spend a month with the banker poet every summer at Ballard's Hotel, Broadstairs, used to say there was no kinder man under the sun. So also said Luttrell, who was no flatterer.

Mackintosh rarely visited the club, but when he did his conversation was delightful, though ever and anon somewhat fringed with the fleeciest and most fascinating dreams of cloud-land. His manner was always mild, calm, and thoughtful, though somewhat massive.

Moore seldom appeared in the club but in the height of the season, when he came up to show off at the dinners and routs of Dowager Duchesses and full-blown Marchionesses. He was a parasite

of a pleasing order, but still a parasite, and an obsequious follower, indeed worshipper, of titled rank. A far superior man as a conversationist, and as a member of society, was Henry Luttrell, a Tory by birth but a Whig by election; of fine animal spirits, always brisk and effervescing. Luttrell was a "*Causeur fin et spirituel*," and a thorough man of the world, without any snobbishness. He was a pretty poet, and excelled any man of his time—Præd was a generation later—in *vers de Société*. He has described himself well without intending it :

"From grave to gay he ran with ease,
Secure alike in both to please.
Chanced he to falter? A grimace
Was ready in the proper place;
Or a chased snuff-box, with its gems
And gold to mask his ha's and hems,
Was offered round and duly rapped,
Till a fresh topic could be tapped."

Macaulay became a member of the club when he was living in Gray's Inn, and travelling the Northern Circuit without briefs or the prospect of briefs. This was in 1829, when he was a Commissioner of Bankrupts, under the old system prevailing in the days of Lord Eldon. He was then wonderfully fluent and of varied attainments, but wanting in tact and the graces of manner. He greatly improved when he became member for Calne, and mixed in the House and with the world.

Jeffrey became a member of the club in 1830. He was sensitive and shy in London society, in which he knew few and was little known. He had lived till he had nearly attained his grand climacteric in Edinburgh, where the tone of society was utterly different. It followed that he was never quite at home in Brookes's, or the House of Commons. He was gentle and modest everywhere. He had a delicate perception of the beautiful in literature and art, joined to great subtlety of intellect; but he seemed more of a bookish man, precise and anxiously nervous, than a man of society or of the world. One of the shrewdest men at Brookes's in 1829 and 1830, was Edward Ellice. He, with Lord Duncannon, managed to get O'Connell elected a member of the club, but that personage never was a favorite with the mass of the members, and was

sent to "Coventry," when he designated the Whigs as "base, brutal, and bloody." Shiel, on the contrary, was popular in the club, and was much improved by sodality with its members. Some of the best hints for points in his parliamentary speeches were furnished at Brookes's Club.

Brookes, after whom the club was called, was a wine merchant, and a friend and supporter of Charles Fox. He died, it is said, poor, in 1782, nearly a quarter of a century before the great statesman, who often drank his champagne, as we learn from the lines of Tickell:

"And know I've bought the best champagne
from Brookes,
From liberal Brookes, whose speculative
skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar
trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid."

Henry Vassal, Lord Holland, had all the affection of his uncle for the old club and for the party. His party wish, almost his departing wish, is gratified:

"Nephew of Fox and friend of Grey,
Sufficient for my fame,
If those who knew me best shall say
I tarnished neither name."

In tracing the early history of White's, and giving us a *resumé* of what were the habits and customs there one hundred and seventy or one hundred and eighty years ago, Mr. Timbs, drawing from authentic sources, is generally correct, but he does not throw any light on the habits or customs of White's since 1830. Nearly all that he introduces as to White's from 1815 to 1830 is not original, but is copied from the late Captain Gronow, who possessed but a general knowledge of the club, such as might have been enjoyed by any Guardsman who mixed a good deal in society. The experience of Rees Howell Gronow in club life (exclusive of the Guards' Club) was not very wide or extensive, and his experience of political life was still less, for he sat for but two years in the House of Commons as member for the borough of Stafford. But he was a bustling, active, good-natured little man, who busied himself with the small trifles that make up the sum of human

life. He was rather popular in the House during his short membership, and tolerably popular in his regiment; but his anecdotes cannot always be relied on, whether as regards the Guards or club life. Though the volumes passing under his name were written from his mss., yet it is, we believe, a well-known fact that the text or the language is the production of another hand. This may not detract from the authenticity of the main facts, but there are shades of meaning and expression which a second hand may mistake or misinterpret in transcribing from the written notes of another. From Captain Gronow's volumes it might be inferred that White's was a more aristocratic club than Brookes's. This was not so certainly from 1821 to 1835. It was indeed, a more fashionable club than Brookes's; more men of *ton* and fashion, more dandies and exquisites, more of the *jeunesse dorée* of aristocracy, belonged to it, but was not more aristocratic. Possibly also there were more of the titled nobility of White's; but the men of the broadest acres were Whigs of Brookes's, like the Dukes of Devonshire and Bedford, the Marquesses of Stafford and Cleveland (afterwards Dukes), and old Tom Coke of Norfolk. The *élite* of the Whigs were also of White's. Four or five of the Whig dukes, a couple of the Whig marquesses, half a dozen Whig earls and barons, and eight or ten Whig commoners, were of White's as well as of Brookes's; but on the whole the great majority of White's was Tory, as most of the best clubs of London were Tory or Conservative, as the party was called subsequent to the Reform bill. In this class of fashionable Tory members White's was certainly preëminent. There were the then Marquess of Worcester (afterwards Duke of Beaufort), Lord Lowther (now Earl of Lonsdale), Lord Tullamore (afterwards Earl of Charleville), together with Lords Clare, Glengall, Alvanley, and Chesterfield. Among the commoners belonging to the club were Sir George Warrender, M.P., for Honiton; Colonel Dawson Damer, M.P., for Portarlington; Sir Charles Bagot, Ambassador at the Hague; Vesey Fitzgerald, a Cabinet Minister (afterwards Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey); Charles Long (afterwards Lord Farnborough), and Charles Herries, originally Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer. There were also Colonel Frederick Trench, who represented the borough of Cambridge; General Gascoyne, who represented Liverpool; Sir Roger Gresley, who sat for New Romney; Billy Holmes, the whipper-in, who sat for Grampound so far back as 1810, and who in the Parliament before the Reform bill represented the borough of Haselmere. No man in a comparatively humble sphere performed more efficient services to the Cabinets of Lord Liverpool, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel, with whom he at length fell somewhat into disfavor. Holmes was in some tactical respects more efficient than Viscount Duncannon, the whipper-in of the Whigs, and the brother-in-law of Viscount Melbourne. Probably Viscount Duncannon knew the constitution and connection of the unreformed House better than Holmes, but he did not know the haunts and homes of the men so well, though he knew quite as well how they might be influenced. Duncannon had a marvellous memory for details. He was full of tact, promptness, and dexterity, and could suggest who should speak, and in what order, and after whom men should rise in the debate. In courteous and well-bred gentleness, in tact and judgment, Viscount Duncannon was the superior of Holmes. He could better win a waverer or steady a fluctuating voter. Connected by his wife's family with the high Tories, Viscount Duncannon was on the best terms with the upper three hundred of both classes, but *au fond* he was a staunch Whig. The remarkable man opposed to this whipper-in of the Whigs at Brookes's, was Billy Holmes, of White's. Billy was born at Sligo, in Ireland, somewhere about 1782 or 1783. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1797 or 1798, and spent a portion of his earlier manhood in the West Indies and Demerara. Returning in 1807 or 1808 by way of Falmouth, at the period of a general election, he allowed himself to be put in nomination as a third candidate. Unsuccessful at the poll he was voted in on petition. Once within the House his shrewdness attracted the at-

tention of Viscount Lowther, M.P., for Cumberland, and of John Lowther, and they attached the new member to their interests. Mr. Holmes studied the art of whipping up and in of members, and in this he soon became a greater adept than Charles Long, afterwards Lord Farnborough or Freemantle. In the ensuing Parliament he was returned for one of Lord Lonsdale's many boroughs, and ultimately became member with Sir John Beckett for Haselmere, a borough purchased by Lord Lonsdale at an expense of £24,000. In those unreformed days, Sir John, a leading member of White's, in virtue of Haselmere, became a Privy Councillor and Judge Advocate, and Billy Holmes became Agent for the Colony of Demerara, and Treasurer of the Ordnance. As such, Billy was as important a member of White's as Lord Duncannon or Brookes's. He knew the House nearly as well, and the amiable and the corrupt weaknesses of members were registered in his most retentive memory. He was thoroughly up to the business part of his work, and cognizant of what every ambitious or sordid man was looking for. To all the world the manners of Billy were free and easy; but to the vulgar politicians whom Burke designates as the lowest of our species, he was more peculiarly jovial, and herein he possibly transcended the Whig whipper-in. Billy had not very high or transcendental notions, nor did he affect that austere virtue, so lovely in private life. But he was a dexterous, alert, staunch, and vigilant party man, full of ingenious resources, and not needlessly scrupulous. In such a position, and acting with a party who governed by influence, and oft by corrupt influence, such supereminent qualities would have been out of place. The *élite* of White's listened and applauded the whipper-in's rollicking Irish stories, and suffered themselves to be led away from gilded saloons and female fascinations to count in a division. If they for a moment resisted, Billy could use a *douce violence* that was quite irresistible. Seizing the recalcitrant member bodily, and assuming a magisterial air, he would hurry him out of the club, *salon*, or drawing room; or if he met him in St. James-street, in cabriolet or on horseback, would insist on his being

present in the flesh in St. Stephen's, or on his finding a pair till a certain hour.

Holmes spoke with the Western Irish brogue, and with all the droll humor of Ballinafad. Some of the higher and more brainless English Whigs used foolishly to laugh at the Irish accent disparagingly, but the old Iron Duke knew the worth and value of Billy Holmes as whipper-in, as grand election agent, as election negotiator, and as musterer of votes under difficulties. In the House Billy was an admirable fogleman and file leader. He could, with stentorian voice, cry down an Opposition member, or placing himself on the back benches, or behind the Speaker's chair, give the cue to others. He used to be very efficiently aided in this work by the late George Pitt Rose, then a Captain in the Fifteenth Hussars, a member of White's, and son of Sir George Henry Rose, patron of the borough of Christchurch, in Hampshire. Lord Mountcharles, a Lord of the Treasury, and Viscount Castlereagh, a Lord of the Admiralty, both leading members of White's, used to lend their very efficient aid. The Whigs by their Spring Rices, Fazakerlys, and Robert Herons, played a game similar to the Tories, and used to cry down their opponents in like fashion. Holmes never appeared to be the same man after the passing of the Reform bill. Though little more than fifty at that period, he fell prematurely into years, rendering out of the House his best services to his party. He was succeeded by W. R. Bonham and Charles Ross, both members of White's. Bonham was a man of higher faculties than Holmes, but he wanted the Irishman's gay humor and hilarious manner. Though heavy in gait and stupid in manner, Bonham was a person of sense, judgment, and attainments.

Charles Ross was a person of still portlier presence than Bonham. He might daily be seen in the famous bay window of White's between 1834 and 1840, his capacious rotundity covered over in the summer months by a wide waste of white waistcoat, fitting much too tightly. Notwithstanding his truly Falstaffian figure, Charles Ross, of Lamer, was a particularly active whip, and did his business well. When by the fiat of the Earl of St. Germain's, the seven

burgesses of that borough returned him to the House of Commons, his colleague was Winthrop Praed, too soon removed from the scene of his early fame. In none of the clubs of St. James's was there a more intellectual face or a finer pair of sparkling eyes to be seen than Winthrop Praed's. In his *vers de Société* Praed had the grace and ease of Luttrell, with a playfulness and pathos all his own. Though not of so ready a wit, and of such inexhaustible spirits as the author of the letters to Julia, he promised to be what Luttrell never tried to become, a brilliant debater. Charles Ross had pretensions as a literary man. He edited extremely well a few years ago the Cornwallis Correspondence (he was the son-in-law of the old Marquess), contributing copious notes as to the men who figured in Ireland between 1797 and 1804. Charles Ross was as silent in the chapel of St. Stephen's as Duncannon, Holmes, and Bonham, but in the clubs and in the lobby and dinner room of the House he talked abundantly, running from member to member, with a view to secure a vote or a pair. Like Holmes, too, he was fond of a good dinner and a good glass of wine, and did full justice to the viands and liquors set before him. He was not merely an eater, but a giver of good dinners. He hospitably entertained his friends at his mansion in Portland-place. Bonham was a great diner-out, but he had not the fortune or the establishment to be a giver of dinners. Though the names of Duncannon, Holmes, Bonham and Ross, do not appear in political history, yet these men "oiled many a spring which Harley moved;" and without their aid neither Liverpool, Wellington, Grey, Melbourne, nor Peel, could have achieved their purposes. To muster and keep well in hand a political party may seem an object easily accomplished by a very commonplace person. But in reality it is a much more difficult achievement than outsiders suppose.

Two of the more remarkable of the *habitues* of White's at the period of which Captain Gronow writes, were the Earl of Glengall and Viscount Allen. They were both Irish by birth, and both might be seen in the famous bay window of White's, from four to seven, in the height of the season. Gronow unjustly

depreciates his brother Guardsman, who was a person of cynical shrewdness, albeit a perfect Sybarite. The sneer about Allen's large bright plate on his hall door in Merrion-square, Dublin, comes ill from the banker's son of Cardiff. Allen was really the owner of the fine house in question, and possessed, moreover, a villa at Stillorgan, in Dublin county. He was one of the most popular men of the famous Kildare-street Club, in Dublin, and was a favorite with Mr. Peel (afterwards Sir Robert) when Secretary for Ireland, and he had considerable weight with him. By the influence of Mr. Peel, when Secretary of State for the Home Department, Allen obtained in 1822 or 1823 a large pension, so much as nine hundred pounds a year, and this is the worst thing that can be alleged against him. Thenceforth, London and Paris were favored with his august presence. He abandoned his inseparable companions, James Saurin, Lord Monck, Dalton, Macaskey, and Giles Daxon, and might be daily seen at White's, at the Opera, and in the Park. In political opinions he was a high Tory, but he had not the opportunity of helping his party.

Lord Glengall was ten years Allen's junior, and was altogether more brisk and lively in manner. He had more spruce smartness, more literary accomplishment and *esprit* than Allen; but he was just as futile, trifling, and useless a member of society as the elder dandy. Lord Glengall inherited some of his clever mother's wit (she was Miss Jeffreys of Blarney Castle); but he was so given to drawing on his fancy for facts, that he never enjoyed any weight in the Commons, in which he sat as Lord Cahir in 1819, nor in the Lords, in which he sat till his death. The sorry ambition of this peer was to tell in the clubs some piece of news that no one else heard of. He invented births, deaths, marriages, *faux pas*, and elopements existing only in his own fancy. His brother peer, Lord Alvanley, christened him "le menteur Veridique," which Alvanley rendered into the vernacular Very Dick (*veridique*) Glengall. This dealer in fiction and fiddlestick was capable of better things than he achieved. He was the author of the "Irish Tutor," a laughable farce, and of the song,

"The groves of Blarney,
They are so charming,"

A man of more importance than the Deerhursts, Tullamores, Glengalls, and Freddy Trenches of the club was Lord Lowther, son of the Earl of Lonsdale, a borough-monger, who returned eight members to the Lower House. The noble member for Westmoreland was then a leader of fashion, as well as a politician, carrying his forty-two summers very lightly. A man of great shrewdness and knowledge he was, and still is. Nobody knew the House or society better, or the actors or actresses on and off the stage. He and his father were as influential at White's as the Marquess of Cleveland (afterwards Duke) and Lord Darlington at Brookes's.

Viscount Deerhurst, the senior member for Worcestershire, was also, at the period Captain Gronow speaks of, an influential member of White's. He had lost at this period his first wife, and had married Lady Mary Beauclerk, daughter of the Duke of St. Albans. It was of this marriage that his friend Glengall wrote the stinging epigram :

"No wonder Lady Mary mourns for Deerhurst's wife that's dead,
For who the d—— would not mourn to be
his wife instead ? "

It was said of Lord Deerhurst, if he took wine with half a dozen different men in a room (and it was then the fashion to hob-nob), that he would address each man in a different phrase. He was undoubtedly a person of great fluency, and an amusing companion for once or twice in a way, but he repeated his good stories and *mots* over and over again. Sir George Warrender, of Lochend, M.P. for Honiton, occupied a considerable space in the bay window at White's. He was always *bene vestitus*, and aspired to the character of a gourmand and connoisseur in wines. He had been a Lord of the Admiralty in Canning's time, gave dinners in Albemarle-street, and also rural fêtes at Cliefden; but he was courted rather for his cook and cellar than for his conversational powers. He was an admirer of the drama in a green-room way. A more accomplished person than Warrender was Dawson Damer, the model of a well-dressed and accomplished Eng-

lish gentleman. Damer, Sir Joseph Copley, Adolphus Fitzclarence, Geo. Wombwell, Cecil Foster, were more men of fashion about town than active politicians. Two members of White's who aspired to be men of fashion and politicians, were Quintin Dick, who had been member for West Looe in 1802, who sat for Cashel in 1807, and who before the Reform bill represented Maldon. Dick, the son of a wealthy Irish linen merchant, was called to the Irish bar in 1800, but never seriously practiced the profession. Till the passing of the Reform bill he continued to purchase his seat. Though an ultra Tory, he had the honesty and manliness to tell Lord Castlereagh that seat-selling was as notorious as the sun at noon-day, and that he had paid for his seat ever since he had been in the House. Dick was a great intimate of Lord Yarmouth's (afterwards Marquess of Hertford) and of John Wilson Croker. Though not wanting in observation and a species of cynical talent, he was an unpopular man, of a cold and unsocial disposition, and forbidding exterior. Dick was an indifferent dresser, and his clothes sat as loosely on him as Wetherall's or Bonham's. He wore immense wristbands to his shirts, extending to his knuckles. Calling on Lady Glengall, the loquacious peeress, observing his wristbands and knowing his father had been in the linen trade, impudently exclaimed, "Lord, Mr. Dick, what an immense stock of linen you have always on hand ! "

Nearly as unpopular an Irishman as Dick at White's was Frederick Trench. This gentleman was called to the Irish bar on the same day with the late Daniel O'Connell, in Easter Term, 1798. He soon left the bar and entered the army. Without seeing the least service, he had attained in 1829 the rank of Colonel, and before he died the rank of Major-General, and A.D.C. to William IV. He had also filled the place of Storekeeper to the Ordnance.

This good fortune was owing to the Duke of Rutland, who successively returned Trench for Scarborough and Cambridge. The nominee was certainly not a stupid man. He was considerably above the average of M.P.'s in intelligence, but it was the certainty of his seat and his vote that secured his

advancement. The only parliamentary measure with which the name of Trench was connected was the Thames embankment — a measure advocated by him so far back as 1824, with fair arguments, marred in the delivery by irrational conceit and coxcombry.

Vesey FitzGerald, President of the Board of Trade, visited White's a good deal. He was an intimate friend of the late Sir Robert Peel, with whom he had served as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, when Mr. Peel was Principal Secretary.

Mr. FitzGerald was a man of considerable power of expression, and indeed of some oratorical ability, but he was too excitable in temperament to be a first-rate debater.

Lord Stewart, afterwards Marquess of Londonderry, made the floor of the club resound with the clanking of his brass or golden spurs and his stentorian voice; but he did not tarry long within the walls any day in the week, so mobile and restless was he. Lords Fitzroy Somerset and Brudenell, Colonels Armstrong, Peel, Lygon, and Kangaroo Cooke, were among the military members.

White's is full one hundred and seventy years old. In the days of George I., Chesterfield was a member of it, and played high. In the early part of the reign of George III. the Dukes of Rutland, Richmond, and Beaufort, FitzRoy Lord Southampton, and other men of fashion and wit, were of it. Of all the men who frequented White's from 1824 to 1834, the most popular and witty was Lord Alvanley. The chief charm of his *mots* was that they were uttered without effort or without malice. He spoke wit as other men speak prose, naturally and spontaneously. To many he appeared but the wit and the gay man of fashion. He was much more than this, for he was a man of sound sense and judgment, and of elevated political views. It is not generally known that he was the author of the letters in favor of the payment of the Roman Catholic clergy, which appeared in the *Times* about twenty-five years ago.

In his fourth and final series of *Reminiscences*, published after his death, Captain Gronow speaks of a bosom friend of Alvanley's, Jack Talbot, of the Guards, a favorite member of White's, and talks

of his "rich father, Lord Malahide." The title of Lord Malahide did not exist at the period of Jack Talbot's death in 1828. His father, the late Colonel Talbot, was at the period of his only son's death, a member of the House of Commons, and by no means a man of large fortune.

For the last thirty years the major part of the Conservative party have congregated at the Carlton, but White's still preserves its renown as the purely fashionable club.

The errors committed by Mr. Timbs, in speaking of the Windham Club, are very numerous, but we have not space to particularize a third of them. Lord Nugent was an active, perhaps the most active, member of the provisional committee in 1827; but the idea of the club originated with a gentleman who was named secretary to it. Lords Fife, Sligo, Clanricarde, and Nugent, interested themselves in the getting up of the club and were on the committee. It was named the Windham, from having originally occupied the house 107 Pall Mall, formerly the mansion of William Windham, the statesman. When the club first removed to 7 James-square, in 1828 or 1829, it possessed one of the best French cooks, but he soon degenerated.

Mr. Timbs is in error in many of his statements as to the Reform Club. Soon after the Reform bill became the law, it was determined by the Liberals and the Radicals that there should be a club where they could congregate. Measures were immediately taken for putting the project into execution; and Edward Ellice, Henry Warburton, and Joseph Hume busied themselves with the work. Brookes's was much too exclusive and aristocratic an establishment to please the vast numbers of professional and commercial men who had given in their adhesion to Reform. The correspondence from the country parts of England and the great towns, the sources of our commercial industry, proved that a number of provincial barristers, of eminent and wealthy attorneys, of merchants, bankers, and manufacturers, were willing to join the new club. Before the project was a week in agitation success was certain, and it was resolved to take the house, No. 111 Pall Mall. Mr.

Timbs is therefore in error in stating that the Reform Club held its meetings at Gwydyr House. Its very earliest meetings were held in George-street, Westminster, then at 111 Pall Mall, and subsequently the Reform occupied Gwydyr House, while the existing mansion was in course of construction. Among the earliest members were Lords Radnor, Durham, King, Duncannon, Nugent, and John Russell, Edward Ellice, Grote, Henry G. Ward, and John Jervis (afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas). The *cuisine* at the Reform during the short reign of Soyer was very indifferent. Soyer was in truth somewhat of a *sautéur* and a quack, and was a fourth-rate rather than a first-rate cook.

More truly does Mr. Timbs state that the cookery at Crockford's was excellent. Louis Eustache Ude there officiated with subtle and delicate hand, and found appreciators well versed in what Montaigne calls *la science de la gueule*. The Duke of Wellington used occasionally, though not very often, to look into Crockford's, where he would meet De Polignac, Talleyrand, Di Borzo, Esterhazy, and that accomplished, well-read man, Palmella. Lords Anglesey and Raglan, Sir Hussey Vivian, Lords Lichfield, Chesterfield, D'Orsay, and George Anson, were also members of Crockford's; so were King, Allen, and Tom Raikes (the latter also a member of Brookes's and White's). To both these gentlemen Captain Gronow is unjust. Raikes was a well-informed and most accomplished man, speaking several foreign languages, and French perfectly. In acquired knowledge and in natural ability he was far the superior of Captain Gronow. The greatest eater at Crockford's was Horace Twiss. Lord Alvanley used to say that the three heaviest feeders in all England were Mr. Peel (afterwards Sir Robert), Horace Twiss, and Stephen Price, of Drury-lane Theatre.

Mr. Timbs chiefly busies himself with the external architecture of the Travellers'; of the inner life he says nothing. The cookery at the Travellers', even six-and-thirty years ago, when the club house was hard by the British Gallery and Serape Morland's bank, was unexceptionable, and it has so continued ever since.

Of the interior of the Athenæum or Union Clubs, Mr. Timbs tells us nothing new—nothing not borrowed from Mr. Walker, the police magistrate, or James Smith. The greatest of modern lawyers and scholars, Mr. Justice Maule, belonged to the Union, so did Lord Chief Justice Jervis; and it numbers some Irish judges and barristers, as well as some English barristers, notably Mr. Montagu Chambers. Mr. Timbs does not mention the famous bath case which occurred at this club some twenty years ago. The result was that the bather was forced to leave the club. He has been since known by the *sobriquet* of the Knight of the Bath.

Of the Carlton, the Conservative, and the Junior Carlton, we learn little from Mr. Timbs. He is more discursive about Thackeray's favorite club, the Garrick; but still he tells us nothing which has not been in print before. Mr. Gladstone remained a member of the Carlton till 1860, and Lord Herbert of Lea till his lamented death. We have already far exceeded the space allotted to us; but though the subject is far from exhausted, we must now conclude. The daily frequenter of clubs will learn nothing new as to modern clubs from Mr. Timbs' volumes, but he may now and again stumble on curious anecdotes and details as to clubs of a century or a century and a half ago. The interior life of modern clubs is yet to be written. To write such a book one must have lived much in clubs and been a clubbable man and a man of society, a Pepys or a Horace Walpole, a Montaigne or a Brantôme.

Shilling Magazine.

POISONED BY MISTAKE.

TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century, when the belief in soothsayers and sorcerers (a belief so common among the uneducated and ignorant of all classes in all ages) had as yet by no means begun to die out, there resided in the fine old city of Antwerp one of those arch-impostors and charlatans, by name Leopold Wintzer. The man was precisely of the Cagliostro stamp—that is to say, his character was a mixture of genius, impudence, and artful imposture.

Such men, however, we well know, did not want for credulous followers.

It was the evening of a fine summer day, between seven and eight o'clock, and the red rays of the setting sun threw a gleam on the antiquated gables of the old necromancer's dwelling, at the door of which he sat upon an old oaken stool, according to the fashion of the day, taking the evening air previous to his retirement for the night, and after the close of his day's labors. He was past eighty years of age now, and unable to devote half the night to astute calculations, as was the way of the junior members of his craft. Before the old man stood, on a low bench, a black jack of Rhine beer, and a loaf of coarse brown bread with a piece of Gruyère cheese. Rich though he certainly was, yet he was, like most of his profession, miserly to a degree. Crouched at his feet, gibbering and making faces, was an enormous black ape of frightful visage, regarded by the superstitious patrons of the old wizard as his familiar spirit. The animal, however, in spite of his ill-omened looks, was in truth most good-tempered and amusing, and extremely attached to his master. This uncouth attendant, and an old shrivelled crone (if possible still uglier), formed the whole of this curious household. It is only due, however, to the poor old lady to state that her looks, like those of the monkey, belied her heart, for she was of a most gentle and amiable disposition.

Old Wintzer sat musingly at his supper, now throwing a morsel of cheese to his monkey (and quite unconscious that the ungrateful rascal was mimicking his every gesture), and now looking absently at the sky, over the face of which darkness was fast gathering. Dame Charlot, the housekeeper, sat just behind her master in the curious old-fashioned doorway, turning her spinning-wheel with a nimbleness of finger that might have been profitably imitated by many a young maiden of the good old city. A few minutes passed thus, when the old woman suddenly raised her head—

"Master."

"Ay, Dame." (For so Master Wintzer always styled Charlot.)

"Yon clouds, sure, bode a storm."

"Yes, yes; trust Bertram for that."

As the old man said this he glanced at

the ape, who was distorting his features with most frightful vehemence; for it is a curious fact that impostors of the stamp of Wintzer were so accustomed to hear of the supernatural powers of their "familiar," from the tongues of their thousand-and-one deluded disciples, that they ended by themselves *believing* that which they had at first intended to be a deliberate *cheat*, just as a slanderer will set afloat a malicious story on mere hearsay, and end by convincing himself he is speaking the simple truth.

"Sure, sure," muttered the old lady, trembling; for she was a devoted believer in the supernatural powers of both man and monkey. "Quiet, quiet, good Bertie." The ape, however, paid no heed to her; indeed the poor creature was simply excited by that vague terror which possesses nearly all the animal creation at the approach of a thunder-storm.

Meanwhile the sun had just sunk, like a great globe of burnished gold, behind the black bank of cloud which now enveloped the sky; and the swollen waves of the Scheldt, turgid and restless, gave forth that melancholy monotone which so often presages a hurricane of no slight force. One by one the good people of Antwerp withdrew from their doorsteps to the more secure accommodation of their chambers. Lights began to appear at the windows, and the big drops of rain which began sullenly to fall, uttered, as it were, a warning to the last lingerers to withdraw from the street to the shelter of their houses.

Dame Charlot glanced anxiously at her master, awaiting the signal to withdraw; for with that reverence which at the period existed in domestics toward their employers (and of which we would there were a little more in this nineteenth century); she would not have ventured to rise without his example. The old necromancer, however, appeared still lost in thought, when suddenly the attention of both master and housekeeper was drawn to an object proceeding at a rapid rate down the narrow street. This was an old and heavy travelling carriage, drawn by six mules, adorned with feathers and bells, and advancing with a celerity quite astonishing, considering the ponderous nature of the vehicle. The old man and the dame

gazed on in open-mouthed astonishment until the carriage was opposite their door, when the postilions stopped with one accord, probably from seeing that the wizard and the old woman were the only persons abroad in the street. Struck speechless with surprise at the unlooked-for visitation, the old man, now thoroughly roused from his reverie, could only stare in silence, and Dame Charlot was quite overcome with awe at the grandeur of this apparition. While both stood thus uncertain how to act, a young man of very handsome aspect, showing his head through the aperture of the vehicle (for glass windows were not then known), inquired, with a strong Spanish accent—

"Can I have accommodation here for the night for a young lady who is very ill?"

"I do not keep a hostelry," said the old necromancer, bluntly, and somewhat rudely, for he was averse to strangers, and especially to foreigners.

"Pardon," said the stranger; "but I had thought by the sign which hangs yonder"—

"The Herr need not mind that; it is usual in this country for all trades to hang out their signs—even cobblers and butchers. I am an alchemist, that is all; and if the Herr needs accommodation, why, at the 'Golden Fleece,' yonder, are good apartments and"—

"But," broke in Dame Charlot, timidly, for she was afraid of her master, yet had a woman's sympathy with her sex, "is the lady so very ill?"

The young man uttered a deep sigh. "Very; and I would pay—pay *well*, so that we could be sheltered."

"A—h, ah!" said Wintzer, sharply; "that alters the whole affair. I am a poor man" (the old miser was rich as a Jew), "and if the Herr does not mind paying"—Here a groan of pain burst from the carriage.

"No, no, I do not mind paying," said the stranger, hastily; "but let us make haste."

"Yes, yes," said Dame Charlot; "and besides, poor thing, the noise of an inn would do her no good; and here am I, a skilled nurse, to look to the poor dear. And you will not mind paying *me*, too," she added aside.

"I will pay all, everything, so that you make haste," returned the young

man, descending from the vehicle, and immediately bearing a young lady in his arms into the old necromancer's dwelling, where she was speedily placed upon the couch in a half-fainting state. "Oh," exclaimed he, "is there no skilled leech at hand that can be sent for, or my wife will die?"

"There is Master Hans Früchen, over the way, a worthy skilled soul," said Dame Charlot, "whom I will speedily fetch if your lordship desire it."

"Fetch him, then; and for Heaven's sake be quick!"

Dame Charlot needed no second bidding for the occasion offered a favorable opportunity for gossip (of which she did not get much in her dull life); besides, she saw she should now be a person of considerable importance, which is a reflection especially dear to the hearts of all women. Nothing does a woman so like as to *appear*, even if she is *not*, of importance to somebody. It is her "elixir vitæ." All women, even the very best, like to be of consequence. They *must* be general over some small army, or some individual, or else at once surrender at discretion. So thought the worthy housekeeper, and donning her scarlet woollen hood, and slipping her feet into her sabots, she was speedily on her way to the town Galen. But two minutes had elapsed ere she returned, bringing with her a mild, pleasant-looking man, of middle age, of grave yet attractive demeanor, on whose face the word "Doctor" was as legibly inscribed as if it had been branded there in actual letters. Without a single unnecessary word he saluted all in the room, and then with the quiet confidence of his profession, advanced towards the patient's sofa. Still silently he felt her pulse, looked at her attentively for a moment, and then turning to her husband, said, interrogatively—

"An accident to madame?"

"My wife has been shaken by the overturn of our carriage some six hours back," was the reply.

"Ah! and madame's present condition is"—

"You are right," hurriedly interrupted the young man; "she is within a few weeks of her confinement."

"Oh, oh!" interposed old Wintzer; "I did not bargain for"—

"Silence, pray silence, monsieur," said the Doctor, quietly, but authoritatively.

"A baby! oh, dear!" gasped poor Dame Charlot aside to herself.

"Monsieur," said the Doctor, addressing himself to the lady's husband, "I do not apprehend serious consequences, but for the present I prescribe utter and entire quiet. Let madame be at once removed to bed in that room of the house least exposed to noise. Give her presently some white wine, and a few morsels of something nourishing, such as a fowl for example, and let her then endeavor to sleep. I will send over some necessary soothing draughts, and will myself come over in the morning. One question, monsieur, that I may know whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"I am Don Carlos Estevan, and a grandee of Spain. The lady is, of course, my wife."

The Doctor bowed low.

"On whom may I depend to see my orders carried out? Much depends on nursing and"—

Dame Charlot came forward, and making a low reverence, said:

"You may depend on *me*, Herr Doctor."

The Doctor looked at her in some doubt, not unmixed with surprise.

"You? I know you well, my worthy neighbor; you are most excellent, most trust-worthy, but this is a case where"—

"I am equal to it, my Herr, if it would please you to try me." And something in the good old lady's look resolved the Doctor, for he immediately returned, with some show of confidence—

"Well, be it so, friend Charlot; we will try." And he took his departure with that noiseless and easy gait so peculiar to the distinguished of his profession.

The young wife lay on the sofa in a state half-waking, half-sleeping, the immediate effects of her fall having departed, and a still languor succeeded the shock. Her husband sat by her side, with one of her hands clasped in his own, and regarded her from time to time with looks of anxious fondness beyond description.

She was a very beautiful young woman, not, perhaps, of the highest type of

beauty, although we are well aware it is quite *comme il faut* that all heroines of romance should be "exquisitely lovely." Such epithets, however, could not be truthfully applied here. Donna Estevan was a true Andalusian, with the large dark eyes and black hair peculiar to the ladies of that province. Such charms, however, are somewhat marred by the dark—not to say swarthy—complexion which usually accompanies them. Moreover, the women of Andalusia are fascinating chiefly for their arch sprightliness and vivacity, such as it could not be expected the poor listless patient could exhibit under the circumstances. The young pair sat thus alone, for the old man had retired to his laboratory, since feeling disinclined (from the excitement and novelty of the occurrence) to retire to rest, he purposed to devote some hours to the composition of certain of his mystic chemical preparations. Dame Charlot, overcome by the dignity of her appointment to the combined offices of head nurse and cook, had withdrawn to the kitchen in a state of much importance and officiousness.

"Ah!" she said, apostrophizing a fat fowl which she had already killed and plucked, and was now basting before a bright fire—"ah, what a night! *Only* think that ever I should be roasting a fowl in this kitchen where bread and cheese (and little enough of that) has been our supper nine-and-thirty years; but I don't grudge it the dear young lady, though 'twould fetch good twenty pence at the market come Thursday. Ah! master 'll make 'em pay for it!"

Here there came a loud knock at the door, which made the old woman start prodigiously. However, it was only the Doctor's boy with the draughts; so the dame gave him a couple of apples (a most unusual piece of liberality) and sent the well-pleased urchin about his business. Then she proceeded to lay the cloth for supper, which she served up in the room where the sick lady lay.

"Madame will eat some of this beautiful bird, I know," croaked worthy Charlot, as she removed the covers. "Such a fine pullet, to be sure, comes expensive; but then, monsieur"—

"Pray have the kindness to leave us in quiet. We are much obliged to you for your attention," interrupted Donna

Estevan; "but we would prefer not being waited upon."

"Oh, certainly, if madame wishes it," said the good-natured housekeeper, rather gratified than otherwise, as, indeed, it was impossible to take offence at the soft, melodious tones of the beautiful speaker; and hastily curtsying, she withdrew.

"Try to take a morsel, Maria, dearest," said the young Don, placing before his wife a small portion of the white meat of the fowl; "just one morsel, for my sake."

"Oh, I cannot, Carlos; I feel oppressed by I know not what foreboding. Can we not leave this dreary place, presently?"

"To-night? Impossible, love; but, for my part, I think these uncouth people seem kind."

"Kind, yes; but the place is so gloomy, and that old woman so chattering, and that horrible ape—oh!"

"Maria, dearest, illness makes you petulant. It is impossible to leave in this tempest; besides, the good people would be hurt. It is not unusual for people in your condition to have these gloomy fancies, I believe. To-morrow, if you wish it, and the good physician permits, we will remove to another lodging. Come, eat a little, dear wife."

Donna Estevan tried to smile; and, to quiet the solicitude of so loving a husband, ate a few morsels of the bird and drank a glass of the wine. Then they engaged in a little conversation, and by the time supper had concluded both were in a cheerful frame of mind. Thus an hour elapsed, when Dame Charlot knocked at the door.

"Will madame please to retire to bed?" said she.

"You must go, dearest," said the young man: "the physician ordered it so."

The wife signified her acquiescence; and taking her in his arms he carried her to an upper room prepared for her. He himself was to rest on the sofa in the room they had just quitted, which Dame Charlot would, presently, by the aid of blankets and sheets, transform into a couch. Then he kissed his wife and returned below, leaving the assiduous Dame Charlot to act the part of lady's maid to Donna Estevan.

Dame Charlot carried a bottle in each hand.

"See, madame, you are to take one draught before sleeping and one in the morning," she said, after having undressed her patient and safely placed her in bed. "Shall I give madame the first, now?"

"No, not yet, thank you, madame," uttered the soft, silvery voice of the Spanish lady. "See first to make my husband comfortable below. I cannot sleep as yet. It is now ten. Return, pray, at midnight, if you have not retired."

"Oh, not at all; I shall sit up all night for madame. I shall be a first-rate nurse, I. As madame pleases; I will come back at twelve." And she withdrew with the bottles.

Outside the door she carefully set the phials down on a wooden bracket on the landing, to be conveniently at hand on her return. Then she opened the door of an opposite chamber, which was, in truth, her master's laboratory, and looked in. The old man sat absorbed in some chemical operation, while at his feet, intently watching him, crouched Bertram the ape, his inseparable companion.

"Master," said Charlot, "it is time to retire."

"I intend to sit up — I have work in hand," replied the necromancer without looking up.

"And I also," said Dame Charlot.

"I shall sit up for my patient, master."

"As you will."

"Good night, master."

"Good night."

And she closed the door and went down to prepare the young Don's bed. Then she took up her watch until midnight in the old arm chair by the kitchen fire. In half an hour all was still, and the household apparently hushed in repose.

The old necromancer sat in his laboratory with his whole mind engrossed by the operation he was performing, an experiment in which aquafortis played the principal part.

It was a curious old room; and though in these enlightened days it would have been looked upon by visitors as merely an old curiosity shop, and nothing more, yet in those days of thick ignorance and

superstition it was calculated, and well calculated, to impress with mysterious awe such of the credulous public as found their way into its precincts. Indeed the old charlatan had studiously completed its arrangements with a design to produce this effect. It had but one window, which was set in a heavy wooden framework and draped with sombre-looking curtains of some black material, giving it a most lugubrious effect. On a low, long, flat table before the embrasure were set out in grim array a variety of heterogeneous objects, among which human skulls were prominent subjects of notice. Vipers' skins, monstrosities of all sorts, and various bottles of colored oils were there in abundance; and over all, suspended from the ceiling by a silken string, was a large and exceedingly well-executed model of the planetary system. The four walls of the room were draped with black, on which were figured in white woollen work the form of skulls, cross-bones, and other hideous emblems of mortality. There were a few hanging shelves on which were various bottles of chemical preparations, with here and there lizards, adders, and other reptiles preserved in cases.

The principal table at which the old man sat was covered with many bottles and saucers containing chemicals, principally deadly poisons, such as nightshade (or belladonna), aquafortis, and others, many of which were so powerful as to oblige the necromancer to wear a mask while experimenting with them. On this table were also crucibles, small furnaces, and many steel and iron instruments, forceps, pincers, metal-stirrers, and the like; and in the middle stood a small brazier filled with burning charcoal. The venerable old man, as he sat at work, looked like some veritable wizard; and, to complete the picture, the grinning black ape, with his sharp, white teeth, and eyes like coals of fire, seemed a most fitting representative of the evil genie of this gloomy chamber.

Wintzer bent over a small basin in which he was mixing several metallic substances in a state of fusion, occasionally testing the crystals, as they cooled, with the aquafortis.

"Ah," he murmured greedily, "I shall succeed—I know I shall succeed. I am destined to unravel this stupendous

secret: gold, gold, bright precious gold! To turn every thing into gold! It is worth nights of care and days of toil. Hundreds have failed, but I shall not fail—no, no!"

Thus speaking, he applied the acid to one of the globular crystals which had formed on the side of the vessel. It immediately dissolved, while a look of intense, bitter disappointment stole over the necromancer's face.

"Not yet—not yet," he ejaculated; and with eager haste began, with his shrivelled hands trembling with age, to pour and repour some of the liquids before him from one phial into another.

All this while the ape Bertram sat regarding him with a peering, inquisitive glance strangely similar to that of a human being.

The old man, however, heeded not: he was too wrapped up in his dreams of inexhaustible wealth, although the phantom had eluded his grasp for more than half a century. Why could he not rest contented with the large fortune he had accumulated by trading on the superstitious prejudices of mankind? Ah, why, indeed, save that the heaper-up of riches is ever craving after more? "*Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit*" is a pithy saying applicable to nine out of ten of us, unfortunately. So he worked on and on, till the extreme heat, caused by the gaseous escapes from his crucible rendered the room insupportable.

"Wheugh!" he said, wiping his forehead, "it is unbearable." Then he rose and half opened the door.

Time sped onward, and the clock sounded half-past eleven, when the old man, who had hitherto worked with unrelaxing zeal, was suddenly oppressed with an overwhelming sense of drowsiness.

"Oh," he muttered, "I must rest, I must rest." And he collected his phials, locking them in a drawer. In a few moments his head sank forward upon his breast and he slept. But he had left the phial containing the aquafortis on the table.

Onward still went the moments, and nothing was heard save the tread of the big ape, who, with restless activity, moved around the room, through the open door and back, staying now a few

minutes outside, now a few minutes in the laboratory. The animal was strangely excited, but no man marked him. There was no sound except the low regular breathing of the sleeping necromancer to disturb the stillness of the night.

Heavily the strokes of the town clock beat midnight, but all remained still, till in a few moments Dame Charlot appeared with a light, slowly ascending the stairs.

"Ah! it is time for the draught," said she, "and I am not sorry, for my old bones need rest." Then she paused at the door of the laboratory, and looked in.

The old man, thoroughly worn out by the fatigues and excitement of the day, sat in his chair with head reclined upon his breast, sleeping the tranquil sleep of childhood and old age.

"Ah, my poor old master! so you, too, are tired, are you? Well, you are not much older than I," said the dame to herself. Then she gently closed the door behind her, took up the draughts for her patient from the bracket on the landing, and entered the opposite chamber.

Donna Estevan was not asleep. She lay with her head reclined upon one arm, and a strange look of depression upon her beautiful face, which she slightly raised as the old woman entered.

"How does madame feel now?" asked Dame Charlot, with a look of genuine solicitude upon her honest, if exceedingly ugly, features. "Will madame take her composing draught? It is time."

"You are very kind. I have not the least inclination to sleep. I am wakeful with many thoughts."

"But madame must go to sleep—the Herr doctor said so; she will rest soundly after this medicine." And so indeed she did.

"Well, good dame, place it on this little table at the head of my couch; I will take it in a few moments when I shall have commended myself to God and the holy Virgin." And she crossed herself.

"But madame"—

"Pray do as I request you," gently repeated Donna Estevan, "and retire to your own room, for I am sure you must be worn out. Shame on me to keep the aged out of bed till midnight," she continued, as if the idea had not occurred

to her before that the old housekeeper really was acting a kind part to an entire stranger.

"Madame is considerate, and I am tired," owned Dame Charlot; and wishing the sick lady good night, she placed the bottle on the table indicated, and withdrew with an ejaculation of relief, for, with all her good will she was too old to sit watching with impunity. Then unbroken stillness reigned throughout the house.

It was yet early in the morning, about half-past five o'clock, when the necromancer, with a sudden start, woke up from his sleep very much bewildered, but nevertheless very much refreshed. He could not at first recollect how he came to be in his laboratory, but gradually the facts of the preceding day dawned one by one upon his memory. "Ah!" he said, "I remember now; I became drowsy, and"—Here he broke off with a start of astonishment. "But my phials—where are they? Oh, I remember; I locked them up." And he eagerly opened the drawer.

Yes, the phials were there, and he counted them. "Belladonna, aqua tophana, sulphate of mercury: one, two, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. But the ninth. Where is the ninth?" he exclaimed in great excitement. "Stay. Ah! I left it on the table. No, it is not there." He looked around.

The phial was gone!

The necromancer sank back in his chair utterly confounded. What could it mean?

No one had been there, he thought. Dame Charlot would not dare to meddle with his bottles; and if she had taken this one, of what use would it be to her, an old, ignorant fool? The very idea was absurd. And the strangers? No, *that* was more absurd still. In vain he searched everywhere, the phial could not be found; and the old necromancer sat down again, stupefied with amazement and consternation.

He had sat thus but a few minutes when he was roused by a most appalling shriek from the room opposite; upon hearing which old Wintzer rushed on to the landing. There he met the young Spanish gentleman half dressed, and in a state of the most frantic grief.

"My wife! my wife! my dear wife! The wretches have poisoned her. She is dead! Oh heaven, she is dead!" And the distracted husband seized the old man by the throat, and would have strangled him, but for the sudden appearance of Dame Charlot, who, attracted by the noise, had hurried from her own chamber, and held back Don Estevan by the skirts.

"Master! master! What *is* all this clamor?"

"He has murdered my wife! She is dead—*dead* I tell you," shrieked the young man in a frenzy.

"Great God! what do I hear?" wailed out the frightened old woman, while Wintzer stood aghast, and utterly without power to utter a syllable. Then Don Estevan, seizing an arm of each, dragged them into the chamber where his wife lay.

She *was* dead, and dead beyond all doubt. She had been so for some hours. Her beautiful face was livid and disfigured; her arms and breast were covered with large blue blotches. That there had been foul play no one could question. The small hands were stiff, and clutched the coverlid with convulsive agony; and in the repulsive corpse before them, not one of the astounded trio would have recognized the beautiful invalid of the previous evening.

"Murderers! poisoners! infamous hag, accursed sorcerer! you have killed her with your devilish acts; killed her, and you would have killed *me*, to rob us of our gold; but I will be revenged," said Don Estevan. And with the rage of a madman he grasped them both, but the united cries of the three unfortunates had aroused all the neighborhood, and people poured in from every quarter.

The consternation was indescribable. Folks questioned and questioned without waiting to be answered. There was wonder, and lamentations, and surmises. Some secured the raving husband, some appeared inclined to secure (but without daring to do so) the old necromancer, while others endeavored to console the pitiable grief of poor Dame Charlot, who was much more liked than feared, and consequently came in for a great deal of consideration.

"How *did* it happen? Who *is* she?"

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When did she come? Dear Charlot, tell us!" Such was the burden of the mob who filled every room and passage of the house, while the terrified housekeeper could only sit and wring her hands.

In the midst of all this hubbub and clamor a voice said: "Send for the Herr Doctor Früchen."

"Aye, send for Hans Früchen."

He was sent for, and he came.

In a moment he was surrounded by a clamorous crowd, through whom he walked to the death chamber.

"Is she dead, Herr Doctor?" "Poor dear; is she *quite* dead?" rose from a score of voices, and then followed a death-like silence.

"She is dead," were the words which broke this calm, uttered with much feeling. The crowd felt this reverence for the dead. It was contagious. Hats were removed, and no one offered to break the silence. Then Dr. Früchen spoke.

"She has died by some mineral poison. It will be my duty to send for the police."

A still more ominous silence followed. No one had thought of that, and many women drew back in consternation.

"You can go, all of you," continued the Doctor, "except you, Monsieur D'Estevan, and you, Wintzer, and you, Dame Charlot." And when he addressed the old woman, he accompanied his words with a look of suspicion which made the poor old woman tremble, she knew not why.

Notwithstanding the natural curiosity of the crowd to remain and see what further happened, the Doctor's words, though quietly spoken, were so authoritative that they speedily cleared out, some volunteering to go for the police.

But the news had already spread. All Antwerp was in an uproar; and while people were on their way to inform the watch, the mayor of the city himself arrived, accompanied by the head of the police and half a dozen of his functionaries.

The Doctor, who was the only calm person in the room, stated what he knew. He had gathered it partly from the distracted husband, partly from the bystanders.

Don Estevan had awakened early, and

being anxious to hear of the state of his wife, and finding no one stirring, had gone himself to her chamber, the situation of which he knew, because he himself had carried her up the night before. Then he had rushed out and collared the necromancer.

This so far we know.

"The lady," Dr. Früchen continued, "had undoubtedly died from the effects of some mineral poison; from appearances, probably aquafortis."

Then the Mayor interposed to ask Wintzer if that poison was kept in the house.

"Yes, my Herr," stammered the unfortunate necromancer. "It is a well-known test of gold, and"—

"Did you use any last night?"

Again the poor old man admitted the fact.

"Well; where is the remainder of it?"

"Alas! alas! gentlemen, it is most strange; but I fell asleep while using it, and when I woke, the bottle was no longer to be found."

The Mayor and Doctor exchanged glances.

"Not to be found!" exclaimed the mayor. "Why not? Did any one, then, rob you?"

"Alas! I cannot comprehend it. No one has access to that room but Dame Charlot."

The Doctor and Mayor exchanged a second glance, and the latter spoke:

"Who administered the draught to this unfortunate lady?"

"Dame Charlot," said the necromancer.

"A—h!"

"Oh!" groaned Dame Charlot, "I took it in, gentlemen, to the dear lady, but she would not let me give it her until she had said her devotions, and I left it on the table by her bed."

The poor woman uttered these words in great distress, but Dr. Früchen put on a stern look.

"I remember now," he said, "that when I inquired for a fit nurse to wait upon this unhappy lady, you, Dame Charlot, were particularly anxious I should rely on *you*; but I now suspect the reason. Your master's love of gold is well known: the travellers had much money with them. Poison was at hand, and the Scheldt flows near. I alone knew

of their arrival, and I—even I also, might have been disposed of. The case to me is clear. You are this wretch's accomplice."

"Oh!" shrieked poor Charlot, "I declare, by my hopes of heaven, I am innocent; I am"—

"It is for others to decide," coldly replied the Doctor.

"Yes, yes," said the Mayor, who began to think it was time to assert his dignity; "the case is clear, or at least," he added, interrupting himself, "it is one of grave suspicion. You will both be removed to the town gaol."

And hither, in spite of their cries and protestations, the terrified old man and woman were forthwith conveyed.

The populace had by this time gathered in large numbers, and having (as mobs often do) changed their opinion, received the unfortunate prisoners with loud hootings and revilings; cries of "Down with the witch!" "Burn the accursed sorcerer!" rent the air.

In the midst of the tumult a great commotion was observed on the banks of the river. The unfortunate Don Estevan, bursting from those who had hold of him, and with his brain crazed, had darted through the crowd at a furious rate, and precipitated himself into the Scheldt.

It was much swollen by the storm of the past night, and the luckless husband sank at once beneath its turgid waters.

His body was never recovered.

About six weeks have elapsed, and it is a fine day early in September.

Groups of citizens are standing together in the market place, and around a large building which appears to possess for them some extraordinary attraction. The building is the town hall, and the day is the day of the trial of Leopold Wintzer and Charlot Lutven, for the murder of Maria Countess Estevan, by poison.

"It will go hard with the miscreants, I warrant me," says a stout burgher, in the centre of a group, by whom he seems reckoned a personage of vast importance; "and rightly enough too, I say, for we want no poisoning conjurors in this fair city, neighbors."

"You are in the right of it, Master Van Noorden," replies another wise-

acre; and the mob, easily swayed, murmur their assent.

"I would I had the burning of that old witch," shrilly exclaimed a stout, rosy-cheeked dame, with a pair of large earrings saucily displayed. "I would not let the roast lack basting, I know."

A sally of laughter greeted this petty display of woman's spite, and a loud hearty voice cried out:

"Ay, trust a woman to run a woman down if she be in trouble. They say wolves will eat a wounded comrade; but for my part, I think the spite of wild beasts is nothing to the spite of woman against woman."

The dame who had spoken turned angrily towards the last bold speaker, and he would mayhap have come off with a scratched face, but for a loud shout from that part of the crowd nearest the hall, which signified the trial was over.

"The sentence!—the sentence!—are they guilty?" cried a thousand voices.

"Yes, yes, guilty!"

"And the sentence?"

"The man to be burned alive; the woman to be confined for life!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" And the air rang with a cheer from the whole of the vast multitude, which speedily turned to a storm of hisses and groans as the unfortunate condemned issued from the door of the judgment hall, strongly guarded.

The trial had been short, but the evidence supposed conclusive.

This is what had passed.

The respected Doctor Frtichen had testified that he had been called in suddenly on the last day of July to attend a lady who had been taken ill, and was at the house of the male prisoner. He had inquired for a suitable nurse for her, and was exceedingly struck by the readiness with which the female prisoner volunteered to fill that situation. He had sent in two draughts, being simple anodynes, but quite harmless; after taking one of which the unfortunate lady was found dead. That she had taken the dose there was no doubt, as the almost empty bottle was found with but a few drops left in it, which, when tested by himself (Herr Frtichen), were found to contain aquafortis. The second bottle, with its contents untouched, was also found to

contain some of the same poison. From this it was inferred that had the first not taken effect the murderers intended to administer a second dose. "Perhaps," added the Doctor, "as there could be little doubt that the first draught would prove fatal, the second might have been intended for Don Estevan."

It was distinctly proved that the sole inhabitants of the house, besides the luckless couple, were Leopold Wintzer and Charlot Lutven; and the quantity of gold contained in the valises of both the unfortunate lady and gentleman supplied ample motive for their murder, by a man so well known to be avaricious and miserly as Wintzer.

On the night of the murder the neo-romancer had, by his own admission, aquafortis in his possession. Further, he confessed that, contrary to his usual habit, he sat up all the night. In the morning the aquafortis was missing, and both the bottles destined for the unfortunate lady were proved to have contained it. Then the female prisoner admitted that twice during the night she went into the laboratory to her master (although she averred that the last time he was fast asleep), and as she also admits that her hand placed the first bottle on the deceased's table, it was inferred that the master consulted with the servant, prepared the poison, and then left it to the old woman to administer it for a consideration of part of the gold to be acquired. Thus she became an accomplice. This evidence was deemed conclusive, and the judges were unanimous in condemning the prisoners. Thus the old man was sentenced to be burned alive in the market place, and his ashes to be scattered to the four winds; and the old woman, in consideration of her sex and age, besides having been, it was supposed, to some extent made a tool of, was awarded the mitigated punishment of imprisonment for life.

Within a week the horrible sentence on the poor old man was carried out in all its awful details, he to the last protesting his innocence. Indeed, from the time of the murder until he was actually tied to the stake, he spoke and acted like one under the influence of a dream. But the populace were under another impression. They fully believed him

guilty, and when he was brought out to death behaved in a savage manner that moved the aged victim to tears. He died confessing that he had been guilty of many wicked and impious impostures, but solemnly called Heaven to witness that he was guiltless of the foul crime of murder.

Dame Charlot, as soon as she heard that her poor old master was actually dead, fell into a swoon which lasted eight- and - twenty hours, and upon her recovery from it, it was found that the poor creature's mind had given away. Her sentence was then partially revoked, and as the old necromancer had left no will, and his money was confiscated to the State, the town council allowed the poor old woman (who was harmless) to occupy her late master's house, under the care of a middle-aged female as her attendant. To this house then, about three months from the beginning of our story, the two women repaired.

On the very first night of their occupation of the old dwelling, the dame and her attendant sat in the kitchen, where three months back the worthy housekeeper had so consequentially tended the basting of the fowl which was to be Donna Estevan's last meal on earth. Perhaps even across her weakened intellect there dawned some faint recollection of this, for she sat sorrowfully in her chair, looking vacantly at the wood fire and watching the smoke curl slowly up the broad, old-fashioned chimney. Her friendly attendant was busy preparing cups and saucers for their early tea, and stole now and then a glance at the poor soulless sufferer. At last Dame Charlot broke the silence.

"Gretchen, was I ever here before?"

Willing to soothe her, Gretchen replied, readily—

"No, no, dame; why should you think that? This is the house given you by the good council, you know."

"Council, council!" repeated Charlot, vacantly.

"Ay, dame; but come, draw up and drink this hot cup of coffee, it will cheer you finely, I warrant me." And worthy Gretchen commenced cutting bread and butter. They had nearly finished their meal when a sudden noise caused both to look up, and Gretchen screamed aloud. Not so the elder woman; *she* looked

on as if body and soul were about to part—with all her faculties (such as they were) fixed on an object in an obscure corner of the old kitchen.

It was a large black ape intently engaged in *pouring the contents of one phial into another!* During this occupation he grinned and gibbered with a devilish satisfaction, quite appalling.

A flood of light burst on the clouded brain of the unfortunate Dame Charlot. She sprang from her seat as if electrified.

"Bertram! Oh, the monkey!—the monkey! My poor murdered master. There! The monkey—the murderer!" And pouring out, incoherently, sentence after sentence, fell senseless on the floor.

The true murderer was found.

In the hurry and tumult on the night of Donna Estevan's death, nobody had thought of the ape, who had for the three months since that tragical event held entire possession of the premises, living how and where and as he could.

It is well known that monkeys will most faithfully and accurately copy the transactions of human beings.

On the night of the supposed murder, the black ape had been watching old Wintzer in the laboratory until sleep overcame the latter.

It will be remembered that the phial of aquafortis had been unfortunately left by the necromancer on the table.

The ape, eager to imitate the motions of his master, had seized the phial. But there was no other phial at hand into which to empty it, for the remainder were locked up.

Suddenly a thought flashed on the monkey-mind. There were phials outside the door on the bracket, and he would use those. Again, it will be remembered that as the charlatan had left open the door on account of the heat, this was easy, and the ape accomplished his design.

Hence his bustling in and out of the laboratory, as we have before described.

This performed, the ape Bertram, with the sagacity which distinguishes his tribe when they have been perpetrating mischief, left the bottles he had tampered with in the place where he had found them, and secreted the unlucky phial which had been the cause of all the misfortune.

Dame Charlot at midnight found the

bottles apparently precisely as she had placed them, and unconsciously was the agent of destruction to the poor Spanish lady. That was the first act of this tragedy.

But, unfortunately, the second act of the tragedy, in which poor old Wintzer had played the chief part, could not be recalled. The curtain had fallen on it for ever.

Happily the third act was never performed.

Gretchen speedily gave the alarm, and the house was soon full of sympathizing townspeople. The ape was secured, and it was found that one of the two phials which he held when the women first observed him was the identical one which had held the aquafortis.

For the second time Antwerp was in an uproar, and the upshot may be readily guessed. Our old friend, Dame Charlot, recovered her reason (which the shock had brought back—such cases are not rare), and she lived to see a hundred years. The repentant townspeople would have erected a statue to the memory of the poor necromancer who was the victim of a monkey's freak, but they changed their minds and did still better. They raised a competence for the now happy Charlot. As her master had left no heirs, the State made over his wealth to the old lady in part compensation for her many trials, and she resided till her death in the old house.

The tide of ill-luck turned. The house became fortunate. "Madame Charlot," as she was then called, sent to Venice for her great nephew, a famous jeweller, to come and set up his trade in Antwerp. Probably, with the old lady's guilders and florins in view, he did so; lived with her nearly twenty years, till she died in her hundredth year, when it was found she had left all to him. The goldsmith amassed an enormous fortune, became ultimately ennobled and a member of the State Council, and his heirs in Antwerp have, to this day, for their arms—a monkey grasping an empty phial, with the motto, "Out of mischief rose fortune."

Thus was a monkey the cause of the death of three innocent people, and the founder of a whole family's prosperity.

Truly out of evil often comes good.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

The Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IN the year 1830, I had the honor to be associated with the poet, Thomas Campbell, in the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the entire conduct of which I was subsequently his successor. Although in the prime of life, or very little past it, a heavy sorrow was over him. He had not long previously in (1828) lost his wife, and his son (his then only child) was confined in a "private asylum." Unhappily he sought relief where it is the friend of but a brief and treacherous moment, and a habit was contracted which I have reason to believe never left him. Fortunately for mankind, his grand "Odes" and "Lyrics" had been given to the world previously; for afterwards his works were, by comparison, nothings!

Campbell was rather under than above the middle size; his voice was low almost to weakness, and inharmonious; the expression of his countenance indicated the sensitiveness of his mind; his lips were thin; his nose finely and delicately chiselled; his eyes large and of a deep blue; and his manners, though without frankness and lacking dignity, were bland and insinuating. One of his fair friends described the poet as "a little rosy man in a bob wig." "His wig was always nicely adjusted and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair." He was accustomed to blacken his whiskers with burnt cork, or some kind of powder, to make them correspond with his wig. He was cheerful in general society, agreeable and communicative in the social circle, and his conversation abounded in pointed humor; it was, however, sometimes so irreverent as to make the listener ask if he were really the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, and his anecdotes were not always kept "within the limits of becoming mirth." He seemed, and was, averse to exertion, mental and corporal; and was deficient in that energy which is *character*. He labored much at what he wrote, poetry or prose, and I have known him pro-

duce but a single page of prose, as the result of a day. I remember once expressing my surprise at this; and his telling me he always considered a verse as the ample fruitage of a week; for although the rough hewing of a block might be the work of an hour, the fashioning and polishing were born of the toil that brought reward; while the *fore* thought as compared with the *after* thought, was as the mile to the inch.

I was not long his sub-editor, and my appointment to that office was, I believe, against his will; for certainly he had no desire to lose the associateship of his old and valuable ally, Cyrus Redding. Although I had not only nothing to complain of in his treatment of me, but the opposite, there may have been that lack of cordiality which prevented me from cherishing towards him the fervid homage I have felt for so many great men. At least, after this long lapse of time, I cannot say otherwise than that my intimacy with the poet was a dream dispelled. I soon found that the less trouble I gave him in reference to the Magazine the better I should please him; no doubt my predecessor had acted on that principle; but very soon after my accession Campbell was tempted into a speculation that caused him much anxiety and eventual loss. He resigned the editorship of the *New Monthly*, and became one of the proprietors, as well as the nominal editor, of the *Metropolitan*, and expended fruitlessly two or three years of wearisome labor. That publication was, in due course, abandoned, and Campbell afterwards led a listless, if not a positively idle, life till his death.

Dr. Beattie thinks his resignation of the *New Monthly* was the result of a "vexatious incident." There crept into the Magazine "a vile and shocking paper," which attacked the memory of his dear friend, Dr. Glennie, of Dulwich; it referred to Lord Byron's foot, and was written by a quack. That it grievously annoyed Mr. Campbell, I know. I was anxious not to be held responsible for the act; and in one of the few letters I have preserved of his, he fully acquits me of all blame. It is, however, clear from some of his letters in 1829, that he was then longing to be "away from the thralldom" to which he was subjected.

His partners in the *Metropolitan* were Captain Chamier and the publisher Cochran: he was induced to become "a proprietor," in consequence of finding himself "enormously" in Mr. Colburn's debt. Rogers lent him the money to embark in that undertaking — a disastrous one; although the poet "got out of it" with comparatively little loss, Captain Chamier behaving with nice honor and generous consideration. Subsequently the journal became the property of Captain Marryat, and had but a short and unprosperous life.

Campbell had commenced his duties as editor of the *New Monthly* on the 1st of January, 1821. It was with many misgivings the poet undertook the task, for which he was singularly disqualified; "he was accustomed to make mountains of mole hills;" he had no organ of order; contributions were rarely acknowledged, and not often read; of the capabilities of contemporary writers he was entirely ignorant. He could seldom make up his mind either to accept or reject an article, and fancied that he must be held responsible not only for the sentiments, but for the language of every contributor; especially he was disqualified for his task by extreme sensitiveness. He could not bear reproach or blame; complaint more than exasperated; he took as a personal insult any protest against his editorial fiat. They were "pestilent fellows" who hurried him for the return of the manuscripts he did not know where to find.*

Indecision was the prevailing vice of his character. Scott pictured him, in 1817, as "afraid of the shadow his own fame cast before him; and Talfourd, summing up his faults as an editor, described him as stopping the press for a week to determine the value of a comma, and balancing contending epithets for a fortnight." His magazine he himself called an "Olla Podrida that sickens and enslaves me."†

* Whatever article came to him, he would put by, as intended for future inspection, and think of it no more. . . . I often found a letter or an article placed over his books on the shelves unopened — sometimes slipped down behind them."—*Cyrus Redding*.

† Dr. Beattie in his own gracious and generous manner puts the point thus: "His flow of thought was not rapid, and the extreme fastidiousness of his taste was a constant embarrass-

His £600 per annum was therefore earned not only by double the amount of needful labor, but by a sacrifice of peace of mind. In a word, a worse editor could not have been selected; yet the enterprise of the publisher Colburn, and his liberal scale of remuneration, attracted many important and valuable aids, and the Magazine though published at three shillings and sixpence monthly was a great success.

Fortunately, however, Campbell had associated with him as sub-editor a practical and pains-taking gentleman, Mr. Cyrus Redding—always considerate and courteous—who kept contributors in good humor, and did the “business” part of the Magazine thoroughly well. It was this gentleman I was called upon to succeed (I do not know, and I believe I never knew, the grounds of the change). In the year 1830 Campbell was then either weary of, or indifferent to, his editorial duties; at least, he left to me the whole business of selecting articles. My own experience certainly bears out the picture drawn by Talfourd of Campbell as an editor. “It was,” writes that genial and indulgent critic, “an office for which he was the most unfit person who could be found in the wide world of letters, who regarded a magazine as if it were a long affidavit, or a short answer in chancery, in which the absolute truth of every sentiment, and the propriety of every test, were verified by the editor’s oath or solemn affirmation; who stopped the press for a week at a comma; balanced contending epithets for a fortnight, and at last grew rash in despair, and tossed the nearest, and often the worst, article ‘unwhipped of justice’ to the printer.”

Consequently, Campbell lost rather than gained in reputation as the presiding power over an important public organ; and, acting “like the poor cat in the adage,” gave no character to the work.

His life has been written by one of the best and kindest of men—good Dr. William Beattie, his friend and physician; who was guided by strong affec-

tion and profound reverence; who had watched him in sickness, solitude and depression; and who, if he has judged him more in mercy than in justice, will be esteemed and loved for the mind and heart he has given to his labor of love.*

tion and profound reverence; who had watched him in sickness, solitude and depression; and who, if he has judged him more in mercy than in justice, will be esteemed and loved for the mind and heart he has given to his labor of love.*

Thomas Campbell, the eighth son and eleventh child of his parents, was born in the High-street of Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777. His father was a Scottish gentleman, though a “decayed merchant,” and was of the proud blood of Argyll.† He began to write verse early; and when a mere youth gave the promise of after greatness. At sixteen years old, he produced poems so good that it need have startled no one, when at the age of twenty-one years and eleven months he produced *The Pleasures of Hope*.

That famous poem, one of the classics of our language, was written at intervals (his vocation being then to teach pupils) during the year 1797–98, and was published at Edinburgh in 1799. It took at once the place it has kept and will keep as long as our language endures. It was composed in a “dusky lodging,” in Rose-street, Edinburgh. The copyright he sold to an Edinburgh publisher. Campbell tells us it “was sold out and out for sixty pounds in money and books;” he adds that “for two or three years the publisher gave him fifty pounds on every new edition.”

Professor Pillans, in the course of an address, at the Festival to inaugurate the statue of James Hogg, beside “lone St. Mary’s silent lake,” related this interesting anecdote of Campbell:

“I knew him—he was a student of Glasgow, I of Edinburgh, and we met about the year 1797, some considerable time before the publication of his immortal poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*. He was of so poetical a temperament that it happened at the time I made his ac-

* Campbell, on appointing by his will Dr. Beattie one of his literary executors, terms him his “staunch and inestimable friend,” and on a long prior occasion thus greets him:

“Friend of my life, which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.”

† He was naturally proud of being a clansman of the Clan-Campbells: Lady Charlotte Campbell (sister of the Duke-chief) wrote:

“Bard of my country, clansman of my race,
How proudly do I call thee one of mine.”

quaintance, and he had been at my father's house, he was in the lowest state of depression and dejection of spirits—so much so, that my father taunted me with bringing to his house a man of whom he would not be surprised to hear that he had put an end to his life before morning. That was a part of his poetical temperament. He was, as Dryden describes fortune, always in extremes, and hence it was that the next time I saw him he was in the highest spirits, because by that time the book which he held in contempt, as you may guess from his having suffered such dejection, was received with such universal encomiums and applause, that it raised him to the third heaven of exaltation. And it was not long after that I met him in London, when the book had gone through several editions, and the last of them contained a passage which had not appeared in the first edition of the poems—a passage which was to me so delightful, and so striking, that I complimented him on it, and he said: 'I am glad to receive that compliment, for that passage has cost me more labor and more thought than any equal number of lines in the whole poem.'

The passage referred to commences—

"Oh lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread
 expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of chance!" *

At a late period of life, he published

* Several instances are recorded of Campbell's readily acknowledging the source whence some of his thoughts were obtained. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* (I believe Peter Cunningham) relates this anecdote:

"I remember remarking to Campbell that there was a couplet in his *Pleasures of Hope* which I felt an indescribable pleasure in repeating aloud, and in filling my ears with the music which it made:

'And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I'll tell you where I got it. I found it in a poem called *The Sentimental Sailor*, published about the time of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*.'

The poem called *The Sentimental Sailor* is noticed, and extracts from it are given, in the *Scots Magazine* for March, 1773. The style and versification are not unlike those of Campbell's *Pleasures*:

"The distant Alps in horrid grandeur piled,
The screaming eagle's shriek that echoes wild,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord joined—
These suit the tone of my desponding mind."

an illustrated edition of his poems; they had become his property, I presume, in consequence of the term of twenty-eight years from their original publication having expired; consequently the copyright reverted to him. The edition was illustrated by engravings, from drawings by Turner; for these drawings he paid £25 each—£350 for the whole. When Campbell sought to sell them, he did so in vain, offering them for £300, but finding no purchaser; until Turner himself bought them back for £200—"bits of painted pasteboard," Campbell called them, and an adviser when he "showed him Turner's money" told him "they had been re-purchased at twice their intrinsic value." They would now probably bring £5000 if offered for sale.*

In 1800, he visited Germany; his fame had gone before him, making his journey a triumph. He saw from the rampart of the Scotch convent at Ratisbon the horrors of war as exhibited at the storming of Ingolstadt—saw the dying and the dead, and heard the veritable cannon roar. Out of this visit grew some of the noblest of his poems, among them "Hohenlinden."

Campbell had his early struggles. After settling in London, in 1803, he obtained a situation on the *Star* newspaper, and gained a precarious livelihood as a writer for the press, writing anonymously on any subject, "even agriculture," for daily bread. But he says, "the wolf was at the door." Among his other troubles he had to pay £40 a year usurious interest on a sum of £200 borrowed to furnish his dwelling.

The dwelling was at Sydenham, then a retired village, not easily reached from London. The house, in which he resided seventeen years, is now standing. It had a good garden, but little else to recommend it; yet here the poet received his brother wits; and much concerning "evenings" there, may be found in the *Memoirs of Moore, Hook, Hunt, the brothers Smith, and others.*

Here undoubtedly the happiest of his

* Mr. Carruthers informs me that Campbell used to relate this story: "Turner, I was told that your drawings were as good as bank notes; but as I cannot dispose of them, I mean to have a raffle to get them off my hands. That touched the pride of the painter, who bought them back, but at a low price compared with his charge to me."

days were spent; in genial and congenial society; not alone of men and women who had his own tastes; but of others, who, fully appreciating his genius, gave him not only honor but affection.

"The narrow lane, lined with hedges, and passing through a little dell watered by a rivulet," "the extensive prospect of undulating hills, park-like inclosures," the "shady walks," where the poet was "safe from all intrusion but that of the Muses," as he himself describes them—

"—spring green lanes,
With all the dazzling field flowers in their
prime
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
Long trills, and gushing ecstasies of song."

All these are gone. Sydenham is now thoroughly spoiled as a suburban retreat, where the recluse of letters might "retire, his thoughts call home." "An endless pile of brick" is the sole view now obtained from the dwelling-place of the bard, if we except the most wonderful creation of our time—the Crystal Palace.

Just when fate seemed most unpropitious, when his restless mind was seeking repose in laudanum, and health was sinking fast, when his days were "oppressed and feverish" and his nights "sleepless," he was rescued from evils worse than death by a Government pension of £200 a year. It was, as his good physician says, and as he himself thought, "a defence between him and premature dissolution." Who shall say from what utter misery the poet was thus preserved? For how many of his glorious works are we indebted to that wise and just, yet generous aid? He never knew to whose influence he owed the merciful boon—he knows it now! A "certainty" was thus secured to him; afterwards he inherited more than one legacy; one, amounting to nearly £5000, was bequeathed to the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*; the old man who left it saying that "little Tommy the poet ought to have a legacy because he had been so kind as to give his mother £80 yearly out of his pension." How oft is the pot of honey as well as the poisoned chalice returned to our lips! It made him, as he said, "feel as blithe as if the devil were dead." Happier would it have been for himself

and for mankind, if his gratitude had been felt and expressed to the Giver of all good.

Yet he was never rich; indeed, he was generally poor; had seldom any means for luxuries, seeming to have been "in straits" all his life. A very short time before his death, he writes from Boulogne to Dr. Beattie thus: "If I had money to spare, I should remove to a warmer spot—but I am in a cleft stick, for I have neither money to meet the expense, nor courage to face the toil and trouble, of removal."*

In 1803 he "fell in love with and married his cousin, Matilda Sinclair." Redding tells us she had no literary tastes; but she had travelled, and had "learned to make the best cup of Mocha in the world." To the poet, however, she was "beautiful, lively, and lady-like;" they wedded with very little "gear," but were certainly happy in each other. I knew her long before my more intimate acquaintance with Campbell, when they were living in Upper Seymour-place, West, in 1823, and I have more than once partaken of that famous "Mocha." She was an exceedingly pleasant, "chatty" lady, of agreeable and conciliating manners, and certainly one whom a poet with a very hopeful fancy might have dearly loved. Mrs. Grant described her as "frugal, simple, and sweet-tempered." She died in 1828. They had but one son, Thomas Telford,† who was, at the time of which I write, "under restraint:" his name, consequently, is seldom heard of in association with that of his illustrious father; they did not often meet; but it is certain that he was always "left in good hands." "My poor boy" was neither neglected nor forgotten. He still lives in comfortable retirement; and although, it is said, of eccentric habits, is not more heavily afflicted by the blight that had fallen on the youth of his life.

When Campbell undertook the editor-

* Campbell's course was that of most men of letters. "I was by no means without literary employments; but the rock on which I split was over-calculating the gains I could make from them."

† Two sons were born to him; the youngest, Alison, a child of great promise, died at Sydenham. Thomas Telford, the elder, was godson to the great civil engineer of that name, who bequeathed a thousand pounds to the poet.

ship of the *New Monthly*, he left Sydenham, to which he often reverted as

"The greenest spot in Memory's waste,"

and took up his permanent abode in London.

In 1829 he formed the "Literary Union Club,"* the first meeting being held at his house, 10 Seymour-street, Connaught-square, on the 4th July of that year; the second meeting taking place at the house of the artist Pickersgill, in Soho-square. I was, if I remember rightly, the seventh member elected. It was formed (to consist of four hundred members) "for the purpose of promoting frequent intercourse among the Professors of Art, Science, and Literature," on a principle of economy. Somehow or other there soon arose sundry bickerings: there was about as much household harmony as there might have been among four hundred spiders agreeing to spin a single web. Some idea of this may be formed from the following minute, entered on its books on the 15th of March, 1830:

"It having been reported to the Committee that a member of the club had proposed, in the book of candidates for election, the name of one Gortz (described as an esquire), tailor and breeches maker, in the Quadrant, as an individual duly fit and qualified to become a member of this society—adding thereto, that this same proposed person 'would have much pleasure in taking measure of all the members,'—the committee regret," etc., etc. The first elections passed tranquilly enough; but when the ballot came, out of ten candidates nine were blackballed—the tenth being in no way connected with art, science, or literature. One of its minutes condemns the practice of taking away newspapers from the reading room; one orders the return of sixpence to Mr. Hobhouse, being an overcharge in his bill; and another of a like sum, being an overcharge to a gallant captain for gin and water. There was a smattering of magnates in art, science, and letters; but the structure was composed mainly of small fry. Gradually the best withdrew, and after

* Originally it was intended to be named "The Campbell Club," and to be associated with a club under that name some time previously established at Glasgow.

an existence, I think, of about three years, it fell to pieces.

Campbell's efforts to promote the cause of unhappy Poland were not so inauspicious: at least, if we may judge from the fact that the "Literary Association of the Friends of Poland," of which he was the founder and the first president (in 1831), still exists, and still occupies the apartments it originally held—No. 10 Duke-street, St. James's. Campbell lived for some time in one of the attics of that house; it is a poor and small room, with a view of house-tops; the last place in the world, one would think, a poet could have chosen for a dwelling. But it would seem as if Campbell preferred to abide where nature was quite shut out—it was so in Scotland Yard, in Victoria-square, Pimlico, and in other places where he dwelt—to think, see, feel, and write.

The miserable attic in Duke-street is, however—though consisting now of bare and dilapidated walls, reached by a narrow and somewhat dangerous stairway—a place to which those who love the bard and honor the memory of one who has done so much for mankind, may well make pilgrimage. Over the fireplace in that poor chamber is a small marble slab, which contains the following inscription:

In this attic,

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

Hope's Bard and Mourning Freedom's Hope,
lived and thought,

A.D. MDCCCXXXII.,

While at the head of the Literary Association
of the Friends of Poland.

Divinæ virtutis pietati amicitia.

1847.

A. B. COL.

It was placed there by a German named Adolphus Bach, who was his successor in the lodging, and who had jointly with him founded the Polish Association.

Neither must it be forgotten that he was chiefly instrumental in founding and establishing the London University.

As one of the foremost men of the age and country, Campbell was honored during his time, and will receive the homage of the generations for which he wrought. Thrice he was Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow—the place of his birth: he was elected, it was

said, "by a show of hearts;" it was "a sunburst of popular favor," and he valued it highly, as he had the right to do. For once, at least, a prophet received honor in his own country.

To Campbell's personal appearance I have made some reference—his large eyes, quivering lips, and delicate nostrils—and also to his character, in so far as I was able to estimate it: both, however, have been treated by several of his contemporaries. The portrait by Lawrence, painted when the poet was in his prime, was his favorite. It ever gave him great delight. "When I look at it," he said, "I seem to be viewing myself in the looking-glass of heaven." Lockhart thus describes him: "Thomas Campbell has a poor skull upwards compared with what one might have looked for in him; but the lower part of the forehead is exquisite, and the features are extremely good, though tiny." He is thus pictured by Leigh Hunt: "His face and person were rather on a small scale, his features regular, his eye lively and penetrating; and when he spoke, dimples played about his mouth, which, nevertheless, had something restrained and close in it." Leigh Hunt also speaks of his "high and somewhat strained voice, like a man speaking with suspended breath, and in the habit of subduing his feelings."

The following is from the pen of Mr. Carruthers, of Inverness, the accomplished editor of "Pope," etc.:

"He was generally careful as to dress, and had none of Dr. Johnson's indifference to fine linen. His wigs were always nicely adjusted, and scarcely distinguishable from natural hair. His appearance was interesting and handsome. Though rather below the middle height, he did not seem little, and his large dark eye and countenance bespoke great sensibility and acuteness. His thin quivering lip and delicate nostril were highly expressive."

Redding says that Byron's description of Campbell, in 1813, is correct, regarding the poet down as late as 1835 or 1836: "Campbell looks well—seems pleased, and dresses sprucely. A blue coat becomes him; so does his new wig. He really looks as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively." Leigh

Hunt describes him as "a merry companion overflowing with humor and anecdote;" and so, indeed, he was reported by many of his familiar friends; but it is certain that his "merry" moods were only common after dinner, and, as one poetical associate said, "very unlike a Puritan he talked." Montgomery, who heard him lecture at the Royal Institution in 1812, thus speaks of him: "He read from a paper before him, but in such an energetic manner, and with such visible effect, as I should hardly have supposed possible. His statements were clear, his style elegant, and his reasoning conclusive." Haydon describes him as "bilious and shivering," and Redding records that "his natural character was the reverse of equality—the being of impulse in all." He grew bald when a mere youth, and a wig was adopted at the early age of twenty-five.

Leigh Hunt relates that "Hook in one of his 'recitatives' alluded to a 'piece of village scandal,' of which Campbell was the subject. Campbell took it in good part, but having that evening drank a little more wine than usual, he suddenly took off his wig, and darted it at Hook, exclaiming, 'You dog, I'll throw my laurels at you.'"

As an instance of his absence of mind, it is stated that posting off to Brighton to visit Horace Smith, and to spend a few days with the family he dearly loved, he suddenly discovered he had left all his money on his table at his lodgings, and posted back to town to get it.

When he spoke, as Leigh Hunt has remarked, "dimples played about his mouth, which nevertheless had something restrained and close in it, as if some gentle Puritan had crossed the breed and left a stamp on his face—such as we see in the female Scotch face rather than the male."

Dr. Beattie touches very lightly on "his infirmity"—"a habit which he condemned in others, but could not conquer in himself." It is understood, indeed, that he had to struggle against that unhappy tendency from the time he was twenty years old. A very little was for him too much; "hence," it is said, "what would have been only moderation in other men was little else than excess in him."

At the memorable dinner of the Lit-

erary Fund, at which the good Prince Albert presided (on the 11th May, 1842) the two poets, Campbell and Moore, had to make speeches. The author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, heedless of the duty that devolved upon him, had "confused his brain." Moore came in the evening of that day to our house; and I well remember the terms of true sorrow in which he spoke of the lamentable impression that one of the great authors of the age must have left on the mind of the royal chairman, then new among us.

In 1842, when he was barely sixty-four, time was not dealing gently with him. He conversed less freely; his spirits came in jerks, so to speak; and in company he was often silent and thoughtful; he walked feebly; while "his countenance was strongly marked with an expression of languor and anxiety." His memory grew treacherous, and he had the characteristics of premature old age.

To the wonder of his friends, for the event was unaccountable (and it was certainly in opposition to the advice of his friend and physician), he went to reside at Boulogne, removing his books from his then residence in Victoria-square, Pimlico. Infirmities increased upon him; he avoided all intercourse with fellow men, and sought a comfortless and diseased solitude, having none of that consolation which religion gives at all times, but especially when the mind's eye sees the open grave. He was, in short, to borrow a line of his own—

"A lonely hermit in the vale of years."

In June, 1844, his ever dear and constant friend, Dr. Beattie, was at his bedside; but the hand of death was on him. The good doctor writes: "The most that can be done is to palliate one or two urgent symptoms—to treat with the inexorable besieger, and obtain a surrender on as easy terms as we may."

On the 15th of that month, his mortal put on immortality. He had been attended by a clergyman, and had joined in prayer. "We shall see — to-morrow!" naming a long-departed friend, he said, and left earth.

Dr. Beattie, who stood beside him adds: "The last sound he uttered was a short faint shriek, such as a person utters at the sudden appearance of a friend—expressive of pleasure and surprise. This

may seem fanciful," he adds, "but I know of nothing else that it might be said to resemble."

The picture he presented in death—the features in cold placid relief—"was that of a wearied pilgrim resting from his labors; a deep, untroubled repose." The good doctor writes thus: "Seldom has death assumed an aspect so attractive, and often as it has been my lot to contemplate, under various circumstances, the features of the dead, I have rarely, if ever, beheld anything like the air of sublimity that now invests the face of the deceased."

And thus he describes the dwelling of the poet after the spirit had left it: "There lay the breathless form of him who had impressed all sensitive hearts with the magic influence of his genius, the hallowed glow of his poetry, the steady warmth of his patriotism, the unwearied labors of his philanthropy; the man whom I had seen under many varieties of circumstances; in public the observed of all observers; in private the delight of his circle; the pride of his country, the friend of humanity: now followed with acclamations, now visited with sorrows; struggling with difficulties or soured with disappointments; then striving to seek repose in exile, and here finding it in death."

An interesting incident is recorded by the same liberal hand. The old nurse was a French soldier's widow. She twined a chaplet of laurel, with which, as a mark of homage, she asked leave to encircle the Poet's brow. The day was the 18th of June, the anniversary of Waterloo. With that chaplet on his head, he was laid in his coffin. Its leaves are now with his honored dust in Westminster Abbey. For in Westminster Abbey, on the 15th July, he was buried. His pall was borne by the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Brougham, Lord Leigh, Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord Campbell, Lord Morpeth, Viscount Strangford, and Sir Robert Peel; and the grave that received his remains was surrounded by a throng of poets and men of letters—his contemporaries.

Well do I remember that day, and that august assemblage—in the Jerusalem chamber famous for centuries—memories inscribed on every dark oak panel of that solemn room, for the mind's eye to read!

There they waited the coming of the dead!—illustrious mourners many of them, whose own resting-places were foreshadowed there, under the fretted roof of England's proudest mausoleum of her heroes of pen and sword. It was a dark and gloomy day—

"The sun's eye had a sickly glare."

There was solemn and impressive silence, every footfall had a sound, as we followed the poet Milman, who read the touching burial service for the dead. And in Poet's Corner they placed Thomas Campbell. A lengthened pause preceded the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" there advanced from the throng a Polish officer, one of the many of his unhappy nation there assembled. He dropped upon the coffin-lid some earth gathered for the purpose from the grave of Kosciusko. The effect was startling; but it became a thrill—the hearts of all there present beating audibly—when immediately afterwards, as the venerable Dean uttered the words, "I heard a voice from heaven," a thunderclap shook the old abbey—aisles, pillars, and roof. He paused; the pause continued full a minute, and as the awful sound subsided, the assembly heard the sentence finished—"they rest from their labors!" *

Saturday Review.

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA. †

"RELIGION, Society, Nature — such are the three struggles which man has to carry on. . . . The mysterious difficulty of life springs from all the three. Man meets with hindrance in his life in

* This startling incident is thus referred to in a poem of surpassing beauty, "The Interment of Thomas Campbell," written by Theodore Martin:

"Louder yet and yet more loudly let the organ's thunders rise,
Hark, a louder thunder answers, deepening towards the skies—
Heaven's majestic diapason, pealing as from east to west,
Never grander music anthem'd Poet to his home of rest."

The gloom of that memorable day also is thus alluded to:

"There is sadness in the heavens, and a veil against the sun;
Who shall mourn so well as Nature when a Poet's course is run?"

† *Les Travaillleurs de la Mer*. Par VICTOR HUGO.

the shape of superstition, in the shape of prejudice, and in the shape of element. A triple fatality (*Ananké*) oppresses us, the fatality of dogmas, of laws, of things. . . . With these three which thus enfold man there mingles that inner fatality, the supreme *Ananké*, the human heart." As in *Notre Dame de Paris* we saw the working of the first of these contests, and in *Les Misérables* the resistless pressure of the second, in *Les Travaillleurs de la Mer* we are asked to watch man contending with external nature, and then crushed by the supreme fatality of all, the irresistible *Ananké* in the heart of man. The story which illustrates this tremendous strife has that simplicity and that perfect finish which only the powerful hand of a master can compass. A fisherman encounters all the fury and caprice and treachery of outer nature in order to win a woman whom, on his return, he finds to have, unconsciously but irrecoverably, lost her heart to another. But this plainest of stories is worked into genuine tragedy by an exercise of poetic power which, in some portions at least of its display, has very rarely been surpassed in literature. We may notice here, in passing, that the English translation is a singularly indifferent performance, which gives the reader very little notion of the force of the original. The translator is constantly making downright blunders, and, when he does not blunder is exceedingly weak. It seems the fate of illustrious Frenchmen, Emperors and Republicans alike, to meet incompetent translators in this country. It may be admitted that in the present instance the difficulties in the way of a good translation are sufficiently numerous. The book is not wholly free from what the world has agreed to consider the characteristic defects of its writer. His fondness for the display of minute knowledge of names and dates and events inflicts on the reader tedious catalogues, which are not valuable in themselves, and which interfere with the artistic effect besides. Accuracy of local coloring, too, scarcely

Paris: Librairie Internationale; Lacroix, Verbaeckoven & Co. 1866.

Toilers of the Sea. Authorized English Translation. By W. MOY THOMAS. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

demands those long lists of rocks and creeks in the Channel Islands which are forgotten as soon as read. And an English reader wonders how the author came to write, as he does repeatedly, *le Bug-Pipe*, when he means the Bagpipes; or, still more amazing and impossible, *le premier de la quatrième* as French for the *Firth of Forth* — which is almost as incredible as the old story of *poitrine de caleçons* for “chest of drawers.” Those, again, who cannot forgive Victor Hugo for his *staccato* style of writing, which makes each sentence come on us like a pellet shot from a gun, will find at least as much cause of offence as ever. But if there are these and other old flaws and imperfections, there is also a power, a depth, a sublimity which the author has scarcely reached before, either in his prose or his verse.

The subject is the most suitable for his own genius that he has ever chosen. When he illustrated the bitter destiny which overwhelms the social outcast, he wrote with the air of the philosopher who views life through the understanding, but he was in truth writing in the spirit of the poet who sees things through his emotions. This made *Les Misérables* a splendid and affecting picture, and gave it that air of presenting life and reality as a whole which was its most conspicuous mark. But it was felt that the sensibilities of the poet had been engaged all on one side, and that they were so strong as to sweep away all considerations of the function which society exists to discharge, and of the kind and quantity of instruments which are the only ones to her hand. Moreover, whenever anybody speaks of the irresistible weight of social laws, we feel that they are only irresistible in a sense; and, still more important, we feel that they are capable of such an amelioration by slow steps as shall leave none but bad men burdened by their prescriptions. But the Fatality of Nature is different from the so-called Fatality of Society. The forces of the merciless ocean and the winds, the inhospitable solitudes of the sea-rocks, the fierce cruelty of the sea-monsters, are what they are. By no taking thought can man mollify the tempest or mitigate the fury of the storm. He adds to the number of his devices for escaping from the ferocity

of nature, but the winds rage and the waters are tossed, and the monsters seek their victims just the same. The terrors of the waves may well be called inexorable, and in them, therefore, the poet finds a more appropriate theme than was afforded by the evils of society, which for their cure or right understanding demand, not the poetic, but the scientific mind. We may discern the greater fitness of the present subject for Victor Hugo's genius in the more perfect truthfulness of the man who contends with the Fatality of Nature. Jean Valjean, who had to contend with the Fatality of Laws, was thoroughly artificial. His virtue and perseverance and patience were in a manner overdone. His character was created for a purpose, and the presence of this purpose could not be concealed. The good bishop was just as artificial. Gilliatt, on the contrary, is very carefully and elaborately drawn, but all his traits are simple and natural. He is surrounded with no unreal halo, though he is remote enough from commonplace. “He was only a poor man, who knew how to read and write; most likely he stood on the limit which divides the dreamer from the thinker. The thinker wills, the dreamer is passive. . . The obscurity in which his mind was wrapped consisted in pretty nearly equal parts of two elements, both dimly visible but very unlike; in his own breast ignorance, infirmity; outside himself mystery, immensity.” “Solitude makes either a genius or an idiot. Gilliatt presented himself under both aspects. Sometimes he had that astonished air I have mentioned, and you might have taken him for a brute; at other moments he had in his eye a glance of indescribable profundity.” A very superficial critic might say that Gilliatt is only Jean Valjean in another dress. In reality, there is only the resemblance between them that is inevitable between two characters each of whom is more or less shunned by his fellows, and each of whom is engaged in a deadly struggle with one of the three forms of what the author calls *Ananké*. At bottom, however, they are two quite distinct conceptions. Gilliatt is the more satisfactory of the two, because to draw a man with great muscular strength, and great ingenuity and great patience of the mechanical order, is easier, and less

likely to tempt the artist into what is fantastic and artificial, than the conception of a victim of a supposed social injustice which is no injustice at all. This advantage of having a simpler plot, a more natural set of circumstances, and, above all, of having nothing to prove, is conspicuous all through. It leaves the author free to work out each of his characters completely, free to paint what is the main subject of his work with an undivided energy and enthusiasm. Perhaps, though, in one way this tells against him. The stupendous force of the descriptions of Nature and her works and laws—the theme of the book—is so overpowering that the incidents of the story and the interests of the people in it seem petty by comparison. There is probably a design in this disproportion. The vastness of the unmeasured forces which labor and rage in the universe outside the minds of mortals is what the self-importance of mortals pleasingly blinds them to. It is the eye of the poet which discerns this, and through every page of Victor Hugo's story we hear, as a ceaseless refrain to the loves and aspirations and toils of his good men and his knaves alike, the swirling of the sea-winds and "the far-reaching murmur of the deep."

The grandeur of the long episode of Gilliatt recovering the machinery of the steamboat from the terrific rock may make us forget the singular power of the earliest scene at the same spot, where Sieur Clubin found himself, "in the midst of the fog and the waters, far from every human sound, left for dead, alone with the sea which was rising, and the night which was approaching, and filled with a profound joy." The analysis of this joy of the scoundrel and hypocrite at finding himself free to enjoy the fruits of his scoundrelism and to throw aside the burdensome mask of his hypocrisy, is powerful to a degree which makes one smile at the lavishness with which credit for power is so constantly given to novelists and poets. The dramatic force of the situation, the appalling mistake which the scoundrel has made, the sanguineness and shiftiness with which, like all hypocrites, he seeks to repair it, the swift and amazing vengeance which overtakes him, has perhaps never been surpassed. And the horror

is not theatrical or artificial. The spot is brought vividly before us by no tricks, but by genuine imaginative power. The rock on which Clubin has, against his intention, driven the steamboat is a block of granite, brutal and hideous to behold, offering only the stern inhospitable shelter of an abyss. At its foot, far below the water, are caverns and mazes of dim passages. "Here monstrous species propagate, here they destroy one another. Crabs eat the fish and are themselves eaten. Fearful shapes, made to be seen by no human eye, roam in this dim light, living their lives. Vague outlines of open jaws, antennæ, scales, fins, claws, are there floating about, trembling, growing, decomposing, vanishing, in the sinister clearness of the wave. . . . To look into the depth of the sea is to behold the imagination of the Unknown on its terrible side. The gulf is like night. There, too, is a slumber, a seeming slumber, of the conscience of creation. There, in full security, are accomplished the crimes of the irresponsible. There, in a baleful peace, the embryos of life, almost phantoms, altogether demons, are busy at the fell occupation of the gloom." The minute yet profoundly poetic description of the most terrible of these monsters, in a succeeding part of the book, is one which nobody who has once read it can forget, any more than the horrors of the *Inferno* of Dante can be forgotten. The *pieuvre* at one extremity of the chain of existence "almost proves a Satan at the other." "Optimism, which is true for all that, almost loses countenance before it. . . . Every malignant creature, like every perverse intelligence, is a sphinx, propounding the terrible riddle, the riddle of evil." What is their law? "All created beings return one into another. *Pourriture c'est nourriture*. Frightful purifying of the globe. Man, too, carnivorous man, is a satyr. Our life is made of death. Such is the terrifying law. We are sepulchres." But we are not quite left here. "Mais tâchons que la mort nous soit progrès. Aspirons aux mondes moins ténébreux. Suivons la conscience qui nous y mène. Car, ne l'oublions jamais, le mieux n'est trouvé que par le meilleur."

It will be seen from this that Victor Hugo is not affected by the sea as other

poets have been. Of course nobody expected to find him talking silly nonsense about its moaning over the harbor-bar while men must work and women must weep, or reducing the sea and the winds to the common drawing-room measure of polished sentimental prettiness. Here, as elsewhere, the terrible side of Nature is that which has most attraction for him. Only here he seems to have been unusually insensible to the existence of her other aspect. Take the well known picture of "The Toad" in the *Légende des Siècles*. The hideous creature is squatting in the road in a summer evening, enjoying himself after his humble fashion. Some boys pass by, and amuse themselves by digging out its eyes, striking off its limbs, making holes in it. The wretched toad tries feebly to crawl away into the ditch. Its tormentors see an ass coming on drawing a cart, so, with a scream of delight, they bethink themselves to put the toad in the rut where it will be crushed by the wheel of the cart. The ass is weary with his day's work and his burden, and sore with the blows of his master, who even then is cursing and bethwacking him. But the ass turns his gentle eye upon the rut, sees the torn and bleeding toad, and with a painful effort drags his cart off the track. The whole picture gives one a heart-ache, but the gentleness of the ass is the single touch which makes the thought of so much horror endurable. In the *Toilers of the Sea* we almost miss this single touch. Watching the sea year after year in the land of his exile, Victor Hugo has seen in it nothing but sternness and cruelty. He finds it only the representative of the relentless Fatality of Nature which man is constantly occupied in combating and wrestling with. It is so real, so tragically effective, that such a reflection as that "Time writes no wrinkle on its azure brow" must seem the merest mimicry of poetic sentiment. The attitude which he has before assumed towards Society he also takes towards external Nature. To Keats Nature presented herself as a being whom even the monsters loved and followed, a goddess with white and smooth limbs, and deep breasts, teeming with fruit and oil and corn and flowers. Compared with the sensuous passion of Keats, the feeling of Words-

worth for Nature was an austere and distant reverence. He found in her little more than a storehouse of emblems for the better side of men. Victor Hugo is impressed by Nature, not as a goddess to be sensuously enclasped, not as some remote and pure spirit, shining cold yet benign upon men, but as man's cruel and implacable foe. Other poets have loved to make her anthropomorphic, and to invest her with the moral attributes of mortals. He holds with no such personification on Nature as a whole. Nature to him is little more than a chaos of furious and warring Forces. The prolonged and sublime description of the storm at the beginning of the third volume is what nobody but Victor Hugo could have conceived, because nobody else is so penetrated with a sense of the fierce eternal conflict which to him is all that Nature means. Take the tramp of the legion of the winds, for instance: "In the solitude of space they drive the great ships; without a truce, by day and by night, in every season, at the tropic and at the pole, with the deadly blast of their trumpet, sweeping through the thickets of the clouds and billows, they pursue their black chase of the ships. They have fierce hounds for their slaves. They makesport for themselves. Among the waters and the rocks they set their hounds to bark. They mould the clouds together, and they rive them in sunder. As with a million hands, they knead the boundless supple waters." The gigantic wave, again, at a later period of the storm, "which was a sum of forces, and had as it were the mien of a living being. You could almost fancy in that swelling transparent mass the growth of fins and gills. It spread itself forth, and then in fury dashed itself in pieces against the breakwater. Its monstrous shape was all ragged and torn in the rebound. There was left on the block of granite and timber the huge destruction of some portentous hydra. The surge spread ruin in its own expiring moment. The wave seemed to clutch and devour. A shudder quivered through the rock. There was a sound as of some growling monster, the froth was like the foaming mouth of a leviathan."

It has been said that the sublime picture of the storm — and the variety and movement in the picture are among its

most splendid characteristics—makes us indifferent to the conclusion of the story. The truth is, that but for this the conclusion would be absurdly weak and unintelligible. It is the long exile of Gilliatt on the fierce rock in the isolation of the sea, his appalling struggles with all the forces of nature in temporary alliance against him, which make the very gist and force of the final tragedy, the supreme Fatality. It is because we have seen him in the presence of the raging troop of the winds, and battling with the storm of waters, that we feel the weight of the blow which at last crushes him. But for this the whole story would be a piece of nonsensical sentimentality. It is this grand *ελπωρεια* which raises what might otherwise have been a mere idyl into a lofty tragedy. "Solitude had wrapped itself round him. A thousand menaces at once had been upon him with clenched hand. The wind was there, ready to blow; the sea was there, ready to roar. Impossible to gag the mouth of the wind; impossible to tear out the fangs from the jaws of the sea. Still he had striven; man as he was, he had fought hand to hand with the ocean and wrestled with the tempest." Meanwhile, the object to attain which he was waging his fearful war had been slowly removing itself from his reach, and when he returned, he returned to find it irrecoverably vanished.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE EDUCATION OF ENGLISHWOMEN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE sixteenth century has been called the age of learned women. Its title to be so designated in the annals of England dates from a period very near its commencement. The revival of letters was long in reaching this country, but the quickening impulse, once received, inspired many minds with a generous zeal for the improvement of education. The temper of these reformers was audacious. They exalted the classics to the skies, and trampled the schoolmen under foot. They despised all who adhered to the old studies, while they insisted that none should be refused the blessings of the new.

NEW SERIES—Vol. IV., No. 1.

Liberal culture for the minds of girls as well as boys was first recommended by the example and authority of Sir Thomas More.* 'Jealous of the least innovation in religion, More was yet at once an ardent votary of classical learning and the ready advocate of social progress. Among the half-serious, half-humorous suggestions of the *Utopia*, which he wrote when a husband and the father of a family of daughters, not the least curious are those relating to the position of the female sex. The women of his model state enjoy most of those rights which only a few of the stronger-minded even lay claim to in Europe. It must, indeed, be confessed with grief that the Utopian wife is subject to the control and correction of her lord, but this is almost the only point in which the masculine gender of that enlightened race is preferred to the feminine. The Utopians are great farmers, and their women are taught all the secrets of agriculture as carefully as the men, while they are exempted from the rougher work. All kinds of handicrafts flourish in Utopia, and are pursued by both sexes alike, though the weaker chiefly addict themselves to spinning and weaving, and other similar employments. The boys and girls devote their leisure hours to reading. The British artisan, as we all know, spends his evenings at the Mechanics' Institute. In this, however, as in most other matters, Utopia is far ahead of us; for there the laborers, women as well as men, rise before dawn to attend two or three lectures, as a whet

* As to the general condition of female literature in England at the close of the fifteenth century, we have few means of judging. In describing the accomplishments of Jane Shore, Sir Thomas More mentions that she could "read well and write," as if that were an extraordinary circumstance. We gain a more favorable impression from the Paston Letters, which consist of the correspondence of a respectable, though not noble, family in the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Henry VII. If these letters are genuine, which we are forbidden to doubt, it is plain, as Mr. Hallam remarks, "that several members of the family, male and female, wrote not only grammatically, but with a fluency and facility, an epistolary expertness, which implies the habitual use of the pen." The Plumpton Correspondence, published by the Camden Society, also contains numerous letters written by women of moderate station in the reign of Henry VII., chiefly, however, during the latter half of it.

to the occupations of the day. Throughout the community, whatever instruction is given to the one sex is open to the other. The women are even accustomed to military exercises and discipline, that in time of war they may not be quite useless. While no Utopian is forced to bear arms against his will, he is encouraged to volunteer by the prospect of receiving aid from his wife and daughters, to whom it is a distinction to fight by his side. After this we can feel no doubt that all Utopian professions are accessible to feminine ambition. If there are no female barristers in Utopia, it is merely because that fortunate land has few laws and no lawyers, the practice of advocacy being forbidden as immoral. If the traveller who describes the national manners makes no mention of female physicians, this is explained by the fact that his auditors are men of the time of Henry VIII., to whom the wonder would have been not that women should, but that they should not, follow medicine. It was more to the purpose to state the relation of the woman to the priesthood; and this is done in words which, when we remember the ecclesiastical principles of Moses, sound oddly enough. The Utopian priests, we are told, "if they be not women (for that sex is not excluded from the office, though rarely chosen, and then not unless they be widows, and old), have for their wives the most excellent women in the country."

To any one who knows Sir Thomas More as he deserves to be known, these fancies will appear eminently characteristic. They are the conceits of a mind loving both to jest with a grave face and to express genuine convictions in the language of *persiflage*. What More's views really were of the studies and pursuits fit for women, we may learn from his practice in his own household. His three daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cecilia, and his adopted daughter, another Margaret, were placed under the same tutors and instructed from the same books as his son John. The knight insisted that, if the reflections commonly cast on the female understanding were sound, they would but afford so many additional reasons for bestowing on it all possible cultivation. His reasoning, and still more the success

of his experiment, made a convert of his friend Erasmus, who, as he himself tells us, had previously shared the vulgar prejudice. In his *Letters* and *Colloquies*, the famous scholar commended the precedent which, "fortiter contemptâ novi exempli invidiâ," the author of the Utopia had made, to the imitation of Europe. More's house he denominated "musarum domicilium," and extolled it as more admirable than Plato's Academy. In the same strain of panegyric, but yet with manifest sincerity, he celebrated the studies and accomplishments of its female inmates. The acquirements of all these young ladies were certainly remarkable for that age, and those of the eldest daughter would have been remarkable in any age. They all wrote themes and verses in Latin, and studied logic. But the performances of Margaret More attracted by far the most admiration. When Reginald Pole was shown one of her letters, he could hardly be persuaded that it was written by a woman. She was not only a Greek and Latin scholar, but a diligent reader of philosophy and theology. A specimen of her scholarship has been preserved in an emendation which she suggested of a corrupt passage in Cyprian. She translated Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History from Greek into Latin, but was anticipated in the publication by Bishop Christopherson, a noted Grecian, who had undertaken the same task. She also composed sundry discourses and declamations, both in Latin and English, some of which her fond father preferred to essays of his own on the same subjects. Exercises of this kind were the fashion of the day. Only in rare instances did learning produce the fruit of true literature.

All More's children seem to have married early; but they continued to reside with their father, and, notwithstanding the birth of eleven grandchildren, to prosecute their studies. These were blended with the cultivation of music, painting, and poetry. The knight's house at Chelsea was also a little museum of natural history. Its inmates formed, in fact, a sort of private school. From a letter written by More to his favorite daughter, after she had become Margaret Roper, we find that she was then studying astronomy under

a Mr. Nicholas. "Commend me kindly," says the father, "to your husband, who maketh me rejoice for that he studieth the same things that you do; and, whereas I am wont always to counsel you to give place to your husband, now, on the other side, I give you license to master him in the knowledge of the sphere. Commend me to all your school-fellows, but to your master especially." After More's death the tradition of a liberal education for daughters was faithfully preserved in the family. The celebrated Roger Ascham informs us that Mrs. Roper was very desirous of having him for the instructor of her children; but he could not at that time be induced to leave the University. Her daughter, Mrs. Basset, was a lady-in-waiting to Queen Mary. This lady translated into English a part of her grandfather's *Exposition of our Saviour's Passion*, and imitated his style so successfully that the translation was thought to have been made by Sir Thomas himself. Another of Mrs. Roper's daughters was Mrs. Clarke, whom Ascham praises for her love of literature.

But it was not only in More's own family that the example set by him was followed. The more enlightened of the nobility were swayed by his high character; and the plan of female education which his name had first rendered respectable, the influence of the Court soon rendered fashionable. Henry VIII. as a younger son, had been originally designed for the Church, and in consequence received an ecclesiastical training. His intellectual passion was for theological controversy, but he had some taste for secular learning, and considerable regard for education. It appears that he even took an active part in the compilation of Lilly's grammar. It is some evidence of the capacity of Catharine of Aragon, that for several years she conducted the correspondence between two such veteran diplomatists as her father-in-law and her father. Erasmus speaks of her as eminently learned; and certainly her attention to the instruction of her daughter Mary must have satisfied even so rigid a disciplinarian as her husband. Before the heiress to the crown was seven years old, two of the most distinguished scholars of the time, a Spaniard and

an Englishman, were employed in drawing up manuals to aid her progress in Latin. About the same time, the Spaniard, Ludovicus Vives, dedicated to the Queen his treatise *De Institutione Femine Christiane*, in which the daughters of More are instanced by name as models of female accomplishment. He was shortly afterwards appointed preceptor to the princess. Mary proved herself an apt scholar; when she was only twelve years of age, Erasmus testified to the correctness with which she wrote Latin. In course of time she also learned Spanish, French, and Italian. The first, as it was her mother's tongue, she may be presumed to have acquired perfectly; but Italian she did not speak, and Walpole, no bad judge, refers slightly to her French epistles. Towards the end of her father's reign she undertook and partly executed an English version of Erasmus's Paraphrase on the Gospel of Saint John. To this task she was invited by Queen Catharine Parr, who, in her zeal for the Reformation, had planned a translation of the whole Paraphrase on the New Testament, by the joint labor of several hands. That lady, who was some five years older than her step-daughter, was one of the first, out of More's household, to reap the benefit of his educational reform. Ascham salutes her in a letter with the epithet "eruditissima," and compliments her on studying more amid the distractions of a court than many of his academic brethren did in the full leisure of college life. A Latin letter is still extant which Catharine addressed to Mary when the latter was constrained by weak health to leave the completion of her version to her chaplain. The first portion of the translated Paraphrase, comprising the four Gospels and the Acts, was published in 1547; and it was ordered by the Council that every parish church in the kingdom should have a copy. Prefixed to this work was a dedication to Catharine from the pen of Nicholas Udall, master of Eton, which contains some sentences bearing on our present subject: "It is now a common thing to see young virgins so nursed and trained in the study of letters, that they willingly set all other vain pastimes at nought for learning's sake. It is now no news at all to see

queens and ladies of most high state and progeny, instead of courtly dalliance, to embrace virtuous exercises of reading and writing, and with most earnest study, both early and late, to apply themselves to the acquiring of knowledge, as well in all other liberal arts and disciplines as also most especially of God and his most Holy Word."

This testimony is confirmed by Roger Ascham, who, in a letter dated 1550, declares that many English maidens, educated by himself and his friends, surpassed the daughters of Sir Thomas More in every kind of learning. As the taste for classical literature spread, numerous scholars of distinction became tutors in private families, and the daughters as well as the sons profited by their lessons. Foremost in the list of their female pupils stands the name of Jane Grey. Before she had emerged from childhood, that astonishing girl "had acquired a degree of learning rare in matured men, which she could use gracefully, and could permit to be seen by others without vanity or consciousness. At fifteen she was learning Hebrew and could write Greek; at sixteen she corresponded with Bullinger in Latin at least equal to his own; but the matter of her letters is more striking than the language, and speaks more for her than the most elaborate panegyric of admiring courtiers." Contemporary as a student with Lady Jane, though a good deal her senior, was Anne, Countess of Pembroke, a younger sister of Catharine Parr, who read Pindar with Ascham. To about the same date also belong Mary, Countess of Arundel, Joanna, Lady Lumley, and Mary, Duchess of Norfolk, all of whom made various translations from Greek into Latin and English. But the accomplished ladies of that age were not always of high birth or station. We have the name of a London citizen's daughter who, in the days of Henry VIII. was noted for her knowledge of languages and for other attainments; and under Edward VI. Lady Jane Grey had several worthy compeers of much humbler extraction than her own. Among these, none were more famous than the five daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, who owed his appointment of tutor to the young king much more to his high character and

large erudition than to his origin or connections. These ladies were sought in marriage by the most eminent men of the time, chiefly, as Camden tells us, for their natural and acquired endowments. The old scholar who had imbued them with his own lofty, knowledge-loving spirit, had a right to the boast which he addressed to his eldest born, Mildred: "My life is your portion; my example your inheritance." This lady, who became Lady Burghley, is mentioned by Ascham as rivalling Lady Jane Grey in her knowledge of Greek. Anne, the second sister, married Lord Keeper Bacon, and applied her deep learning to theological subjects. She translated Jewell's *Apologia* from the Latin, and Ochino's sermons from the Italian. The eloquence, as well as the mental and moral elevation of this admirable woman, are known to all who have read Mr. Spedding's biography of her famous son. If the qualities of parents descend to their children, we may justly affirm that the mother of Francis Bacon contributed to the formation of his character much intellectual ardor and much soaring enthusiasm, but not one particle of selfishness, servility, or sordid ambition. Of Sir Anthony's three youngest daughters less is known. One of them married Lord John Russell, heir of the house of Bedford; another wedded Sir Henry Killigrew, a trusted servant and envoy of Queen Elizabeth. The latter wrote Latin elegiacs which, in the opinion of Lord Macaulay, would appear with credit in the *Musa Etonenses*. The names above mentioned, though the most remarkable, are not by any means the only ones which might be cited to illustrate the prevalence of literary tastes among Englishwomen in the reign of Edward VI. And it is reasonable to believe that the love of study, which in so many recorded instances, rose to the height of a passion, possessed numerous other female minds in a smaller degree, and that ladies in the best society were frequently accomplished enough to be admired, though not to be commemorated.

There has been a good deal of controversy respecting the manner in which the Reformation, while in progress, affected the interests of education. As to England, in particular, it has been contended that the destruction of monaster-

ies and the schools attached to them inflicted a great temporary check on the diffusion of learning. At the accession of Elizabeth, the Speaker of the House of Commons complained to her Majesty that more than a hundred flourishing schools had been destroyed in the demolition of the monasteries, and that ignorance had prevailed ever since. On the other hand it has been urged that the monks were the deadliest foes of true knowledge, and that the loss of the monastic schools was well supplied by the foundation of others on a more enlightened plan, and with better instructors. This argument proceeds on the assumption that the new institutions were an adequate equivalent for the suppressed seminaries not only in number, size, and situation, but also in adaptability to the wants of different classes. On a broad view, the assumption is probably justifiable. No one, at all events would rashly impugn it who has any just sense of the benefits which we owe to the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century. It is liable, however, to one serious exception, which we are bound in this place to indicate. In this country, at all events, no substitute whatever was provided for the instruction, poor as it was, which the nuns had afforded to their female scholars. While the convents stood, they served the purpose of boarding schools for young women of the middle and upper classes. The Prioress of the Canterbury Tales had been educated at the "Schole of Stratford atte Bowe," or in other words at the nunnery there. Conventual breeding appears to have been regarded as a certificate of gentility. The wife of the miller of Trumpington, in Chaucer, claimed the title of madam as much on the score of her having been brought up in a cloister as of her good birth. Women so trained acquired rather the accomplishments of the day than much tincture of letters. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, some literary fame was achieved by Juliana Barnes, prioress of a Benedictine establishment near and belonging to the great abbey of St. Alban's. But, though this lady wrote books, they were treatises on field sports and heraldry. Not very dissimilar probably were the subjects which, in the intervals of devotion, oc-

cupied the most respectable and cultivated nuns at the time when the religious houses were suppressed. Most of the convents were in such a state that their destruction was an unmixed good; but we may lament that a few of the best administered were not secularized, and preserved on an improved model, as institutions for female instruction. The royal visitors themselves interceded strongly for the nunnery of Godstow in Oxfordshire, representing that it was irreproachably conducted, and that most of the young gentlewomen of the country received their education within its walls. Remonstrances, however, were fruitless. Out of the small portion of the monastic revenues which was applied to the promotion of knowledge, it does not appear that one penny went to replace the conventual schools which had been broken up; nor were any other steps taken for that purpose.

In Germany, things were better managed. There the instruction given in convents had been much the same as in England, and there the nuns had been expelled from their homes with even less consideration than here. But in Germany public provision of a better kind for the teaching of girls had previously been made, and was gradually being extended. Notwithstanding the opposition of some, who insisted that the weaker sex had no need of mental culture, and that knowledge would only make them forget their duties and lead them into vice, the opinion of Erasmus and More prevailed. By degrees it was admitted that women even of the lower classes ought to be taught something more than the Creed, the Paternoster, and the hymns commonly sung in churches. When the nunneries were broken up in the Protestant States of Germany, there existed schools in various places throughout the country, from Lubeck in the north to Nuremberg in the south, where girls learned reading, writing, arithmetic, music, and Latin.

The want of such schools in England was feelingly deplored more than a hundred years after the suppression of convents, by Thomas Fuller in his *Church History*. "Nunneries," says that quaint writer, "were good schools, wherein the girls and maids of the neighborhood were taught to read

and work ; and sometimes a little Latin was taught therein. Yea, give me leave to say, if such feminine foundations had still continued, provided no vow were obtruded upon them, haply the weaker sex, beside avoiding modern inconveniences, might be heightened to a higher perfection than hitherto hath been attained. That sharpness of their wits and suddenness of their conceits which their enemies must allow unto them, might by education be improved into a judicious solidity, and that adorned with arts which now they want, not because they cannot learn, but are not taught them." It is to be feared that, had the convents been reformed under Henry VIII. in the partial manner here suggested, they would have been spared only to perish by the hands of the historian's own contemporaries. Be this, however, as it may, the passage just cited testifies plainly to the educational vacuum created by their abolition. It illustrates the contempt felt for female acquirements after the race of our learned ladies, which continued through the reign of our maiden queen, had disappeared, and when the knowledge of books, descending from the highest regions of society to those beneath, had become diffused among a considerable portion of the one sex, while, for want of the means of instruction, it remained beyond the reach of all but the fortunate few of the other. Books like Sir Thomas Elyot's *Defence of Good Women* were not written in the seventeenth century.

The rapacious ministers of Edward VI. were more inclined to copy than to atone for the reckless confiscations of the preceding reign. They are accused of appropriating large revenues which had been devoted to purposes of education. Such misdeeds were in part redeemed by the establishment of upwards of a score free schools which, at the instance of some nobler spirits, received endowments chiefly from the chantry lands. One of these was established in the house of the Grey Friars, in the city of London, which was repaired and fitted up, under the name of Christ's Hospital, for the reception of poor children of both sexes. But, though a grammar school was provided for such of the boys as should be "pregnant and apt to learning," the girls, always it should seem a

small minority, were for a long time taught only to read and sew and mark. It is to be observed, however, that this institution was designed exclusively for children of the lowest class.

It was a sinister omen of Mary's reign, that soon after her accession a proclamation was issued for calling in and suppressing the very translation of Erasmus's Paraphrase to which, under better influences, she had herself contributed. This Queen is well known to have cherished the wish of restoring the abbey estates to their former owners. In this she was actuated by a sincere though blind sense of abstract right, rather than by regard to learning or education. She was not, however, indifferent to these objects. Her own attainments, as has been already noticed, were considerable; the ease and correctness with which she addressed foreign ambassadors in Latin excited general admiration. But, while her respect for letters induced her to bestow important benefactions on the universities, her religious bigotry led her to sanction measures which, if carried out, would have inflicted on them far more than countervailing injury. By the advice of Gardiner and Pole, it was determined to revive the study of the schoolmen, and steps were actively taken at Oxford for that purpose. The Queen's death, however, prevented the execution of the design, and Mary's reactionary policy gave place to that of her more enlightened as well as more learned sister. Stepping forth from her studious retirement a stateswoman ready formed, Elizabeth made it clear from the first that no priestly influence whatsoever, Catholic or Protestant, would she suffer to draw her from the line of measured progress which her own judgment dictated.

It has been asserted by some that this great Queen was a worse pedant than James I.—surely an untenable position. That she was fond of displaying her attainments cannot of course be disputed. From the occasion on which Ascham heard her harangue three foreign ministers, one after another, in as many different languages, down to the day when she "scoured up her old Latin" to the confusion of an insolent Polish envoy, this weakness was apparent. But, if the essence of pedantry is to mistake

erudition for wisdom, barren formulas for fertile principles, the letter which killeth for the spirit which giveth life, then she was as free from this vice as James was enslaved by it. With a sounder judgment, half the reading of that crowned dominie might have helped a man of his unquestionable talent to a kingcraft somewhat more politic than that which involved himself in continual mortifications and brought his son to the block. Far different was the fruit of his predecessor's studies. Endowed by nature with a remarkable aptitude for acquiring languages, she was animated by the spirit of the Emperor Charles V., who said that as often as he learned a new language he felt as if he had got a new soul. Doubtless the pleasure of exercising her linguistic faculty was a spur to Elizabeth's diligence, but she had higher aims than that of merely adding to her verbal wealth. Her instructors observed that in reading the classics she not only divined at a glance the grammatical sense of a passage, but as readily grasped the substance of the argument, and caught the philosophical or political ideas on which it proceeded. This keen insight into the workings of human thought and passion naturally inspired her with a strong taste for history. She pursued this study eagerly both before and after she ascended the throne, giving to it a large portion of the hours which, down to the end of her life, she daily spent in reading. In this way she became so familiar with Thucydides that it is said there was no remark of his on the conduct of states or men which she did not know by heart. She was also versed in divinity, and, as Lord Bacon tells us, set a particular value on the works of St. Augustine. At all times she delighted in the society of accomplished men, and the best scholars of her kingdom were invited to read with and to her. Her intellectual curiosity, indeed, seems to have been universal. As a girl she was taught the physical theories of the day; and, while still princess, she sought the acquaintance of Dr. Dee, famed as a mathematician, astronomer, and professor of occult science. Her interest in this singular man did not cease when she became queen, and we find her at one time sending for him to lecture before her on comets, at others

listening to his speculations in natural magic. To these various pursuits she added lighter accomplishments. Poetry and music were cultivated by her, though with unequal success: the verses which she composed from time to time have little merit, but over the lute and the virginals she exercised a sway as absolute as over the sympathies of her people. Nor did she think it beneath her to aim at manual dexterity of a humbler kind. Her fingers were nimble and cunning in embroidery, and her handwriting, like that of Lady Jane Gray, was considered eminently beautiful.

Under this studious sovereign, study became fashionable at Court, even among the giddiest maids of honor. While the Queen in her closet was adding to her knowledge of the Attic orators, her attendants were similarly employed in the ante-chamber, or at least in spelling out the verses of the Greek Testament. Besides Greek and Latin, the ladies of the royal train applied themselves to French, Spanish and Italian. Yet these fair scholars were no formal and insipid bookworms, for some who highly valued their pursuits have strongly censured the freedom of their manners. A more favorable critic has left us a lively picture of the occupations with which this diligent sisterhood filled up their hours of leisure. He sets before us with some minuteness the aspect of the apartments in which the waiting women are expecting their turn of service. We are first shown the seniors of the party. One is plying her needle, a second spinning silk, a third engaged with the Scriptures or some work of history, while a fourth is composing or translating some grave treatise, probably on a theological subject. From these sober dames we turn to the younger maidens; and, if we find them practicing with the lute or other musical instrument, it is to be understood that this is only a recreation permitted in the interval of more serious employments. Not one of the company, girl or woman, we are assured, but, when she is at home, can help to supply the table with "dainty dishes of her own devising." To crown all, pains are taken at Court to prevent idleness by keeping every office provided with a Bible or the Book of the Acts and Monuments of the

Church of England, or both, besides some histories and chronicles, so that a stranger on his entrance would rather imagine himself come into some public school of the universities than into a royal palace.

The influence of this learned Court extended farther than with our modern notions we are apt to imagine. The term courtier has become almost obsolete among us, because the thing it denotes has ceased to exist. There are no persons nowadays who, unauthorized by office, possess and exercise the privilege of ready access to the royal circle and the sovereign's presence. There were many such persons of both sexes in the reign of Elizabeth, and for a long time afterwards. The consequence was that the tone of the Court was reflected in the upper regions of society to an extent which we can hardly comprehend. We may fairly believe that the pattern set by Elizabeth's household gave a considerable impulse to female education in all those families of the aristocracy which were in the habit of frequenting the metropolis. Perhaps the most perfect specimen of this culture was Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, to whom her brother, Sir Philip Sidney, inscribed his *Arcadia*. Like him, she possessed both learning and political genius. As to her attainments, it is sufficient to say that she translated several of the Psalms from the Hebrew into English verse. How highly she was esteemed by her contemporaries appears from those six lines of Ben Jonson, which, so long as the English language lasts, will keep her name familiar as a household word :

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
Death, when thou hast killed another,
Fair and learned and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

But, though the example of the Court might do much, it could not move the whole mass of the nobility and gentry, much less affect women of inferior rank. At a time when liberal studies were but just making good their footing in the universities, when the majority of the clergy were still grossly ignorant, it is not conceivable that lords of remote manors, busy merchants, or money-get-

ting tradesmen, to say nothing of their wives and daughters, would have acquired much tincture of letters. At such a period, ladies whose lives were passed in the country, or in provincial towns, might have the means and the will to pay for instruction, and yet be unable to find instructors. It was by slow and imperceptible degrees that the rising light overspread the higher levels of the community. In the first half of Elizabeth's reign, education was the exceptional distinction of fortunate individuals; in the second it began to be more equally diffused among both sexes in the upper stratum of society. It may be asked what the Government did to assist this diffusion. When Elizabeth visited Cambridge in 1564, the sight of the colleges founded by her predecessors drew from her the expression of a hope that she too might do something entitling her to remembrance among the benefactors of learning. But the anxieties of her reign, and perhaps also her own parsimonious temper, prevented the fulfilment of her wish. The schools established during the forty-four years of her administration owed their origin in most cases to private munificence. No effort was made in this any more than in the previous reigns, either by the State or by individuals, to provide on a large scale for the instruction of girls. The grammar schools were, either expressly or by custom, confined to boys. Some free schools there were — Shakespeare calls them "charge-houses" — in which children of both sexes were taught; but these were frequented only by the humbler classes, and the instruction they afforded must have been of the most meagre kind. By the end of the century, the higher ranks seem to have generally recognized the necessity of some literature for their daughters; and, as the modern ladies' school had not yet taken the place of the nunnery, private tuition was the only resource.

It is noticeable, though not very surprising, that learning showed some signs of declension in the Court just when it began to be general at the universities, and less rare among the clergy. The study of Greek could hardly flourish in such an atmosphere, even when purest and most congenial, without a good deal of forcing. The Queen herself, in her

latter years, partially relinquished the more ambitious reading of her youth, though she translated one of Plutarch's shorter pieces when past sixty. Her ladies more completely deserted the ancient languages and literature for modern tongues and modern authors. Italian and the Italian poets became especially fashionable. The *Orlando* and the recently published *Jerusalem Delivered* were admired and quoted, instead of Plato's *Dialogues* and Chrysostom's *Homilies*. Two causes in particular contributed to this result — the fresh blossoming of the national literature, and a certain relaxation in the standard of the current morality. Works of imagination were produced by native authors which favored the growth of lighter tastes; nor did the tone of the new school of writers, or of their patrons, the wits and gallants of the Court, at all correct this tendency. The chivalrous spirit with which Elizabeth, and her ladies for her sake, had been approached in the former part of her reign, faded away as she advanced in years, and was succeeded by a fashion of hyperbolical compliment. Genuine respect had inspired dames and damsels with the ambition to deserve the homage paid to them by high qualities and solid acquirements. Insincere gallantry brought them down to a lower level of thought and feeling. If there was something overstrained in their passion for Greek learning, this taste was at least more rational than the subsequent rage for Euphuism. The artificial and affected style of discourse so named prevailed to such an extent, that to be skilled in it became essential to the reputation of a fine lady. The vogue obtained by this "pure and refined English"—so it was considered — is one evidence out of several that a vitiated sentiment was becoming general. Still, the writer who set the ungraceful fashion had so much of real genius and merit, that his disciples were not without some apology for their aberration. So long as Elizabeth lived, the Court of England never descended to blank folly and frivolity. The latter years of her reign produced no female intellect of attainments comparable to those of the Queen, nor could it boast any rivals in ancient learning to the daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke;

but it could furnish a more than respectable list of cultivated women. Lady Anne Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, received her education under her aunt, the Countess of Warwick, principal lady of the bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth, and the trusted friend of her discerning mistress. The Countess seems to have aimed at giving her niece variety of information rather than exact learning. She selected for the young lady's tutor the poet-historian, Samuel Daniel, who inspired her with a love of his favorite studies, and a taste for general literature. Dr. Donne is reported to have said of her, during her youth, "that she could converse on any subject, from predestination to *slea-silk*." Two other women of rank deserve mention here, who, born and educated, the one wholly, the other partly, under Elizabeth, became famous and received the homage of Ben Jonson in the reign of James I. Lucy Harrington, Countess of Bedford, was known, not merely as a woman of elegant taste, but as a Latin scholar skilled in ancient medals. Lady Wroth, by birth a Sidney, inherited the virtues and genius of her race, and produced a poetical romance which, though now forgotten, obtained in its day a considerable reputation.*

So closes the roll of the learned ladies whom England nurtured in the sixteenth century. As we repeat the names of the better known among them, we do not think chiefly of their learning. We think of the filial love of Margaret Roper, of the winning earnestness of Catharine Parr, of Jane Grey's pure and noble faith, of Mary Tudor's gloomy and fanatical austerity. We think of Anne Bacon as the gifted mother of a supremely-gifted son. We think of Elizabeth as the greatest of female sovereigns. Amidst all their diversity these women had one point of resemblance besides their learning. They had each a strongly-marked and vigorous individuality. The same may be affirmed of nearly all the other ladies mentioned in this essay. According to Pope, "most women have no characters at all." The satirist might have added that few women of his day had any education at all that was deserving of the name. Is it unphilo-

* It was entitled *Urania*.

sophical to believe that the rich development of character in the high-bred women of the sixteenth century was due, in great measure, to the amplitude and robustness of their studies?

L. B. S.

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RAISED BEACHES AND THEIR ORIGIN.

BY EDWARD HULL, B.A., F.G.S.

THAT the coasts of our continents and islands change their level, while that of the ocean remains unaltered, is a fact in physical science first demonstrated by Sir C. Lyell in his celebrated work, *The Principles of Geology*. The former proposition is capable of demonstration, by a direct appeal to phenomena within the reach of all observers; but the latter is a deduction arrived at by a process of reasoning. The immobility of the earth, which finds its popular expression in ancient literature, whether sacred or secular, is indeed only relative; for, neglecting for a moment the local and sudden paroxysms of earthquake-waves, we now know that the only changeless level on the face of our globe is that of the ocean.

On the other hand, the earth on which we build our temples and palaces, and pierce with our deepest mines, is in some part or other undergoing a process of elevation or subsidence. The law of change has therefore been implanted in the material as well as the moral world; but it is mercifully ordained that in both cases—with occasional exceptions—the process should be slow, and frequently imperceptible, even through generations. The vertical movements of the land, though unfelt, are not the less real; for they can be proved by an appeal to marks and monuments of ancient sea action, to be found at intervals along our coasts, and at elevations far beyond the reach of the highest tides. Of the process of elevation now in progress, the shores of the Baltic offer the most interesting example; and of depression, the northern coast of Egypt; * but for evident reasons, the latter is less capable of direct proof than the former.

The action and effect of waves acting

along various parts of our coast are familiar to almost every observer or inhabitant of our isles, now that there is a periodical migration from the interior to the seaside. In most cases, the limit of the highest tides is marked by a precipitous bank or cliff (depending on the nature of the rock which forms the coast), from the base of which the shore descends with a gentle slope down to the level of low water, beyond which the inclination is often very gentle. If the coast is rocky, the warfare of the waves and the stubborn resistance offered to their advance is marked by many a breastwork or projection, sometimes by an isolated fort (or sea-stack), which has withstood the assault longer than its companions; but when the coast is formed of some softer material, such as clay or shale, the shingle beach is generally bounded by a bank presenting few irregularities of outline. How varied is the aspect of our coast at different points, it is almost unnecessary to remark; yet it is essential to the proper understanding of our subject that this be borne in mind, because similar variations are to be found in the ancient coast lines and raised beaches of which we shall come to speak presently. Along the coasts of Devon and Cornwall, the highlands of Wales and Scotland, and the north and west of Ireland, walls of massive rock descend sheer down into the surging waves. In other places, as in Lincolnshire—but on a larger scale in the Netherlands—the descent from the land to the sea is so gradual, that, except where the boundary line has been rendered distinct by art, the passage from the domain of the land to that of the sea could only be recognized by the absence of vegetation. Other parts of the coast, however, partake of an intermediate character. Here the limits of tidal action are defined by a low line of cliffs, or a steep bank and a slightly shelving strand. These different forms of coast line have an intimate relationship to the strength and arrangement of the rock or formation, and the configuration of the interior. Where the chalk of Flamborough Head, the South Downs, and the Isle of Wight rises into hills inland, it terminates in the white walls of our "Albion," while the softer clays and sands of Sussex and Essex subside into a featureless shore.

* See Lyell's *Antiquity of Man*, p. 35.

All the while that the land remains at a certain level the sea is at work, sapping and mining the shore, and, by its currents, carrying away the materials to be spread over its bed. The strand has a general tendency to assume the form of a flat plain, on account of the levelling action of the breakers, which is confined to a vertical limit of a few feet. Sometimes deep fissures are hewn in the rocks of the coast, along lines of jointage; in other cases, isolated pillars, or masses of rock of every conceivable shape are found, and, less commonly, caves are hollowed out. Fingall's Cave, hewn out of cliffs of basaltic columns, is a well-known example; and if the western coast of Scotland were suddenly elevated, perhaps thirty or forty feet, the entrance of the cave would be at the side of an inland cliff, with a terrace stretching from its base to the shore. This cliff would mark the present limit of tidal action, and the terrace would form a raised beach, in the true sense of the word.

We must be careful to note the distinction between the beach and the cliff (or bank) which forms its inshore boundary. Both are frequently found together, and in cases, some of which I shall cite, several of these cliffs with their attendant beaches, are now to be found elevated far beyond the present limits of the tides. At the same time each may be found without the other. There are instances where, in the same cliff which is now washed by the waves, the former sea level is marked by caves which are now beyond the reach even of the spray. The probabilities are, however, that, at the period of elevation, a beach of shingle descended from the entrance of most of these caves, which has since been worn down and removed by tidal action; and thus the old and the new coast lines are united. It is evident that the further action of the waves would, in process of time, obliterate all traces of the earlier coast line. On the other hand, remains of old sea beaches, in the form of gravel and sand, with shells, are sometimes found in isolated patches, in places where the former coast line is so far distant as not to be recognized. In cases where there are several cliffs, with their terraces rising in tiers, one above the other, such steps show (as Sir C. Lyell has pointed out)

so many pauses in the process of elevation of the coast. Had the rise of the land been continuous and uniform, there would have been no prominent line of cliff, supposing the rock to be of uniform texture; for every portion of the surface having been in its turn, and for an equal period of time, a sea shore, no part could be more indented or eroded than another. But if pauses occur during the upheaval, the waves and currents have time to undermine and remove masses of rock at certain stages, and thus produce ranges of cliffs with terraces at their base.

The evidence of the former action of the sea along lines of coast now far beyond the reach of the waves, is of so satisfactory a kind, from the indirect evidences we have been considering, that it is scarcely strengthened by the presence of sea shells, corals, and crinoids in the gravels of the raised beaches. These, however, are not uncommon; and what is still more interesting, works of art and human remains have also been found associated with them, attesting that in some places the elevation of the land has taken place since the time that man was an inhabitant, and navigated the shores and creeks in his canoe. Sir H. De la Beche has mentioned in his *Report on the Geology of Devon and Cornwall*, that in mining gravel for tin, at Pertuan, in Cornwall, skulls and works of art were found lying at a depth of forty feet from the surface, under gravel containing marine shells of living species. Near Peterborough there is a deposit of estuarine gravel, containing, in alternate layers, fresh water and sea shells, occupying a position about twenty-five feet above the sea. In Gloucestershire, near Cheltenham, there is an old sea-shore gravel bed stretching to the base of the Cotteswold hills, and forming a level terrace, at an elevation of about forty feet. Higher up, on the flanks of the same range, there is a gravel bed clinging to the sides of the hills, at an elevation of about six hundred feet; and which, from its distinctly bedded arrangement, would appear to have been deposited in water at a time when the sea washed the base of the oolitic cliffs of the Cotteswold range. The two most marked raised beaches of the coast of Scotland both

contain marine shells. Those which are found in the twenty-five or thirty feet beach being all of recent species, and associated with works of art; while some of those in the forty-feet beach, the more ancient of the two, are of extinct species. In this latter beach no certain traces of human remains or works of art have yet been discovered.

The shores and fiords of Scandinavia present some of the most interesting examples of raised beaches with which we are acquainted. Sir C. Lyell has shown that, near Stockholm, there occur, at slight elevations above the sea level, horizontal beds of sand, loam, and marl, containing the same peculiar assemblage of testacea which now live in the brackish waters of the Baltic. Mingled with these at different depths, various rude works of art, and vessels built before the introduction of iron, have been detected. The level of this beach is about sixty feet above the surface of the Baltic; and in the same neighborhood at higher levels, more ancient beaches, with the same shells, but without any traces of the remains of man or his workmanship have been traced.* On the western coast, portions of raised beaches, containing shells of the species inhabiting the German Ocean, may be traced, lining the shores and winding along the sides of the deep inlets and fiords up to levels of six hundred feet above the ocean. What renders these littoral phenomena of Scandinavia of unusual interest, is the fact that the land is not only actually rising, but that attempts have been made with some success to measure the rate of elevation, which, at the North Cape, is considered to be equal to five feet in a century. On the coast of Denmark, however, this rate, according to M. Puggaard, is only equal to two or three inches in a century.

The floors of caves, especially in limestone districts, are sometimes lined with shingle containing shells of species living at the present day in the neighboring seas, together with bones of animals which inhabited the country either at the time the cave was in course of formation, or subsequently. The shores of the Mediterranean sea afford many illus-

trations of these and other kinds of raised beaches. In the island of Sicily there are caves of this kind so recently elevated that *serpulas* are still found clinging to their walls. Of these, the cave of San Ciro, near Palermo, is a good example. It is about twenty feet high, ten wide, and one hundred and eighty above the sea. Within it is found an ancient beach of pebbles of various rocks, many of which must have come from places far remote. Broken pieces of coral and shell, especially of oysters and pectens, are intermingled with the pebbles; and immediately above the level of this beach, *serpulas* are still found adhering to the rock, while the walls of the cave are perforated by *lithodomi*. The number of species of shells in this beach examined by Dr. Phillipi was about forty-five, all of which, with two or three exceptions, now inhabit the adjoining sea; while overlying this shell gravel is a deposit of bone-breccia, containing the remains of the mammoth, hippopotamus, and several species of deer.

The eastern shores of the same island present many striking instances of inland cliffs, and sea beaches, sometimes carved in solid white limestone. Among the most interesting are those of the Gozzo degli Martiri. Here the terraces rise above one another in a succession of semi-circular steps resembling a Roman amphitheatre. Another ancient sea wall of noble proportions runs along the coast both north and south of the town of Syracuse, varying in height from five hundred to seven hundred feet, and between its base and the sea is an inferior platform, the whole composed of solid limestone rock. Similar cliffs, with terraces at their base containing marine shells, are to be observed in the Morea, rising one above the other from the shores to elevations occasionally exceeding one thousand feet. These cliffs are sometimes penetrated by caves, the floors of which are paved with a breccia (or angular gravel) cemented into a solid stratum, and containing fragments of shells of species now living in the adjoining seas, such as *Strombus* and *Spondylus*. Caves and beaches, precisely similar, are now forming along the present shores, and if the coast were now to be still further elevated, another raised beach, in all respects similar to those

* Lyell: *Principles of Geology and Antiquity of Man*.

described, would be the result. The evidence of the shells found in these beaches goes to prove that, *geologically* speaking, this age is but as yesterday, yet it is doubtful whether the youngest of them had not been lifted beyond the reach of the waves when Agamemnon and his host sailed forth for the shores of Troy.

The "lateritic" formation of Madras and North Arcot in India, affords an example of a raised beach on a large scale, and one which has recently excited considerable interest from the discovery by Mr. Bruce Foote, of the Geological Survey, of stone implements similar to those found in the valley-gravels of Europe. Mr. Foote considers that the laterite, consisting of sand and gravel, was deposited at the bottom of a shallow sea studded with mountainous islands, between which flowed strong currents. Unfortunately no shells have as yet been discovered in this gravel; but the works of human skill show that the bed of the sea has been elevated into dry land along the shores of Southern India since the appearance of man.

I shall now request my reader to accompany me to the shores of the New World, and examine one or two remarkable cases of raised beaches there. Entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence we find the islands and coast presenting remarkable examples of these, together with sea-stacks and isolated masses of rock of the most fantastic forms, enough to employ the pencil of the artist and, we may add, the camera of the photographer for many a day to come. Captain Bayfield has published drawings of a group of sea-worn rock-pillars called "the flower-pots," in the Mingan Islands—the furthest from the shore being sixty feet above the reach of the highest tide; and Sir C. Lyell (in his *Manual of Geology*) gives a drawing of another group of limestone pillars in Niäpisca Island, belonging probably to the same level. Other examples are described in the works of the States Geological Surveys.

But the shores of South America afford perhaps the most stupendous examples of old coast terraces that are to be found in any part of the world. They occur along the sea border of Chile, Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia, and La Plata, throughout a coast line of several thousand

miles. At Coquimbo, Mr. Darwin, in his *Voyage of the Beagle*, describes five narrow, gently sloping, fringe-like terraces, formed of shingle, rising one behind the other, and sweeping up the valley for miles from both sides of the bay. At Guasco, north of Coquimbo, these phenomena are displayed on even a much grander scale. The terraces expand into plains, and line the valley for a distance of thirty-seven miles from the coast. Shells of many existing species lie on the surface of these terraces, or are imbedded in a friable calcareous stratum of which they are formed. Along the eastern coast, the same distinguished naturalist has traced a raised beach from the Rio Colorado for a distance of six hundred or seven hundred nautical miles southward. This beach spreads itself over the plains of Patagonia for an average distance of two hundred miles inland from the coast. He considers that the land, from the Rio de la Plata to Tierra del Fuego, a distance of twelve hundred nautical miles, has been raised in mass, in some parts to a height of four hundred feet, within the period of the existing sea shells, as these are found sometimes on the surface of the terraces partially retaining their colors! The uprising movement was interrupted at least eight times, during which the sea ate deeply back into the land, forming, at successive levels, lines of cliff, or escarpments, which separate the different plains as they rise like steps one above the other. The lowest plain is ninety feet above the sea level, and the highest ascended by Mr. Darwin near the coast, nine hundred and fifty feet, of which only relics are now left. The author to whom we are indebted for these details observes that the elevatory movements and the erosive action of the sea during the periods of rest have been equable over long lines of coast, for he found, to his surprise, that the step-like plains stood at nearly corresponding heights at far distant points.

These illustrations, drawn from both hemispheres of ancient sea margins and raised beaches, will probably suffice for the purpose of this paper, and there remains only one more subject of prominent interest to discuss, namely, the date of these elevations in regard to the age of man. That all the raised beaches we

have been considering are extremely recent, geologically speaking, is proved by the fact of their containing shells of living species almost exclusively; yet it by no means follows that some of them are not of more ancient date than the appearance of the human race. On the other hand, others, as we have seen in the case of the laterite of Southern India, and the thirty-feet beach of Scotland, are more recent, as they contain works of art. The most recent instance, perhaps, of coast elevation is that of the Bay of Baiæ, which, as shown by Sir C. Lyell in his *Principles of Geology*, has been partially submerged, and reëlevated within historic times. The Temple of Serapis was partially entombed in a beach now raised twenty-five feet above the sea, consisting of clay and volcanic matter, and containing pottery, portions of buildings, and numbers of shells of existing species in the bay. The emergence can be proved to have taken place since the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The age of the most recent of the raised beaches of Scotland, the thirty-feet beach, has occasioned a lively controversy. That it is more recent than the habitation of the country by the ancient Celtic tribes is attested by the canoes which have been found under the streets of Glasgow and further inland, imbedded in strata of sand, clay, and gravel, along with remains of whales, seals, and porpoises; but beyond all this it seems highly probable (if indeed not absolutely certain) that the elevation of this beach has taken place since the date of the Roman occupation of the country. The evidence is as follows: On the south shore of the Firth of Forth, there is a small stream near Falkirk, and several miles up this stream, and considerably beyond the reach of the tides, the foundations of old Roman docks were discovered and described by General Roy. These docks were built near the termination of the wall of Antoninus, which stretched across the island from the Firth of Forth to that of the Clyde. When these docks were built they stood of course on the banks of the sea, which never reaches the spot now. Another branch of the evidence has been ably elucidated by Mr. A. Geikie, and seems satisfactory. The wall of Antoninus,

built by the Romans to keep out the tribes on the north side from the territory they occupied, was, we may infer, carried from sea to sea at both ends, beyond which the sea itself would form a protection. Its eastern termination is recognized by most antiquarians as having been placed at Carriden, on the top of a considerable cliff overlooking the flat *carse* of Falkirk, which stretches down to the sea. Its western extremity, not having the favorable site offered by a cliff, terminates a short distance back from the sea margin of the Clyde. Now we must give the Roman Engineers credit for more sagacity than to suppose they would carry their wall across the country, and leave a level space at each end, which the Celtic warriors could easily steal round on a dark night and thus turn the flanks of these laborious lines of fortification. It is clear, therefore, that the wall was originally carried down to the water's edge, and probably some distance into both seas; and the subsequent elevation of the land appears to be a satisfactory explanation of the relation of the ends of the wall to the shores, especially when taken in connection with the position of the Roman docks near Falkirk already described. To those therefore who have witnessed the rapid waste going forward along some portions of our coast, it may be some consolation to know that, since the Roman occupation, millions of acres have been added to the land of Great Britain by the upheaval of that fringe of level land known as "the twenty-five or thirty feet" beach of Scotland.

Bentley's Miscellany.

THE PRÉCIEUSES OF THE PLACE ROYALE.*

THERE is an old quarter of Paris which we take special delight to visit, known as the "Mauvais." The hammer of the iconoclast has not yet invaded its precincts. The "Place Royale" remains as represented in engravings of the seventeenth century; the streets des Tournelles, de la Cerisaie, du Parc Royal, de la Perle, du Petit Muse, St. Paul,

* *Ninon de Lenclos et les Précieuses de la Place Royale.* Par M. CAPEFIGUE. Paris: Amyot.

and Lesdiguères, are not transformed; the fine old hôtels, which bring to mind the magistrates D'Ormesson, De Mesme, Saint Fargeau, and Lecogneux, and which reveal the splendors of the era of the financier Lamet and of the superintendent Fouquet, are still there.

Nothing could be more charming and more sprightly than the society of the Marais in the time of Louis XIII. It numbered Marion de Lorme, Ninon de Lenclos, Deshoulières, Sévigné, Scudéry, La Fayette, Scarron, Bussy-Rabutin, Saint Évremond, La Sablière, La Rochefoucauld, amid its votaries. Penetrating into those salons, whose Florentine tapestries and old-fashioned furniture are preserved, like relics of the past, we fancy we see seated in those arm chairs fair ladies with hair all in curls, whose society was so much coveted by the gentlemen and the "Mousquetaires" of the day, and who are most familiarly known as the "*précieuses*."

Of all the fair ladies of the Marais, who, while reflecting the gallantry and the spirit of the middle ages, first established the empire of woman, none was more popular or celebrated than Ninon de Lenclos. She lived from the time of Louis XIII. until the end of the reign of Louis XIV., and none of her contemporaries could boast of so many years and so many friends.

The delicious collection of enamels of Petitot preserve to us the features of those charming persons who constituted the *précieuses* of the Place Royale. Ninon de Lenclos appears in them as a very pretty delicate personage (not as she became afterwards plump and rotund), with a lively eye, a high forehead, and a half open mouth breathing voluptuousness. By her side is a young girl beaming with intelligence, the protégée of Ninon de Lenclos, the lover of the Chevalier de Meré, and the beloved of the superintendent Fouquet (who placed her portrait at the Château de Beaux by the side of that of Mademoiselle de la Vallière), Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame Scarron, and then the all-powerful Madame de Maintenon.

All the incidents of love and gallantry of the era of Louis XIII. attach themselves more or less to the beautiful quarter which at that time stretched from the old palace of the Tournelles, with its

trellises of grape vines and its groves of cherry trees (whence the names of Rues Beau-Treillis and de la-Cerisaie still to be met with), to beyond the Bastille Saint Antoine. When the old palace of Charles VII. was pulled down, Mary of Medicis, full of reminiscences of Florence, designed streets and squares, with fountains and lofty mansions amid which the Seine flowed, just as the Arno does through Pisa and the city of the Medicis. The Arsenal, in which dwelt the morose Sully, was completed in the time of Henri IV., and behind was the hôtel of the treasurer Lamet, a marvel of Venetian and Florentine architecture. When Henry IV. designed the Place Royale, his idea was to introduce a "Place" like that of St. Mark at Venice in Paris, with shops, galleries, and baths. The gentlemen who promenaded under those Italian colonnades wore broad-brimmed felt hats, with red feathers, and boots of yellow kid, with steel spurs, and black or gray cloaks, thrown, after the fashion of the Spaniards, over their short coats and white ruffs. Their adventurous aspect was heightened by a barbiche or barbichon (a tuft on the chin called "royal" at that time, because introduced by Louis XIII. in opposition to the Huguenot beard of Henri IV.), but, above all, by the fashion of wearing the rapier, the hand resting on the hilt, so that the point should stick up up from beneath the mantle, like a perpetual challenge to step aside into the meadows of the Bastille, the spot where these Gallic "Rodomonts" were at that epoch ever pricking one another in order to win favor in the eyes of the fair.

Among the fair and frail ones who paraded in the Place Royale was the ravishing Princess of Condé, with whom Henri IV. had fallen desperately in love in his old age. She and others dwelt in hôtels over the colonnade, or in the Rues des Tournelles, des Beaux-Treillis, de la Cerisaie, or in that of Saint Antoine, which, starting from the church of St. Gervais, the parish of armorers and workers in gold, just as Saint Eustache was of the drapers and butchers, stretched to St. Paul, where the "mignons" of Henri III. lay buried. Close by was the convent of the Célestins, anything but gloomy, for the monks were professional horticulturists, as also the

bitterness was when, while publicly administering the pledge in Dublin, he was arrested for the balance of an account due to a medal manufacturer; the bailiff to whom the duty was intrusted kneeling down among the crowd, asking his blessing, and then quietly showing him the writ. This is one of the many anecdotes told by Mr. Maguire, in his admirable *Life of Father Mathew*, who, we learn from the same authority, at a large party, attempted to make a convert of Lord Brougham, who resisted, good humoredly but resolutely, the efforts of his dangerous neighbor. "I drink very little wine," said Lord Brougham; "only half a glass at luncheon, and two half glasses at dinner; and though my medical adviser told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so." "They are wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you are wrong in taking the small quantity you do; but I have my hopes of you." And so, after a pleasant resistance on the part of the learned lord, Father Mathew invested his lordship with the silver medal and ribbon, the insignia and collar of the Order of the Bath. "Then I will keep it," said Lord Brougham, "and take it to the House, where I shall be sure to meet the old Lord —, the worse of liquor, and I will put it on him." Lord Brougham was as good as his word; for, on meeting the veteran peer, he said: "Lord —, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon quietly over his neck. "Then I'll tell you what it is, Brougham, by — I will keep sober for this day," said his lordship, who kept his word, to the great amusement of his friends.

One of the most eccentric emblems set up in our time was the wood-cut of a gridiron, which for many years headed the *Political Register* of William Cobbett, as a sign of the political martyrdom which he avowed he was prepared to undergo, upon certain conditions. He often threatened to set up an iron gridiron over his publishing office in Bolt-court and Fleet-street, but did not carry his threat into execution. The gridiron will be recollected as one of the emblems of St. Lawrence, and we see it as a large gilt vane of one of the city churches dedicated to the saint. As he

was broiled on a gridiron for refusing to give up the treasures of the church committed to his care, so Cobbett vowed that he would consent to be broiled upon a gridiron, in his *Register*, dated Long Island, on the 24th of September, 1819, wherein he wrote the well-known prophecy on Peel's Cash Payment bill of that year, as follows: "I, William Cobbett, assert that to carry their bill into effect is impossible; and I say that, if this bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castlereagh leave to lay me on a gridiron, and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans."

On the hoisting of the gridiron in triumph, he wrote and published the fulfilment of his prophecy by the following statement: "Peel's bill, together with the law about small notes, which last were in force when Peel's bill was passed—these laws, all taken together, if they had gone into effect, would have put an end to all small notes on the first day of May, 1823; but to precede this blowing-up of the whole of the funding system, an act was passed, in the month of July, 1822, to prevent these laws, and especially that part of Peel's bill which put an end to small Bank of England notes, from going into full effect; thus the system received a respite, but thus did the Parliament fulfil the above prophecy of September, 1819."

A large sign gridiron was actually made for Mr. Cobbett. It was of dimensions sufficient for him to have lain thereon (he was six feet high); the implement was gilt, and we remember to have seen it displayed in the office window in Fleet-street; but it was never hoisted outside the office. It was long to be seen on the gable end of a building next Mr. Cobbett's house at Kensington. Cobbett possessed extraordinary native vigor of mind; but every portion of his history is marked by strange blunders. Shakespeare, the British Museum, antiquity, posterity, America, France, Germany, are, one and all, either wholly indifferent to him, or the objects of his bitter contempt. He absurdly designated the British Museum a "bundle of dead insects." When he had a subject that suited him, he is said to have handled it not as an accomplished writer,

world; but the romances of Madeleine Scudéry had corrupted her, as well as many others, who were led to deem marriage to be an abdication of the "rights of woman." The theme is not so new as some people deem it to be. Her first lover, the financier Porticelli, had loaded her with presents. Cinq-Mars was so enamoured that he wished to marry her, and that when La Ferté, Sennectère, Miossens, Châtillon, and Brissac were sighing at her feet. Marion, however, would neither marry the king's favorite nor any one else. Yet it is recorded of her that she was attentive to her religious duties, and assiduous in her attendance at the "Minimes," now a barrack of gendarmerie.

It was otherwise with Ninon de Lenclos; she had, it is said, been educated in the principles of Epicurean philosophy by M. de Lenclos. There was a school at that epoch, among whom were Gassendi, the master of Molière, Peiresc, and others, who openly professed a spirit of skepticism and the paramount law of pleasure; and M. de Lenclos was one of its members. Hence it was that Ninon de Lenclos knew no moral restraints. The first object of her affections is said to have been Andelot (afterwards Châtillon); but it was the mere caprice of a moment, and she soon exchanged him for another. Before she had attained her nineteenth year (she was born in 1616) she had had Saint Estienne and M. de Ronvrai for lovers; and M. de Coulon, a rich parliamentary counsellor, allowed her five hundred livres a month.

At this first epoch of her life Ninon is said to have most favored wealthy suitors, and she took with open hand from Rambouillet, Porticelli, and others of their stamp. Her salon was hung with yellow Damascus silk, and furnished with costly elegance. She received in it princes, gentlemen, financiers, counsellors, and authors, but few of her own sex; and yet her salon had not at that epoch acquired the importance which it did during the stirring epoch of the Fronde, when the Marais became one of the centres of conspiracy, and Ninon de Lenclos's salon its heart.

Ninon's bosom friends were Madame Goudran, née Bigot d'Hédonville, held in high esteem at the Place Royale, and

Mademoiselle Paulet, who, though from Languedoc, had golden hair and a brilliantly fair complexion, to which were added all the life and animation of the south. This fair lady had a M. de Guise, one of the great leaguings race, as a lover upon starting in life, and could not forget him. The counsellor of the *précieuses* was a Madam Pilon, the wealthy wife of a procureur au châtelet, but her advice was not always abided by. "Do what you have a mind," she used to say, "but never commit yourselves on paper." Such advice was lost upon persons like Madame de Rohan, who, replete with wit and repartee, never let a sonnet to her charms go by unanswered. Madame de Rohan, who was an enthusiastic admirer of Madeleine de Scudéry, had abandoned the splendid hotel of the Guiches, simply for the pleasure of dwelling with the *précieuses* on "la Place," as the Place Royale was often spoken of for brevity sake, and to stroll with them in the afternoon under the shade of its old elm trees; whence came the old proverb, "Attendez-moi sous l'orme." Madeleine de Scudéry was also of meridional descent, being from Apt in Provence, and she ruled as queen by her abilities, which, adapted to the taste of the day in her *Carte du Tendre*, became the model for the writings of Bussy-Rabutin, Hamilton, D'Artagnan, and the Hudibrastic Scarron, the wits of "la Place," at a time when the court sojourned at Saint Germain.

How it happened that Louis XIII., wedded to the fair Anne of Austria, surrounded by the brilliant "dames d'honneur" whom Mary of Medicis attached from policy to her person, himself passionately addicted to field-sports, should have found his way to the Marais, we are not told; but certain it is that, between 1630 and 1635, the king became deeply enamoured of a noble lady of that quarter, Louise Motier de la Fayette, of the old Auvergnat family of that name. A clew may be discerned to the incident in Cinq-Mars superseding as favorite to the monarch Barradas, whom Louis had discarded as a creature of Richelieu's (and the cardinal took upon himself always either to supply the favorites, male or female, of the monarch, or to bribe and corrupt them to his purposes). Now, Cinq-Mars

passed much of his time in the society of the Place Royale, and he may have excited the king's curiosity by the history of its amours and its intrigues. M. le Grand, however, as he was called, was at first also a creature of the all-powerful minister. Tallemant des Réaux has treated the character of Cinq-Mars ignobly, as he has indeed that of the court of Louis XIII., his gentlemen, his Mousquetaires, and the ladies of honor of the queen. It is much to be regretted that some writers have adopted his abominable stories as historical truths. There could not, M. Capefigue assures us, be greater or more detestable perversions of truth than are to be met with in his pages. Alfred de Vigne has, however, more than vindicated the character of Cinq-Mars in our own times. He has, indeed, made a faultless hero of the youthful favorite. Cinq-Mars, was, however, admittedly protected at the outset by the cardinal, and placed by him in antagonism to Mademoiselle de la Fayette. The intrigue succeeded. The coöperation of M. Vincent (afterwards Saint Vincent de Paul) was obtained, and at twenty-five years of age Mademoiselle de la Fayette withdrew from a king's love to take the veil in the convent of Sainte Marie Saint Antoine.

What were the people doing, it may be asked, while Mary of Medicis and Anne of Austria, with their bexies of fair ones, kept court at Saint Germain, and the *précieuses* held away over poets and orators, Mousquetaires and chevaux légers, in the Marais? They used to meet at the clock-tower, called the Samaritaine, near the Pont Neuf, to listen to the buffoons Tabarin and Mondes, who recited ballads and epigrams à propos of the beauties of the Court and the "Place," and of the gallantry of certain personages, known as Baron Gratelard and Captain Rodomont; while, at the other side of the bridge, the Italian troop of the *Ecluse* displayed their arlequin and colombine, novelties, at that epoch, to a public always imitative of its leaders, and given up, like them, to dreamy fantastic notions, which could only be enlivened by the extreme of burlesque and grotesque. This was also the epoch of the bully, Cyrano de Bergerac, who was so

ugly that it was impossible not to laugh at him, yet to laugh was followed by an inevitable challenge. He was called "le diable des Mousquetaires," and was at the same time a creature of the cardinal's.

But Richelieu was growing old and infirm, and there were not wanting those who rebelled against his capricious tyranny. The literary *Aspasias* of the Place Royale had ever been opposed to the man who had persecuted the only one of their set who had become a maid of honor and a protégée of the king's—Mademoiselle de la Fayette. The whole body of the parliament were also opposed to the cardinal's policy. Many bore an inveterate hatred to his person from private grievances. Such especially were M. de Thou and Cinq-Mars, who negotiated a treaty with Spain, for which they suffered the last penalty of the law.

The public execution of the gallant, handsome, and brave, but misled young gentleman, was a severe blow to the Place Royale. Cinq-Mars had been chief favorite with Marion Delorme, who shared the sceptre of the Marais with Ninon de Lenclos, just as much as Louis XIII. did that of St. Germain with Richelieu. For a time, all tongues were silenced, and none dared to commit themselves to writing; but a great change supervened upon the death of the inflexible minister. The exiled of the hôtels of the Rues Saint Antoine, du Beau-Treillis, de Saint Paul, and de Lesdiguière—Gaston d'Orléans, the Duke of Beaufort, the Marshals de Bassompierre and de Vitry, and Count de Cramail, all struck down by Richelieu—reappeared in their favorite haunts. The veteran Bassompierre became the hero, and Saint Evremont the literary trumpet, of the opposition under Mazarin. Still greater license in words and in manners was manifested at the death of Louis XIII., under the regency of Anne of Austria. The regency was an epoch of triumph for Marion Delorme and Ninon de Lenclos—the two *Lais* of the Place Royale, as the classic Saint Evremont called them. Marion had attained her thirtieth year at the time of the execution of Cinq-Mars, but she was still in the possession of all her charms; and although avaricious by nature, she lived

in great luxury. Ninon de Lenclos is said to have been even still more acquisitive. Besides the regular subsidies which she received from the counsellor Coulon and the financier Rambouillet, she is said to have drawn bills of exchange upon her lovers with the rapacity of a Jewess. Like Marion, Ninon played on the lute and danced to her own accompaniments. The lute and the *théorbe* were the instruments most in vogue before Lully introduced the violin. There is a portrait of Ninon de Lenclos in the collection of engravings at the Imperial Library, in which she is represented seated at an instrument in the form of a piano; it is not an organ, for it has no pipes, yet it has three rows of keys, one above the other, which permitted a certain development in the octaves and gamuts.

The importance of the Place Royale began, however, at this epoch to be affected by the rising influence of the two Hôtels Rambouillet, which must not be confounded. One was, as before observed, at Reuilly; the other (formerly the Hôtel-Pisani) was in the quarter of the Tuileries, where are now the galleries of the Louvre. The first, inhabited by rich financiers, attracted those men of the world who are always ready to pay their court where double louis and golden pistoles most abound. The family of Rambouillet, which inhabited the Hôtel Pisani, was of quite a different order. The head of the house, the Marquis of Rambouillet, was of the family of Argennes, and his wife, sprung from the Pisanis of Florence, was one of the most favored and best informed of Mary de Medicis's maids of honor. She had learned Latin in order to read Virgil, and Spanish in order to recite Castilian poems to Anne of Austria. The marquise drew well, had exquisite taste in house and theatrical decorations, after the fashion of the day, which was chiefly addicted to mythological representations; and she was aided in these poetico-dramatic pursuits by Conrad, Voiture, Patru, Bois Robers, and Maugras. Her daughter Julie, afterwards Duchess of Montensier, was a person of infinite charms, both of mind and person. It was for her that was composed the famous garland of animated flowers, the *ms.* of which, by Jassy, is said to have sold for

14,510 francs.* The beautiful Mademoiselle Paulet, before alluded to, was another of the animated flowers of the Hôtel Rambouillet. All these fair ladies and gallant gentlemen passed their time in playing mythological ballets. The passion was so great for such, that, disdaining the realities of life, the name of heathen goddesses were assumed by living persons. Thus, for example, the marquise was known as "Arthémise," and the fair Paulet, of whom it was written,

" Qui fit la musique de ce ballet ?
Ce fut la petite Paulet,"

was "Arthénise" (Artemis and Artemisia are known to us, but not the latter name); and she was also called the "Lioness," on account of her hair of golden yellow. It was in the Hôtel Rambouillet that a thousand new expressions became adopted and familiarized, polishing off and refining what had taken root in the Place Royale, and the two together had much positive influence in modifying the French language. They were the school in which Madame de Sévigné, Bussey-Rabutin, and Saint Evremont were formed, and from which emanated at a later period Hamilton and Voltaire.

The former literary importance of the Place Royale was thus in its turn effaced by that of the Hôtel Rambouillet, and the wits who once peopled the groves of the Marais emigrated to the "Place," which became known, from the chivalrous festivals held there during the minority of Louis XIV., as the "Carrousel." But the Place Royale suddenly assumed a new importance under the Fronde. Almost all the parliamentary men dwelt in the Marais. They met every evening on the "Place," and it was from thence that the "Mazarinades," which constitute of themselves a collection of twenty volumes in quarto at the Imperial Library, emanated, to be afterwards chanted on the Point Neuf. The first meetings of the Frondeurs were held in this quarter. The measures dictated to the Hôtel de Ville to insure the success of popular insurrection also had their origin on the Place Royale,

* La Guirlande de Julie, pour Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, Julie d'Argennes.

and it was there that arms were first resorted to, when the President Broussel was transferred to the Bastille by order of Anne of Austria. Master Scarron gave the signal for the festival which led to the barricades of the Rue Saint Antoine and to the capture of the Arsenal and the Bastille—events which were at that epoch celebrated by illuminations, dances, and other extravagances, on the "Place."

The massing of royal troops around the Marais and the Faubourg Saint Antoine terrified the monks and nuns only. Mademoiselle de la Fayette fled to Chaillot, where she founded a convent; but the democratic "White Mantles" still held by the Place Royale and the Hôtel de Guise. When Anne of Austria fled from the cardinal's palace to Saint Germain, the Place Royale became one of the seats of popular government; the municipal action remained with the Hôtel de Ville, but the heart and soul of the movement was in the Marais. As usual, however, in all such cases, there were two parties there, one of them favored by the "grande Mademoiselle;" and Madame de Longueville would admit of no temporizing with the court, queen, or cardinal. It was they who put into the young king's mouth the words—

"Maman est Mazarine,
Et je suis Mazarin."

Others were more moderate in their views, and were open to arrangements which should not compromise the people. Marion Delorme and Ninon de Lenclos sided with this latter party; the turmoil of sedition was unfavorable to the pursuit of pleasure, and their finances suffered from the demands of an armed revolt. Nay, Capefigue insinuates that Ninon was so far reduced in circumstances that she was induced to give up her blue chamber to Meré, that he might meet there Mademoiselle d'Aubigne, afterwards Madame Scarron, and then Marchioness of Maintenon. This is a disagreeable bit of scandal to repeat, and respect for Madame de Maintenon's literary distinction would have led us to pass it over; but the memory of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the contempt we feel for the courtesan turned bigot in her old days, forbid our doing so. Besides, there were many

others as brilliant and as gifted as she in these peculiar times, whose characters none have attempted to rehabilitate, as has been done with Madame de Maintenon; and it is asserted that Ninon de Lenclos was tolerated by Louis XIV., solely on account of the secrets which she held concerning his most "austere and pious" mistress.

The poet Scarron belonged to the extreme party, and he declaimed in Hudibrastic verse to the Frondeurs against all conciliation:

"C'est mauvais présage pour vous
Qu'une Fronde n'est qu'une corde,"

is an amusing play after the word "sling" and "slingers" attached to the party. So also with Mademoiselle de Scudéry, a true hero-worshipper, and whose particular hero at that epoch was the Prince of Condé, whom she compared to Cyrus and to Alexander the Great! There was actually only one publicist at the time who had the courage to defend the Cardinal. This was Renaudot, founder of a broadsheet, which afterwards became the *Gazette de France*, in which he launched forth cutting epigrams against the Place Royale and its insurgents, male and female. They were truly fair game for the satirist, and even Scarron himself, when Mazarin was exiled, was base enough to solicit subsidies from the Queen. "In times of revolution," Capefigue justly remarks, "we must not place implicit reliance on the incorruptibility of those who talk loudest; their shrieking voices often only claim a contribution, and they go with a pamphlet in hand, like the Spanish beggars who solicit charity with a pointed musket."

The Place Royale, so vindictive in its opposition to Mazarin, was struck down on his restoration to power. The Fronde was vanquished, the Mousquetaires dispersed, and the hostility of the Marais for ever stilled. The quarter became henceforward, not only no longer the fashion, but a thing of the past in the history of public insurrections. The court and all Paris were occupied with the marriage of Louis XIV. with the Infanta of Spain. The leaguers were old men; the Frondeurs were shelved. Marion Delorme was defunct (she died in 1650, thirty-nine years of age), and Ni-

non was on the other side of forty. Mademoiselle de Scudéry was laughed at; Saint Evremont was in exile; Bassompierre in disgrace; Scarron was exhausted and dying. Mazarin was creating the new Faubourg Saint Germain, and the Place Royale was superseded by the Carrousel for public entertainments and tournaments—the most brilliant of which was given in honor of Mademoiselle de la Vallière.

The literature which emanated from the Place Royale had always been democratic in its tendency. Some of the best of Courcilles's tragedies had been written, and even played, during the troubles of the Fronde. The writings of Scudéry, La Fontaine, Saint Evremont, Bussy - Rabutin, Rochefoucauld, Sévigné, all betray the same regrets for the past and for the bright times of the Place Royale. So long as Fouquet remained in power, the *précieuses* were never wanting in a friend. Ninon is, indeed, said to have favored the attentions of the luxurious superintendent towards Mademoiselle de la Vallière, as she had done those of Meré towards Madame Scarron. "Jamais surintendant n'a trouvé de cruelles," wrote Boileau at a later epoch, to irritate Louis XIV. against Fouquet, the then persecuted captive.

But to this free and sparkling literature a new school succeeded, under the ascendancy of the "Grand Monarque." Molière led the way by his satires against "Les Précieuses ridicules" of the Place Royale and the Hôtel Rambouillet. Boileau followed suit in servile adulation. *L'Art Poétique* is a satire against the literature of the Fronde and the wits of the Place Royale. It is the same with Racine; from his *Agamemnon* to his *Assuérus*, it is always Louis XIV. "Es-ther" was Madame de Maintenon.

The Place Royale had become as an unknown territory to the court of Versailles, and yet a certain prestige always attached itself to the beauty and talents of Ninon de Lenclos. She was not received at Versailles, and yet she was not in disgrace; for in her latter days she had a powerful protectress at court in the person of Madame de Maintenon, who feared her more than she loved her, and wished to see her pass away in tranquillity, absorbed in her absurd pre-

tensions to youth and the practices of an Epicurean philosophy.

Ninon de Lenclos had as a friend in her old age the poet Chapelle, the friend of Bachaumont, and he persevered in inditing sonnets and verses in praise of her undying charms and graces. Ninon herself wrote verses worthy of the society of which she was one of the leaders. Her repartees were admirable for point, and have been often quoted. But, as she grew old, epigrams did not spare her:

" Il ne faut pas qu'on s'étonne
Si Souvent elle raisonne
De la sublime vertu
Dont Platon fut revêtu ;
Car, à bien compter son age,
Elle peut avoir vécu
Avec ce grand personnage."

She wrote to Saint Evremont to come to Paris, and that he would find her as fair as in her best days. The poet replied, "When two lovers have known one another, both being young and handsome, they must not meet again when old and worn out, if they wish to preserve pleasant illusions." The Fronde died out finally in the person of "deux vieilles filles amoureuses," Ninon de Lenclos and la grand Mademoiselle—the latter having taken for consort the rakish Duc de Lauzun. Marion Delorme died in the plenitude of her charms; but a superannuated courtesan, however rich in intellectual gifts, is always ridiculous, and often hideous, inevitably reminding one of those aged creatures that Giotto has depicted at the Campo Santo of Pisa, wrapped in the folds of serpents which bite the flesh that has sinned.

It is, however, still a pleasant thing to wander on a quiet evening from the now frequented parts of Paris, and stroll pensively through the streets and "Place" of the Marais. They are peopled to the imagination with the shades of the past — Mousquetaires and chevaux légers, white and black mantles — Frondeurs, libellists, duellists, and financiers silently parading their arcades; Scarron, Maintenon, Scudéry, and Sévigné holding séances with the wit and talent of the day; crowds of gentlemen dancing attendance at the portals of Ninon de Lenclos, and Cinq-Mars cantering to a rendezvous with Marion Delorme. Such a pilgrimage has more in it than an even-

ing spent in what was, until recently, the Palais Royal, even with its souvenirs of the "petits soupers" of the Regency.

British Quarterly.

A SPANISH REFORMER IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.*

ONE is almost weary of the praise lavished on the voluptuous beauty of the Bay of Naples. Artist and poet, historian and novelist, have exhausted their power of expression in depicting its loveliness. That city of enchantment, the palaces and fortresses of which, intersected with vineyards and orange groves, emulate in fantastic outline its magical background of rich foliage and hoary crag, is ever haunted by the mighty presence of the flaming mountain, and mirrored in the sea of glass, which, like a sapphire set in frosted silver, gleams with always changing radiance and redoubled beauty, as the pageant of an Italian sky passes over all.

The dreariest chronicler, as he touches this enchanted shore, pauses for a moment to dilate upon its charms. The most subjective and abstractive sage kindles with enthusiasm as he passes under the shadows of Capri and Ischia, or climbs the fort of St. Elmo. Nevertheless, we must confess that neither the Museo Borbonico, nor the boisterous life of the Chiaja, nor the grim solitudes of Pompeii, nor the fierce struggles of loyalty and liberty, have availed to confer such deep interest upon the scene, as that which the author of the above-mentioned work has excited by unveiling to our view in these modest and scholarly pages, the life, the sanctity, the Platonic love, the magnetic attractions of the mighty electric sympathies with truth and goodness, which are suggested by the name and life work of Juan de Valdés. That Naples, during the Pontificate of Adrian and Clement, should, under the very nose of the Inquisition, have been the abode and

quiet home of a spirit like his; that the Church of Rome, in those days of fierce persecution and close conflict with the powers of the world and the energies of emancipated thought, in the travail of its own vigorous reaction should have veritably failed to trample into dust the daring independent thinker, whose life is portrayed, and some of whose writings are translated in this sumptuous volume, is as great a marvel as is the continued existence under the shadow of the half-cooled lava stream of Vesuvius of those cynosures of paradisaical loveliness which nestle contentedly amid their olive groves and oranges. Yet so it was, and we feel under a heavy debt of obligation to Mr. Wiffen for the research and care which have made us familiar with the man, whose words of life were the joy of sainted Herbert and quaint Walton, and which excited unbounded admiration, not only in the breast of the gifted lady whose religious history was intertwined with his own, but in the calm and imperial intellect of the great Erasmus. Although the principal work of De Valdés has been translated into many modern languages, yet our ecclesiastical historians and biographical dictionaries are, for the most part, either silent or erroneous in their estimate of his influence. Even Ranke devotes only a hesitating page to the subject, and Bayle retails an unsustained charge against his doctrine. Mr. Wiffen, with commendable zeal, has accumulated every scrap of accessible information on the subject, and his sketch of Juan de Valdés, and of his twin brother Alfonso, becomes an interesting monograph on the times in which they lived. The curious resemblance of the two brothers in feature, intellect, and spirit, not only led their contemporaries to confound them with each other, but justifies their modern biographer in interweaving copious extracts from the letters and compositions of Alfonso to Erasmus and others, at the period when he was Latin secretary to the Emperor during the chancellorship of Mercurino de Gattinara. These letters throw interesting side lights upon great historical personages, and events of world-wide importance. Thus, the coronation of Charles the Fifth, the effect of the Diet of Worms on the Court of the Emperor,

* *Life and Writings of Juan de Valdés, Spanish Reformer in the Sixteenth Century.* By BENJAMIN B. WIFFEN: with a translation from the Italian of his "Hundred and Ten Considerations." By JOHN T. BETTS. London: Bernard Quaritch.

and the efforts made for conciliation between the Emperor and Melancthon; the battle of Pavia and the sack of Rome, the imprisonment of the Pope, Clement VIII.; and the secret machinations, licentiousness, and contentions of the Pontifical Court, all start into vivid reality in the correspondence and brochures of the young secretary. The dialogue, in which Alfonso de Valdés endeavors to justify, on religious grounds, the sack of Rome, and throws the entire blame of the transactions upon the reigning Pontiff, for vigorous handling of Roman vices, and incisive criticisms of monkish superstition, is worthy of Luther himself. It is supposed that his brother Juan was, to a large extent, responsible for the authorship of the dialogue, although Alfonso, as Latin secretary to the Emperor, hoped to sustain the brunt of ecclesiastical indignation, and shield his brother with the ægis of imperial favor. Although elevated to this important position by a group of Spanish patriots and ardent reformers, and occupying it with great distinction, yet the reputation that he acquired by this document made the Court too warm for his continued occupancy of his post, and at this point Alfonso disappears from history, while Juan, no longer able to avoid the emissaries of the Spanish Inquisition, escaped to Italy, and spent the remainder of his days in comparatively undisturbed retirement at Naples. Here, though within the pale of the Church, he gathered around him a group of admiring and sympathetic spirits, among whom we may name the celebrated Peter Martyr Vermilius, who afterwards exercised so much influence on the English Reformation, to whom his high cultivation, saintly character, biblical erudition, and insight into the mysteries of the spiritual life, formed the great attraction. We presume that it was because his instructions were, during his lifetime, in the main confined to this select company that they were suffered to be given without interruption. Destitute of the polemical spirit, and occupied chiefly with the positive results of his personal study of God's Word, they were adopted to undermine rather than to bombard the intrenchments of sacerdotalism; treating the Holy Scriptures as an adequate divine informant,

and drawing thence with reverent patience and humility the living waters of truth, they were fit to satisfy a raging spiritual thirst, rather than to provoke the jealousy of ecclesiastics. His thoughts, like the rich clusters of the Italian vines, were pressed into the consecrated chalice of quiet love, unlike the winged seeds of Luther's thought, which were borne throughout the world on the angry hurricane of national strife, and wherever they alighted created whole harvests of controversy.

There is much in the form of the *CX. Considerations*, which reminds the reader of *The Theologia Germanica*, and even in "the lovely and lofty things concerning the Divine Life," spoken by the German mystic, there are many points of resemblance to the meditations of Juan de Valdés. Still the affinity is, in our opinion, more apparent than real, and they stand mutually related to Luther rather than to each other. The one prepared the way for the Reformed doctrine, the other could hardly have been written until that doctrine had been formulated. The former stands on its personal relationship to God, facing the deep abysses of Being with the might of a self-abnegation which all but defies the soul, and so in its transcendental metaphysics is independent of priest, of sacrament, of dogma, and of Bible, and has thus become the parent of Protestant and skeptical mysticism. The latter, though interpreting with marvellous fulness the laws of the Spirit of life, never appears independent of the special revelation of God in Christ in Holy Scripture, and in the objective reality of the sufferings, righteousness, and priestly intercession of the Redeemer. These *Considerations* cannot be read as an ordinary treatise, but must be digested one by one, with intervals of prayer, and sacrifice, and holy living. They must take their place with *The Imitations of Christ*, *The Theologia Germanica* and *The Christian Year*; but they are not disfigured by either the asceticism of the first, the mysticism of the second, or the sacramentarianism of the third. The man of the world will soon discover that their author understands *his* position, and does not guess at it from the cloister, and the modern student of Scripture will find that the spiritual penetration of De

Valdés has anticipated the results of his best exegesis. It particularly interests us to observe that De Valdés did not shrink from a clear enunciation of the penal satisfaction rendered by our blessed Lord to the justice of God, and that he held, at the same time, no less firmly, the subjective, moral, and experimental aspects of the Atonement wrought in us. It is impossible, in this brief notice, to give our readers any fair idea of the topics of these *Considerations*, and of the quaint, original, spiritual force with which they are expounded. The translation by Mr. Betts appears to us most admirable and effective. He has contrived to give a delightful archaicism not only to the face of his type, but to the fashion of his English, which imparts to it much of the flavor of an original work. He has had the advantage of twelve editions in the English, French, Italian, and Spanish languages, to aid his undertaking, and he appears studiously to have followed the advice of Dr. Boehmer, to make his translation "as simple in mode of expression as it is in the original, unabbreviated and unchanged." We think we cannot better recommend this part of the volume than by quoting from a letter of George Herbert, on returning a copy of it to his friend, Nicholas Ferrar (its first translator into English), in the year 1637.

"My deare and deserving brother—Your Valdesso I now return with many thanks, and some notes, in which, perhaps, you will discover some care, which I forbore not in the midst of my griefes, first, for your sake, because I would do nothing negligently which you commit unto mee; secondly, for the author's sake, whom I conceive to have been a true servant of God, and to such and all that is theirs I owe diligence; thirdly, for the Church's sake, to whom, by printing it, I would have you consecrate it. You owe the Church a debt, and God hath put this into your hands (as he sent the fish with mony to St. Peter) to discharge it; happily also with this (as his thoughts are fruitfull), intending the honor of his servant, the author, who, being obscured in his own country, he would have to flourish in this land of light and region of the Gospell among his chosen. It is true there are some things which I like not in him, as my fragments will expresse, when you read them; neverthelesse, I wish you by all means to publish it, for these three eminent things observable therein; first, that God in the midst of Popery should open the eyes of

one to understand and expresse so clearly and excellently the intent of the Gospell, in the acceptation of Christ's righteousness (as he sheweth through all his "Considerations") a thing strangely buried, and darkened by the adversaries, and their great stumbling-block. Secondly, the great honor and reverence, which he everywhere beares towards our dear Master and Lord, concluding every "Consideration" almost with his Holy Name, and setting his merit forth so piously, for which I doe so love him, that were there nothing else I would print it, that with it the honor of my Lord might be published. Thirdly, the many pious rules of ordering our life, about mortification and observation of God's kingdom within us, and the working thereof, of which he was a very diligent observer. These three things are very eminent in the author, and overweigh the defects (as I conceive) towards the publishing thereof, etc.

"GEORGE HERBERT.

"BEMERTON, Sept. 29, 1637."

Temple Bar.

MODERN ECCENTRICS.

SCORES, nay, hundreds of volumes, have been gathered upon the oddities of character which mankind, in all ages, have presented to the observant writer who loves to "shoot folly as it flies." Voltaire has said: "Every country has its foolish notions. . . . Let us not laugh at any people;" but it would be difficult to find any age which has not its curiosities of character to be laughed at and turned to still better account; for, of whatever period we write something may be done in the way of ridicule towards turning the popular opinion. Diogenes owes much of his celebrity to his contempt of comfort, by living in a tub, and his oddity of manner. Orator Henley preached from his "gilt tub" in Clare market, and thus earned commemoration in the *Dunciad*:

"Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain;
Oh, worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But Fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and haul.

Eccentricity has its badge and char-

acteristics by which it gains distinction and notoriety, and which, in some cases, serve as a lure to real excellence. The preaching of Rowland Hill is allowed to have been excellent; but his great popularity was won by his eccentric manner, and the many piquant anecdotes and witticisms, and sallies of humor unorthodox, with which, during his long ministry, he interlarded his sermons. However, he thought the end justified the means; and certain it is that it drew very large congregations. The personal allusion to his wife, which Rowland Hill is related to have used in the pulpit, were, however, fictitious, and at which Hill expressed great indignation. "It is an abominable untruth," he would exclaim; "derogatory to my character as a Christian and a gentleman. They would make me out a bear."

The success of Edward Irving, the popular minister of the National Scotch Church in London, was of a more mixed character. His sermons were not liked at first; and it was not until he was recognized by Dr. Chalmers that Irving became popular. But he was turned out of his church, and treated as a madman, and he died an outcast heretic. "There was no harm in the man," says a contemporary; "and what errors he entertained, or extravagances he allowed, in connection with supposed miraculous gifts, were certain, in due time, to burn themselves out. It was not so much the error of his doctrine, as the peculiarity of his manner, the torrent of his eloquence, his superlative want of tact, that provoked his enemies and frightened his friends. The strength of his faith was wonderful. Once, when he was called to the bedside of a dying man late at night, he went forth, but presently returned, and beckoned one of his friends to accompany him. The reason was, that he really believed in the efficacy of prayer, and held to the promise, "If *two* of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that ye shall ask, it shall be done." It was necessary, therefore, that two should go to the sick man. So, also, he had a child that died in infancy, to whom he was in the habit of addressing "words of godliness to nourish the faith that was in him;" and Irving adds the "patient heed of the child was wonderful." He really believed that the

infant, by some incomprehensible process, could group what he was saying, and profit by it. His love for children verged upon eccentricity; and he, a man of mark in London at that time, might be seen day by day, stalking along the streets of Pentonville of an afternoon, his wife by his side, and his baby in his arms.

No great cause was ever inaugurated with more eccentric or more genuine fervor, than the advocacy of temperance principles by Father Mathew, the Capuchin friar. "Here goes, in the name of God!" said the Father on the 10th of April, 1838, when he pledged his name in the cause of temperance, and together with the Protestant priest, Charles Duncombe, the Unitarian philanthropist, Richard Dowden, and the stout Quaker, William Martin, publicly inaugurated a movement at Cork, destined in a few years to count its converts by millions, and to spread its influence as far as the English language is spoken. In this good work, the habitually impulsive temperament of the Irish was acted upon for the purest and most beneficial of purposes; and one element of its success lay in the unselfishness of the Father, who was himself a serious sufferer by the results of his philanthropic exertions. A distillery in the south of Ireland, belonging to his family, and from which he himself derived a large income, was shut up in consequence of the disuse of whiskey among the lower orders occasioned by his preaching. But his "Riv-erance" was most unscrupulously tyrannized over by his servant John, a wizened old bachelor, with a red nose, privately nourished by Bacchus; and he was only checked in his evil doings when the Father, more exasperated than usual, exclaimed, "John, if you go on in this way, I must certainly leave this house." On one occasion there was a frightful smack of whiskey pervading the pure element which graced the board, which he accounted for by saying he had placed the forbidden liquid, with which he "cleaned his tins," in the jug by mistake.

The temperance cause prospered, but Father Mathew, through his eccentric love of giving, found it impossible to keep out of debt, which ever kept him in thralldom. The hour of his deepest

bitterness was when, while publicly administering the pledge in Dublin, he was arrested for the balance of an account due to a medal manufacturer; the bailiff to whom the duty was intrusted kneeling down among the crowd, asking his blessing, and then quietly showing him the writ. This is one of the many anecdotes told by Mr. Maguire, in his admirable *Life of Father Mathew*, who, we learn from the same authority, at a large party, attempted to make a convert of Lord Brougham, who resisted, good humoredly but resolutely, the efforts of his dangerous neighbor. "I drink very little wine," said Lord Brougham; "only half a glass at luncheon, and two half glasses at dinner; and though my medical adviser told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so." "They are wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you are wrong in taking the small quantity you do; but I have my hopes of you." And so, after a pleasant resistance on the part of the learned lord, Father Mathew invested his lordship with the silver medal and ribbon, the insignia and collar of the Order of the Bath. "Then I will keep it," said Lord Brougham, "and take it to the House, where I shall be sure to meet the old Lord —, the worse of liquor, and I will put it on him." Lord Brougham was as good as his word; for, on meeting the veteran peer, he said: "Lord —, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon quietly over his neck. "Then I'll tell you what it is, Brougham, by — I will keep sober for this day," said his lordship, who kept his word, to the great amusement of his friends.

One of the most eccentric emblems set up in our time was the wood-cut of a gridiron, which for many years headed the *Political Register* of William Cobbett, as a sign of the political martyrdom which he avowed he was prepared to undergo, upon certain conditions. He often threatened to set up an iron gridiron over his publishing office in Bolt-court and Fleet-street, but did not carry his threat into execution. The gridiron will be recollected as one of the emblems of St. Lawrence, and we see it as a large gilt vane of one of the city churches dedicated to the saint. As he

was broiled on a gridiron for refusing to give up the treasures of the church committed to his care, so Cobbett vowed that he would consent to be broiled upon a gridiron, in his *Register*, dated Long Island, on the 24th of September, 1819, wherein he wrote the well-known prophecy on Peel's Cash Payment bill of that year, as follows: "I, William Cobbett, assert that to carry their bill into effect is impossible; and I say that, if this bill be carried into full effect, I will give Castlereagh leave to lay me on a gridiron, and broil me alive, while Sidmouth may stir the coals, and Canning stand by and laugh at my groans."

On the hoisting of the gridiron in triumph, he wrote and published the fulfilment of his prophecy by the following statement: "Peel's bill, together with the law about small notes, which last were in force when Peel's bill was passed—these laws, all taken together, if they had gone into effect, would have put an end to all small notes on the first day of May, 1823; but to precede this blowing-up of the whole of the funding system, an act was passed, in the month of July, 1822, to prevent these laws, and especially that part of Peel's bill which put an end to small Bank of England notes, from going into full effect; thus the system received a respite, but thus did the Parliament fulfil the above prophecy of September, 1819."

A large sign gridiron was actually made for Mr. Cobbett. It was of dimensions sufficient for him to have lain thereon (he was six feet high); the implement was gilt, and we remember to have seen it displayed in the office window in Fleet-street; but it was never hoisted outside the office. It was long to be seen on the gable end of a building next Mr. Cobbett's house at Kensington. Cobbett possessed extraordinary native vigor of mind; but every portion of his history is marked by strange blunders. Shakespeare, the British Museum, antiquity, posterity, America, France, Germany, are, one and all, either wholly indifferent to him, or the objects of his bitter contempt. He absurdly designated the British Museum a "bundle of dead insects." When he had a subject that suited him, he is said to have handled it not as an accomplished writer,

but "with the perfect and inimitable art with which a dog picks a bone."

Eccentricity in men of science is not rare. The Hon. Henry Cavendish, who demonstrated, in 1781, the composition of water, was a remarkable instance. He was an excellent mathematician, electrician, astronomer, meteorologist, geologist, and as a chemist shot far ahead of his contemporaries. But he was a sort of methodical recluse, and an enormous fortune left him by his uncle did little to change his habits. His shyness and aversion to society bordered on disease. To be looked at or addressed by a stranger seemed to give him positive pain, when he would dart away as if hurt. At Sir Joseph Banks's *soirées* he would stand for a long time on the landing, afraid to face the company. At one of these parties the titles and qualifications of Cavendish were formally recited when he was introduced to an Austrian gentleman. The Austrian became complimentary, saying his chief reason for coming to London was to see and converse with Cavendish, one of the greatest ornaments of the age, and one of the most illustrious philosophers that ever existed. Cavendish answered not a word, but stood with his eyes cast down, abashed, and in misery. At last, seeing an opening in the crowd, he flew to the door, nor did he stop till he reached his carriage and drove directly home. Any attempt to draw him into conversation was almost certain to fail, and Dr. Wollaston's recipe for treating with him usually answered the best: "The way to talk to Cavendish is, never to look at him, but to talk as if it were into a vacancy, and then it is not unlikely you may set him going."

Among the anecdotes which floated about it is related that Cavendish, the club Cræsus, attended the meetings of the Royal Society Club with only money enough in his pocket to pay for his dinner; that he declined taking tavern soup, picked his teeth with his fork, invariably hung his hat upon the same peg, and always stuck his cane in his right boot. More apocryphal is the anecdote that one evening Cavendish observed a pretty girl looking out from an upper window on the opposite side of the street, watching the philosophers at dinner. She attracted notice, and one

by one they got up, and mustered round the window to admire the fair one. Cavendish, who thought they were looking at the moon, bustled up to them in his odd way, and when he saw the real object of attraction, turned away with intense disgust, and grunted out "Pshaw!" the more amorous conduct of his brother philosophers having horrified the woman-hating Cavendish.

If men were a trouble to him, women were his abhorrence. With his house-keeper he generally communicated with notes deposited on the hall table. He would never see a female servant; and if an unlucky maid showed herself, she was instantly dismissed. To prevent inevitable encounters he had a second staircase erected in his villa at Clapham. In all his habits he was punctiliously regular, even to his hanging his hat upon the same peg. From an unvarying walk he was, however, driven by being gazed at. Two ladies led a gentleman on his track, in order that he might obtain a sight of the philosopher. As he was getting over a stile he saw, to his horror, that he was being watched, and he never appeared in that path again. That he was not quite merciless to the sex was proved by his saving a lady from the pursuit of a mad cow.

Cavendish's town-house was near the British Museum, at the corner of Gower-street and Montague-place. Few visitors were admitted, and those who crossed the threshold reported that books and apparatus were his chief furniture. He collected a large library of scientific books, hired a house for its reception in Dean-street, Soho, and kept a librarian. When he wanted one of his own books, he went there as to a circulating library, and left a formal receipt for whatever he took away. Nearly the whole of his villa at Clapham was occupied as workshops; the upper rooms were an observatory, the drawing room was a laboratory. On the lawn was a wooden stage, from which access could be had to a large tree, to the top of which Cavendish, in the course of his astronomical and meteorological observations, and electrical experiments, occasionally ascended. His apparatus was roughly constructed, but was always exact and accurate.

His household was strangely managed. He received but little company, and the

few guests were treated on all occasions to the same fare—a leg of mutton. One day, four scientific friends were to dine with him; when his housekeeper asked him what was to be got for dinner, Cavendish replied, “A leg of mutton.”

“Sir,” said she, “that will not be enough for five.”

“Well, then, get two,” was the reply.

Cavendish extended his eccentric reception to his own family. His heir, Lord George Cavendish, visited him once a year, and was allowed an audience of but half an hour. His great income was allowed to accumulate without attention. The bankers where he kept his account, finding they had in hand a balance of £80,000, apprised him of the same. The messenger was announced, and Cavendish, in great agitation, desired him to be sent up; and, as he entered the room, the ruffled philosopher cried, “What do you come here for? what do you want with me?”

“Sir, I thought it proper to wait upon you, as we have a very large balance in hand of yours, and we wish your orders respecting it.”

“If it is any trouble to you, I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me!”

“Not the least trouble to us, sir, not the least; but we thought you might like some of it to be invested.”

“Well, well, what do you want to do?”

“Perhaps you would like £40,000 invested.”

“Do so, do so! and don’t come here to trouble me, or I’ll remove it,” was the churlish finale of the interview.

Cavendish died in 1810, at the age of 78. He was then the largest holder of bank stock in England. He owned £1,157,000 in different public funds; he had besides, freehold property of £8000 a year, and a balance of £50,000 at his bankers’. He was long a member of the Royal Society Club, and it was reported at his death that he had left a thumping legacy to Lord Bessborough, in gratitude for his lordship’s piquant conversation at the club meetings; but no such reason can be found in the will lodged at Doctors’ Commons. Therein, Cavendish names three of his club-mates, namely: Alexander Dalrymple to receive £5000, Dr. Hunter £5000, and Sir

Charles Blagden (coadjutor in the water question) £15,000. After certain other bequests, the will proceeds: “The remainder of the funds (nearly £100,000) to be divided: one sixth the Earl of Beesborough,” while Lord George Henry Cavendish had two sixths, instead of one: “it is, therefore,” says Admiral Smyth, in his *History of the Royal Society Club*, “patent that the money thus passed over from uncle to nephew was a mere consequence of relationship, and not at all owing to any flowers or powers of conversation at the Royal Society Club.”

Cavendish never changed the fashion or cut of his dress, so that his appearance in 1810, in a costume of sixty years previously, was odd, and drew upon him the attention which he so much disliked. His complexion was fair, his temperament nervous, and his voice squeaking; the only portrait that exists of him was sketched without his knowledge. Dr. George Wilson, who has left a clever memoir of Cavendish, says, “an intellectual head, thinking, a pair of wonderful acute eyes, observing, a pair of very skilful hands, experimenting or recording, are all that I realize in reading his memorials.”

It may take some readers by surprise to learn that there have been true believers in alchemy in our days. Dr. Price is commonly set down in popular journals as “the last of the alchemists;” he died in 1783, in his twenty-fifth year, by taking a draught of laurel-water rather than repeat his experiments before a committee of the Royal Society, on pain of expulsion.

At the beginning of the present century, some persons of eminence in science thought favorably of alchemy. Professor Robison, writing to James Watt, February 11th, 1800, says: “The analysis of alkalies and alkaline earth will presently lead, I think, to the doctrine of a *reciprocal convertibility of all things into all . . . and I expect to see alchemy revive*, and be as universally studied as ever.”

Sir Walter Scott tells us that “about 1801, an adept lived, or rather starved, in the metropolis, in the person of the editor of an evening newspaper, who expected to compound the alkabest, if he could only keep his materials digested

in his lamp-furnace for the space of seven years." Scott adds, in pleasant banter, "the lamp burnt brightly during six years, eleven months, and some odd days besides, and then unluckily it went out. Why it went out, the adept could never guess; but he was certain that if the flame could only have burnt to the end of the septenary cycle, his experiment must have succeeded."

The last true believer in alchemy was not Dr. Price, but Peter Woulfe, the eminent chemist, and a fellow of the Royal Society, and who made experiments to show the nature of Mosaic gold. Little is known of Woulfe's private life. Sir Humphry Davy states that Woulfe used to affix written passages and inscriptions of recommendations of his processes to Providence. Woulfe lived many years in chambers in the oldest portion of Barnard's Inn, Holborn, where his rooms were so filled with furnaces and apparatus, that it was difficult to reach his fireside. Dr. Babington told Mr. Brande (the venerable chemist who died recently,) that he once put down his hat, and never could find it again, such was the confusion of boxes, packages and parcels, that lay about the room. Woulfe's breakfast-hour was four in the morning; a few of his select friends were occasionally invited, and gained entrance by a secret signal, knocking a certain number of times at the inner door of the chamber. He had long vainly searched for the Elixir, and attributed his repeated failures to want of due preparation by pious and charitable acts. Whenever he wished to break an acquaintance, or felt himself offended, he resented the supposed injuries by sending a present to the offender, and never seeing him afterwards. These presents sometimes consisted of an expensive chemical product or preparation. He had a heroic remedy for illness, which was a journey to Edinburgh and back by the mail coach; and a cold, taken on one of these expeditions, terminated in inflammation of the lungs, of which he died in the year 1805. Of his last moments we received the following account from his executor, then treasurer of Barnard's Inn. By Woulfe's desire, his laundress shut up his chambers and left him, but returned at midnight, when Woulfe was still alive; next morning,

however, she *found him dead!* His countenance was calm and serene, and apparently he had not moved from the position in his chair in which she had last left him.

Twenty years after Woulfe's death, in 1825, there was living at the village of Lilly, between Luton and Hitchin, one Kellerman an "alchemist," who was believed by some of his neighbors to have discovered the Philosopher's Stone and the Universal Solvent. Here he had lived for twenty-three years, during fourteen of which he had pursued his alchemical researches with unremitting ardor, keeping eight assistants for superintending his crucibles, two at a time relieving each other every six hours; and he assured a visitor that he had exposed some preparations to intense heat for many months at a time, but that all except one crucible had burnt, and that, Kellerman said, contained the true "blackier than black," or "the powder of projection for producing gold." One of his assistants, however, protested that no gold had ever been found, and that no mercury had ever been fixed; adding that Kellerman could not have concealed it from his assistants, who frequently witnessed his severe disappointment at the result of his most elaborate experiments.

Kellerman's room was a realization of Teniers's alchemist; the floor was strewed with retorts, crucibles, alembics, jars, and bottles of various forms, intermingled with old books. He had been assured by some persons of kindred pursuits in London that they had made gold. He had studied the works of the ancient alchemists, and believed that he had discovered the key which they had kept secret, adding that he had pursued their system under the influence of new lights; and, after suffering numerous disappointments, owing to the ambiguity with which they describe their processes, he had at length happily succeeded; had made gold, and could make as much more as he pleased, even to the extent of *paying off the National Debt in the coin of the realm.* Kellerman grew eloquent upon the merits of the old alchemists, but ridiculed the blunders and impertinent assumptions of modern chemists. He quoted Roger and Francis Bacon; Paracelsus, Boyle, and Berhawe, and Woulfe (of Barnard's Inn) to

rectify his pursuits. He alleged the Philosopher's Stone to be a mere phrase to deceive the vulgar; but he fully credited the silly story of Dee's finding the Elixir of Glastonbury, by which means Kelly for a long time lived in princely splendor. Here we must leave our village alchemist.

Of late years there have been many revivals of alchemical pursuits. In 1850 there was printed in London a volume of considerable extent, entitled, *A Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*—the work of a lady, by whom it has been suppressed; we have seen it described as "a learned and valuable book."

By this circumstance we are reminded that some five and thirty years since it came to our knowledge that a man of wealth and position in the City of London, an *adept* in alchemy, was held *in terrorem* by an unprincipled person, who extorted from him considerable sums of money under threats of exposure, which would have affected his mercantile interests.

Nevertheless, alchemy has, in the present day, its prophetic advocates, who predict what may be considered a return to its strangest belief. A Gottingen professor says, in the *Annales de Chimie*, No. 100, that in the nineteenth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practiced. Every chemist and every artist will make gold; kitchen utensils will be of silver and even gold, which will contribute more than anything else to prolong life, poisoned at present by the oxide of copper, lead and iron, which we daily swallow with our food. Before all this takes place we shall, doubtless, have many additions to our Modern Eccentrics.

All the Year Round.

THE GHOST AT THE RATH.

MANY may disbelieve this story, yet there are some still living who can remember hearing, when children, of the events which it details, and of the strange sensation which their publicity excited. The tale, in its present form, is copied, by permission, from a memoir written by the chief actor in the romance, and

preserved as a sort of heirloom in the family whom it concerns.

In the year —, I, John Thunder, captain in the — Regiment, having passed many years abroad following my profession, received most unexpected notice that I had become owner of certain properties which I had never thought to inherit. I set off for my native land, arrived in Dublin, found that my good fortune was real, and at once began to look about me for old friends. The first I met with, quite by accident, was curly-headed Frank O'Brien, who had been at school with me, though I was ten years his senior. He was curly-headed still, and handsome, as he had promised to be, but careworn and poor. During an evening spent at his chambers I drew all his history from him. He was a briefless barrister. As a man, he was not more talented than he had been as a boy. Hard work and anxiety had not brought him success, only broken his health and soured his mind. He was in love, and he could not marry. I soon knew all about Mary Leonard, his fiancée, whom he had met at a house in the country somewhere, in which she was governess. They had now been engaged for two years; she active and hopeful, he sick and despondent. From the letters of hers which she showed me, I thought she was a treasure, worth all the devotion he felt for her. I thought a good deal about what could be done for Frank, but I could not easily hit upon a plan to assist him. For ten chances you have of helping a smart man, you have not two for a dull one.

In the mean time my friend must regain his health, and a change of air and scene was necessary. I urged him to make a voyage of discovery to The Rath, an old house and park which had come into my possession as portion of my recently-acquired estates. I had never been to the place myself; but it had once been the residence of Sir Luke Thunder, of generous memory, and I knew that it was furnished, and provided with a caretaker. I pressed him to leave Dublin at once, and promised to follow him as soon as I found it possible to do so.

So Frank went down to The Rath. The place was two hundred miles away;

he was a stranger there, and far from well. When the first week came to an end, and I had heard nothing from him, I did not like the silence; when a fortnight had passed, and still not a word to say he was alive, I felt decidedly uncomfortable; and when the third week of his absence arrived at Saturday without bringing me news, I found myself whizzing through a part of the country I had never travelled before, in the same train in which I had seen Frank seated at our parting.

I reached D——, and, shouldering my knapsack, walked right into the heart of a lovely woody country. Following the directions I had received, I made my way to a lonely road, on which I met not a soul, and which seemed cut out of the heart of a forest, so closely were the trees ranked on either side, and so dense was the twilight made by the meeting and intertwining of the thick branches overhead. In these shades I came upon a gate, like a gate run to seed, with tall, thin, brick pillars, brandishing long grasses from their heads, and spotted with a melancholy crust of creeping moss. I jangled a cracked bell, and an old man appeared from the thickets within, stared at me, then admitted me with a rusty key. I breathed freely on hearing that my friend was well and to be seen. I presented a letter to the old man, having a fancy not to avow myself.

I found my friend walking up and down the alleys of a neglected orchard, with the lichened branches tangled above his head, and ripe apples rotting about his feet. His hands were locked behind his back, and his head was set on one side, listening to the singing of a bird. I never had seen him look so well; yet there was a vacancy about his whole air which I did not like. He did not seem at all surprised to see me, asked had he really not written to me, thought he had; was so comfortable that he had forgotten everything else. He thought he had only been there about three days; could not imagine how the time had passed. He seemed to talk wildly, and this, coupled with the unusual happy placidity of his manner, confounded me. The place knew him, he told me confidentially; the place belonged to him, or should; the birds sang him this, the

very trees bent before him as he passed, the air whispered him that he had been long expected, and should be poor no more. Wrestling with my judgment ere it should pronounce him mad, I followed him in-doors. The Rath was no ordinary old country-house. The acres around it were so wildly overgrown that it was hard to decide which had been pleasure-ground and where the thickets had begun. The plan of the house was grand, with mullioned windows, and here and there a flock of stained glass flinging back the challenge of an angry sunset. The vast rooms were full of a dusky glare from the sky as I strolled through them in the twilight. The antique furniture had many a blood-red splotch on the abrupt notches of its dark carvings; the dusty mirrors flared back at the windows, while the faded curtains produced streaks of uncertain color from the depths of their sullen foldings.

Dinner was laid for us in the library, a long wainscoted room, with an enormous fire roaring up the chimney, sending a dancing light over the dingy titles of long unopened books. The old man who had unlocked the gate for me served us at table, and, after drawing the dusty curtains, and furnishing us with a plentiful supply of fuel and wine, left us. His clanking hobnailed shoes went echoing away in the distance over the unmatted tiles of the vacant hall till a door closed with a resounding clang very far away, letting us know that we were shut up together for the night in this vast, mouldy, oppressive old house.

I felt as if I could scarcely breathe in it. I could not eat with my usual appetite. The air of the place seemed heavy and tainted. I grew sick and restless. The very wine tasted badly, as if it had been drugged. I had a strange sort of feeling that I had been in the house before, and that something evil had happened to me in it. Yet such could not be the case. What puzzled me most was, that I should feel dissatisfied at seeing Frank looking so well, and eating so heartily. A little time before I should have been glad to suffer something to see him as he looked now; and yet not quite as he looked now. There was a drowsy contentment about him which I could not understand. He

did not talk of his work, or of any wish to return to it. He seemed to have no thought of anything but the delight of hanging about that old house, which had certainly cast a spell over him.

About midnight he seized a light, and proposed retiring to our rooms. "I have such delightful dreams in this place," he said. He volunteered, as we issued into the hall, to take me up-stairs and show me the upper regions of his paradise. I said, "Not to-night." I felt a strange creeping sensation as I looked up the vast black staircase, wide enough for a coach to drive down, and at the heavy darkness bending over it like a curse, while our lamps made drips of light down the first two or three gloomy steps. Our bedrooms were on the ground floor, and stood opposite one another off a passage which led to a garden. Into mine Frank conducted me, and left me for his own.

The uneasy feeling which I have described did not go from me with him, and I felt a restlessness amounting to pain when left alone in my chamber. Efforts had evidently been made to render the room habitable, but there was a something antagonistic to sleep in every angle of its many crooked corners. I kicked chairs out of their prim order along the wall, and banged things about here and there; finally, thinking that a good night's rest was the best cure for an inexplicably disturbed frame of mind, I undressed as quickly as possible, and laid my head on my pillow under a canopy, like the wings of a gigantic bird of prey wheeling above me ready to pounce.

But I could not sleep. The wind grumbled in the chimney, and the boughs swished in the garden outside; and between these noises I thought I heard sounds coming from the interior of the old house, where all should have been still as the dead down in their vaults. I could not make out what these sounds were. Sometimes I thought I heard feet running about, sometimes I could have sworn there were double knocks, tremendous tantarararas at the great hall door. Sometimes I heard the clashing of dishes, the echo of voices calling, and the dragging about of furniture. While I sat up in bed trying to account for these noises, my door sud-

denly flew open, a bright light streamed in from the passage without, and a powdered servant in an elaborate livery of antique pattern stood holding the handle of the door in his hand, and bowing low to me in the bed.

"Her ladyship, my mistress, desires your presence in the drawing room, sir."

This was announced in the measured tone of a well-trained domestic. Then with another bow he retired, the door closed, and I was left in the dark to determine whether I had not suddenly awakened from a tantalizing dream. In spite of my very wakeful sensations, I believe I should have endeavored to convince myself that I had been sleeping, but that I perceived light shining under my door, and through the keyhole, from the passage. I got up, lit my lamp, and dressed myself as hastily as I was able.

I opened my door, and the passage down which a short time before I had almost groped my way, with my lamp blinking in the dense foggy darkness, was now illuminated with a light as bright as gas. I walked along it quickly, looking right and left to see whence the glare proceeded. Arriving at the hall, I found it also blazing with light, and filled with perfume. Groups of choice plants, heavy with blossoms, made it look like a garden. The mosaic floor was strewn with costly mats. Soft colors and gilding shone from the walls, and canvases that had been black gave forth faces of men and women looking brightly from their burnished frames. Servants were running about, the dining-room and drawing-room doors were opening and shutting, and as I looked through each I saw vistas of light and color, the moving of brilliant crowds, the waving of feathers, and glancing of brilliant dresses and uniforms. A festive hum reached me with a drowsy subdued sound as if I were listening with stuffed ears. Standing aside by an orange tree, I gave up speculating on what this might be, and concentrated all my powers on observation.

Wheels were heard suddenly, and a resounding knock banged at the door till it seemed that the very rooks in the chimneys must be startled screaming out of their nests. The door flew open, a flaming of lanterns was seen outside, and a dazzling lady came up the steps

and swept into the hall. When she held up her cloth of silver train I could see the diamonds that twinkled on her feet. Her bosom was covered with moss roses, and there was a red light in her eyes like the reflection from a hundred glowing fires. Her black hair went coiling about her head, and couched among the braids lay a jewel not unlike the head of a snake. She was flashing and glowing with gems and flowers. Her beauty and her brilliance made me dizzy. There came a faintness in the air as if her breath had poisoned it. A whirl of storm came in with her, and rushed up the staircase like a moan. The plants shuddered and shed their blossoms, and all the lights grew dim a moment, then flared up again.

Now the drawing-room door opened, and a gentleman came out with a young girl leaning on his arm. He was a fine looking, middle-aged gentleman, with a mild countenance.

The girl was a slender creature, with golden hair and a pale face. She was dressed in pure white, with a large ruby like a drop of blood at her throat. They advanced together to receive the lady who had arrived. The gentleman offered his arm to the stranger, and the girl who was displaced for her fell back, and walked behind them with a downcast air. I felt irresistibly impelled to follow them, and passed with them into the drawing room. Never had I mixed in a finer, gayer crowd. The costumes were rich and of an old-fashioned pattern. Dancing was going forward with spirit—minuets and country dances. The stately gentleman was evidently the host, and moved among the company, introducing the magnificent lady right and left. He led her to the head of the room presently, and they mixed in the dance. The arrogance of her manner and the fascination of her beauty were wonderful.

I cannot attempt to describe the strange manner in which I was in this company, and yet not of it. I seemed to view all I beheld through some fine and subtle medium. I saw clearly, yet I felt that it was not with my ordinary naked eyesight. I can compare it to nothing but looking at a scene through a piece of smoked or colored glass. And just in the same way (as I have said before) all sounds seemed to reach

me as if I were listening with ears imperfectly stuffed. No one present took any notice of me. I spoke to several, and they made no reply—did not even turn their eyes upon me, nor show in any way that they heard me. I planted myself straight in the way of a fine fellow in a general's uniform, but he, swerving neither to right nor left by an inch, kept on his way, as though I were a streak of mist, and left me behind him. Every one I touched eluded me somehow. Substantial as they all looked, I could not contrive to lay my hand on anything that felt like solid flesh. Two or three times I felt a momentary relief from the oppressive sensations which distracted me, when I firmly believed I saw Frank's head at some distance among the crowd, now in one room and now in another, and again in the conservatory, which was hung with lamps, and filled with people walking about among the flowers. But whenever I approached he had vanished. At last I came upon him, sitting by himself on a couch behind a curtain watching the dancers. I laid my hand on his shoulder. Here was something substantial at last. He did not look up; he seemed aware neither of my touch nor my speech. I looked in his staring eyes, and found that he was sound asleep. I could not wake him.

Curiosity would not let me remain by his side. I again mixed with the crowd and found the stately host still leading about the magnificent lady. No one seemed to notice that the golden-haired girl was sitting weeping in a corner; no one but the beauty in the silver train, who sometimes glanced at her contemptuously. While I watched her distress a group came between me and her, and I wandered into another room, where, as though I had turned from one picture of her to look at another, I beheld her dancing gayly in the full glee of Sir Roger de Coverley, with a fine-looking youth, who was more plainly dressed than any other person in the room. Never was a better-matched pair to look at. Down the middle they danced, hand in hand, his face full of tenderness, hers beaming with joy, right and left, bowing and courtesying, parted and meeting again, smiling and whispering; but over the heads of smaller women

there were the fierce eyes of the magnificent beauty scowling at them. Then again the crowd shifted around me, and this scene was lost.

For some time I could see no trace of the golden-haired girl in any of the rooms. I looked for her in vain, till at last I caught a glimpse of her standing smiling in a doorway with her fingers lifted, beckoning. At whom? Could it be at me? Her eyes were fixed on mine. I hastened into the hall, and caught sight of her white dress passing up the wide black staircase from which I had shrunk some hours earlier. I followed her, she keeping some steps in advance. It was intensely dark, but by the gleaming of her gown I was able to trace her flying figure. Where we went, I knew not, up how many stairs, down how many passages, till we arrived at a low-roofed large room with sloping roof and queer windows, where there was a dim light, like the sanctuary light in a deserted church. Here, when I entered, the golden head was glimmering over something which I presently discerned to be a cradle wrapped round with white curtains, and with a few fresh flowers fastened up on the hood of it, as if to catch a baby's eye. The fair sweet face looked up at me with a glow of pride on it, smiling with happy dimples. The white hands unfolded the curtains, and stripped back the coverlet. Then, suddenly there went a rushing moan all round the weird room, that seemed like a gust of wind forcing in through the crannies, and shaking the jingling old windows in their sockets. The cradle was an empty one. The girl fell back with a look of horror on her pale face that I shall never forget, then flinging her arms above her head, she dashed from the room.

I followed her as fast as I was able, but the wild white figure was too swift for me. I had lost her before I reached the bottom of the staircase. I searched for her, first in one room, then in another; neither could I see her foe (as I already believed her to be), the lady of the silver train. At length I found myself in a small ante-room, where a lamp was expiring on the table. A window was open, close by it the golden-haired girl was lying sobbing in a chair, while the magnificent lady was bending over her as if soothingly, and offering her some-

thing to drink in a goblet. The moon was rising behind the two figures. The shuddering light of the lamp was flickering over the girl's bright head, the rich embossing of the golden cup, the lady's silver robes, and, I thought, the jewelled eyes of the serpent looked out from her bending head. As I watched, the girl raised her face and drank, then suddenly dashed the goblet away; while a cry such as I never heard but once, and shiver to remember, rose to the very roof of the old house, and the clear sharp word "*Poisoned!*" rang and reverberated from hall and chamber in a thousand echoes, like the clash of a peal of bells. The girl dashed herself from the open window, leaving the cry clamoring behind her. I heard the violent opening of doors and running of feet, but I waited for nothing more. Maddened by what I had witnessed, I would have felled the murderess, but she glided unhurt from under my vain blow. I sprang from the window after the wretched white figure. I saw it flying on before me with a speed I could not overtake. I ran till I was dizzy. I called like a madman, and heard the owls croaking back to me. The moon grew huge and bright, the trees grew out before it like the bushy heads of giants, the river lay keen and shining like a long unsheathed sword, couching for deadly work among the rushes. The white figure shimmered and vanished, glittered brightly on before me, shimmered and vanished again, shimmered, staggered, fell, and disappeared in the river. Of what she was, phantom or reality, I thought not at the moment: she had the semblance of a human being going to destruction, and I had the frenzied impulse to save her. I rushed forward with one last effort, struck my foot against the root of a tree, and was dashed to the ground. I remember a crash, momentary pain and confusion; then nothing more.

When my senses returned, the red clouds of the dawn were shining in the river beside me. I rose to my feet, and found that, though much bruised, I was otherwise unhurt. I busied my mind in recalling the strange circumstances which had brought me to that place in the dead of the night. The recollection of all I had witnessed was vividly pres-

ent to my mind. I took my way slowly to the house, almost expecting to see marks of wheels and other indications of last night's revel, but the rank grass that covered the gravel was uncrushed, not a blade disturbed, not a stone displaced. I shook one of the drawing-room windows till I shook off the old rusty hasp inside, flung up the creaking sash, and entered. Where were the brilliant draperies and carpets, the soft gilding, the vases teeming with flowers, the thousand sweet odors of the night before? Not a trace of them; no, nor even a ragged cobweb swept away, nor a stiff chair moved an inch from its melancholy place, nor the face of a mirror relieved from one speck of its obscuring dust!

Coming back into the open air, I met the old man from the gate walking up one of the weedy paths. He eyed me meaningly from head to foot, but I gave him good-morrow cheerfully.

"You see, I am poking about early," I said.

"I' faith, sir," said he, "an' ye look like a man that had been pokin' about *all night*."

"How so?" said I.

"Why, ye see, sir," said he, "I'm used to 't, an' I can read it in your face like prent. Some sees one thing, an' some another, an' some only feels an' hears. The poor jintleman inside, *he* says nothin', but he has beautiful dhramas. An' for the Lord's sake, sir, take him out of this, for I've seen him wandherin' about like a ghost himself in the heart of the night, an' him that sound sleepin' that I could not wake him!"

At breakfast I said nothing to Frank of my strange adventures. He had rested well, he said, and boasted of his enchanting dreams. I asked him to describe them, when he grew perplexed and annoyed. He remembered nothing, but that his spirit had been delightfully entertained while his body reposed. I now felt a curiosity to go through the old house, and was not surprised, on pushing open a door at the end of a remote mouldy passage, to enter the identical chamber into which I had followed the pale-faced girl when she beckoned me out of the drawing room. There were the low brooding roof and

slanting walls, the short wide-latticed windows to which the noonday sun was trying to pierce through a forest of leaves. The hangings, rotting with age, shook like dreary banners at the opening of the door, and there in the middle of the room was the cradle; only the curtains that had been white were blackened with dirt, and laced and overlaced with cobwebs. I parted the curtains, bringing down a shower of dust upon the floor, and saw lying upon the pillow, within, a child's tiny shoe, and a toy. I need not describe the rest of the house. It was vast and rambling, and, as far as furniture and decorations were concerned, the wreck of grandeur.

Having strange subject for meditation, I walked alone in the orchard that evening. This orchard sloped towards the river I have mentioned before. The trees were old and stunted, and the branches tangled overhead. The ripe apples were rolling in the long bleached grass. A row of taller trees, sycamores and chestnuts, straggled along by the river's edge, ferns and tall weeds grew round and among them, and between their trunks, and behind the rifts in the foliage, the water was seen to flow. Walking up and down one of the paths I alternately faced these trees and turned my back upon them. Once when coming towards them I chanced to lift my eyes, started, drew my hands across my eyes, looked again, and finally stood still gazing in much astonishment. I saw distinctly the figure of a lady standing by one of the trees, bending low towards the grass. Her face was a little turned away, her dress a bluish white, her mantle a dun brown color. She held a spade in her hands, and her foot was upon it, as if she were in the act of digging. I gazed at her for some time, vainly trying to guess at whom she might be, then I advanced towards her. As I approached, the outlines of her figure broke up and disappeared, and I found that she was only an illusion presented to me by the curious accidental grouping of the lines of two trees which had shaped the space between them into the semblance of the form I have described. A patch of the flowing water had been her robe, a piece of russet moorland her cloak.

The spade was an awkward young shoot slanting up from the root of one of the trees. I stepped back and tried to piece her out again bit by bit, but could not succeed.

That night I did not feel at all inclined to return to my dismal chamber, and lie awaiting such another summons as I had once received. When Frank bade me good-night, I heaped fresh coals on the fire, took down from the shelves a book, from which I lifted the dust in layers with my penknife, and, dragging an arm-chair close to the hearth, tried to make myself as comfortable as might be. I am a strong, robust man, very unimaginative, and little troubled with affections of the nerves, but I confess that my feelings were not enviable, sitting thus alone in that queer old house, with last night's strange pantomime still vividly present to my memory. In spite of my efforts at coolness, I was excited by the prospect of what yet might be in store for me before morning. But these feelings passed away as the night wore on, and I nodded asleep over my book.

I was startled by the sound of a brisk light step walking overhead. Wide awake at once, I sat up and listened. The ceiling was low, but I could not call to mind what room it was that lay above the library in which I sat. Presently I heard the same step upon the stairs, and the loud sharp rustling of a silk dress sweeping against the banisters. The step paused at the library door, and then there was silence. I got up, and with all the courage I could summon seized a light, and opened the door; but there was nothing in the hall but the usual heavy darkness and damp mouldy air. I confess I felt more uncomfortable at that moment than I had done at any time during the preceding night. All the visions that had then appeared to me had produced nothing like the horror of thus feeling a supernatural presence which my eyes were not permitted to behold.

I returned to the library, and passed the night there. Next day I sought for the room above it in which I had heard the footsteps, but could discover no entrance to any such room. Its windows, indeed, I counted from the outside, though they were so overgrown

with ivy I could hardly discern them, but in the interior of the house I could find no door to the chamber. I asked Frank about it, but he knew and cared nothing on the subject; I asked the old man at the lodge, and he shook his head.

"Och!" he said, "don't ask about that room. The door's built up, and flesh and blood have no consarn wid it. It was *her own room*."

"Whose own?" I asked.

"Ould Lady Thunder's. An' whisht, sir! *that's her grave!*"

"What do you mean?" I said. "Are you out of your mind?"

He laughed queerly, drew nearer, and lowered his voice. "Nobody has asked about the room these years but yourself," he said. "Nobody misses it goin' over the house. My grandfather was an ould retainer o' the Thunder family, my father was in the service too, an' I was born myself before the ould lady died. Yon was her room, and she left her eternal curse on her family if so be they didn't lave her coffin there. *She* wasn't goin' undher the ground to the worms. So there it was left, an' they built up the door. God love ye, sir, and don't go near it. I wouldn't have tould you, only I know ye've seen plenty about already, an' ye have the look o' one that'd be ferretin' things out, savin' yer presence."

He looked at me knowingly, but I gave him no information, only thanked him for putting me on my guard. I could scarcely credit what he told me about the room; but my curiosity was excited regarding it. I made up my mind that day to try and induce Frank to quit the place on the morrow. I felt more and more convinced that the atmosphere was not healthful for his mind whatever it might be for his body. The sooner we left the spot, I thought, the better for us both; but the remaining night which I had to pass there I resolved on devoting to the exploring of the walled-up chamber. What impelled me to this resolve I do not know. The undertaking was not a pleasant one, and I should hardly have ventured on it had I been forced to remain much longer at The Rath. But I knew there was little chance of sleep for me in that house, and I thought I might as well go and

seek for my adventures as sit waiting for them to come for me as I had done the night before. I felt a relish for my enterprise, and expected the night with satisfaction. I did not say anything of my intention either to Frank or the old man at the lodge. I did not want to make a fuss, and have my doings talked of all over the country. I may as well mention here that again, on this evening, when walking in the orchard, I saw the figure of the lady digging between the trees. And again I saw that this figure was an illusive appearance; that the water was her gown, and the moorland her cloak, and a willow in the distance her tresses.

As soon as the night was pretty far advanced, I placed a ladder against the window which was least covered over with the ivy, and mounted it, having provided myself with a dark lantern. The moon rose full behind some trees that stood like a black bank against the horizon, and glimmered on the panes as I ripped away branches and leaves with a knife, and shook the old crazy casement open. The sashes were rotten, and the fastenings easily gave way. I placed my lantern on a bench within, and was soon standing beside it in the chamber. The air was insufferably close and mouldy, and I flung the window open to the widest, and beat the bowering ivy still further back from about it, so as to let the fresh air of heaven blow into the place. I then took my lantern in hand, and began to look about me.

The room was vast and double; a velvet curtain hung between me and an inner chamber. The darkness was thick and irksome, and the scanty light of my lantern only tantalized me. My eyes fell on some grand spectral-looking candelabra furnished with wax candles, which, though black with age, still bore the marks of having been guttered by a draught that had blown on them fifty years ago. I lighted these; they burned up with a ghastly flickering, and the apartment with its fittings was revealed to me. These latter had been splendid in the days of their freshness: the appointments of the rest of the house were mean in comparison. The ceiling was painted with exquisite allegorical figures, also spaces of the walls between the dim mirrors and the sumptuous

hangings of crimson velvet, with their tarnished golden tassels and fringes. The carpet still felt luxurious to the tread, and the dust could not altogether obliterate the elaborate fancy of its flowery design. There were gorgeous cabinets laden with curiosities, wonderfully carved chairs, rare vases, and antique glasses of every description, under some of which lay little heaps of dust which had once no doubt been blooming flowers. There was a table laden with books of poetry and science, drawings and drawing materials, which showed that the occupant of the room had been a person of mind. There was also a writing-table scattered over with yellow papers, and a work-table at a window, on which lay reels, a thimble, and a piece of what had once been white muslin, but was now saffron color, sewn with gold thread, a rusty needle sticking in it. This and the pen lying on the inkstand, the paper-knife between the leaves of a book, the loose sketches shaken out by the side of a portfolio, and the ashes of a fire in the grand mildewed hearthplace, all suggested that the owner of this retreat had been snatched from it without warning, and that whoever had thought proper to build up the doors, had also thought proper to touch nothing that had belonged to her.

Having surveyed all these things, I entered the inner room, which was a bedroom. The furniture of this was in keeping with that of the other chamber. I saw dimly a bed enveloped in lace, and a dressing-table fancifully garnished and draped. Here I espied more candelabra, and going forward to set the lights burning, I stumbled against something. I turned the blaze of my lantern on this something, and started with a thrill of horror. It was a large stone coffin.

I own that I felt very strangely for the next few minutes. When I had recovered the shock, I set the wax candles burning, and took a better survey of this odd burial place. A wardrobe stood open, and I saw dresses hanging within. A gown lay upon a chair as if just thrown off, and a pair of dainty slippers were beside it. The toilet-table looked as if only used yesterday, judging by the litter that covered it; hair-brushes lying this way and that way, essence-

bottles with the stoppers out, paint-pots uncovered, a ring here, a wreath of artificial flowers there, and in front of all that coffin, the tarnished cupids that bore the mirror between their hands smirking down at it with grim complacency.

On the corner of this table was a small golden salver, holding a plate of some black mouldered food, an antique decanter filled with wine, a glass, and a phial with some thick black liquid, uncorked. I felt weak and sick with the atmosphere of the place, and I seized the decanter, wiped the dust from it with my handkerchief, tasted, found that the wine was good, and drank a moderate draught. Immediately it was swallowed I felt a horrid giddiness, and sank upon the coffin. A raging pain was in my head, and a sense of suffocation in my chest. After a few intolerable moments I felt better, but the heavy air pressed on me stiflingly, and I rushed from this inner room into the larger and outer chamber. Here a blast of cool air revived me, and I saw that the place was changed.

A dozen other candelabra besides those I had lighted were flaming round the walls, the hearth was all ruddy with a blazing fire, everything that had been dim was bright, the lustre had returned to the gilding, the flowers bloomed in the vases. A lady was sitting before the hearth in a low arm-chair. Her light loose gown swept about her on the carpet, her black hair fell round her to her knees, and into it her hands were thrust as she leaned her forehead upon them and stared between them into the fire. I had scarcely time to observe her attitude when she turned her head quickly towards me, and I recognized the handsome face of the magnificent lady who had played such a sinister part in the strange scenes that had been enacted before me two nights ago. I saw something dark looming behind her chair, but I thought it was only her shadow thrown backward by the firelight.

She arose and came to meet me, and I recoiled from her. There was something horribly fixed and hollow in her gaze, and filmy in the stirring of her garments. The shadow, as she moved, grew more firm and distinct in outline, and followed her like a servant where she went.

She crossed half of the room, then beckoned me, and sat down at the writing-table. The shadow waited beside her, adjusted her paper, placed the ink-bottle near her and the pen between her fingers. I felt impelled to approach near her, and to take my place at her left shoulder, so as to see what she might write. The shadow stood at her other hand. As I became more accustomed to the shadow's presence he grew more loathsome and hideous. He was quite distinct from the lady, and moved independently of her with long, ugly limbs. She hesitated about beginning to write, and he made a wild gesture with his arm, which brought her hand down quickly on the paper, and her pen began to move at once. I needed not to bend and scrutinize in order to read what was written. Every word as it was formed flashed before me like a meteor:

"I am the spirit of Madeleine, Lady Thunder, who lived and died in this house, and whose coffin stands in yonder room among the vanities in which I delighted. I am constrained to make my confession to you, John Thunder, who are the present owner of the estates of your family."

Here the pale hand trembled and stopped writing. But the shadow made a threatening gesture, and the hand fluttered on:

"I was beautiful, poor, and ambitious, and when I entered this house first on the night of a ball given by Sir Luke Thunder, I determined to become its mistress. His daughter, Mary Thunder, was the only obstacle in my way. She divined my intention, and stood between me and her father. She was a gentle, delicate girl, and no match for me. I pushed her aside, and became Lady Thunder. After that I hated her, and made her dread me. I had gained the object of my ambition, but I was jealous of the influence possessed by her over her father, and I revenged myself by crushing the joy out of her young life. In this I defeated my own purpose. She eloped with a young man who was devoted to her, though poor, and beneath her in station. Her father was indignant at first and my malice was satisfied; but as time passed on I had no children, and she had a son, soon after whose birth her husband died. Then her father took her

back to his heart, and the boy was his idol and heir."

Again the hand stopped writing, the ghostly head drooped, and the whole figure was convulsed. But the shadow gesticulated fiercely, and cowering under its menace, the wretched spirit went on:

"I caused the child to be stolen away. I thought I had done it cunningly, but she tracked the crime home to me. She came and accused me of it, and in the desperation of my terror at discovery, I gave her poison to drink. She rushed from me and from the house in frenzy, and in her mortal anguish fell in the river. People thought she had gone mad from grief for her child, and committed suicide. I only knew the horrible truth. Sorrow brought an illness upon her father, of which he died. Up to the day of his death, he had search made for the child. Believing that it was alive, and must be found, he willed all his property to it, his rightful heir, and to its heirs forever. I buried the deeds under a tree in the orchard, and forged a will, in which all was bequeathed to me during my lifetime. I enjoyed my state and grandeur till the day of my death, which came upon me miserably, and, after that, my husband's possessions went to a distant relative of his family. Nothing more was heard of the fate of the child who was stolen; but he lived and married, and his daughter now toils for her bread—his daughter, who is the rightful owner of all that is said to belong to you, John Thunder. I tell you this that you may devote yourself to the task of discovering this wronged girl, and giving up to her that which you are unlawfully possessed of. Under the thirteenth tree standing on the brink of the river at the foot of the orchard you will find buried the genuine will of Sir Luke Thunder. When you have found and read it, do justice, as you value your soul. In order that you may know the grandchild of Mary Thunder when you find her, you shall behold her in a vision"——

The last words grew dim before me; the lights faded away, and all the place was in darkness, except one spot on the opposite wall. On this spot the light glimmered softly, and against the brightness the outlines of a figure appeared,

faintly at first, but, growing firm and distinct, became filled in and rounded at last to the perfect semblance of life. The figure was that of a young girl in a plain black dress, with a bright, happy face, and pale gold hair softly banded on her fair forehead. She might have been the twin-sister of the pale-faced girl whom I had seen bending over the cradle two nights ago; but her healthier, gladder, and prettier sister. When I had gazed on her some moments, the vision faded away as it had come; the last vestige of the brightness died out upon the wall, and I found myself once more in total darkness. Stunned for a time by the sudden changes, I stood watching for the return of the lights and figures; but in vain. By and by my eyes grew accustomed to the obscurity, and I saw the sky glimmering behind the little window which I had left open. I could soon discern the writing-table beside me, and possessed myself of the slips of loose paper which lay upon it. I then made my way to the window. The first streaks of dawn were in the sky as I descended my ladder, and I thanked God that I breathed the fresh morning air once more, and heard the cheering sound of the cocks crowing.

All thought of acting immediately upon last night's strange revelations, almost all memory of them, was for the time banished from my mind by the unexpected trouble of the next few days. That morning I found an alarming change in Frank. Feeling sure that he was going to be ill, I engaged a lodging in a cottage in the neighborhood, whither we removed before nightfall, leaving the accursed Rath behind us. Before midnight he was in the delirium of a raging fever.

I thought it right to let his poor little fiancée know his state, and wrote to her, trying to alarm her no more than was necessary. On the evening of the third day after my letter went I was sitting by Frank's bedside, when an unusual bustle outside aroused my curiosity, and going into the cottage kitchen I saw a figure standing in the firelight which seemed a third appearance of that vision of the pale-faced, golden-haired girl which was now thoroughly imprinted on my memory—a third, with all the woe of the first, and all the beauty of the second. But

this was a living, breathing apparition. She was throwing off her bonnet and shawl, and stood there at home in a moment in her plain black dress. I drew my hand across my eyes to make sure that they did not deceive me. I had beheld so many supernatural visions lately that it seemed as though I could scarcely believe in the reality of anything till I had touched it.

"Oh, sir," said the visitor, "I am Mary Leonard, and are you poor Frank's friend? Oh, sir, we are all the world to one another, and I could not let him die without coming to see him!"

And here the poor little traveller burst into tears. I cheered her as well as I could, telling her that Frank would soon, I trusted, be out of all danger. She told me that she had thrown up her situation in order to come and nurse him. I said we had got a more experienced nurse than she could be, and then I gave her to the care of our landlady, a motherly country-woman. After that I went back to Frank's bedside, nor left it for long till he was convalescent. The fever had swept away all that strangeness in his manner which had afflicted me, and he was quite himself again.

There was a joyful meeting of the lovers. The more I saw of Mary Leonard's bright face the more thoroughly was I convinced that she was the living counterpart of the vision I had seen in the burial chamber. I made inquiries as to her birth, and her father's history, and found that she was indeed the grandchild of that Mary Thunder whose history had been so strangely related to me, and the rightful heiress of all those properties which for a few months only had been mine. Under the tree in the orchard, the thirteenth, and that by which I had seen the lady digging, were found the buried deeds which had been described to me. I made an immediate transfer of property, whereupon some others who thought they had a chance of being my heirs disputed the matter with me, and went to law. Thus the affair has gained publicity, and become a nine-days' wonder. Many things have been in my favor, however: the proving of Mary's birth and of Sir Luke's will, the identification of Lady Thunder's handwriting on the slips of paper which I had brought from the burial chamber; also other

matters which a search in that chamber brought to light. I triumphed, and I now go abroad leaving Frank and his Mary made happy by the possession of what could only have been a burden to me.

So the MS. ends. Major Thunder fell in battle a few years after the adventure it relates. Frank O'Brien's grandchildren hear of him with gratitude and awe. The Rath has been long since totally dismantled and left to go to ruin.

JOHN STUART MILL, M.P.

THE name of John Stuart Mill has long been known to the intellectual world on both sides of the Atlantic. He stands deservedly high on the pinnacle of mental fame. His writings, his opinions, his works, on the great questions which stir the intellects of men in this age, have acquired for him an imperishable renown among all modern thinkers, as a giant in the intellectual world. The portrait of such a man, so well and widely known, can hardly fail of meeting a cordial welcome as an illustration and embellishment of our present number of *THE ECLECTIC*. The portrait has been finely engraved by our artist, Mr. Perine, and imparts a just impression of his massive intellect. A brief notice of this eminent man will suffice for our present purpose. We quote from a London paper of a recent date:

"The learned late Master of Trinity, a few days before his death, congratulated the electors of Westminster on having realized a suggestion of Plato's, that it would be well for a country to give its philosophers a place among its political rulers. It is yet too soon for us to anticipate the part which Mr. John Stuart Mill is likely to take in the practical debates of Parliament, though his bill for the reorganization of local government in the metropolis seems a valuable contribution to the legislative stock. But his theoretical opinions on nearly all the questions of essential principle that underlie the controversies of the present day are very clearly defined. They have been published in those consummate expositions of sound thought and generous sentiment which have helped to guide

the councils of the most intellectual section of Reformers in England during more than thirty years. Liberal and progressive in the truest sense; full of a frank confidence in the disposition of the great body of the people; full of the purest zeal for the elevation of mankind, the strongest faith in the good results of individual and national freedom, his writings could never be quoted by any orator who strove to stir up the hatred of one class against another, or who professed to urge the claim of mere numbers to control the government of the State. With what important reservations, or what hopes of giving an equitable and useful direction to the advanced radical party, Mr. Mill has now condescended to leave the tranquil atmosphere of his lofty studies and mingle in the actual fray, might partly be gathered from his declarations last year, when he was elected, and from comparing these with his books. It is not our purpose here to estimate the significance of his presence in the new House of Commons. He is welcomed there by the wisest and most thoughtful men of all parties—Conservatives as well as Reformers—who cherish the intellectual reputation of that House, and trust that the standard of argument in its discussions may be improved by the example of one of the greatest masters of the art of thinking.

“His eminence in that capacity is recognized by all the educated classes of his countrymen. Some years ago, when a meeting of the British Social Science Association had brought many strangers to Oxford, a Frenchman, happening to talk with a resident member of the University, inquired about the state of philosophical pursuits among us. ‘I see here,’ he said, ‘in your ancient colleges a richly-endowed provision for that kind of scholarship which consists of the study of the classical languages and literature; I see, too, in the movements of your scientific societies and congresses a great deal of activity employed in the investigation of physical phenomena, or in the collection and comparison of statistics relating to the practical interests of mankind. But have you any philosopher of first-rate powers who studies to verify and to account for the original sources of human knowledge—who strives to understand the process of

belief, or who seeks to analyze the constitution of the mind, to define its capacities and operations, and the conditions and the limits of its acquaintance with the universe?’ The Englishman answered: ‘Yes, we have John Stuart Mill. He is not only a political thinker, who has defined the functions of government, and whose *Essay on Liberty* is as good as your Rousseau’s *Contrat Social* is bad: for Mill concludes in favor of the perfect freedom of the individual, while Rousseau ends by establishing the absolute power of the community over each of its members. Mill is not only an economist who has treated—with the most refined scientific analysis, and in a most comprehensive discussion—of the laws of the production and diffusion of wealth, yet regarding them as subordinate to the improvement of humanity. He is not only a moralist, who has enlarged, elevated, and purified the meagre Utilitarianism of Bentham; and, while vindicating the ethical principle of the greatest happiness, shown how it may be reconciled with the aspirations of heroic virtue and devotion. He is also a mental philosopher, allied most nearly to Locke, but one who has arrived at the best results that are attainable within the limits of that theory which makes experience the source of all our knowledge; and on this ground he has taken a position rivalling at least the chief of the Scottish metaphysicians. He is, above all, the author of a complete system of logic, exhibiting all the methods or processes, both the syllogistic and the inductive, which can be employed by the intellect in the pursuit of truth; he has laid down rules for the investigation of facts, and for drawing correct inferences from their evidence, with a view to positive science, as the lawyers have their own rules of evidence to direct the trial of cases in our courts; and so far as the moral sciences are concerned, he has, with as much success as M. Comte in your country, described their place and order in a general system of philosophy, and the respective conditions of their study.’

“This being the intellectual reputation of Mr. Mill, whose works are used as authorized text-books in the great English Universities, and who is held by his numerous disciples to have superseded

the famous philosophical teaching of the University of Edinburgh, there is one thing about his personal history which seems to deserve special remark. His mind, one of the most highly cultivated, as well as one of the most original which the age can boast, was never subjected to academical instruction in school or college. In his youth he was taught at home by his eminent father, and no education could have done so much for him as to be the child and pupil of such a man as James Mill, whose merits and achievements are rather enhanced than eclipsed by the more illustrious career of his son. In the year 1773, at the time when two other great thinkers of Scotland, David Hume and Adam Smith, were shedding clear light upon the most important themes of mental and social philosophy, James Mill was born, of humble parents, in a village in Forfarshire. By the assistance of a gentleman in the neighborhood, Sir John Stuart, whose liberality has since been nobly recompensed through the glory acquired

by his namesake in our days, James Mill received the benefits of learning. He commenced a literary career, first in Edinburgh, afterwards in London. He turned his attention first to psychology, as a follower of Hartley, founding all the conceptions of the mind on mere combinations of sensations; secondly, to political economy, in which he followed Ricardo. He produced books on each of those subjects, the best that could then be written from their own point of view. He then composed a *History of British India*, a work not only of accurate research, but of great narrative interest and philosophical insight. An official appointment in the India House relieved him from the toils and cares of one who has to earn his bread by his pen, and thus gave him leisure to form the mind of his son, born at Pentonville, in the year 1806, whose career has been in harmony with that of the father."

In 1851, Mr. Mill married Mrs. Harriet Taylor, the widow of one of his oldest friends. He has no children.

P O E T R Y .

UNREQUITED.

I.

Few and low were the words I spoke,
Doubly brief was the cold reply;
Yet in that one moment a man's heart broke,
And the light went out from his eye!

II.

In a little moment of time,
The bright hopes of a life all paled;
A brave man knew he had dared the leap,
And a proud man knew he had—*failed!*

III.

Failed! 'tis often a fatal word,
Fraught with the spirit's pain;
For to fail in *some* of the ventures of life
Is never to try them again.

IV.

If the fowler hang o'er the cliff,
Upheld by a treacherous rope,
Should the frail thing break or the strong
man blanch,
He is lost—and beyond all hope.

V.

So I set *my* hopes on a word,
Launched a shell on a boisterous sea;

And the waves up-rose, and my shell down-sank—

It can never come back to me!

—*London Society.*

UNREQUITED.

A REPLY.

He passes by, with cold and heartless gaze,
And I must brave it — ay, and smile beneath
The casual look or words on me that fall,
As snowflakes from a May-day wreath.

And yet no word of mine shall ever break
The silence that between our hearts must lie.
I love him—yet he knows not—never shall;
No look shall tell him, till I die!

I see him yonder, basking in the smiles
Of one whose radiant brow and artful ways
Have all enthralled him. Doth she love as I?
No! with his heart she merely plays.

Oh! I could bear it all, did I but know
That love, true, faithful, lay within *her* heart,
So he might never feel, as I have felt,
Hope slowly, hour by hour, depart.

Oh! masters of our hearts, ye little know
What faith and love ye pass unheeded by;

Or leave for lighter words, or brighter smiles,
Without a thought—without a sigh !

—*London Society*

MY HERITAGE.

In close communion with the mighty dead
I pass the pleasant years;
Giving to all for laughter laughter, dread
For dread, and tears for tears.

With Homer's warriors on the plains of Troy
Fighting I seem to be;
I hear the conquering Greeks, all flushed with joy,
Shout for the victory.

With Lear into the pitiless storm I go,
No friend below—above;
I weep for Juliet and her Romeo,
But ever love their love.

I pity the pure Desdemona's fate,
Mourn with the noble Moor;
But give Iago all my changeless hate,
And still it is too poor.

I see the shaggy brows of Shylock lower
At Portia's silvery voice;
I smile to see him shorn of all his power,
And furious at his choice.

With Bunyan's pilgrim, clogged by doubt and
sin—
Rent by soul-agonies—
I travel, till I see him pass within
The gates of Paradise.

The great Italian takes me by the hand,
Binds me with fearful spell,
Shows me the mysteries of the spirit-land,
The things of Heaven and Hell.

I shake with laughter at the immortal knight
Quixote, of high renown;
And at his esquire, Sancho, luckless wight!—
Of chivalry the crown.

Goethe, the life and sun of German thought,
Gives of his wondrous store;
Flame-tipped, his passionate words are all in-
wrought,
With the heart's deepest core.

With our sublime and most seraphic bard,
I sorrow for our woes;
Behold the world prisoner in devil-ward
Till he, the Saviour, rose.

I see the Roman Empire rapid rise,
I ponder its decline;
The illustrious Cæsars pass before mine eyes,
And many a famous line.

Into the broad domains of sweet romance
With high-souled Scott I peer.
I linger o'er fair Enid's countenance—
Arthur and Guinevere.

And many others wile with me their lays,
Or build with argument—
As Burns and Bacon; worthy of high praise—
With lips all-eloquent.

Then, when the restless soul from these will turn,
I take The Book—the best;
And read with joy, "Come ye by sins down-
borne,

And I will give you rest."

—*Macmillan.*

GEORGE SMITH.

SONNET.

COLD looks, hard words: these wear away the
stone,

Yet, to its veriest fragment will it be
Of diamond particles, in love for thee.
'Tis for thy sake, dear love, and thine alone,
I would thou wert less bitter in thy thought
Of one whose heart lies underneath thy feet.
That thou shouldst trample on it, is but meet
Reward for all the evil it has wrought;
But when 'tis cold and still, and can no more
For thee its floods of tenderness outpour,
I dread lest unrelenting memory bring
With late regret, remorse's bitter sting.
Oh, let it not be so—recall alone
The loving life I built, into thy throne.

When I am lying in the cold, dark grave,
Shut out from light and love, from hope and fear,
Perchance thou'lt pause to drop a silent tear
O'er one whom once thou wouldst have died to
save.

Nor do I deem that thou now lov'st me less;
Yet, had I served my God as I have thee,
He had not in my need forsaken me.
Then, by the memory of my tenderness,
Be gentle with the little one I leave
To face life's miseries alone—believe
That woman's heart can break, but never roam
When once she's raised her idol to his throne.
Then guard my darling, lest her future be
Blasted, like mine, and end as bitterly.

—*Temple Bar.*

L. W. F.

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S NIGHT SONG.

WELCOME, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west,
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home.
Now I'm ready for my chair;
So, till to-morrow morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there !

Though to leave your pretty song,
Little birds, it gives me pain,
Yet to-morrow is not long,
Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop and stand about,
Well I know how things will be:
Judy will be looking out
Every now and then for me.

So fare ye well, and hold your tongues;
Sing no more until I come:
They're not worthy of your songs
That never care to drop a crumb.

All day long I love the oaks,
But at nights yon little cot,

Where I see the chimney smokes,
Is by far the prettiest spot.

Wife and children all are there,
• To revive with pleasant looks;
Table ready set, and chair;
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,
When my faggot down I fling,
Little prattlers they begin
Teasing me to talk and sing.

JOHN CLARE.

THE JUNE DREAM.

A GARDEN in the burning noon,
Green with the tender green of June,
Save where the trees their leaves unfold
Against the sky, less green than gold—
A garden full of flowers, as bright
As if their blooms were blooms of light!

There, while the restless shadows play
Upon the grass, one comes to-day
Musing and slow, but fair of face,
Gentle and winning as a Grace,
Rosy and Beautiful to see,
In the June of life is she.

Among the flowers and by the trees
She comes, yet tree nor flower sees—
In vain the golden pansy blows,
Vainly the passion-hearted rose,
And—trembling in the gusty swells—
The campanula's purple bells.

These in her fancies have no part:
She wanders dreaming in her heart,
And ever, while around her flows
A silken ripple as she goes,
The sound of winds and waves it takes
And helps the pictures that she makes.

Wide underneath the June-blue sky
She sees the breadths of ocean lie,
And with the opal's changeful range
From blue to green alternate change,
While still the sunshine on its breast
Trembles and glows in its unrest.

And on the far horizon—white
A sail is shining in the light,
And what she hears is not the breeze
That trembles in the shimmering trees,
It is the wind that fierce and strong
Hurries that yielding ship along.

It cuts its way with creak and strain,
The sail is wet with spraying rain;
But o'er the side one scans the foam,
And dreams and ever dreams of home,
And of the heart that, madly press'd,
Still seems to throb against his breast.

Oh, brave young sailor! eyes of blue
Like thine were never aught but true;
And truth dwells on those lips that yet
Scarce with the salt sea-brine are wet,
And in that peach-like cheek the flame
That burns can never burn with shame!

In all the fears that wring her heart
Doubt of thy truth can have no part—
She fears the flush of angry skies,
The winds that roar, the waves that rise,
Wreck, death, whatever ill may be,
But, no, she has no fear of thee.

A tender melancholy lies,
A shadow in her downcast eyes,
While by the trees and through the flow'rs
She thinks, of the departed hours—
Regret her loving heart *must* bear
But anguish has no portion there,

—London Society.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Summer Rest, by GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. Gail Hamilton has many admirers. Her thoughts are generally vigorous, her style direct and forcible, her aim practical. An earnest purpose pervades all her writings. And yet she needs to be read with discrimination. There is evil mixed with the good. Her intense convictions often betray her into extravagances of expression; while zealous to conserve and vindicate the spirit of religion and of its institutions, she would abrogate and destroy all the forms and enactments which are essential to its very existence. We have a specimen of this in the volume before us. Why, we know not, but she sees fit to assail the settled faith of the Christian church on the fundamental point of the Sabbath. She takes occasion to review and severely condemn Gillfillan's work on the Sabbath, published by the American Tract Society (New-York) and the New-York Sabbath Committee, and extensively distributed. In the course of this most unjust and arrogant tirade we find such sentiments as these: "The Old Testament is a sacred book, but it is not ours. It is a divine revelation, but not to us. Moses belonged to the Jews, but we have Christ. . . . But who made this distinction?" [that is between the "ceremonial law" and the "moral law."] "Where in the Bible do we find the Mosaic laws thus classified and disposed of? We affirm that it is done solely on human authority; that the Bible countenances no such arrangements; that, on the contrary, the whole Mosaic law, decalogue and all, was, by the coming of Christ, disannulled. We are no more under the law of the ten commandments than we are under the law of ablutions and fringes. Christ and his apostles taught, as clearly as it is possible to teach, that the Mosaic law was superseded. They drew no dividing line between moral and ceremonial law, but dismissed the whole law as a thing of the past." And much more of the same sort.

For our part, we are quite disappointed in this book. The title—*Summer Rest*—is a misnomer. We expected something appropriate to the season—something easy of digestion; not knotty points in theology—sentiments freely and confidently expressed which deny the faith and shock the moral sensibilities of nine tenths of her readers.

The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mrs. Milton. New-York: M. W. Dodd. The previous works by this author have been received with marked favor. The quaint style

of expression and of typography in the present volume help to make the impression that it is the veritable history of Mary Powell's maidenhood, courtship, and married life as the young wife of the great Milton.

Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1866. This chaste little volume belongs to the "Blue and Gold" series. It contains some genuine poetry. Miss Muloch's prose works deservedly rank very high. She is less known as a poet, but this collection of her poems—many of which have appeared in past years in *Chambers's Journal* and elsewhere, and others are now collected for the first time—will not detract from her well-earned reputation.

Miss Forrester: A Novel. By Mrs. EDWARDS. New-York: American News Company, 1866. Mrs. Edwards is a highly popular novelist. Her *Ordeal for Wives*, *Archie Lovell*, *The Morals of May Fair*, and other works, have had a large circulation in this country as well as in England, where they originally appeared. While the present work is hardly equal in interest to some of her other productions, it will nevertheless find numerous readers.

SCIENCE.

Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem.—Some of the Friday-evening lectures at the Royal Institution have presented subjects which can hardly fail to be interesting beyond the audience to whom they were delivered. In one of these lectures Sir Henry James, of the Royal Engineers, gave an account of the Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem. We are familiar enough with this kind of topographical work in our own country; but to hear of an Ordnance Survey of the Holy Land—to find modern science mixing itself up with traditions of the earliest times, with our Scriptural associations, and with the Crusaders and Saracens—inspires a notion of incongruity. It is true, nevertheless, that a party of red-coated English sappers have taken an accurate plan of the City of David, and carried a line of levelling all across the country from the Mediterranean at Jaffa to the Dead Sea, the object being to settle a long debated question—the difference of level between the two seas; and we now learn from Sir H. James that it is settled. The difference is great; for the level of the Dead Sea is 1292 feet below that of the Mediterranean; and the highest ground passed over in the line of the survey (Mount Scopus) is 2724 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The Mount of Olives is 2665 feet, Mount Zion 2550 feet, and Mount Moriah 2440 feet above the same level. Due precautions were taken, by cutting marks on the solid rock on the route, to preserve a means of testing the survey at some future time, and of rendering it meanwhile useful to travellers, or to the party now engaged in the exploration of Palestine.

In describing Jerusalem, Sir H. James states that the city "occupies a space exactly equal to the area included between Oxford-street and Piccadilly, and between Bond-street and Park-lane;" about three-quarters of a mile in length, and half a mile in width; from which description ordi-

nary readers may form a familiar notion of the size of a city which figures so largely in the world's history. One other particular will interest those who are taking pains to improve the water supply in London and elsewhere, and who regard civil engineering as a modern art. Jerusalem was supplied even in ancient days from two sources, high-level and low-level: the water flowed through tunnels, and crossed a deep valley by means of a syphon made of stone in lengths of about five feet, connected by collar and socket joints.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Mammoth in Siberia.—News of the discovery of a mammoth in the frozen soil of arctic Siberia has just been received from the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, to the satisfaction of palæontologists, who are hopeful that it will afford an opportunity for a complete and trustworthy description of the ancient creature. It was discovered in 1864 by a Samoyed, near the bay of Tas, the eastern arm of the Gulf of Obi, imbedded in the earth, covered with hair, and the skin apparently entire. This state of preservation is due to the almost perennial frost which prevails on the northernmost coast of Asia, and it is to be hoped that partial exposure to the air will not, as in a former instance, have occasioned a sudden decomposition. In February of the present year, the academy above referred to commissioned a well-known palæontologist, one of their body, to visit the spot, and note its geology, together with every possible particular concerning the mammoth. We may therefore hope to have, in due time, a detailed report of the discovery, as well as of the appearance of the animal, and, should circumstances prove favorable, of the contents of its stomach. The subject is the more interesting, inasmuch as it involves the question of a change of climate since the age when the mammoth roamed along the shores of what is now a frozen sea.

The Geographical Society's Proceedings contains a paper on the Rovuma, a river of Eastern Africa, which has some interest for general readers, as it is by the Rovuma that Dr. Livingstone hopes to enter the country and renew his explorations. Its mouth lies north of Cape Dalgado, within the jurisdiction of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and opens to the sea without bar or surf, in a spacious bay. Being thus easy of access, the river offers unusual facilities for access to the interior. In his last expedition, Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by Dr. Kirk, ascended it a hundred miles, until stopped by a barrier of rocks, from which, on the next attempt, he will probably pursue his journey by land. He will then be not far from the region of the great lakes, and the head waters of the Zambesi, Congo, and Nile, which he is likely to regard as a promising scene of exploration. The lower part of the river is lined by mangroves; but, as Dr. Kirk writes, "when this unhealthy region is passed, we enter a plain covered with heavy timber, thick bush, and gigantic grass, bound together and festooned by brilliant flowered tropical plants, teeming with animal life. In the water, there are herds of hippopotami, easy of approach, not having been hunted with firearms, but sufficiently bold to attack a boat with their formidable tusks." Should Dr. Livingstone succeed in solving the problem of the water-shed of Central Africa, and the ultimate source of the

Nilo, he will achieve the crowning exploit of his travels. We may add to this that Dr. Kirk has sailed to undertake fresh explorations in Eastern Africa, of which we may hope to hear in the course of a few months.

Supposed Ruins of Chorazin.—A little more than two miles southeast of Kedes, on an isolated hill called Tel Harah, were found the remains of a large city of very ancient date; the walls of the citadel, and a portion of the city wall could be traced. This Captain Wilson regards as the long-sought for Hazor, in preference to Tel Khur-eibeh. At Tel Hum the White Synagogue had been so far excavated, and its plan and ornaments carefully recorded, but nothing else had been found. The ruins of Chorazin at Kerazeh turn out to be far more important than was previously suspected; they cover a much larger extent of ground than Tel Hum, and many of the private houses are almost perfect, with the exception of the roofs—the openings for doors and windows remaining in some cases. All the buildings, including a synagogue or church, are of basalt.—*Palestine Exploration Report.*

Cavour Canal.—The Cavour canal owes its existence entirely to the formation of the Italian kingdom. Its necessity has been long apparent, but the requisite capital could not be raised until a guarantee satisfactory to capitalists had been obtained. This was conceded by the Italian Government in 1862. The works are on a very grand scale, and are interesting to hydraulic engineers. The canal passes over the Dora Baltea river by an aqueduct of twenty-five hundred yards in length, and under the rivers Elvo, Sesia Agogna, and Terdoppio, by syphon tunnels formed of masonry. The Po, which has been aptly denominated the Nile of Upper Italy, descending from Monte Viso in the Cottian Alps, runs through the plain of Upper Piedmont, or Montferrat, which consists of a deep alluvium of a most fertile character. The river irrigates the district of Turin, where it receives the drainage waters from the meadows which surround the city, as well as much of its sewage. It then pursues its course, and is swollen before it reaches Chivasso by the junction of the rivers Dora Riparia, Orco, and Malone. The Cavour canal will tap the Po about ten miles from Turin between the mouths of the Orco and the Dora Baltea, and will enter the Ticino after a course of fifty-three miles with an average descent of one foot two inches per mile, discharging a volume of water equal to thirty-nine hundred cubic feet per second. From ten to twelve thousand men have been employed daily upon this great work until its completion. The opening of the canal has been the inauguration of one of the grandest hydraulic works undertaken during the present century on the continent of Europe, and cannot fail to be the commencement of a new era in the prosperity of Piedmont. The canal is at its commencement forty-three yards wide, decreasing gradually to eight at its termination. The capital expended on its construction will exceed four millions of pounds sterling, and, according to the computation of the promoters, three hundred thousand acres of land, now estimated to be worth £6,000,000, and yielding a rental of £300,000, will, when irrigated by the Cavour

canal, attain the value of £15,000,000, and produced an annual rental of £750,000.—*Leisure Hour.*

ART.

The Nature of Color-Blindness.—In the *Philosophical Magazine* for February an important paper has been translated from *Poggendorff's Annalen* upon the nature of color-blindness. The author of the essay referred to, Herr Dr. E. Rose, of Berlin, describes an instrument which he has constructed for the detection of color-blindness, and for estimating its extent. Numerous researches have enabled him to conclude—1. That with the color-blind it is always light of the greatest or of the least refrangibility that first becomes imperceptible. 2. That invariably, as the disease increases, the patient ceases to perceive only that light which had previously the greatest or smallest refrangibility among the rays visible to him. 3. That color-blindness is always characterized by a shortening of the spectrum and never by an interruption. A complete and accurately defined spectrum thus forms by its extent a measure of the degree of color-blindness. Herr Rose's instrument consists of a mirror, condensing lens, and prism, by which a well-marked solar spectrum is produced, and therefore accurately determines the extent of the affection.

How to Reproduce Old Lithographs.—Although this subject hardly comes within the range of Physics properly so called, it is closely related to it, and as the process is both simple and interesting, we lay it before our readers. The method, which is a new one, has been described by M. Rignaut. The lithograph to be transferred to stone is first laid face uppermost on a surface of pure water, and thus all those portions not covered with ink are allowed to absorb the liquid. It is then put between two sheets of blotting-paper, which carry off the excess of water; after which it is laid face downwards on the stone, to which it adheres perfectly. Another sheet is laid on this, and moistened with dilute nitric acid; the acid penetrates both sheets, and eats away the stone in accordance with the lights and shades of the original picture.

Kabyle Jewelry.—In that gallery, near the Assyrian Court in the Crystal Palace, which has been set apart for the reception of Indian, Chinese, and other Oriental curiosities and works of Art, there is a small group of objects that possibly may attract but little of special attention, and yet they are really interesting in no ordinary degree. These objects are specimens of the jewelry of Kabylia, and they consist of personal ornaments of silver, enriched with coral, turquoise, and various colored resinous pastes that form a species of very effective though rude enamel. The actual specimens are accompanied by several drawings carefully executed in color, and the whole are contributed by a lady resident in Algiers. Many of our readers will probably remember in an early number of last year's *Art Journal* there appeared a notice of Kabyle Pottery, with some engraved illustrations, communicated by Madame Bodichon.

The Kabyles of Algeria are a race altogether distinct from the Arabs of the same region. Having their homes in the range of the Atlas Mountains, they are supposed to be the remnant of various early European colonies, driven by successive conquests to seek for safety in those mountains. To this day they retain the industrious habits of Europeans; and the lineaments of both Roman and Grecian features, together with the fair hair of their remote progenitors, still linger among them. Not nomad, but dwelling in settled habitations, these Kabyles are famous for their manufactures of arms and personal ornaments. They possess productive mines of silver, iron, copper, and lead; and they continue to work these metals according to some simple processes, that they have derived from the usages and traditions of ancient times.

The designs of their ornaments display a singular admixture of early European and decidedly Oriental feeling; the European element being, however, distinctly visible, and partaking in a larger degree of the characteristics of Scandinavian than those of classic or Byzantine art. The workmanship, also, is elaborate, and evinces no ordinary skill in manipulation, coupled with a truly surprising amount of scientific knowledge. Coral is freely used in these jewels; and great originality and taste are displayed in the arrangement of the coral in combination with turquoise, and with enamel-like substances (said to be prepared from resinous gums brought by the negroes from the far interior of Africa), in golden yellow, and dark blue. In this collection from Kabylia, examples from another hereditary race of artist workmen are brought before us, with a curious and interesting historical tale which they tell with graphic effect, and with certain suggestive lessons that will not be despised by those more advanced masters in art who delight to continue students to the end of their lives.—*Art Journal*.

Flowers from India.—There has been exhibited at the *soirée* of the Royal Society, and elsewhere, a collection of drawings of surpassing merit, made from the flowers and flowering shrubs of Western India, the large and almost inaccessible mountains and the pathless prairies through which passage is seldom possible. They are of singular beauty; many of them are utterly unknown in England, and indeed in India, except in the immediate localities where they grow; for death has in most cases followed attempts to introduce them to other habitats. The collection—which includes one hundred drawings—consists of copies from nature by Mrs. Read Brown, the lady of General Read Brown, who long resided in that part of India where alone these flowers are found. Only a powerful enthusiasm could have brought so many treasures together; she has, it is understood, frequently ridden fifty miles to procure a single specimen. Regarded as mere works of art they are of great merit; admirably drawn and colored, so minutely, indeed, are they finished that a vast amount of time must have been expended in transferring them to paper. Their variety is not the least of their attractions; many of them hang in graceful festoons; others are of gigantic blossoms; and all are of the size of nature. We trust they may be published, and so reward the accomplished lady for her indefatiga-

ble energy in making the collection.—*Art Journal*.

VARIETIES.

Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record.—This valuable periodical has reached its twelfth number, completing its first year. The publishers thereupon take occasion to express their thanks for the support given them, and to say, "the interest excited by our monthly issues has been exceedingly gratifying, showing, as it does, that we have not been mistaken in our estimate of the wants of a large number of literary men. From all parts of Europe and the East, as well as from North and South America, we have received substantial proofs that this, our index of new facts, new opinions, and new thoughts in the hitherto unrecorded current literature of the world, has been of some service in promoting that catholicity in the acquaintance with literature, the spread of which is a far surer guide to permanent peace than all the diplomacy and commercial treaties in the world." Indeed there is not in the whole body of bibliographical literature another periodical of so much value to scholars, linguists, historians, and students generally, as this publication by the Messrs. Trübner. It is literally cosmopolitan in its scope, for it includes the literature of the United States, of Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Brazil, Peru, the Argentine Republic, China, India, Australia, Turkey, etc. Then it makes special collections of titles; for instance, Dante's birthday was celebrated last year, and, in connection with that important event, the *Record* furnishes us with an enumeration of 134 works in Italian, French, German, and English, published for the most part in 1865, relating to the illustrious poet—a list invaluable to the student of Dante. So also the literature relating to the Zendavesta and the ancient Zoroastrian faith, is represented by a list of 120 different works, containing the fullest account of the literature of this subject that has yet been produced. In like manner a bibliography of the literature of Hindu law, as found in the original and reprinted text-books, is furnished in one of the numbers. In twelve numbers, the publishers have recorded no less than 4360 works in different languages, and, in the special department of American literature, to which ample justice is done, in addition to a synopsis of the contents of our periodical publications, there have been given particulars of 1775 volumes, nine tenths of which have been published during the past year. Of these, it may interest curious statisticians to add, that 223 are Theological, 165 Historical, 129 Poetical, 113 Novels, 117 Works for the Young, 99 Biographical, 77 Medical, 67 Legal, 66 Geographical (including Books of Travel), 53 Commercial, 45 Political, 38 Philological, 35 treat on Natural History, 43 on General and Practical Science, 33 on Military Matters (in addition to 186 named in a list of American Military Books), 22 on Agriculture, 20 on Navigation and Naval Science, 20 on the Theory and Practice of Education, 19 on Conchology, 13 on Philosophy and Metaphysics, 13 on Mathematics, 12 on Geology, 11 on Photog-

raphy, 12 on Freemasonry, 5 on Architecture, 4 on Bibliography, 3 on Astronomy, and the remainder on criticism, belles-lettres, etc. We give these facts and figures in order that the reader may gather from them rather than from our commendation, some adequate idea of the scope and utility of such a complete *Record*. It is rapidly attracting attention and winning favor on this side of the Atlantic, and is universally regarded as a most important medium for diffusing among the reading public of England, the continent, and the East, a knowledge of the issues from the American press. Publishers and students are alike indebted to the Messrs. Trübner for conceiving the idea of such a publication, and for conducting the publication itself in a manner so fair, thorough, catholic, and scholarly. We may add, as a matter of information, that the subscription price is five shillings per annum, and that the books named can be supplied by the publishers, the descriptions given being from actual examination.

Origin of "Pickwick."—In the London *Athenæum* is a letter from R. Seymour, son of the artist who supplied the sketches for the first number of *Pickwick*. It is apropos of the issue, by Mr. Bohn, of a new edition of *Seymour's Sketches*, which, the younger Seymour says, imperfectly show the varied ability of the father. In this letter it is claimed that the idea and title of "The Pickwick Club" were the elder Seymour's, whose plan was to give the adventures of a club of cockney sportsmen; that he showed it to two London publishers, first to Mr. McLean and then to Mr. Spooner; that the latter had some idea of publishing it, and wished Theodore Hook to write the letter-press; that the first four plates were etched before the work was mentioned by Seymour, and that they were afterwards retouched and modified in some degree to meet Mr. Dickens' views, and that, for the benefit of his mother and family, the younger Seymour will immediately issue a complete edition of his father's works, consisting of one hundred and eighty engravings, and a full account of the origin of the "Pickwick Papers."

Chinese Journalism.—It is believed that there was a *Peking Gazette* long before the *London Gazette*. Both are edited officially, and contain only official announcements. Of the *Peking* paper, five different editions are printed, by five different publishers, who send copies round to the houses of their subscribers by messengers of their own. These publishers also supply copies on hire, precisely as in London, which are fetched away by their messengers, and are to be had next day at a lower price. There is, moreover, a manuscript edition, which is circulated every evening at six o'clock, and contains the same, or nearly the same news as will appear in print the next morning. There has just been commenced in London, a broad sheet in Chinese, entitled *The Flying Dragon Reporter for China, Japan, and the East*, with a distribution guaranteed to the extent of 60,000 copies yearly in Peking, Nanking, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Yokohama, Nangasaki, Saigon, Melbourne, San Francisco, etc. It is edited by Professor Summer, and will appear monthly.—*American Literary Gazette*.

Tennyson's First Publication.—It is stated by

a writer in *Notes and Queries* that Alfred Tennyson's earliest effort in the way of poetry was a volume entitled *Poems by Two Brothers*, published by Simpkin & Marshall in 1827. The work he produced jointly with his brother Charles, and the authors were at the time both boys at Louth Grammar School. Not until 1829 did Alfred Tennyson gain the prize for English verse at Cambridge, on the subject *Timbuctoo*, of which the *Athenæum* of July 22d in that year declared, with evident foresight, that it "indicated first-rate poetical genius, and would have done honor to any man that ever wrote." "A Fragment," by A. Tennyson, Esq., is the title of some lines which appear in the *Gem* for 1831 (edited by Thomas Hood), and which, so far as we know, have never since been reprinted.

The Denmark.—The arrival of this new and splendid steamship, one of eleven which form the National Steam Navigation Company's line between New-York and Liverpool, was made the occasion, a few days since, of a pleasant gathering of a select company of friends to dine in the magnificent saloons of the *Denmark*, by invitation of F. W. J. Hurst, Esq., the energetic and gentlemanly manager in New-York. Mr. Hurst presided with dignity and grace, and proposed the health of her Majesty the Queen of England, the health of the President of the United States, etc., etc., the health of George Peabody, Esq., the magnificent and munificent benefactor of London's poor inhabitants, which were received and responded to with enthusiasm, as was also the health of W. B. Macalister, Esq., the general manager of the company at Liverpool, who has, by his energy, made this one of the largest and best steamship lines on the ocean.

The most of them are colossal ships of over three thousand tons, strong as wood and iron can make them. With their veteran commanders and ample comforts, and spacious state-rooms and very moderate prices, they invite the attention and patronage of the travelling public who cross the ocean. If in a few of them an epidemic appeared among the steerage passengers, a while since, we know that it was not the fault of the line, but its temporary misfortune, and should not result in its injury. In this brief paragraph we hope to do a public service to travellers, as well as do justice to a noble line of steamships largely engaged in the interests of commerce, and bridging the ocean every week with safe conveyance.

Saratoga Springs.—The sad loss of two great hotels at this celebrated watering place of healthful summer resort has naturally discouraged many annual visitors from resorting to these mineral springs this season. We hope to do a public service in this direction by saying, as we are well informed, that the American Hotel now admirably kept by R. McMichael, Esq., formerly one of the attentive and gentlemanly proprietors of Congress Hall, offers enlarged accommodations for some three hundred visitors. It is well kept in all its departments in the best manner. Visitors will find a sumptuous table and prompt attention to their comforts and wants, as all would naturally expect who remember Mr. McMichael at Congress Hall in former years. He has added some fifty rooms to this hotel the past year.

and yet we have lately been gravely told so by writers who must have ignored Milton and all his grand pictures of earth and sky, and Spenser and the glorious landscapes he has painted in his *Fuery Queen*, and Drayton, who touched off, though with a ruder pencil, so many truly English scenes, and Beaumont and Fletcher and Shakespeare; and foremost and earliest of all, the father of English poetry, Chancer, who looked abroad on the face of nature five hundred years ago with the loving enthusiasm of Wordsworth himself, and whose "Boke of the Duchesse," and that sweetest of all his poems, the "Floure and the Lefe," might form a veritable landscape album. Wherefore, because our grand old poets did not visit the Lakes and the Highlands, are they to be taunted with indifference to nature?

That public taste in the days of our great-grandfathers was not so inclined to excursions and tours as in the present day, is readily conceded. But we think we have supplied a sufficient reason for it—if the highways presented so many difficulties, who could think of venturing upon byways? And even if our great-grandfathers preferred the blossoming hedgerows and lovely scenery of Kent, or the fair landscapes round Bath, to more rugged views, who shall blame them? Beauty is various, and every variety of natural scenery has a charm of its own. It is as well, too, to remember that, in regard to popular taste, there is a fashion in scenery just as there is in dress or furniture. Scores who annually fall into due raptures at the sight of Helvellyn and Ben Lomond, would some eighty years ago just as rapturously have admired the formal flower-beds, the clipped trees, and "les grands eaux" of Versailles.

We are, however, gossiping about travellers and tourists, while a lady with a very pleasant volume, filled with pleasant illustrations, is awaiting our notice. But the remarks we have made are scarcely out of place, inasmuch as it has been chiefly in reference to mountain scenery—especially that of the Lake country—that all these grievous charges against our forefathers have been made; just as though they deserved censure for not admiring what they really never had a chance of seeing. It seems to have

been completely forgotten that the Lake district lay far away from the northern highroad, separated by wide moors and almost impassable ways, while the characteristics of its inhabitants in the old time were such, that the travelling trader willingly led his pack-horses a long way about, rather than encounter the Cumberland reivers, whose boast it was that they could carry off everything "that was not too hot or too heavy," and one of whom is reported to have bitterly exclaimed when contemplating a huge haystack, "an ye had but four legs, ye should gang."

But those days of the strong hand passed away; a peaceful agricultural race succeeded; but still "the North" was a name of distrust, if not of fear, from the days of the revolution to "the Forty-five." There was the stronghold of Jacobitism; there plot after plot had been arranged, and from thence came the warmest English adherents of the Pretender—Armstrong, Fenwick, and, most to be pitied of all, hapless Derwentwater—with their misguided but devoted followers, whose heads for so many years frowned grimly above Carlisle gates. What inducement had our great-grandfathers to visit such a region?

And thus the eighteenth century passed away; but ere its close the French Revolution had turned old usages upside-down. What changes in dress, in furniture, in social habits; and how eagerly the youth of their day flung aside broidered waistcoat, and ruffles, and silk stockings, for the loose coat and pantaloons; and how soon after, rejoicing in their simple garb, they set forth on pedestrian expeditions—a mode of travelling until then totally unknown, save to packmen and tinkers. How must the old conservatives of that day have shaken their heads and prophesied ruin, when the young gentleman who might have ordered his postchaise in a laudable and orthodox way, shouldered his wallet, and set forth with a walking-stick to wander like a very gypsy! It is very suggestive, too, to observe how, with that long closing of the Continent against us, the excursive habits of Englishmen were compelled to find scope at home, and how many of those wild and picturesque localities now visited by

thousands, owe, we might almost say, their discovery, not to improved roads and convenient inns, not even to the pleasant stage-coach and its magnificent four-in-hand, but to the wandering tourist, who with wallet and staff, heedless of turnpike roads, sought his way across the pathless moors, and up the difficult mountain passes, and was rewarded by glimpses of Alpine scenery even in the heart of England! And what pleasant tales of adventure had the tourist to tell on his return! No hackneyed stories about bad inns, and broken-down horses, and all the commonplace adventures of a commonplace journey; but wanderings beside Windermere and Ullswater, one moment bathed in sunshine, the next shrouded in mist, and the marvellous glories of mountain scenery, the ruby glow of eventide, the amethystine splendor of the twilight!

Just about this time, too, as though the new-found region should have its own especial poet, Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads* appeared, and if they met with abuse and ridicule from some, by a large number they were hailed with delight. They spoke to the feelings of the times, wearied with sentimental inanities, and willing to be pleased with the commonest things, were they but true to nature. So more and more frequent did visits to the Lakes become, for the sake of the scenes the poet had so vividly painted; while ere long another attraction—of far less interest indeed—aroused “the fashionable world,” and became for a time paramount. Among the young gentlemen who visited the Lakes, there was one who, not content with indulging his raptures in letters, felt how pleasant it would be to “see himself in print,” and accordingly gave to the world not only a most glowing description of the Lake scenery, but what was most unfortunate in its results, an equally glowing description of the beauty of the maid of the inn where he lodged. Thus held up, “as the sad gazing-stock of all the idle, and curious, and dissolute, down for a month's holidays at the Lakes,” can we wonder that poor Mary of Buttermere eagerly caught at the gilded bait of a nobleman's brother offering her marriage? Nor can we much wonder that the adventurer who married her proved to be no brother of Lord Hopetoun, but

James Hatfield, a gambler and forger, and already a married man. There was nothing so very striking in this tale, but in some way it laid strange hold on the public mind, and from the time that Hatfield's deception was discovered, to the day when he hung at the door of Carlisle jail for forgery, the story of Mary of Buttermere became “the rage” (to use the fashionable phrase of some sixty years ago) throughout London Society.

It seems strange to us, how in the very midst of the political excitement of those times, in the very hottest of our war with France, a story like this should awaken such general interest; but portraits of Mary of Buttermere, with eyes of intensest blue, were to be seen in every print-shop, dolorous ballads, deploring her sad fate, were sung alike in the drawing room and in the street. Old Bartholomew Fair, ever faithful to popular feeling, exhibited her in wax-work “for the small charge of one penny,” and by a living representative at its chief theatre for sixpence; while the managers of the regular London theatres actually sent proposals—of course rejected—to Mary herself to come up to be exhibited for a handsome “consideration!” No wonder the following summer beheld a larger company than ever bound to the Lakes—even delicate ladies “roughing it” with hardy pedestrians to catch a sight of the unfortunate heroine, while Grasmere and Rydal water were left in comparative solitude by the crowds that flocked to Buttermere. Ere another season came, Mary of Buttermere's story was half forgotten; and in a few years the heroine, then the wife of a respectable yeoman, must have wondered at the temporary interest she had excited. She lived at Caldbeck, surviving her beauty, which, however, she transmitted to her daughters, who were happily preserved from her luckless fate. The Lakes had now attained a sufficient celebrity, and for the last fifty years each summer and autumn has sent a numerous company of visitors, eager to behold scenes of so much wild beauty, and made famous by the residence or temporary abode of so many of our poets.

The pleasant volume before us, as the author in her lively preface assures us, is—

"Neither a hand-book, telling what inns to go to, and how much to pay for breakfast and dinner, nor yet an exhaustive monograph, which would have needed thrice the time and space; but a book on the Lakes, giving such portions of the general and local history as fell in with our plan, while doing our best to worthily illustrate and describe the most beautiful places, both those popularly known and those which only the residents ever find out."

As both Mr. and Mrs. Linton are "natives and old inhabitants," and enthusiastic admirers of their native scenery, the book is, indeed, as they claim for it, "a love-book given to the world in the earnest desire for others to share in their experiences, and to receive the same joy and healthy excitement as they themselves have had."

The work commences with a short chapter on the early history of the Lake country, from the days of the original inhabitants, the Brigantes, who kept the Romans well employed in attempting to subjugate them, a task which they were unable completely to effect—down to the sixteenth century, when feuds almost as continuous were carried on between the English and Scottish borderers. Notwithstanding its distance from the capital, the Lake country abounds in relics of Roman occupancy; for under Agricola a large military force was stationed here, and the troops were employed for some years in erecting fortresses and constructing roads. These roads, of which in many parts portions may still be traced, have been a sore puzzle to local antiquaries, as to whence they came, and whither they ultimately tended. It is certain, however, that one went from Ambleside to Penrith, and one from Penrith to Kendal, meeting in High Street; that another was on the east border of Satterthwaite, and that another skirted the lower part of the township of Ulverston, from the "Spina Alba" on Conishead Bank, by Linton, Dalton, and Goldmire to Roanhead on Duddon Bank; and Roman luxury seems to have found a place even in this far-off region. Some eighty years ago, in digging the foundation of a building upon Curwen's Island on Windermere, the workmen found the remains of what must have been a stately villa—drains, flues, firebricks, together with fragments of beautiful tessellated pavement;

while several curious gravel-walks seemed to prove that even the rare luxury of a garden had been added. After the withdrawal of the Romans, the history of the Lake country fades, like the history of the other parts of our land, into a mere collection of myths. Ambrosius, Uther Pendragon, and even his mightier son, Arthur—dear alike to romance and poetry—pleasant names as they are in fiction, have no place in a historical summary; and that the Saxons partly subdued the Brigantes, partly amalgamated with them, and formed with Northumberland the kingdom of Deira, is as much as authentic records warrant us to assert.

It has been conjectured by some of our most learned antiquaries, that Druidism continued the religion of this people to a period far later than is generally believed. That numerous Druidical relics exist would not alone prove this, but the usages and superstitions of the people are said to bear a close affinity to those of the ancient Britons; while, according to Bede, the chief priest who so heartily responded to the preaching of Paulinus, and so eagerly accepted the challenge of King Edwin to desecrate the temples and altars of heathenism, was named Coifi. Now, "Coifi," Sir Francis Palgrave points out, actually means "chief Druid."

Little can be learned respecting the Lake country and its inhabitants from this time until the Conquest, save that the Danes largely colonized these northern regions, scarcely to the "disaster of the country," for the writer herself allows that "still throughout these provinces are types of pure Scandinavian beauty and manhood; features more finely cut, and forms more grandly framed, than in any other part of England." Under William, Ivo Taillebois became Earl of Kendal, and doubtless obtained a large share of the Lake country. His great-grandson was permitted to call himself De Lancastre; but Edmund Crouchback, Henry III.'s second son, was the first earl—the first to bear the title of "time-honored Lancaster." His son Thomas was the "good earl," whose hearty adherence to the popular cause, and whose cruel judicial murder by his cousin, Edward II., rendered him in the popular belief a fellow-saint with Simon

de Montfort, and pledged, like him, to watch over the liberties of Englishmen. His estates were in the next reign restored to his brother, who dwelt in almost royal state in his castle of Leicester, where his son in due time succeeded him, and whose daughter Blanche was married to John of Gaunt, and became Duchess of Lancaster—the “duchess” whom Chaucer celebrated, and whose death he deplores. We rather doubt the extent of benefit the “noble house of Lancaster” bestowed on their wide possessions in the north. Lancaster Castle seems to have been seldom visited; and there is no record of any of that noble and royal house spending even a short summer holiday among the woods and forests of the far north. Merrily rang the hunting bugles along the green alleys of Charnwood, but their pleasant sounds never awakened the echoes of the Westmoreland and Cumberland woods and mountains. It was of little consequence, therefore, to the dwellers in the Lake district when the duchy of Lancaster, by the accession of Henry Bolingbroke, became merged in the crown. The whole district, however, was far behind the more southern parts of the kingdom, both in cultivation and civilization. Towards the close of the thirteenth century we find Lancashire sent two knights of the shire, but the sheriff’s return adds, “there is no city in the county of Lancaster.” Nearly a century later, we find that the boroughs which might send representatives were unable to do so, “by reason of their debility and poverty.” In the wars of the Roses the Lake country took part; and Lambert Simnel subsequently landed on the coast, and on Swart’s Moor the battle was fought which defeated the hopes of the adventurer. From this time it is chiefly in reference to the Border wars, carried on so continuously throughout the sixteenth century, that we meet with notices of this district. The suppression of the monasteries affected the Lake country but little. A few small priories, mostly offshoots of larger and wealthier religious houses more favorably placed, were all that could be seized, with the exception of Cartmel, a priory of Augustine canons, valued at £212 yearly rental, and the Cistercian abbey of Furness, valued at £805; and nearer the borders,

Holm Cultram, also a Cistercian abbey, valued at £537; and Lannercost Priory, not of large money value, but deserving of note for the very interesting chronicle published some years ago that bears its name. The disadvantage of these sudden suppressions of monasteries throughout the land ere a suitable arrangement had been made for the relief of the poor, is curiously illustrated by a record of the city of Lancaster, dated July 10th, 1569, which states that a search was then made, lasting from nine on the Sunday morning to four in the afternoon of the next day, whereby some thousands of “masterless men,” with no visible means of living but from games, bowling, archery, and the like, were passed to their own counties, apparently only for them to return again, for we find that the same process had to be repeated monthly until November.

The charm of the Lake country, however, is not in its historical memorials, or even in its local traditions, but in the wild beauty and rugged grandeur of its scenery, which Mrs. Linton most lovingly points out, as taking you by the hand she leads you along eighteen pleasant walks, beginning with Windermere, on a bright May morning, full of beauty, although “the spring you left behind in London fully matured, is here shy, and tender, and undeveloped;” and ending with Furness Abbey, “in the chill autumn, with the sun sinking, and ruins and relics the only world before us.”

The largest of the lakes is Windermere, and as it is less wild and romantic than its sisters, Mrs. Linton recommends the first visit to be paid to it. And pleasant, indeed, are the walks by its side. Elleray woods, so beautiful in their springtide dress—Elleray, the cherished abode for so many years of Wilson, whose first residence, an unpretending little cottage, now overshadowed by a magnificent sycamore, is given in a pretty vignette. And very delightful, even picturesque, would all the scenery be, but unfortunately “the hand of improvement” has been striving to do what can never be done—improve nature. Pieces of rock are made to do duty as parts of garden walls, old trees are carefully fenced round, wild flowers are planted on gate-tops and banks, and thus, as Mrs. Linton naively remarks,

"it is nature under the tuition of a landscape gardener — Wordsworth's mountain child with a perpetual Sunday frock on, and curls newly taken out of paper."

Very different is the scene farther on, the road from Bowness to Ambleside, fair with "the loving grace of growing wood and crumbling crag;" and still farther on toward Waterhead, past Mrs. Heman's cottage, Dove's Nest, growing richer in woodland beauty, "fringed with beeches, dropping their golden buds quite into the ripple, globe flowers, and marsh-marigolds, gilding the gray stones—here a bit of sedgy shore, wooded and flowery, twisted roots of trees, lying bare like snakes in the water—at every ten yards the aspect of the whole scene changing, until the lake dwindles into a mere tarn;" and then in a few steps more you are in the quaint, steep, clustered streets of Ambleside.

"Many and beautiful are the walks about Ambleside," says the writer, but from thence to Rydal is one of the most suggestive; for along this road the great poet—not of the Lakes only, but of universal nature—took his last walk. It was a favorite walk of his. Was it with a premonition that his work was done, and to bid farewell to scenes endeared by almost fifty years' loving fellowship, that Wordsworth that bright April evening set forth? There is a vignette of Rydal Mount, that most prosaic of houses, but commanding a view "set against Nab Scar as its shelter, the steep of Loughrigg in front, Holm Crag at its side, and the gentle little mere at its feet," worthy a poet's dwelling place. Still the lover of Wordsworth will rather press on to Grasmere, not only to gaze upon its placid and picturesque beauty, but to visit the spot where he and his sister Dorothy (that veritable "God's-gift" to him) first set up their simple housekeeping; and whither Mary Hutchinson was ere long brought to be for so many years the cherished light of his hearth, and where all his sweetest earlier poems were written. Independently of these associations, Grasmere is worthy notice as one of the loveliest of the Lake villages. Not clipped, and trimmed, and whitewashed into a "model village," Grasmere is a scattered collection of dwellings, each with its own garden, "or special plot of greenery,"

standing amid pleasant meadows and lovely little lanes, full of flowers and trees, perfect in its quiet beauty, a veritable old English hamlet.

From Ambleside Mrs. Linton leads us to Keswick, and the Vale of Derwentwater, and to Derwentwater, "the gem of the whole:"

"Whatever there is of beauty special to the other districts, is here in ripest fulness. Crag and fell, the evidence of the mountain top and the secrets of the dale; gentle river and brawling stream, the turbulent ghyll and the grander force; the lake hiding itself away in bays starred with water-lilies and blue with lobelia, or dashing round rocky promontories where it beats up waves that are almost billows in the heavy winds of winter, or bossed over with islands endeared by legend and beautified by poems, distant prospects leading down to the dark blue sea, and over to Cumberland's old enemy, Scotland, beyond, and home-views that touch the heart like the face of a fair child. Nothing is wanting, nothing is left unfinished."

It is in this beautiful lake that the strange appearance, the Floating Island, is sometimes seen. This curious island generally makes its appearance during the hotter days of summer, and is supposed to be a portion of the bottom of the lake, torn up by some agency as yet undetermined by the scientific. It is, however, mostly believed to be owing "to the generation of gases—carburetted hydrogen and azote in equal parts, with a little carbonic acid—underneath the lake bottom, in very hot weather, by which means a portion is at last torn and lifted up bodily, and floated to the surface." This is probably the correct explanation; but how much of wonder and mystery has been lost to the dwellers beside Derwentwater by this solution!

Keswick is an uninteresting town, with no historical relics, and scarcely any modern buildings worthy notice; two battered figures of a knight and lady, and one or two brasses, being all in the way of antiquity that even the old church can show. But outside the town is Greta Hall, where Southey lived and wrote for so many years, working so hard that the strong man broke down before his time. Poor Southey! there has always seemed to us something like drudgery in his life—his three or four desks, so arranged that he could turn from history to review, from poetry to

correspondence. Would that some wiser friend had cried to him, "Up, up, my friend, and quit your books," and that, like Wordsworth, he had oftener gone forth into the woods and fields. But how different was his lot from Wordsworth's. The crowd of "womankind" that certainly "made his house lively," though it was not the kind of liveliness best suited to a studious man—those three sisters, Coleridge's "gentle Sarah!" and Mrs. Lloyd, and the poet's Edith, who so fiercely assured Shelley that the plum-cakes, with which she rewarded her husband's meek acceptance of his cold dinner, were made after she had actually washed her hands! Read in the light of that uncongenial home, there is deep pathos in his graceful lines:

"My days among the dead are past."

Gray might have written them in his solitude at Cambridge, or Thomas Warton amid the crowding memories that the grand old Bodleian Library might awaken; but Southey, with a houseful of merry children, with all the beautiful scenery of Derwentwater at his door! we can almost excuse that sad mistake, his second marriage, but for the unmerited suffering it brought to one of the sweetest of our minor female poets; and we visit his grave in the churchyard hard by with a hearty *requiescat*.

Keswick and its neighborhood was the chief resort of the poets who have made the Lake famous. Frequently visited by Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans, Shelley lived here for some time, and Coleridge here wrote second part of his "Christabel." We might have thought that the poet who has told "Thalaba's most wild and wondrous tale," and even the wilder story of "Kehama," would have felt strong mental, if not brotherly sympathy with him who has given us the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel;" but there seems to have been little sympathy on the part of Southey with Coleridge, even independently of family reasons. How different it was with Wordsworth; how he delighted in that "marvellous dreamer's" conversation, and how he loved the man, dwelling after his death so minutely and lovingly even on his personal appearance:

"The rapt one of the godlike forehead,
The heaven-eyed creature."

But justice has never yet been done to Wordsworth's large-heartedness. Because he has so beautifully said:

"To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"

his readers have forgotten that the love and sympathy that "danced with the daffodils," and went forth toward the wren in her sheltered nest, the hunted deer dying beside the wellspring, toward that loveliest of his creations—the white Doe of Rylston—went forth with warmer heart throb toward the meanest peasant he met in his daily walks; while with what hearty self-forgetfulness did he celebrate Scott, Southey, Mrs. Hemans, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Hogg—we might make the list much longer—and how sadly did he mourn their death!

The Keswick walks are many and beautiful. The scenery is wilder, too, as you approach Borrowdale. Here is a pretty piece of word-painting, describing the changeful glories of Helvellyn, on a clear summer sunset:

"The Borrowdale Fells just over against the little village (Rostwaite) are one broad band of reddened gold; and beyond, but looking far too close to have Thirlmere in the dip between, is the Helvellyn range, a burning purple in the chrysolite-colored sky. While you look, the shadows lengthen and the band of red gold contracts, an exquisite greenness mounting, or rather flowing up into it—a green through which the gold faintly strikes like the changing hue of an opal; Helvellyn gets more sombre in color, but clearer in outline—each form against the liquid heavens. Every gradation of hue is before you, from the cold green and gray of the shadowed fell, which yet, when you look into it, is full of lingering touches of warmth, through the blue, and violet, and red of Helvellyn, up to the gold of the sky. And here the intense orange in the line next to the mountain fades from orange to yellow, and from yellow to primrose, and then through a pale cream tint to almost white; till, looking higher, you see the pure blue, and the rose-red clouds, turning gently westward to catch the last of the sunshine. And then the shadow finally conquers the golden band of the fell top; Helvellyn burns itself out and gets dark and slaty; and the glory fades from the sky, to be caught back and flung down in reflected light from the higher crimsoned clouds, and then the white moon rises behind amethystine Glaramara, and the daylight

flows into the moonlight, in the commingling of indistinguishable beauty."

"This is Borrowdale in dry summer weather," adds the writer, and there are doubtless few who would not delight to behold a scene so lovely; but see it when the rain has fallen for "twelve hours."

"Lodore, which had scarcely a cupful of water trickling through its stones, is now a turbulent and turbid force, in the place of a limpid stream rippling musically from stone to stone. The river into which it subsides—a mere silver line before—is now a boiling whirlpool, white or brown as it holds itself together in its sullen flood, or breaks passionately into spray and foam upon the rocks. The fall comes down, parting into three fierce streams before they join again in one, with just one or two black rocks putting out their heads above the waters; but all the rest are covered, and their places marked only by the fiercer rush and the louder roar. . . .

The mountains are loud with water-courses, and not a trace of that gorgeous coloring of twenty-four hours ago is to be seen. All yesterday Skiddaw was hidden under a smoke-colored coverlet, to-day it is washed clean out of the picture as the storm traverses the vale. So with Glaramara and the mountains at the head of Borrowdale. You see nothing but a driving heavy mist, or a fiercer wrath of rain pitiless as hail; nothing but trees bent in the wind, and waters foaming from the hillsides, and the rain pouring down a level torrent, and the paths of the mountain ghylls filled with raging mountain streams. This is what twelve hours' rain among the mountains has brought."

Really some of those early visitors to the Lakes, who described this scenery as gloomy, and almost terrific, might well be pardoned if their visit to Borrowdale had been made on such a rainy day as this.

Then among the Keswick walks is that to Borrow Falls and Lodore, well remembered from Southey's humorous description. It is strange that the height of this waterfall cannot be accurately ascertained; some declare it to be three hundred and sixty feet, while others have estimated it at only one hundred and fifty, or even at one hundred. Lodore, however, Mrs. Linton tells us, is not often seen in perfection during summer except in the July rains; indeed, "as with so many points in this country, only residents and natives know its beauty by heart." There are many

other pleasant walks about Keswick, one "a microcosm of loveliness, ten miles only in length." We cannot but smile at the "only," for ten miles in a mountainous district is a tolerable walk for a dweller in towns. Mrs. Linton, however, seems to rejoice in unusual pedestrian exploits, for further on she points out many pleasant walks of twelve, fifteen, and even twenty miles length, which she seems to have manfully performed. "The Druid Circle is another Keswick possession worth seeing;" and strangely weird do the forty-eight old gray stones on the barren plain hemmed round by mountains appear. But the writer blunders strangely when she represents both the Druids and their votaries as "no better than the Zulu Kaffir, or the tattooed Maori." Surely the ancient Britons, who could work metals and construct war chariots, who were so skilful in some manufactures that the Romans did not disdain to seek after their finely spun wool, and their beautiful grass-woven baskets, must have been rather beyond Zulu Kaffirs; while that the Druids possessed knowledge brought from the far East, is the belief of those most competent to decide, although much obscurity exists both as to the kind and degree of that knowledge. The powerful picture, therefore, of the Druidical wholesale human sacrifice, may be passed over as a mere fancy piece.

A pleasant though toilsome walk is that to the Skiddaw range, taking the way beside the pleasant Greta to Threlkeld, where Sir Lancelot sheltered the young Lord Clifford, as the bard in that stirring "Song at the Feast at Brougham Castle" has told us. And then on the road to Blencathra, you might visit Bawscale Tarn, where the "undying fish" are still believed to swim, just as when, centuries ago, they did homage to the "Shepherd Lord." We wish Mrs. Linton had given us a chapter on the "folklore" of the Lake country. This, as a native, she is well qualified to do, and we doubt not that it would supply very curious, indeed valuable, information.

There are many superstitious beliefs among these dwellers in the vales of Westmoreland and Cumberland, that we do not recollect having ever met

with in other parts. This, of the pair of undying fish, for instance; and the glass vessel, the fairy gift to the Musgraves, with its distich:

"Should this glass ever break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

We have no similar tradition elsewhere. And then that curious "Shadow of the Danish Boy," which Wordsworth has so lovingly sung—a spectre, not of midnight, but of noonday; not appalling the gazer, but rather enchaining him with his calm and gentle beauty, playing his harp while the flocks on the neighboring hill look up and listen, and "the mountain ponies prick their ears;" where, throughout the whole range of English "folklore," have we a ghost story so free from every element of terror, so full of poetry? We can scarcely believe that such a graceful superstition was brought from Scandinavia, notwithstanding its name; if it were, we should be inclined to refer it to that earliest cycle of fiction, to which many of the old Norse legends unquestionably belong, brought from the far East in the very dawn of historic tradition. And to a similar source we should trace the others. Fish occupy an important station, both in Eastern mythology and in Eastern tales, and so does the enchanted cup; but in the general "folklore" of England we never find notice of them.

For those of our readers who have not seen "the Luck of Eden Hall," we may as well say that it is a glass vessel, shaped like a very tall tumbler, widening at the top, which has a double rim of glass, and two similar rings a little distance from each other at the base. The glass is ornamented with an interlacing pattern, very much like those we see in the ivory carvings and metal chasing of the eleventh and twelfth centuries; this is of colored enamel, chiefly blue and yellow, and very neatly executed. Although not by any means to be compared with the beautiful Venetian glasses of the fifteenth century, this venerable "Luck" is a very respectable specimen of ancient glass-making. It is most probably Byzantine, and we should date it about the twelfth century. Doubtless some pilgrim Musgrave, perhaps crusader, brought the precious vessel home in safety; and admiring what to its own-

ers was its rare beauty, it is not surprising that they assigned to it such mysterious power. Eden Hall is on the banks of the Eamont, and a pleasant pilgrimage may be made to it by the Lake visitor, and to half a dozen ancient halls and castles besides.

While remarking upon the rich coloring of the mountain scenery, Mrs. Linton again and again points out the singular beauty of those "small mountain sheets of water," the tarns. "It is very lovely," she says, "to watch the ripple of a tarn:"

"Ever changing in line, and yet so uniform in law, the artist and hydrographer might learn some valuable truths from half a day's study of one of these small mountain sheets of water. Now the broad, smooth, silky curves flow steadily across; now a fine network spreads over these, and again another network, smaller and finer still, breaks up the rest into a thousand fragments; then the tarn bursts out into tiny silver spangles, like a girl's causeless laughter; and then comes a gray sweep across the waters, as if it shivered in the wind; and then again all subsides, and one long silky flow sets in again, with quiet shadows, and play of green and gray in the transparent shallows. It is like a large diamond set in emerald; for the light of the water is radiance simply, not color, and the grass, with the sun striking through, is as bright as an emerald."

Ullswater is the next lake to which Mrs. Linton leads us. "There is greater stillness here than with either of the other large lakes; the hills press round with closer grasp, the dales are more lonesome." It is indeed an "old world" place, where even the wild deer will stand at gaze as you pass a long, unscared as yet by the railway whistle. The famous Greenside Lead Mines are here, not improving the scenery, but "worth the cost of a solid streamlet, and the destruction of a few yards of Lake beauty." There are many interesting localities about this neighborhood. "The Countess's Pillar," where Lady Anne Clifford parted from her mother two hundred and fifty years ago, with the stone table on which the annual dole, in remembrance of that affectionate parting, is still distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham. And there is the site of the Hartshorn Tree, so famed in northern tradition, where the pursuer and pursued, hound and hart, alike fell, for here—

"Hercules killed Hart of grease,
And Hart of grease killed Hercules."

And there is that more solemn Druidical relic, described so finely by Wordsworth, the seventy-two old gray stones, and the huge one overlooking the others—"Long Meg and her daughters."

But Mrs. Linton's delights are evidently on "the difficult mountain's top," so she next proceeds on an expedition to Hawes Water and High Street—a beautiful journey, the earlier part across the lake, and then along rich pastures and cornfields, and Dalemmain Woods in the middle distance, but changing as you proceed to a wild barren moor, and on the edge a few lonely dwellings. Hawes Water has, however, grand views; and although not generally visited by the sight-seer, "is well worth travelling far to see," although a journey, Mrs. Linton admits, fitted rather for pedestrians, and they good walkers. High Street, however, will try them far more; for after passing "a vicious looking crag," and farther onward "feeling as though about to be crushed by the rocks," you only begin your real work, and then you have to get over "sharp cuttings higher than your head," narrow sheep-walks to be warily trodden, loose stones, and slanting slides—illustrated by a vignette that makes you almost giddy to look at—and then, after still more peril and danger, you gain the top of High Street, a broad turfed table-land, contrasting strongly with the rugged way to it. The view from hence scarcely repays the climber for his trouble, for prospects as fine may be met with at less cost. The descent seems less perilous, but this expedition can only be attempted by vigorous pedestrians.

Helvellyn and Fairfield offer a pleasanter road, and the former rewards you with finer views. There is much of mountain grandeur too, stern and terrific, in "the Edges:"

"There they stretch in a grand, wide sweep above Red Tarn, the broken line of Striding Edge, like a mere knotted cord; and the sharp sides, and jags, and crags, are all green, and brown, and gray, as you stand on the top and look down into this fierce mountain bay, with the still mountain lake in its heart, lying nearly eight hundred feet below."

The locality has also especial attractions

for the botanist, for many rare plants are to be met with here. Mrs. Linton's visit to Fairfield was made under a sky "heavy with dark rain beds," and although she asserts she was rewarded richly, we think very few of our readers would have enjoyed her experience. She passed through a complete cloud-land, but not of bright and glorious beauty, but gray and lurid, seething up, "like the ideal mouth of the pit;" then succeeded "a white and ghostly world of cloud, illusive, impenetrable, and formless." Then a cold, thin, gray mist, in which all forms were exaggerated, and which made "a sheep look like an elephant, and then dissolve away like a phantom;" which made a low mountain wall seem a steep precipice; in short, a scene of weird glamour, such as might have suited the Walpurgis night. Thankfully enough should we have descended to the beauty and gladness of the lower earth; but after her vivid picture, we think Mrs. Linton should scarcely have censured so severely those "old world" visitors of the lakes, who, wholly unaccustomed to such scenes, called them horrible, and even "maniacal."

Mrs. Linton seems to have been determined to "do" all the mountains of her beloved lake country; so we find her setting out to Scawfell, and the perilous ascent is illustrated by Mr. Linton in a series of interesting drawings. It must have been a terrible journey, judging from them; precipitous rocks, loose stones sliding down at every footstep, and pointed crags, until they reached the summit, and stood beside the pole set up by the Ordnance surveyors, marking the highest point in England, thirty two hundred and thirty feet above the level of the sea. The view from hence was very fine. Borrowdale and Derwentwater, and the Scottish mountains beyond the Skiddaw range; Penrith plains, too, and Windermere, and down the vale of the Duddon, and the sun shining on the distant sea. In true mountaineer fashion, here they bivouacked, taking possession of one of the huts built for the Ordnance surveyors; but apparently affording cold comfort, for it was not only doorless, but roofless. Here "making our beds of the flattest stones we could get," they rested that clear summer night, and were re-

warded by beholding a glorious sunrise from the top of Scawfell.

With the ascent of Scawfell we take leave of mountain scenery, and the path of our pleasant guide now leads towards the sea-coast. Calder Abbey, Egremont, and Ennerdale, are first visited; scenes different indeed from the rugged mountain and bleak moor. Ponsonby Hall, with its beautiful grounds, and the picturesque through modern church; and the venerable ruins of Calder Abbey, standing in the midst of those luxuriant meadows, and fine old trees so rich in foliage, which always mark the conventual site, telling for how many centuries the hand of man had labored there. And then there is the sparkling trout stream running merrily among the old oaks, a suitable landscape for the fair old abbey, with its ruined arches so gracefully wreathed with ivy, and shrubs and flowers in rich profusion clothing the base of every pillar.

From Calder to Ennerdale you pass Ennerdale Bridge, the scene of Wordsworth's touching poem of "The Brothers;" and at Egremont, hard by, are the ruins of the castle, with its tradition of the two very different brothers—the younger, who so cruelly sought the death of his elder brother, and stealthily came home to seize his broad lands; but the elder returned after long years, and although he stood an unknown stranger at the gate, he put his lips boldly to the horn—

"Which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save he who came as rightful heir,
To Egremont's domains and castle fair,"

and thus regained his inheritance. The name suggests a memory too of "The Boy of Egremont," engulfed in rapid Wharfe, and the "endless sorrow" of his stricken mother; a story that has been told throughout the "North country" for seven hundred years, and which, we doubt not, is "true altogether," although fastidious antiquaries have sought to throw discredit on it.

In the neighborhood of Ennerdale Water is the mountain named Revelin, which is truly a northern Hymettus; for every summer and autumn hundreds of hives are brought up to Ennerdale and set on Revelin, for the bees to get

strength and sustenance before winter, for the honey gathered from the heather thereabouts is considered the finest of all. Revelin has been worked for iron ore, which is very abundant about these parts, but the yield failing, it has returned to its earlier and more picturesque function of honey yielding. Ennerdale Water is seldom visited, its quiet beauty not possessing sufficient attraction to allure visitors to whom well-dressed diners and comfortable lodgings are indispensable. These, however, they may obtain at St. Bees, the favorite watering place of the Lake district, a remarkably pleasant locality, with pretty country walks and flowery lanes, and "a glorious sea-beach," with wide belt of sand, and a bed of rock, as full apparently of starfish and splendid sea anemones, and Medusæ of rare beauty, and loveliest sea-weed, as the South Devon coast, so pleasantly described by Mr. Gosse. It is a tradition that some two hundred and fifty years ago a giant was discovered at St. Bees. He was four yards and a half long, and his teeth measured six inches; he was also in complete armor. We have little doubt that this was the skeleton of some huge Saurian, whose bony covering in detached pieces looks not at all unlike fragments of plate armor.

Near at hand is Black Combe, "the grand culmination of the mountain system on the southern side. The view from the top has the widest range of any—fourteen counties being seen from it; even Ireland is sometimes visible from thence, but only in the clear dawn of early morning. Although the head of Black Combe is, as its name imports, black, the fells around it are rich in color. The bronze of the seeding gorse, the still green bracken, and the purple heather, "make, in the early autumn days, a glorious arrangement of hillside coloring." And pleasant is the ramble up the Duddon, and pleasant are the writer's descriptions; although who can forget the fine sonnets dedicated to that fair river, on whose banks the great poet so often played in childhood?

At Conistone and Hawkeshead, we are again surrounded with memories of Wordsworth. All the walks about, as he tells us in his "Prelude," were the scenes of his early rambles while a schoolboy at Hawkeshead Grammar

School; and it was during an evening walk, when scarcely fourteen, between Hawkeshead and Ambleside, that he first marked the boughs and leaves of the oak darken, and come out so finely against the sunset. It was there that the beauty and glory of the visible creation first revealed themselves to the future poet — it was there that his genius received its special consecration.

Hawkeshead Mrs. Linton describes as a "desolate-looking town enough, bleak and uncomfortable, as if it wanted blankets and counterpanes on winter nights;" it has, however, an old picturesque hall, with noble trees about it, and the brawling Hawkeshead Beck running through the grounds. Coniston, beside the Coniston Water, is, however, a pleasant town, with scenery as beautiful as elsewhere, except, perhaps, the choicest parts about Keswick and Ullswater, "but still it is the least known and least loved." And yet the circuit round the lake offers much variety and beauty: the quaint village of Church Coniston, with the ancient deer park, and ivied and venerable Coniston Hall, for so many generations the seat of the Flemings, although now only a farmhouse; the rude hamlet of Jerver, too, farther on, where some of the dwellers occupy the same lands which their fathers tilled hundreds of years ago; and then onward under the hoary fells clothed with gorse and bracken, then past pretty copes and pleasant becks, until you reach Church Coniston again.

"But the day of days at Coniston," exclaims Mrs. Linton, with her customary enthusiasm, "is the day spent on the Old Man, that big old patriarch of twenty-six hundred and sixty feet high, with his wife and son in his arms, and Wetherlaw, his friend, by his side." It seems to be a difficult ascent, but it is none the worse for that in the estimation of the writer; and she gives a vivid description of her toilsome journey, and the fine view that rewarded her labor at the top. "It sweeps round from Crossfell to Ingleborough—some adding to the list Snowdon; Black Combe is there, dark against the brightness, Scawfell and Wastwater, the Borrowdale hills, Skiddaw, Blencathra, and all the huge Helvellyn range, including Fairfield and the low-

er heights." The lakes lie spread out in beauty at your feet, and there is a glimpse of the sea beyond the valley. A fine panorama this of Lake scenery.

The last visit is to Furness Abbey, in the old days the chief conventual establishment in these parts, and founded by Stephen before he came to the crown for monks of the Cistercian order. The valley in which it was built seems to have had a bad reputation, for its original name was "Bekangs Ghyll," the Glen of Deadly Nightshade. But like beautiful Clairvaux of the great founder of the order, which from being named the Valley of Wormwood, was cultivated and improved into loveliness by the patient labors of the white-robed brethren, and became "Fair Valley," so ere long this valley lost its deadly name, and for centuries the abbey was known as Furness. It was a noble pile of buildings, of red sandstone, but none of the original structure seems to have remained, for the ruins exhibit the sharp-pointed arch of the earlier Gothic. With Bolton, Fountains, Netley, Tintern, we may not compare it; but it is a venerable spot, and well deserving of a loving pilgrimage. As one of the great "show places" of these parts, every facility has been afforded for tourists to visit it; but we were scarcely prepared to find that "old things have passed away" so utterly; that a grand hotel for summer tourists has actually been built *within* "these glorious grounds, where formerly the mighty abbot and his monks walked, and prayed, and framed the laws for their generation;" and that under these venerable trees and broken arches young gentlemen can smoke and read newspapers, or improvise with the dashing lady visitants a merry game of croquet on the rich green sward, trodden by sandalled feet seven centuries ago. "A greater contrast this," says Mrs. Linton most truly, "than even a row of modern barracks, or a union, or a police station would have been. 'The Furness Abbey Hotel' is an essay in itself on the change of society included in the title."

With Furness Abbey this pleasant and admirably illustrated volume ends; a volume which may be recommended to those who have never visited the Lakes, as supplying much interesting

description, while even to visitants to whom the Lake country is familiar, it will not only afford many a vivid reminiscence, but hints for many a new and pleasant excursion during the coming season.

Leisure Hour.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

II.

WE follow the general example of writers on Oxford in commencing our discussion of Oxford colleges with Christ Church. Although Christ Church is for all practical purposes one of the Oxford colleges, it is an example, to which there is no parallel, of the union of a cathedral and a collegiate establishment, and is spoken of by its members as the House. The episcopal see was transferred by Henry VIII. from Oseney to Oxford, and the church of St. Frideswide was constituted a cathedral by the name of the Cathedral Church of Christ in Oxford. The foundation now consists of a dean, seven canons (the number is to be reduced to six), with chaplains, clerks, schoolmaster, organist, and choristers, and twenty-eight senior students, and fifty-two junior students. In any view of Oxford the imposing mass of the Christ Church buildings is always the most conspicuous feature, with the venerable spire of the cathedral, the long line of the hall, the vast quadrangle, and the large Peckwater quadrangle, the imposing façade of four hundred feet, with the splendid gateway crowned by a tower, the work of Sir Christopher Wren.

The cathedral is both the cathedral of the diocese and the chapel of the college. The hall, next to Westminster Hall, is the most remarkable in England: the quadrangle is the largest, the frontage the longest, in Oxford. In the tower is the famous bell, Tom of Oxford (double the weight of the great bell of St. Paul's), which every night at nine tolls one hundred and one times, that being the number of the students on the foundation before the changes made by the ordinance of the Royal Commissioners. Presently we will traverse in succession those courts and quadrangles, and look more at our leisure into those

noble buildings. But on this ground the influence of association is more powerful than any mere influence of art. Many of the most celebrated men in England have looked upon Christ Church as the foster-mother of their youth. No other similar foundation approaches her in the number of the illustrious statesmen which she has given to our country. Look at our present or recent history; those late great Viceroys of India, Lords Elgin and Dalhousie, and the late Sir George Cornwall Lewis, and Sir Robert Peel, and the illustrious Canning, and, at present, to pass over others, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Gladstone, were all Christ Church men. And then, again, among the statesmen of history, Godolphin, Nottingham, Arlington, Wyndham, Carteret, Bolingbroke, Lyttleton, Mansfield, etc. Perhaps the foremost name of Christ Church worthies will be considered to be that of John Locke. One might construct a good portion of the history of England out of the lives of these great men. And then there are such men as Ben Jonson and Sir Phillip Sydney among writers, and Casaubon and Gaisford among scholars. And Wycliffe, the translator of the Bible, the morning star of the Reformation, belonged to this foundation; and I especially love to think of those two illustrious brothers, John and Charles Wesley, who were students of Christ Church. It was while they were studying within these walls, or meditating in these studious walks and groves, that it pleased God to touch their hearts and prepare them for their wondrous career, as famous and far more beneficial than that of statesman or author, in kindling what may be called, after all drawbacks, a second English reformation. And royalty, too, has been numbered among those who have studied at Christ Church. King Charles I., a King of Bohemia, and a Prince of Orange are reckoned up as belonging to it; and our own Prince of Wales, on October 17th, 1859, was duly entered on the books of Christ Church, and was a diligent and exemplary student for upward of a year.

And now we will say a few words respecting the history of this grand religious and educational foundation. In

the troubled period of the civil wars of the fifteenth century, the University of Oxford sought protection in putting itself under the guardianship of powerful nobles and prelates. At the commencement of the sixteenth century it became a matter of serious alarm whether the attacks which were being made upon religious foundations might not also be extended to the Universities. The University of Oxford resigned itself unconditionally into the hands of Cardinal Wolsey. In 1518 Queen Katharine honoured Oxford with a visit, and Wolsey was in attendance. King Henry stayed behind, with his court, at Abingdon. Wolsey then told the University that, if it would surrender to him all its charters and statutes, he would plead its cause with the King. This was accordingly done, and after four anxious years they were restored, with additional safeguards and privileges. Wolsey, moreover, determined to erect a college where the new literature, which then at its prosperous flood was pouring over Europe, should be cultivated in the service of the old Church. He determined that his college should be erected on a scale so magnificent and vast that no other foundation in Europe could be put in comparison. The name of the college was to be Cardinal College. It is remarkable that this great effort of Wolsey on behalf of the old Church, eminently contributed to its fall. The small ecclesiastical endowments which were diverted for the benefit of Wolsey's college were made a precedent for the subsequent great spoliations of the Church. No less than two-and-twenty priories and convents were thus swept away, and their revenues devoted to the support of Cardinal College. It was his intention that there should be a hundred and sixty members, that there should be ten professors, forty priests, and sixty canons. He also founded a great school at Ipswich, which was to be connected with his college, as Winchester is with New College, Oxford, and Eton with King's College, Cambridge. The first stone was laid by Wolsey in 1525, and the building rapidly proceeded. In the first year alone its expenses, which Wolsey magnificently defrayed from his own resources, amounted to eight thousand pounds, equivalent at least to eighty

thousand of the present money. The kitchen was the first part of the building completed, which has given rise to sundry obvious witticisms. The buildings rose fast on the site of the ancient abbey of St. Frideswide, whose priory, in an altered form, he intended to retain for college use, and at the same time to erect a large and splendid chapel on the north side of the quadrangle. Far and near the Cardinal sought for great scholars who should worthily carry out his intentions. The completion of his wonderful projects was nigh at hand when matters were arrested by his fall. It is touching to see how almost the last thoughts of the fallen statesman were busy with his Oxford plans. He addressed most earnest and touching letters to King Henry on behalf of his beloved foundation, which sufficiently attest that he was really capable of great and generous things. Our readers will probably remember the lines :

" Ever witness for him

Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
Tho other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and skill so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue."

Let me first speak of the sacred edifice which Wolsey appropriated to the use of his foundations. It is, as I have said, both the chapel of the college, and the cathedral of the diocese. Generally speaking, the cathedral of a city is its finest architectural ornament; but it is not so in Oxford—the city of palaces. As a college chapel it is a noble fane; as a cathedral it is disappointing. Formerly it was the minister of a priory of Augustinian canons: in 1545 it was constituted a cathedral. It is of very ancient date; the ninth century is now elapsing since the time when the tower was first begun. The first approach to the pointed arch can be seen in the aisles: "that beautiful shape, more graceful and majestic than any mathematical figure." Wolsey effected several improvements: he built the vaulting of the choir and the clerestory (clear story). He had intended to rebuild a college chapel on a scale commensurate with his magnificent foundation, and with this

intention he had destroyed the original west front, with four bays of the nave, and the west alley of the cloister. The Norman tower was, in its lowest story, completed during the twelfth century. The belfry has a musical peal of ten bells; and one of the most accomplished of the deans of Christ Church has celebrated them in the favorite glee, "Hark, the bonnie Christ Church bells." The great bell, in honor of Queen Mary I. was called after her name; and it is said that Jewel was writing a complimentary letter to her Highness, from the University of Oxford, when it first began to chime. "How musically doth sweet Mary sound!" exclaimed Dr. Tresham, who was then in company with Jewel. "Alas!" says old Fuller, in his usual vein of wise, sad humor, "it rang the knell of Gospel truth." In the vaulting of the choir, which in architectural language is called Perpendicular, are remarkably carved pendants of stones brought from Oseney Abbey, which never fail to elicit wondering admiration, "like frost on drooping forest branches turned into pale marble." Of late years great improvements have been effected in the cathedral, though probably much might yet be advantageously done. The former east window, designated by Sir James Thornhill, was in 1854 replaced by glazing representing the events of our Lord's life. The work was only partially completed by the French artist Gerante, who died of cholera during its progress. Latterly, also, a great deal of incongruous wood-work has been removed, the organ has been set back in the south transept, and the choir has been prolonged into the nave, giving additional accommodation for divine service. This work is due to the present dean, Dr. Liddell, who so worthily presides over this greatest college of Europe. When these alterations were being effected, a curious reliquary chamber was discovered between the north and south piers of the tower. Christ Church Cathedral is the only place in England where the service of the Church of England is still celebrated in the Latin language, or was so until a very recent date. Besides the full cathedral services twice a day, there is an earlier service and a later; the first of these is attended by all the members of

the college, or the House as it is called. On the north of the choir are two chapels; the farther one is called the Lady or Latin Chapel; the other is called the Dean's Chapel, or St. Fridewide's Chapel, and sometimes the Dormitory, from the number of eminent persons who are laid beneath its pavement. Many of the cathedral monuments possess a very high degree of interest. The most imposing is that which is called the Shrine of St. Frideswide. This is now supposed not to be the shrine itself, but the watch-chamber in which the keeper of the shrine guarded its treasures. The shrine was a rich one, and attracted many pilgrims, among the last of whom was Catherine of Aragon. A very curious piece of later history belongs to it. Peter Martyr was the first Protestant canon here, and brought his wife into residence, who was the first lady to live in college or cloister. She was buried beside St. Frideswide, but Cardinal Pole, on the accession of Mary, caused her to be dug up and buried beneath a dung-hill. On the accession of Elizabeth the bones of St. Frideswide himself were dug up, and the bones of Martyr's wife mixed with his in the same coffin, which bore the inscription, "Hic requiescat religio cum superstitione." In Saint Frideswide's Chapel is the monument of Richard Burton, the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Pococke, the Orientalist, is also buried here. In the garden of Dr. Pusey's house (the Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church) is the oldest fig tree in England, which Pococke imported from the Levant. Here Bishop Berkeley is buried, with the one well-known line from Pope over his tombstone: "To Berkeley every virtue under heaven." In the south aisle lies Bishop King, the last abbot of Oseney and first Bishop of Oxford, the background of whose portrait, on stained glass, give us some notion of Oseney Abbey. The last dean, Dr. Gaisford, lies in the ante-chapel. In the north transept is one of Chantrey's most beautiful works, the monument of Dr. Cyril Jackson. This admirable and greatly beloved dean abdicated his lofty post, and went into retirement. He is buried with these words as the epitaph over his grave: "Lord in thy sight shall no man living be justified." When Chantrey de-

clared that a stained window would be necessary to sober the light thrown upon his statue of Dean Jackson, that at the southwest corner of the cathedral was removed for the purpose; but in consequence of the indignant remonstrances of Bishop Lloyd, who, from the entrance from his house (the Regius Professor of Divinity's) being under that window, considered it his especial property, its place was supplied by a stained window from the north side of the cathedral. Much precious ancient glass was destroyed in the time of the Commonwealth, and one of the Republican canons is depicted to us as "furiously stamping upon the windows, when they were taking down, and utterly defacing them." In the fine oak pulpit of the cathedral, brought from Oseney Abbey, the University sermons are frequently preached. Christ Church is noted in University history for its customs, one of which corresponds to a custom observed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; the versicle, "O Lord, save the Queen," with the response, are chanted at the end of the anthem, before the prayer for the Queen.

The Cloister opens at its end upon an entrance to the famous Broad Walk. The cloisters are so small, and their condition so unfavorable, that they hardly deserved the name; it had been Wolsey's intention, as the architectural remains still testify, that cloisters should surround the long quadrangle. It has, however, one very beautiful window of the fifteenth century. One end of the cloisters opens upon Chaplain's Quadrangle, which was once an ancient refectory, and afterwards the old library, which name it still retains. A little passage beyond this leads into a sort of quadrangle, one side of which is formed of the hall and the cathedral grammar school beneath it (chiefly for the use of choristers), which is often called Skeleton Corner. Here is the Anatomical Museum, the contents of which are removed to the Museum. On the left a door opens from Fell's Buildings.

The chapter house is a beautiful and very remarkable chamber. It has five beautiful lancet lights, divided by shafts of Purbeck marble. When Charles I. resided at Oxford he used to use this

room as a council chamber. The renowned hall of Christ Church was the place where his House of Commons used to assemble. In this chapter house is preserved the foundation stone of Cardinal Wolsey's school at Ipswich. The Cardinal's portrait is here, in profile, on account of a squint in one of his eyes. Here is Henry VIII.'s portrait, full face. When Holbein wished to draw him in profile, he said, "If you paint my ears, which are very ugly, I will cut off yours." As you proceed from the cathedral to the great quadrangle, you pass through the vestibule of the hall, which is supported by a single pillar of great beauty, and the fan tracery is very remarkable. A wide flight of steps in several ranges conducts into its magnificent hall.

The gardens of the Deanery extend to the rear of the noble library. This was built at the commencement of the last century. The lower part is devoted to a fine gallery of pictures, the bequest of General Guise. They include works of great masters, from Raphael to Vanddyke. There is a wonderful picture by Annibal Caracci, which has a fabulous value belonging to it. The painter, to check the conceit of his wife, painted all his sons in the attire of butchers. The picture gallery, though unequal in its contents, is perhaps more valuable than seems to be generally thought. Above is the library, one of the most striking rooms in Oxford, and peculiarly venerable in its assemblage of antique folios. Wolsey's Prayer Book is shown here, the last work illuminated in England. There is a fine collection of Oriental coins, and munificent benefactions from Archbishop Wake, who was educated here, and from other scholars. Any member of the House has the privilege, on paying a very small fee for a key, of coming to read here; but the solitude which prevails in not often interrupted.

The walks and grounds of Christ Church are of great extent, and really beautiful. The Broad Walk extends from the rear of the Fell buildings down to the banks of the Cherwell, bordered on each side by magnificent elm trees, which form a leafy cloister, about a quarter of a mile in extent.

"Duly at morn and eve, with constant feet,
To pace the long fair avenue be mine,

A natural cloister; when dear June di-
vine
Crowds with her music the green arches
high,
Or when the hale October's passing sigh
Rains down the brown and gold of autumn
leaves,
While every breath' the quivering branches
weaves
A trellis of their shadows soft and fleet;
Or later, when the mist's long dewy arm
Creeping, dun twilight, from the river
shore
Clothes the live oriel, not without a charm,
With sombre drapery; so evermore
A shrine it seems where one may fliest
raise
A morn and even song of prayer and
praise."

Leaving the Merton Meadows on your left, you turn to the right, and continue your walk round the Christ Church meadow, along the shaded banks of the Cherwell. You pass a beautiful island abounding with gnarled trees, which in summer is one mass of dark-green foliage. The Cherwell runs swift and deep, and, a little farther on, it falls into the broad stream of the Isis, or of the Thames, as it should be rather called. There are melancholy associations connected with this reach of the river, for beyond this point several fatal accidents have occurred on the water. Fine young fellows, members of the University, have intrusted themselves to perilous skiffs, though unable to swim, and so have hazarded their lives, and sometimes lost them. Next we come to the long line of magnificent barges belonging to the different colleges. These are fitted up inside as writing and reading rooms. Two of them once belonged to London companies, and figured in ancient processions on the Thames. During the boat races these barges are crowded with spectators; and also in Commemoration week, when the procession of boats takes place. Then there is a perfect fleet of boats and little sailing vessels lying off the old bridge, which has the odd name of Folly Bridge. This name is derived from the Tower of Folly which once stood on the bridge, and which is traditionally ascribed to Friar Bacon. Sometimes, in the winter, Christ Church meadow and the land on the Berkshire side of the river are flooded far and wide by inundating waters, and

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the appearance presented is highly picturesque. Nothing, to those who love the sport, is more delightful than skating over the vast meadows, when the green grass below is clearly visible though the slight depth of water. Then the path turning aside from the river leads you into a lane that runs by the side of the college walls, and has a gate that opens into a retired quadrangle, and so on into St. Aldate's-street, pronounced by Oxonians St. Ode's.

Oxford is imperishably associated with the recollection of the Marian Martyrs, and this connection is perpetuated by the exquisite Martyrs' Memorial. Christ Church is especially identified with the memory of Archbishop Cranmer. We are sorry to see in the records of old Fox that Dr. Marshall, Dean of Christ Church, was one of those who bore witness against him. "And, to the intent they might win him easily," says Fox, "they had him to the Dean's house of Christ's Church in the said University, where he lacked no delicate fare, played at the bowls, had his pleasure for walking, and all other things that might bring him from Christ." The Cathedral of Christ Church was the final scene of Cranmer's degradation before he was handed over for execution to the secular arm. Thirlby and Bonner, as the delegates of the Pope, and with a new commission from Rome, summoned Cranmer before them, to appear before the high altar in the choir of Christ Church Cathedral. The cruel and insulting proceedings are fully narrated by Fox, in his *Book of Martyrs*. First he was clothed with surplice and alb, and apparelled with all other priestly vestments. "Then they invested him in all manner of robes of a bishop and archbishop, as he is at his installing, saving that, as everything then is most rich and costly, so everything in this is of canvas and old clouts, with a mitre and a pall of the same suit done upon him in mockery, and then the crosier staff was put in his hand." Then Bonner made the sacred walls of Christ Church Cathedral resound with his angry and spiteful invective; after which the ceremony of degradation took place. "They took from him his pastoral staff, and after the pall, the ensign of an archbishop, was taken away, a barber clipped his hair round

about; and the tops of his fingers where he had been anointed were scraped, wherein Bishop Bonner behaved himself roughly and unmannerly." They stripped him of his gown, and put on him the gown of a poor yeoman beadle, "full bare, and nearly worn, and as evil-favoredly made as one might lightly see, and a townsman's cap on his head." Thus was the degradation complete, and Cranmer formally handed over to the secular arm. Bonner exulted at the scene: "Now you are head no more," he exclaimed, and, turning to the people, spoke contemptuously of him as "This gentleman here." And so, "with great compassion and pity of every man," the martyr was carried away to prison beyond the walls of Christ Church.

A few words may here be said on the subject of the Martyrs' Memorial. It was erected about fifteen years ago, by Mr. George Gilbert Scott, who followed the model—which he has in some respects surpassed—of Queen Eleanor's Cross at Waltham. It is divided into three stories, in the centre of which are the figures of the bishops by Mr. Weekes, the chief sculptor in Chantrey's studio, and whom Chantrey recommended for the purpose. The spot where the martyrs suffered cannot be considered as exactly ascertained. A cross in the pavement opposite Balliol College was thought to point towards the spot where they suffered. Some time since, in constructing a sewer, opposite the door of the Master of Balliol, a stake was found, the upper portion of which had evidently been subjected to the action of fire, surrounded with a large quantity of blackened earth and portions of charred wood. This seems to point to the site of the fire. It has generally been supposed that the martyrdom occurred in the Town Ditch, but it has been discovered that the water-line would have prevented any fire being kindled in the ditch at the time, as it would then have contained a good deal of water. One may therefore regard the actual site of the stake as fixed by the cross. The spot of the memorial is very appropriate, as the bishops were imprisoned in Bocardo, the chief northern gate of the city. They were imprisoned in the room over the gateway, where the prisoners for debt,

"the poor Bocardo birds," were confined. The heavy oak door of St. Mary Magdalen's church was brought from this prison. The northern aisle of this church was entirely rebuilt as a part of the Martyrs' Memorial, and is called the Martyrs' Aisle.

In one of the recent volumes of Mr. Froude's *History of England* we have an interesting account of a visit paid by Queen Elizabeth to Christ Church and the University: "The approach was by the long north avenue leading to the north gate; and, as she drove along it, she saw in front of her the black tower of Bocardo, where Cranmer had been long a prisoner, and the ditch where, with his brother martyrs, he had given his life for the sins of the people. The scene was changed from that chill sleety morning, and the soft glow of the August sunset was no unfitting symbol of the change of times; yet how soon such another season might tread upon the heels of the departed summer none knew better than Elizabeth. She went on under the archway, and up the corn market, between rows of shouting students A few more steps brought her down to the great gate of Christ Church, the splendid monument of Wolsey, and the glory of the age that was gone. She left the carriage and walked under a canopy across the magnificent quadrangle to the cathedral. The Dean, after evening service, entertained her at his house. . . . So five bright days passed swiftly, and on the sixth she rode away over Magdalen Bridge to Windsor. As she crested Headington Hill she reined in her horse, and once more looked back. There at her feet lay the city in its beauty, the towers and spires springing from amid the clustering masses of the college elms; there wound beneath their shade the silvery lines of the Cherwell and the Isis. 'Farewell, Oxford,' she cried; 'farewell, my good subjects there! Farewell, my dear scholars; and may God prosper your studies! Farewell, farewell.'"

In the time of James II. Christ Church was made a field of the great battle between Popery and Protestantism, which, by a merciful Providence, was overruled for the security of our religion and liberties and the expulsion of the

House of Stuart. "No course was too bold for James," writes Lord Macaulay. "The deanery of Christ Church became vacant. That office was, both in dignity and in emolument, one of the highest in the University of Oxford. The dean was charged with the government of a greater number of youths of high connections and of great hopes than could then be found in any other college. He was also the head of the cathedral. In both characters it was necessary that he should be a member of the Church of England. Nevertheless John Massey, who was notoriously a member of the Church of Rome, and who had not one single recommendation, except that he was a member of the Church of Rome, was appointed by virtue of the dispensing power; and soon within the walls of Christ Church an altar was decked at which mass was daily celebrated. To the nuncio the King said that what had been done at Oxford should very soon be done at Cambridge." This appointment of Massey was one of the exciting causes of the Revolution, and it is hardly necessary to say that the Revolution caused matters to be set right at Oxford.

Lord Macaulay, in one of his essays, speaks of the wide and just reputation to which Christ Church, after the Revolution, attained. Since that stormy time Christ Church has continued to do good service to Church and State, and has enjoyed, what is really a blessing and happiness, the possession of very little public history.

London Society.

GAMBLING SKETCHES.

THE CLOSING AND OPENING OF A COUPLE OF RHINE KURSAALS.

PART I.—HOMBURG VOR DER HÖHE.

I. THE SALONS DE JEU.

CURIOSITY, accidental proximity to the spot, dyspepsia, a passion for play, the desire to put an elaborate mathematical calculation, which had been revolving in my brain for months, to the test, one, or more, or possibly none of these reasons took me to Hombourg vor der Höhe—Hombourgés monts—Hombourg among the mountains, as it is called, to distin-

guish it from other Hombourgs far and near—just as March was piping his farewell symphonies by way of prelude to the coming spring. The weather, which was unusually cold, became more chilly as the evening drew in. The Taunus mountains were a mass of deep opaque blue, against which the white walls of Hombourg Schloss stood out in full relief. Hombourg, for the time of year, seemed to be overflowing with life. A perfect crowd alighted from the railway train. Droskies rattled along the Luisenstrasse. The Kursaal was ablaze with light. Stylishly dressed women and men, in evening and lounging costume, paced the long corridor or flitted through the ante-rooms. The concert hall was three parts filled. The *salons de jeu*, if not inconveniently crowded, had their full complement of players. There were the same calculating old fogies, the same *blasé* looking young men, the same young girls and full-blown women, with a nervous quivering about the lips, the same old sinners of both sexes whom one has known at these places the last ten or fifteen years, busily engaged at *trente et quarante*. At the roulette table, too, one had no difficulty in recognizing the old familiar set. The handsome-looking young Russian noble who spots the board with louis—the fat bejewelled-fingered Jew who seeks to emulate the Muscovite seigneur with florins—the Englishman and his wife, evidently residents—who play against each other, quite unconsciously, at opposite ends of the table—the youthful, yet "used-up" little French marquis, who dresses in the English fashion, and brings with him his own particular pocket rake, that he may hook in his golden rouleaux the more readily—the elegantly dressed, shrivelled, hagfaced woman who plays for the run on the colors—the nervous, careworn young Englishman, who plays heavily against the see-saw, with other nervous fellow-countrymen staking their rouleaux or their double Fredericks on *douze premier, milieu, or dernier*—professional gamblers, well and ill-dressed, with sharply-defined Mephistophelean features, quick, restless eyes, and villainously compressed lips, who, after trying all systems, generally get landed croupiers or blacklegs in the end—seedy-looking Poles of the last emigration,

who prudently place their florins *à cheval*, *transversal*, and *le carré*, and deep calculating Germans, who make ventures with painful hesitation, and after long intervals of abstention, and, as a matter of course, almost invariably lose; with *filles du monde*—French, German, English, Polish, Italian, and Jewish—of every nationality—most of them young—so young, in fact, that the world may well be called their mother, robed like princesses, and be-coiffured, be-jewelled, and be-gloved as only *filles du monde* ever seem to be, and who lay down their louis with charming indifference, though with a decided partiality for “*quatre premier*” and “*zero*.” These, with the watchful old women and Germans of hang-dog look that beset every public gambling table, waiting for a chance to pounce upon the stakes of the more unsuspecting players, are some of the characters which we recognized around the roulette table that night when the play ruled high and the players were more than usually eager.

It wants but little more than a minute to eleven, the hour the bank closes. Croupier proclaims that the wheel is about to whirl, and the marble be set spinning for the last time. As is commonly the case after this notification has been given, the stakes are numerous and heavy. Nervous young Englishman has half a dozen 1000-franc notes on “*rouge*”—Muscovite seigneur has burst open three rouleaux to spot the board—fat fingered Jew tries to follow suit with florins—puny-looking French marquis piles up his notes on “*passee*”—deep calculating Germans once more put their systems to the test—shrivelled old woman in satins still plays for the “*run*”—gamblers of every degree back their luck—young *filles du monde*, this time, languidly push their louis to any part of the table except “*zero*.” The wheel revolves; click goes the marble, careering along on its uncertain course. “*Rien n’est plus*.” The marble has ceased its gyrations, the revolutions of the wheel are checked, and “*Zero*”—“O word of fear, unwelcome to the gambler’s ear”—is proclaimed aloud by the croupier. The bank sweeps the board,* hauls in

by this one coup upwards of £1000 sterling, at which Muscovite seigneur—care-worn, nervous Englishman—puny-looking, used-up Gallic marquis—hag in satins—seedy Poles—fat-fingered Jew, deep-pondering Germans, professional gamblers, and *filles du monde*, retire from the *salon* in disgust.

II.—DEATH AT THE HUNTING-LODGE.

This, though no one suspected it at the time, was the last whirl of the Hombourg roulette wheel for many a day to come—pity it were not for ever—that wheel which has been revolving for twelve hours per diem, save on one day in the year (the fête day of the patron saint of the town), ever since the inauguration of the Kursaal, “after an appropriate service, and with the usual solemnities,”* on the 17th day of August, 1843, a period of well-nigh a quarter of a century.

For on the following morning, in a lone hunting-lodge at the end of the long stately poplar avenue, and on the skirts of the fir-forest that stretches to the foot of the Taunus mountains, while the snow flakes are drifting against the window-panes, and settling on the roof, an old man of eighty-three lies wrestling with death. When life, at upwards of fourscore, is summoned to so unequal a contest, who doubts of the result? Precisely at seven o’clock, Ferdinand Henry Frederick, high-born sovereign-landgrave of Hesse-Hombourg, and oldest reigning prince in Europe, expired in the arms of two weeping, widowed women—one his niece, the Princess Reuss, the other his aged sister, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Landgrave Ferdinand Henry Frederick was the last survivor of a family of eight brothers, four of whom preceded him in the government of the Landgraviate. Their father, Frederick V., was ejected by Napoleon from the principality of Hesse-Hombourg in the year 1806, but he had the good luck to get it retored to him, with the province of Meisenheim, beyond the Rhine, by the Vienna Congress. All his sons were, of course, soldiers, and several of them gallant ones. Frederick, who married a

* When “Zero” turns up at the last round the bank sweeps away all the stakes.

* Vide Hombourg Guide Book.

daughter of our George III., fought in Hungary against the Turks, commanded the first column at the battle of Leipsic, and took part in engagements at Dijon and Lyons in 1814, receiving in these various actions some half-a-dozen wounds. Louis William, who succeeded him, was a Prussian general of infantry, and fought with desperate courage at Lantern, Grossbeeren, and Dennenwitz, and subsequently at Leipsic, where, while in command of the three Prussian battalions which forced the Grimma gate and effected an entrance into the town, he was severely wounded and carried off from the field of battle. Philip, another brother, also fought at Leipsic, in Italy, and on the Rhine, and received his fair share of wounds if not of glory.

Ferdinand, the late Landgrave, held a command in the Austrian service, and fought with some distinction in his younger days against the French in Italy. He succeeded to the Landgravate at an unfortunate moment—in the year of revolutions—1848—when, like many other potentates, he found himself forced to confer a constitution on his subjects, which, like other potentates, he withdrew so soon as all danger was past. He had the grace, however, to abolish civil death—that is, the abrogation of all civil rights to which political offenders were then subject, and also the right of confiscation, the pillory, branding, and the stick. Landgrave Ferdinand's distinguishing characteristic was, however, this—he was the champion of public gambling, a true paladin of the croup, who set the Frankfort parliament at defiance, and disregarded all remonstrances on the part of his fellow sovereigns earnestly desirous of putting down a gigantic evil, of getting rid of a monstrous public scandal, the disgrace of which they felt attached itself to the entire German people.

Ferdinand simply looked at the matter from one point of view. He found that by driving a hard bargain with the gang of French and German speculators who farmed from him the right of keeping open the gambling salons at Hombourg, he could have the town paved, and lighted with gas, and supplied with water, and improved and beautified, all for nothing; and, moreover, that he

could attract thither a gay company, prodigal of expenditure, and so give a fillip, as it were, to trade. Even the country people, too, shared in the common benefit, for a market was opened to them for their pigs and their poultry, their butter and their milk, their grapes, their apples, and their eggs. And more than this, he contrived to extract a considerable annual money payment from the Kursaal, which went some way towards the pay of his standing army of four hundred and eighty-eight men, and thereby lightened the general burden of taxation.

III.—HOMBURG IN SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

Hombourg, all unconscious of the loss it has sustained, had begun to bestir itself for another routine day. Burgermeister Stumpff and Polizei-Director des Noyer, were giving directions for clearing the streets of the snow, when a mounted groom, booted and spurred, and wearing the Landgrave's livery, dashed into the town with a letter from Dr. Muller, Landgrave's physician in ordinary, to Burgermeister Stumpff, announcing the Landgrave's decease. The two officials were equal to the duties which they plainly saw devolved upon them. The Burgermeister writes hurried notes to Military Commandant and Chief-Justice Zurbuch, and summons a meeting of councillors at the Amthaus; municipal official telegram is dispatched to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the requisite steps are taken to carry on the government of the town and Landgravate until his Serene Highness's pleasure shall become known.

There are no disaffected people in this quiet little principality for Polizei-Director des Noyer to place under surveillance or arrest; the only dangerous class he has any knowledge of is the class blackleg, at the Kursaal. He contents himself, therefore, with notifying the event to some few of the chief inhabitants, and then betakes himself to the residences of the Kurhaus-Commissärs, whom he apprises of the melancholy intelligence, intimating at the same time that it will necessitate the closing of the Kursaal till further orders.

Military Commandant does not think it necessary to take any special precau-

tions; the sentinels are not even doubled, nor are the troops generally ordered to remain under arms. Shopkeepers close up their shops again, and engage in earnest conversation with each other at their doorsteps; hotel-keepers pull long faces; money changers are the very pictures of despair.

Kurhaus-Commissärs meet and issue orders for the doors of the *salons de jeu* to be doubled-locked, for the band to be prohibited from playing, for a *relâche* at the Théâtre Français, and for a written notice to be immediately affixed in the vestibule of the Kursaal, apprising visitors and the public generally, that "in token of mourning for the loss of their high-born, well-beloved sovereign-Landgrave, the *salons de jeu* are closed until further notice." All of which is duly done.

IV.—EXCITEMENT AT THE KURSAAL.

News, like the railway train, travels anything but briskly in small German states, even when it chances to tell of a ruler's death; and those who heard of the event the last, were precisely those who thought they ought to have been apprised of it the first. These were the patrons of the Kursaal. Precisely at eleven o'clock, they began to sally forth from the different hotels, sauntered leisurely into the Kurhaus, passed along the handsome corridor, crossed the vestibule, took the well-known lobby on the left hand that leads into the large ante-room, tried the doors of the *salons de jeu*, and found them—locked! Yes, there was no mistake about it, actually locked! What on earth had happened? Had some dishonest director or croupier bolted in the night with all the cash, and left the bank without the wherewithal to meet its foes? More than one astonished individual had, according to his own account, known Hombourg Kursaal for upwards of twenty years, and such a thing had never happened before. Where were all the officials? Where the tall *chasseurs* who did flunkey's duty at the Kurhaus? One and all were absent from their posts. To whom was one to appeal for an explanation? At length the notice-board is referred to, and there—hemmed in by a crowd of announcements of yesterday's rates of exchange on the Frankfort Bourse, of the

times of departure and arrival of the railway trains, of the programmes of the day's concert and the evening's theatrical performance, of the prohibition against children entering the *salons de jeu*—and grown people even—without duly authorized tickets, of the terms for lessons in German, music, and singing—the official notification (drawn up by order of Kurhaus-Commissärs) of the Landgrave's death, and the consequent closing of the salons, is discovered and read, and re-read, word for word.

Deeply disgusted individual presents himself at Commissariat-bureau; asks for an explanation of that dubious phrase "until further notice." Does it mean next day, next week, next month, or next year? Kurhaus Commissioner is very polite; but he can afford him no more exact information than can be gleaned from the notice itself. Disgusted individual retires, and communicates the result of his interview to the crowd of disappointed gamblers who have by this time assembled in the vestibule. Discussion soon becomes animated. "What's the best thing to do?" each one asks his fellow; "remain in this dull hole, or run over to Frankfort or Wiesbaden?" Among the Babel of tongues, one overhears this little dialogue between two indignant fellow-countrymen:

"When will they bury him?"

"Can't say."

"It won't be long first, for they have a capital law abroad, you know; corpses mustn't be kept above ground for more than eight-and-forty hours."

"Yes, but he's a Landgrave."

"What of that? Why, didn't the papers the other day have an account of a French bishop, who had been buried alive, petitioning the Senate against this law, and it wouldn't listen to him? Surely a French bishop—and he was a cardinal, too, I think—is as good as any German Landgrave. Besides, he's eighty-three; not much chance of his ever coming to life again. I don't see why they shouldn't tuck the old boy underground within the next eight-and-forty hours, and fling open the doors of the Kursaal."

"Yes, but you see, German people are so confoundedly slow. What Sterne says is quite true—they do manage these things better in France."

V.—INDIFFERENCE AT THE SCHLOSS.

While this sort of excitement prevails at the Kursaal, how is it, thought we, up at the old Schloss; and to the Schloss we betake ourselves. There life seemed to be going on very much the same as usual. Sentinels paced unconcernedly up and down; soldiers sat smoking and playing cards in the guard-room; a great wagon of firewood was being unladen in the outer court, while the children from the neighboring school scampered in and out among the logs. We pass through that marvellous gateway which leads to the inner court, and the outside of which is sculptured over with the arms and quarterings of a long line of Landgraves and their many high and mighty alliances, and which has on its inside an equestrian statue of Frederick, with the silver leg, clad in a suit of plate armor, his head enveloped in a splendid, full-bottomed wig, vaulting, as it were, through an opening above the archway, as though he contemplated alighting in the paved court below. Passing through this gateway, we note the tall Swiss porter sunning himself at the entrance to the private apartments, and catch sight of the cook gossiping with the butcher at the buttery-door. Young girls drawing water from the fountain, are chattering together as only young girls and magpies chatter; and each, I find, has a saucy answer for the sentinel, should he venture to address her as she passes by with her pails and cans. Old women are raking the flower-beds of the terrace-garden, and the gardener is busy nailing up his wall-trees. Whether it is Landgrave Ferdinand or Grand Duke Ludwig is all one, it seems, to these people. In the left wing of the Schloss the blinds are drawn down, which is the only visible symbol of death having, but a few hours since, struck down its late owner.

VI.—A PATENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

On Sunday morning, when the Hombourg people turned out of their beds, they found the town placarded over with a "Patent," signed by Ludwig II., Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, wherein was set forth the death of the high-born Sovereign-Landgrave, Ferdinand Henry Frederick, and, in accordance with treaties, the consequent ab-

sorption of the Landgravate into the parent Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt; whereupon the Grand Duke notifies that he assumes the reins of government, and enjoins due and loving submission to his lawful authority.

On the heels of this patent comes a notice from the Grand Ducal Chamberlain commanding a fortnight's mourning for the late well-beloved Landgrave, who, dressed up in his Austrian Field-Marshal-Lieutenant's uniform, is to lie in state in the Hall of Audience of the gaunt old Schloss, with his shako and his cavalry sabre, and his stars and garters at the coffin's foot. April 8th is appointed a day of "penitence and prayer" (*Buss-und-Bettag*). The effect of this on the visitors is electric. Hotel bills are hastily called for, portmanteaus are hurriedly packed; luggage-laden droskies rattle along the Luisenstrasse, bound for the railway station, where it is found necessary to add on extra carriages to the departing trains. It is a stampede, in fact—one would think Hombourg was plague-stricken. Deserted are the handsome corridors and splendid salons of the Kursaal, deserted the reading rooms and the restaurant, the terrace and the Kurgartens, the baths and the wells, the hotels, and the lodging-houses. Hotel and lodging-house keepers, bankers and money-changers, shopkeepers, waiters, commissioners, porters, drosky-drivers, even the director of the "Lombard" establishment, all contribute their notes of wailing to the universal moan.

PART II.—WIESBADEN.

I. SPECULATIONS.

Finding one's self the last remaining visitor in Hombourg, which under its gayest aspects is anything but a lively town, and in sackcloth and ashes is simply intolerable, we pack up our portmanteau, and, following the stream of emigration, turn our back upon the place.

I had for several days past observed advertisements in unusually large type on the back pages of the foreign journals, announcing the "Overture du Kursaal" at Wiesbaden on April 1st; so to Wiesbaden I betook myself, that I might be present at the coming ceremony. One had seen a good number of *ouvertures* in one's time. British Parliaments,

French Chambers of Deputies and Corps Législatifs, Spanish Cortes, Dutch Staten Generaals, Bavarian Walhallas, Grand London and Paris International Exhibitions and Sydenham Crystal Palaces, together with coronations at London, Paris, and Moscow, meetings of crowned heads, royal marriages, receptions of emperors, kings, warriors, and patriots; but one had never seen the opening of a Kursaal. What was it like? What, thought we, will be the attendant ceremony? Something impressive, most unquestionably; for the Kursaal, be it remembered, is an acknowledged institution on the Rhine, "inaugurated with an appropriate service and the usual solemnities."

Will his Serene Highness the Herzog of Nassau, thought we, drive over from that brickdust-tinted, rickety old Schloss of his at Bieberich, where groups of battered, headless statues crown the semi-circular central front, and accompanied by chamberlains and a military escort, and by the Kurhaus-Commissärs, who on such an occasion would occupy, befittingly enough, the posts of his ordinary responsible advisers, go in state to the Kursaal, and from a temporary throne in the ball-room deliver a speech to the assembled audience, addressing a portion of those present as "high-born, well-experienced players at rouge et noir," as though—the stakes being higher at this game—they were a sort of upper chamber, and the other portion simply as "gamblers of the roulette table," as if they were the lower house? Will he, thought we, express the pleasure he feels at again meeting them, and after thanking them for their liberal supplies of last year—the result of that system of high play which he will always do his best to encourage—point out to them the requirements of the coming season, the estimates for which will, of course, have been prepared with a due regard to economy, consistent with the efficiency of the service of the Kursaal; and which comprise the erection of a new orchestra in the Kurgarten, of a new fountain in the Theater-Platz, and probably the engagement of Mlle. Patti and that other *diva* named of the "Alcazar," Mlle. Thérèse, for a limited number of nights? Will he next express his gratification at the friendly as-

surances he continues to receive from those various petty potentates who, like himself, foster public gambling—from young King Leopold of the Belgians, who he trusts will follow in his venerated father's footsteps, and resist all attempts to suppress the gaming tables at Spa—from his Serene Highness of Baden-Baden, who he is happy to hear has recently renewed the lease of M. Benazet—from the Prince of Monaco and the Elector of Hesse-Cassel? Will he then express his deep regret at the irreparable loss which the cause they have so much at heart has sustained by the death of the Landgrave of Hesse-Hombourg, who always led the van when the sacred rights of the croup were assailed, who grappled successfully with the Frankfurt Parliament, and kept Hombourg Kurhaus open, spite of its decrees? Will he also express his hope that his successor in the Landgravate will follow the example thus set him, and not suffer himself to be bullied or cajoled by the English newspapers into closing this splendid establishment merely because a young son of his chanced to marry a daughter of Queen Victoria? And will he hint his belief that the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, jealous of the handsome Kursaal which under the auspices of the Elector has been recently reared at Nauheim on Hessian territory, will welcome his magnificent succession of Hombourg with a firm resolve that its interests "shall not perish in his hands?"

II.—NOTES OF PREPARATION.

Well, we are at Wiesbaden, which there is no need to describe for the thousand-and-first time—Wiesbaden, clean and wholesome smelling, and pleasantly situated if not over picturesque town, capital of the Duchy of Nassau; the older portion, with its narrow winding streets and somewhat antique looking houses, inclosed on all sides, as it were, by handsome buildings opening on to wide thoroughfares, and pleasant boulevards with long avenues of lime trees. Old Wiesbaden is represented by a massive arched gateway, a rather picturesque Rathhaus, a mediæval fountain in the market place, with a gilt rampant lion supporting a shield, whereon are displayed the arms of Nassau. The public buildings of new Wiesbaden are the

ministerial hotel and hall of the legislature, the museum, the mint, the theatre, the cavalry barracks, and the Kursaal, which last, with its open "platz," its colonnades, its really magnificent ball-room, its *salons de jeu*, its reading rooms, its restaurant, and the charming gardens in the rear, with their lakes, fountains, running streams, rustic bridges, rock-girt islands, pavilions, parterres of flowers, grassy hillocks, winding walks and shady groves, is as pretty a place as any of its kind on the banks of the Rhine.

Everything betokens active preparation for the coming 1st. Wiesbaden town is getting itself trim. Shopkeepers display their latest Parisian consignments, chapeaux Pamela and Lamballe, jupons Lavalliere, and cachemire, and chains, and coiffures Benoiton. Long strings of carts laden with stone for the repair of the public roads descend the Sonnenberg; load after load of gravel is spread over the Kurgarten walks; huge rollers are kept constantly at work; scores of gardeners are busily engaged clipping the grass plots and raking the flower beds; the new orchestra is rapidly approaching completion. In front of the Kursaal polished silver reflectors are affixed to the gas burners; the *briefkastens*, or letter boxes, are hung up in their places. Inside the building the upholsterer's tin-tack hammer is going all day long; gaudy wall paintings are cleaned and varnished, gilt mouldings reburnished, mirrors polished, velvet-covered settees stripped of their canvas skins, floors brushed till they acquire the requisite degree of slipperiness to render them dangerous to walk upon. The shutters of the *salons de jeu* are kept rigorously closed, that no profane eye may penetrate the mysteries enacting within their sacred precincts. Chevet engages his staff of waiters, gets his dining saloon in order, and arranges his tables and chairs on the banks of the lake and around the new orchestra. The jet in the centre of the lake sends up a volume of water some fifty feet, which the sun streaks with rainbow tints. Everything is in readiness and all looks charming. The sacrificial altar is bestrewn with flowers and awaits the coming victims.

III.—"IT IS OUR OPENING DAY."

The eventful morning has arrived at last. Wiesbaden puts on a holiday aspect. People are abroad in their gayest apparel. The railway trains bring crowds of strangers. The living stream flows steadily towards the Kursaal. What numbers of pretty girls, all seemingly so happy; what a multitude of handsome children, charming little maidens, and beautiful fair-haired, chubby-faced boys. How is it that these last grow up, for the most part, such plain-looking men? Is it the smoking and the beer drinking that do the mischief? The pipe, we know, is hardly ever out, and there are beer gardens where the *kellner* watches your flagon, and replenishes it when empty with lightning speed—where the rule is to fill and evermore to fill until the command be given to stop. No wonder that he who drinks beer not only thinks beer, as Longfellow says, but looks beer as well.

Somewhat before ten o'clock a crowd of well-dressed, and, to all appearance, most respectable-looking men—many of them possibly fathers of families and props of the State—congregate around one of the side entrances, and are instantly admitted. These, reader, you would hardly believe to be the croupiers—that unfortunate race vilified of all men. To what lower level do they descend when age and infirmities overtake them—when they are no longer quick of eye, and the hand has lost its cunning! It is commonly believed that, victims to the fascination of play, on receipt of their salaries they resort to some neighboring kursaal, and there work out their little systems until they have parted with their last florin. In this case they can put nothing by. Possibly the Rhine potentates who encourage public gambling and the administrations of the different kursaals, with M. Benazet and M. Blanc at their head, have already provided a befitting asylum for these men in their advanced years—an asylum, in fact, for meritorious aged and infirm croupiers. If not, I commend the suggestion to their earnest consideration.

After the croupiers come other individuals of greater importance—Kursaal-Commissärs, directors, and inspectors, who are received with every dem-

onstration of respect by the doorkeepers; but there is neither ducal presence, nor representatives, nor chamberlain, nor military escort. Crowds of eager strangers are congregated outside the building, vainly endeavoring to peer into what is going on inside. At length the windows of the *salons de jeu* are flung open, as if to say to the assembled multitude, "Come and see for yourselves; all is ready, and precisely as the clock strikes eleven play will commence." And true enough there are the tables covered with the well-known *tapis vert*—there the tall chairs of the croupiers and the croups themselves arranged on either side of the roulette wheel in symmetrical fashion. The roulette wheel itself is boxed up, and as yet there are no rouleaux in the *caisses*; but bide awhile, all will be complete in due course.

The windows are closed again, and as eleven o'clock draws nigh, I saunter into the *salon* to see what is going forward. The opening ceremony proved to be a very simple one. Round the table are grouped the croupiers; presently enters a stalwart Kursaal flunkey, in dark blue livery and the stiffest of starched cravats, attended by croupiers on either side, and bearing on his shoulder a heavy oaken brass-bound chest, which he deposits on the *tapis vert*. Following him comes Kurhaus-Commissär with key of said chest, which he flings down triumphantly on the table. The chest is double and treble unlocked, and a large leathern bag taken out of it, from whence are taken numerous smaller leathern bags filled with rouleaux and demi-rouleaux of Fredericks d'or and double Fredericks d'or, of louis, of florins, and double florins, thalers, and five-franc pieces. These are all systematically arranged on the table, and Kurhaus-Commissär, producing a formidable-looking tabular document, seats himself, and calls first for the bank notes, which are taken from a little green case which opens and shuts with a secret spring. These being counted and found correct, the rouleaux of gold and silver coin are next told over, every croupier eye watching to see that no mistake is made. All seems to be right, for Kurhaus-Commissär folds up the paper and rises from his seat. Chief croupiers, under inspector's superintendence, now pro-

ceed to fill the *caisses* with bank notes and coin—in other words, to make what is called the bank.

At this moment the strains of martial music are heard, the doors of the *salons* are thrown wide open, and a stream of people flows in. Here are officers in various uniforms—in long white great coats and long green ditto; in short white tunics with blue or scarlet collars and cuffs; short green tunics embroidered with gold lace, and dark rifle green tunics embroidered with black braid; many among them booted and spurred, and with their cavalry sabres clanking on the ground. Here, too, are elegantly-dressed, matronly-looking women, and the prettiest of *frauleins* in the most piquant of costumes, and grave heads of families of portly presence, and men and women of various nationalities, old and middle-aged and young, including clerks and shopkeepers, idle people, professed gamblers, chance tourists, and simple holiday folk. Ah! come ye on to your inevitable fate—wasps, butterflies, bluebottles, bees, drones, gnats, gadflies, though you be, you are all destined, sooner or later, to be broken on yonder roulette wheel by these modern "Bandits of the Rhine."

Macmillan's Magazine.

ON EARLY PHILOSOPHY.

BY PROFESSOR BAIN.

THE human race behooved to exist a very long time before giving any record of itself; so that we are baulked in our natural curiosity to know the beginnings of many civilized institutions. The origin of language has several explanations, all more or less hypothetical. In regard even to the structure of human society, the earliest recorded politics have traces of still older forms. The commencement of the various religious beliefs prevailing in the ancient world, and their connection one with another, are wholly unaccounted for. Morality has passed through various forms historically known, but its beginnings are necessarily interwoven with the beginnings of society and government. Some of the departments of Fine Art began in historic times; at the date of the first

authentic records of Greece, there was no architecture, no sculpture, no painting in that country where they afterwards rose to such heights; and, excepting the rude strumming of the lyre to accompany poetic recitation, no music. There was only one form of poetry, the epic; that being the probable consummation of ages of intellectual effort.

Of all the products of the human mind, arising under the historic eye, the foremost is unquestionably philosophy or science. By these designations, we understand knowledge in its highest form; the form distinguished by two attributes, Certainty and Generality. The inferior kinds of knowledge are either vague and inaccurate—as, for example, an uninstructed person's knowledge of the laws of the outer world, of his own body, or his own mind; or else, if accurate, of narrow and special application, like the sailor's knowledge of the mechanics of a ship; he knows the lever, and the pulley in the ship's tackle, but he understands nothing of the general, the all-comprehending laws of motion and of force. Now, in order to secure these two attributes, certainty and generality, philosophy or science has to employ a special machinery, a technical procedure; there is needed an elaborate scheme of *verification*—by observation, experiment, and so forth—to arrive at certainty; and *abstract language* and uncouth symbols to attain and embody generality. A happy phrase of Ferrier very nearly embraces both attributes; he calls philosophy, truth, and reason combined—"Reasoned Truth."

It so happens that this superior knowledge, marked by certainty and by generality, this reasoned truth, originated at a time and place where history casts a faint glimmer. It arose in the Grecian or Hellenic race, and in an outlying settlement of a portion of that race—the Ionic colonies on the jagged coast of Asia Minor, consisting of twelve cities, from Miletus at the mouth of the Mæander on the south, to Phocæa in the gulf of Smyrna on the north. The Ionians were of the same breed as the Athenians, and they are found in their Asiatic settlements from the date of the earliest authentic records in the eighth century before Christ. Looking at the map, we observe that their entire coast line, with

all its indentations, hardly exceeds a hundred miles.

The epoch of the great philosophic outburst was towards the middle of the sixth century before Christ—twenty-four centuries back. It was a period of great political ferment and revolution; the age when the coarse rough-shod despotisms were giving way to constitutions more or less popular and liberal; the French Revolution epoch of antiquity; a time of fervor, aspiration, and intellectual stir.

What, besides political freedom, there was in these Ionic settlers, with their plots of land—on which they grew wheat and vines and figs, and kept a few cattle—to make them burst their narrow routine of occupation, their religious superstitions, their homely amusements, and rude sports—men whose education was a little reading and writing, but chiefly hearing and reciting Homer and some other poets—and to make them rise to the heights of lofty speculation, as to the universe, and all its incomprehensible grandeurs of stars and planets, sun and moon, day and night—we are utterly at a loss to determine. It is not an explanation, but merely a repetition of the fact in other words, to say that they were men of unparalleled intellectual endowments—the exceptions to human mediocrity. Emancipated from mechanical drudgery by slave labor, a portion of that fine race withdrew themselves from vulgar amusements to elevated pursuits: some went into the field of politics, others embraced poetry, and others the study of nature; while it was not uncommon for the same man to be politician, poet, and philosopher. And we are not to suppose that the small number of renowned individuals were the whole of the studious class; every one of the original minds must have had about him a circle of intelligent pupils, disciples, or sympathizers. An enduring interest attaches to these thinkers; we look back to them for the genuine beginnings of reasoned truth, and also for the first manifestations of the errors in method that oppressed the subsequent career of science.

The first stage of Grecian philosophy is marked out by the labors of twelve men; beginning at Thales, and ending with Demokritus. These are the first

nature - philosophers, the men that studied nature as a whole, and chiefly material or external nature, with a view to explain it upon some grand, single, primitive, or pervading agency, to the exclusion of the gods, who had before them been in undivided possession of the field. The second stage commences with "the double-tongued and all-objecting" Zeno the Eleatic, and embraces Sokrates. This stage was marked by several striking features. It was the epoch of what is called *Dialectics*, or organized controversy and debate, requiring, as an essential part of reasoned truth, the full statement of the negative side of every question.

The present article will be principally occupied with a brief account of the views and speculations of the twelve beginners—the men of the first epoch—ranging from the first half of the sixth century to the end of the fifth, B.C. They are difficult to remember without some simplifying method; there is an alliteration (of the letter X) in three or four of the chief names, very distracting to the memory. Although divisible into schools, we must describe them in the order of date. Six are of the Ionian school, named from the mother colony; three are Eleatics, from the town of Elea in Southern Italy; two are named Atomists, from their peculiar doctrine; and one is unique—Pythagoras. The order of date is three Ionians, Pythagoras the unique, two Eleatics, the fourth Ionian, the third Eleatic, the

fifth and sixth Ionians, and the two Atomists. Zeno, the double-tongued, who opens the second epoch, was a fourth Eleatic.*

1. The first and predominant question with them all was the **PRIMEVAL SUBSTANCE**, the Constituent Element or Power, that produced the existing Universe. This, with them, behooved to be a **SINGLE** all-pervading matter or essence, such as to give birth to the entire mass of existing things, celestial and terrestrial. Some of them assigned one of the known substances, as water, or air; others set up an abstraction or fiction of language; others gave Mind (an abstraction too) as the all-producing agent.

2. Next to the fundamental substance we may place the **CONSTITUTION OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES** in particular, which every one of them speculated about: how these were generated out of the primal element; their distances, magnitudes, movements, and material composition; how they were related to the Earth, and the Earth related to them.

3. The **LARGER TERRESTRIAL PHENOMENA**—Earthquakes, Stars, Thunder, Clouds, Rain, were matters of frequent speculation.

4. The processes of **VEGETATION** and **ANIMAL LIFE** received a share of attention.

5. The **HUMAN MIND** or **SOUL** began to be examined by the later philosophers of the series we are now considering. Regarding it, the problems were—(1)

* The following table is a summary view of the details given in the text:

	<i>Locality.</i>	<i>Time.</i>	<i>School.</i>	<i>Principle.</i>
Thales	Miletus.	620—560.	1st Ionian.	Water.
Anaximander	Miletus.	610—547.	2d Ionian.	Indeterminate.
Anaximenes	Miletus.	575—	3d Ionian.	Air.
Pythagoras	Kroton.	560—470.	Unique.	Number.
Xenophanes	Elea.	540—500.	1st Eleatic.	Absolute.
Parmenides	Elea.	520—460.	2d Eleatic.	Absolute.
Heraclitus	Ephesus.	f. 500—	4th Ionian.	Mutation.
Empedocles	Agrigentum.	500—430.	3d Eleatic.	Four Elements.
Anaxagoras	Klazomenæ.	500—428.	5th Ionian.	{ Simple Elements— Mind.
Diogenes	Apollonia.	Contemporary.	6th Ionian.	Air (intelligent).
Leukippos	—	Contemporary.	Atomist.	Atoms.
Demokritus	Abdera.	490—350.	Atomist.	Atoms.
Zeno	Elea.	—	4th Eleatic.	Founder of Dialectica.

Its Nature, or Essence, generally accounted a highly ethereal matter; (2) the mysterious subject of Perception by the Senses, or the way that external objects communicate with the mind—a vast problem not yet exhausted; and (3) the distinction of the contrasted faculties of Sense and Reason—Perception and Cognition; a distinction following on the Eleatic distinction between the world of appearance and a something lying underneath all appearances—an external, immutable, Absolute Reality.

Such are the problems. Let us now see the men.

The sixth century, B.C., discloses the three first Ionians—Thales, Anaximander, Anaximenes—all of the colony and town of Miletus, on the left or south bank of the Mæander near its mouth. From the neighboring hills ought to be apparent, forty miles out at sea, the otherwise memorable little island of Patmos.

THALES might soon be dispatched, if we gave only what the severest historical criticism has left us as his portion. Stripping off all subsequent commentaries and interpolations we have nothing but a sentence to the effect: "Water is the material that everything has arisen from, and consists in." As regards succeeding theories, we are instructed as to the powers, forces, or manner of working, through whose means the alleged primary element became all things that we see in heaven and in earth; but in the case of Thales and his element, there is nothing but conjecture. We may imagine him to have been arrested by the extent and the capabilities of the ocean and the watery streams; by the far-reaching influence of the rain; by the liquid elements of the animal body, and by the Protean aptitude of water for passing, on the one hand, into a solid state, and, on the other, into air; and we may suppose that he saw in this pervading element a sufficient basis for explaining all things whatsoever. As a Greek, gone but a little way in speculation, he could not escape endowing his great first agent, the primeval Water, with a sort of vitality or personality, which would answer to him for the moving power that brought about all the needful transformations; but it was

a gloss of aftertimes to represent him as endowing the primal substance with a god or spirit.

Thales is chiefly remarkable as being the first to break off from the polytheistic scheme in the world. The Greek of his day (says Grote) never asked *what* produces rain, thunder, and earthquakes, but *who* rains, thunders, and shakes the earth; and was satisfied with the answer—Zeus, or Poseidon (Neptune). To be told of physical agencies—water, air, or fire—was not merely unsatisfactory: it was absurd, ridiculous, and impious. All this had to be overcome by Thales before entering on his career of speculation. We cannot well overrate the greatness of the moment when any man could bring himself to such a radical change of view. It was the beginning of the possibility of science, a turning-point in the history of the race, unsurpassed by the greatest subsequent discoveries, by the Copernican astronomy, or the Newtonian gravitation.

To Thales were attributed Astronomical and other doctrines, but on no good authority. He wrote nothing, and even to Aristotle he was a man shrouded in the mists of antiquity; one remark of Aristotle touching his astronomy was, that he made the earth repose or float upon the all-pervading water. His alleged prediction of a famous eclipse is disposed of by Sir G. C. Lewis in his most consummate style of historical criticism (*Astronomy of the Ancients*, p. 85).

Thales was universally reputed in antiquity the founder of geometry.

The second Ionian, also of Miletus, ANAXIMANDER, was the younger contemporary, companion, and disciple of Thales (610—547 B.C.) Inasmuch as he committed his doctrines to writing, there is more certainty respecting them.

1. As to the common problem of the one primeval substance, the self-existent, all-producing element, he departed from Thales, and entered on an original route, where he has had too many followers. Instead of selecting from the actual materials of the globe some preponderating ingredient—water or air—which selection he possibly saw to be attended with difficulties, he fell upon an imaginary substance or abstraction, called by a name that is translated the

Indeterminate or the Infinite. He stripped, in imagination, existing substances of all their peculiarities—the solidity of earth, the liquidity of water, the tenuity of air; and supposed a common something at the bottom, pure and simple body, containing, in latent form, the great fundamental contraries, hot—cold, moist—dry, etc., together with a self-developing force, and being, in its own nature, immortal and indestructible. It seemed to him that a mother element having as yet no special attributes, but having the power to shoot out into all the definite varieties of matter, to become everything that there is, was a fairer start than any one determined and fully formed substance, as water, which, before it could become earth, marble, or gold, had first to denude itself of its own distinctive properties. Having conceived the general idea, he developed its workings so as to conform to appearances in this manner. The determinate substances were always lapsing back into the indeterminate, being, as it were, in a privileged condition, which they had soon to quit. The manner of proceeding was described as separation or “excretion;” the forces—heat and cold—came out first, and their mixture made fluidity or water, whence, by farther separations, came earth, air, fire; the heavy elements, earth and water, took the lowest place, and air and fire the highest.

2. Then as to his astronomy. Highest and remotest was the all-encompassing sphere of fire, originally a diffused mass, but broken up and aggregated in separate masses, named the heavenly bodies. These were arranged in three successive spheres: the highest, the sun; the next, the moon; the nearest, the stars. The sun and moon he arbitrarily estimated at twenty-eight or twenty-nine times the size (circumference) of the earth; but he seemed unable to apply the familiar experience that would suggest the placing of the smallest-looking bodies (the stars) at the greatest distance. There was a regular generation and decay of the heavenly bodies, from and to the indeterminate. The earth was round like a cylinder; the depth he assumed at one third of the breadth. At first it had been half fluid or mud, and had been dried up by the sun; the anal-

ogy of making bricks was good enough for making worlds. The position of the earth was the centre of the universe; it stood stationary amid the revolving spheres, there being no *sufficient reason* for its moving one way rather than another. This primitive and very natural opinion as to the position and fixity of the earth was seldom departed from in early philosophy.

Anaximander also gave explanations of meteorology, earthquakes, etc. Better still, he was the first to make a map. He scratched on a brass plate the outline of the then known countries.

The generation of animals was from the primitive mud; the lower orders, as fishes, were first formed, and when the earth became firm, there appeared the higher animals and man.

Thus, with an impulse in the right direction in some respects, Anaximander set the example of the gigantic vice of imparting real existence and material agency to the abstractions created by language.

The third Ionian was ANAXIMENES, the companion, disciple, and successor of Anaximander. He was born about 575. Of course he knew all that Thales and Anaximander had thought, and he departed from both, or rather took a mixed or middle course; he would not adopt water with Thales, nor a pure abstraction like the other; but he regarded air as the foundation element, an element of apparently boundless extent, joining heaven with earth, the medium of the most important processes in the economy of life. He further—and this seems to be his chief amendment upon the others—took particular notice of the phenomena of condensation and rarefaction, real, in fact, and more definite as processes than the separation or excretion of Anaximander's Indeterminate. The air had an inherent generative or self-developing power, passing on the one hand to the dense, and producing cloud, water, earth, stone; and, on the other hand, to the rare, and yielding the sublimed products of fire and ether. The idea that mere condensation, as when water becomes vapor and ice, would amount to all the difference between wood, marble, and gold, was, of course, a wonderfully facile assumption, characteristic of early philosophy.

In astronomy, he supposed the earth a flat plate resting on the air, as Thales placed it on the water. The mass of the earth, in common with the sun and the moon, was of course, in his general hypothesis, condensed or solidified air. The stars were fixed like studs or nails, in a solid crystalline sphere, which revolves by the force of the air in a horizontal whirl, without descending below the horizon. In like manner the sun does not descend beneath the earth, but merely passes into the shadows of the mountains; his heat arising from his rapid motion, to which he is somehow impelled by the movement of the crystalline sphere of the stars. There could have been no correct astronomical observation present to the mind of this philosopher, since he assumes, for the thirty-eighth degree of latitude, a hypothesis of celestial rotation true only at the equator.

These three Ionians of Miletus—Thales, Anaximander, and Anaximenes—agreed in seeking out a common primordial substance endowed with powers of transmutation, so as to give birth to all known substances, although they differed among themselves, as we have seen; two choosing real substances; the third an abstraction. The next in the Ionian line is Herakleitus, of Ephesus; but he is a good deal later, being separated seventy years from Anaximenes, during which interval other ideas have got afloat. We must therefore interrupt the Ionian succession, and cross to the settlements of the Italian Greeks. The first we encounter there is Pythagoras, the Unique.

The birthplace of PYTHAGORAS made him Ionian; it was the considerable island of Samos, on the Ionian coast, between Miletus and Ephesus. Both Thales and Anaximander were living at Miletus close by, when Pythagoras was born; and Anaximenes was forty-five, when Pythagoras, about thirty, and already famous over Ionia for his many bold and original ideas, emigrated (530 B.C. as is supposed) to Kroton, and ultimately to Metapontum, in Southern or Lower Italy. In those Italian settlements he was the founder of a fraternity, based, we may suppose, on philosophical and religious views, but which extended itself to political interference and as-

cendency; becoming odious on that account, it was suppressed, and its members scattered by violent means about 509 B.C.

The opinions of Pythagoras himself are not directly known; they are only presumed from those held by leading members of his sect. They present a new and remarkable vein of thinking, and are important historically as having influenced many, among whom we must reckon Plato.

1. As regards the problem common to Early Philosophy, he assigned the abstraction NUMBER as the fundamental and original element of the whole universe. This did not mean simply that all things possessed the attribute of number, or might be measured and numbered, but that number in the abstract is a self-existent reality, containing the material of all other things, together with the creating agency for converting it into these other things.

Here we have the second example (Anaximander's Indeterminate being the first) of a mere abstraction of the mind raised to the rank of a reality by the force of the human feelings, coupled with the delusion that whatever can be separately named must separately exist. The world presents many numbered things—stars, mountains, men, etc.; but neither can number exist apart from things, as Plato supposed, nor can it be called the essence or foundations of things, as Pythagoras supposed. We may also remark as a curious circumstance that the elements of arithmetical and geometrical science, generally accounted dry and vexatious, took possession of the early speculative minds, with a mystic awe and fascination, of the nature of worship. Occasionally in modern times the same feeling is exhibited; for he was a modern who expressed as his highest idea of God, that he was the first geometer.

Pythagoras gave a detailed account of the generation of the universe out of number. *One*, or the monad, contained the two fundamental contraries, the Indeterminate and the Determining, which give birth to all the rest; in it the odd and the even were contained, but not yet separated. *Two* was the first indeterminate even number; *Three* the first odd and determinate number, having beginning, middle, and end. To the

first four numbers corresponded point, line, plane, solid. *Five* represented color, or visible appearance; *Six*, life; *Seven*, health, intelligence, etc.; *Eight*, love or friendship. *Ten*, or the *dekad*, was the full and perfect number, the guide and principle of life to the universe and to humanity.

2. The astronomy of the Pythagoreans, besides its relating to this grand theory of number, had several specialties. It was the first system that removed the earth from the centre of the universe, and gave it a motion in an orbit round the centre. That centre, however, was not the sun; but an imaginary mass of fire, called by such mystic names as the "Hearth of the Universe," the "House or Watch-tower of Jupiter," "The Altar of Nature," "The Mother of the Gods;" round this, ten bodies moved in circles. Farthest removed was the heaven, containing the fixed stars; then the several planets; then the sun, the moon, the earth, and within the orbit of the earth a counter-earth (*antichthon*), an imaginary body never seen from the earth, and having no assignable function except in lunar eclipses, where it might act as the eclipsing screen; the real motive for it being to make up the perfect number ten. The respective distances of the ten bodies followed numerical proportions, corresponding to musical harmony, with whose principles also the Pythagoreans were greatly entranced; and as the several motions could not take place without causing a loud sound, the result of the whole was the celebrated music of the spheres, which, however, was inaudible to us because we had heard it without any intermission from our birth.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the doctrine of the real motion of the earth, first held by Pythagoras, had anything to do with scientific reasons, or made a step towards the Copernican system. It was merely the work of a bold imagination, and was determined exclusively by mystical considerations and strong emotions.

3. In regard to the human mind or soul, there were some views afloat of Pythagorean origin. When it was said that the soul was a number, and a harmony, that would mean nothing peculiar; for all things were numbers. The

doctrine of the perpetual existence of the soul under the form of transmigration was a doctrine of the Pythagoreans, but belonging to their religion, and derived probably from the still older traditions called the Orphic mysteries. The supposed imperishable property had nothing to do with its being a number or a harmony.

Our next name is XENOPHANES, the first Eleatic; a contemporary of Pythagoras, and, like him, an emigrant from Ionia to Italy. (As yet all are of Ionian birth.) Elea was a town in the gulf of Pæstum or Posidonia (now Ascea, fifty miles south of Naples). The period of eminence of Xenophanes is supposed to have been 530—500 B.C. He may have been personally known to all the other philosophers except Thales, but he did not follow the lead of any one of them. He was rather, in the first instance, a great religious innovator. He made a furious onslaught on the received theogony, and on Homer and Hesiod, who were its chief expounders. He condemns the discreditable exploits attributed to the gods, and calls in question their very existence, showing them to be mere human creatures after the human form; and, with pungent sarcasm, remarks that the negroes made their gods black; and that if horses and lions were to turn religious, they would make gods of their own species.

As if the reverse of wrong must be right, Xenophanes set up a vast abstraction, made out of denials of all that Polytheism affirmed. For a plurality of agencies, he substituted one that had neither generation, succession, beginning, end, nor division of parts; something indeed that may be named by language (because language can put together impossibles), but which no imagination can conceive or realize. This vast unchangeable, indivisible, eternal One, he identified with God. "Wherever I turned my mind (he said) everything resolved itself into One and the same; all things existing came back always and everywhere into one similar permanent nature." He had the craving for unity common to the early philosophers, and he constructed a unity on a plan of negations, so as to exclude all the properties that he thought beneath the dignity of the source of all things, the great

First Cause. He found, however, that his difficulties were only commencing: for how could such a petrified entity be the origin of all the variety and complexity, the succession and the change of actual things? He by no means understated this difficulty, nor explained it away by the easy assumptions that were so frequent in early speculation; it really oppressed him with the sense of a contradiction that he could not resolve. The primal element must be one, indivisible and unchangeable; that alone is the eternal, self-existent reality. The world in appearance is many, divisible, and changeable; but *only in appearance*, and with reference to *our perceptions and beliefs*, which do not rise at once to the great fundamental unity.

In this strange fiction of Xenophanes we have the beginning of world-famed theories. It was the starting point of Pantheism, or the identity of the world and God, and also of Ontology, or the distinction between reality and appearance, Noumenon and Phenomenon, the Absolute and the Relative. We shall see a little way into the developments of these beginnings.

Xenophanes was thus a sort of link between the Ionian physical schools, and the more properly metaphysical systems. He was also a speculator in astronomy like the Ionians. Whereas the others had regarded the earth as a shallow plate floating in space, he gave it an infinite depth, with reservoirs of fire and water, which exhaled clouds, constituting sun, moon, and stars; these being alternately lighted up and extinguished like so many lamps. To redeem these visionary flights, he made the geological observation that sea shells and the prints of fishes were found inland, and on mountain tops, and drew the inference that these places must have once been under water.

PARMENIDES of Elea is the second Eleatic, 520—460 B. C. He adopts the great fictitious entity of Xenophanes, with all its difficulties, and tries to show the way out of them. According to him, the great primal element, the foundation reality of things is, as Xenophanes said, One, indivisible, and unchangeable; but he gives it, besides durability, the attribute of extension, or the occupation of space. It was this unsubstantial,

inane, but extended, something, this accumulation of negative attributes, that was alone true, real, and absolute. All else belonged to the region of mere opinion, supposition, appearance, mutability. The contradiction between the two was reconciled, or rather countenanced and repeated, by a corresponding contradiction or contrast in the human mind—namely, reason against sense. The highest reality, the Immaculate One, was ascertained by reason, the gloss of appearance was discerned by sense. The immutable, therefore, does not after all generate the mutable, the plurality of the things seen; this mutable and various universe is only a phantasmagoria—a dream of our senses.

In short, by an effort of abstraction Parmenides thought away all the properties of things except time and space, duration and extension: these alone were the perennial realities; they had the merit of unbroken continuity; all else was *divisible*, numerable, variable, changing, full of contradictions, deriving validity only from the inferior region of the senses.

The One of Parmenides was not looked upon by him as Deity; therein he differed from his master. For the theological government of the world he re-admitted the gods and goddesses indignantly expelled by Xenophanes; his One was a philosophical, and not a religious entity.

But neither did Parmenides disdain to speculate like other philosophers in this region of the sensible and the phenomenal. Like all the rest, he had a system of astronomy, with some points in common with Xenophanes his master, and some points of his own. He is said to have identified the Evening star and the Morning star as the same body, and to have made the very important stride of regarding the earth as spherical, which none of the rest had done. His theories of the stars and of the nature of celestial illumination are scarcely worth repeating.

These two Eleatics wrote their doctrines, using the medium of verse, which was considered in their day the only form suited to written composition.

Returning to Iona, we encounter **HERAKLEITUS**, of Ephesus, called the Obscure, because he affected a senten-

tious, obscure, and oracular style of composition. He is the fourth Ionian, and takes up the Ionian thread, although probably subject to Pythagorean and Eleatic influences; he mentions both Pythagoras and Xenophanes, the Eleatic founder. His philosophy is considered to have had great influence in Greece. The early commentators read him as having proclaimed *fire* as the universal element and great first cause of all things; thus merely ringing another change on the Ionian philosophies of water and air. But when his fragments are all studied in connection, it appears that his meaning was different. Fire was a metaphorical illustration of a metaphysical meaning. His real theory is a contrast or contradiction of the Eleatic view of One, Indivisible, and Immutable; he affirmed, on the contrary, that the foundation of all things was *mutation*, transition, alternate generation, and destruction. There was here the same gross abuse of abstract language as in the other metaphysical theories—the representation of a principle of change in the abstract, as apart from all changing things; but undoubtedly this doctrine had the advantage of representing the facts of the world, as well as of giving the denial to the Eleatics, a pleasure that Herakleitus was probably not insensible to. The principle of mutability was stated under many metaphors—fire consuming its own fuel, water always flowing, opposite currents meeting and conflicting, war, contest, retributive justice, etc. Things are ever produced, but nothing is permanent; all existences pass round into their contraries, waking into sleeping, light into darkness. So incessant is the work of destruction and renovation, that everything both is and is not—a paradox reminding us of Hegel's doctrine: "Being and not being are the same."

Like the others, he has his astronomy, and with a better right than some of them. His most original idea was that the celestial lights were contained in bowls or troughs; and the eclipses of the sun, and the phases of the moon, arose from the dark side being turned round. His doctrine as to the luminosity of the heavenly bodies was a repetition of Xenophanes's doctrine of terrestrial exhalations set on fire and compressed.

From Herakleitus we have a theory of the human soul. Of course, it too must share in the principle of mutation, and be a thing of movement and change. Such, however, was its intrinsic and superior activity, that the body, which was, comparatively speaking, stationary and fixed, was to it as a prison, keeping it from free intercourse with the universal life of things. The real dignity of the soul consisted in its cognizance of the universal; and the more men advanced in rationality, the more they went out of themselves, and studied the general scheme of the universe. This doctrine was a crude way of stating the great principle of the Stoical philosophy, the merging of the interests of each individual in the interests of the universe as a whole.

The next in order, the eighth of the twelve and the third Eleatic, takes us to Sicily, among whose Greek colonists many eminent men arose. The town of Agrigentum, on the south coast of Sicily, still called *Gergenti*, gave birth to EMPEDOKLES, from whom we have, for the first time in form, the doctrine of the Four Elements. He is reckoned among the Eleatics, because, dissenting from the Ionians, he followed Parmenides in rejecting all real generation and destruction, although the meaning he put upon this rejection was peculiar. He assumed the four elements—earth, water, air, fire—as eternal, inexhaustible, simple, homogeneous, equal, and co-ordinate. In short, to him all solid bodies were the same, all liquids, and so on. He assumed, as moving principles or forces, love and enmity—abstractions personified, just the very worst entities for philosophical explanation. Generation then was simply the embracing of elements, the many becoming one; destruction their separation, the one becoming many. This was, no doubt, a step in advance, and is something plainly allied to the modern chemical doctrines of combination and decomposition.

But now the opposing forces, love and enmity, are not always equally operative; there are times when love predominates, and times when hatred predominates, times of construction and of destruction, going round in a cycle. The world began with an empire of love or combination, a sort of primitive

chaotic union ; at the period prescribed by fate, the empire of enmity, or disintegration, commenced, disjoining and distending the compacted mass, and leading to the separation of the elements, like going to like—fire to fire, air to air, and so forth. Thus came the settling of the four elements into their respective places, and also the formation of the heavens and the earth, in a manner that we need not waste time in detailing.

But besides his great cosmical theory, and its astronomical developments, Empedokles went into the explanations of the ordinary terrestrial phenomena, as the generation of plants and of animals, which had their birth from the four elements under the two forces. First came plants, then mutilated fragments of animals, then monsters that were neither one thing nor another ; after which came the true combinations of plants, and animals and men, and the "long-lived gods." He even gave minute explanations of the leading animal functions — as respiration, nutrition, generation, and so forth. His prevailing idea was the porosity of the body, and the passing of air inwards and outwards, with an accompanying flux and reflux of blood, all which would be utterly indifferent to us, but for what is next to be mentioned.

The way that the mind is acted on by outward things, as in looking at the sun, is one of the great problems of philosophy, and keenly debated at this hour. With Empedokles, we find the first attempt at a solution, which solution is based on the doctrine of effluvia passing through the pores of the body. All substances are casting off effluvia, and these enter the system at all points ; while by the different effects that they have upon the several sensitive organs, we distinguish one thing from another. Man being composed of the four elements, the effluvia of earth came upon his earthy element, water upon the watery, and so on ; like coming to like, and thereby attaining their distinct perception. So in vision, the element of external fire, or light, encountered the fire element within the eye ; for although the eyeball is created externally with an earthy or solid substance, it is made up internally (he said) of fire and

water. Hearing was the shock of the external air, first upon the solid parts of the ear, and through them upon the air within. Smell was his easiest explanation, being an undoubted case of effluvia, although his opponents denied even this case. In taste and touch, immediate contact of solid with solid would supply the necessary condition of like coming to like, without effluvia. Crude as this hypothesis was, it contained the essential features of by far the most widely received doctrine on this perplexing subject.

Our ninth name is ANAXAGORAS (500—430 B.C.), by birth an Ionian (birth-place Clazomenæ, near the gulf of Smyrna), and of the Ionic succession, being the fifth of the line. He went and lived at Athens, where he became the friend, companion, and instructor of Perikles ; he also imparted his views to Thucydides the historian, Euripides the poet, and Archelaus, who may be considered the master of Sokrates. He wrote in intelligible prose.

He agreed with Empedokles in not admitting generation and destruction in the literal sense, and in regarding them solely as union and separation of elements. He did not, however, accept the four elements as an adequate stock of simple bodies. He reckoned that the elements were coëxtensive with the different kinds of matter ; as Empedokles erred in having too few simple bodies, he again made no sufficient allowance for possible variety of combinations. But he had the peculiar notion that each material in nature, beside its own characteristic simple element, had in it a portion of every other element whatsoever ; water had a predominating watery element, with a spice of every thing else. The meaning of this odd reservation was that he could not admit the coming together of two elements, totally unlike (the attraction of like for like being then a sort of axiom in philosophy), unless there was already in each a nucleus of the material of the other ; what made water dissolve salt was, a small portion already dissolved to attract the rest.

But of far deeper interest is the moving power assigned by Anaxagoras. Even with these nuclei of all things existing in each, he still demanded a force

from without to determine the process of change—the regular combination and resolution of elements.

This force was *Nous*, or mind, or rather an abstraction of his own coining, with a certain mixture of material and mental attributes. He gave it the dignity of being the only pure or unmixed element. It was the thinnest and subtlest of all matter, more so than either air or fire, but of great energy; unacted upon by matter it was itself active, and the prime mover of all change.

In the first beginning of things, matter was a quiescent mass. *Nous* operated upon it to produce a grand rotation (the circular movement being alone perfection). By the great velocity of the rotation a separation began; the fundamental contraries, hitherto locked together, took their distinct places—dense and rare, cold and hot, dark and light, wet and dry. Then came the assimilation of like to like, so as to produce distinct and characteristic substances by the prominence of the special element of each. Hence we have flesh, bone, wood, gold, etc., all brought out with their distinctive attributes.

The *Nous* was not mind properly so called, but an entity capable of moving the material mass, and possessing a certain knowledge of what it was doing. It was more like what is called the vital principle, supposed to know its own action. Still less was it God, in the usual sense of Deity, although all these hypotheses of primeval natural force are apt to be identified with God, especially when an element of knowledge or intelligence is superadded. Anaxagoras was a pure Nature philosopher, and completely opposed to theological causes properly so called; so much so that he was described in antiquity as the first atheist, as he was the proto-martyr—the first person brought to public trial for atheism. Others before him had substituted “mechanical and unprovidential forces for the direct agency of the gods,” and had “reduced the heavenly bodies which were believed to be of a divine nature, to a terrestrial standard, and to earthy materials;” but “he spoke out with greater plainness and courage, and carried his explanations much farther.” To the popular mind the sun was still a god driving his chariot across the sky

from east to west; his describing the great luminary as a mass of red-hot stone was offensive and atheistic; so was his comparison of the moon to the earth, as having plains, mountains, and valleys, and possibly inhabitants. This popular antipathy was laid hold of by the political opponents of his friend Perikles: he was brought to trial, when an old man of seventy, and, although defended by Perikles, he was condemned, and either imprisoned or fined. This happened 432 B.C., thirty-three years before the trial of Sokrates.

The tenth name, and the sixth and last of the Ionic school, was **DIAGENES**, the contemporary of Anaxagoras, born in Appollonia, in the island of Krete. He too taught some time at Athens, but being obnoxious to the same charge as Anaxagoras, and dreading a public impeachment, he thought it better to quit. He adopted the agency of air, as promulgated with Anaximenes, which he endowed both with moving power and intelligence, like the *Nous* of Anaxagoras.

We come finally to the two **Atomists**—**LEUKIPPUS** and **DEMOKRITUS**, their characteristic doctrine originating with the first, and deriving its full expansion from the second. We need, therefore, notice it only as it appeared in the hands of Demokritus. It carries us back to the Eleatic theory of the self-existent, real, or absolute, as opposed to the changeable, the phenomenal, and the relative; the two being mutually irreconcilable, and merely made easier to accept by the presence of a similar contradiction in the mind—reason and sense. The Atomists undertook a reconciliation.

Parmenides had maintained a permanent, immutable, extended, and unbroken Something as the only real existence. This was, on his part, a creature of imagination, a putting together of words which, when joined, had no meaning, nothing to correspond. The Atomists were not to be put off with a jumble, a monstrosity, a mermaid of speculation; they laid their hand on two real existences, *body* and *empty space*, or vacuum; they affirmed both to exist (one would suppose so); and by their alternation the Eleatic continuity was broken up, and multiformity or the

many was thus a real fact; matter and space alternated, and the world was made up of their alternation. Now matter could move, while space gave it scope for movement; in every other respect, except movement, they admitted that matter was unchangeable, and eternal. All they had to do, therefore, was *to cut matter small enough*, to divide it into atoms of uniform quality (they must find something to correspond with the big words, One, Permanent, Immutable, without which no theory would go down), but with such differences in size and figure, as would in the course of union bring about the variety of known things. Moreover, Demokritus gave way so far to the doctrine of appearance in contrast to reality, as to say that certain qualities—namely, color, taste, temperature, etc.—were not real, but merely came out to our senses; they were phantasmagoric, and not fundamental. He excepted, however, the qualities of weight and hardness (called in modern times *primary* qualities), and allowed them to inhere in the things themselves, and to be involved in the ultimate properties of the primeval atoms. A heavy body was a mass of atoms more compact; hardness grew out of the size and mode of junction of the atoms.

All other qualities, then—light, sound, odor, etc.—were merely “modifications of our own sensibility.” This is the theory of Demokritus regarding that problem of mind or soul called External Perception.

The best part of the theory of Demokritus was his leaving out all personifications of love and hatred, all manufactured entities, and his ascribing the movement force in his atoms to inherent properties of their own, which he accepted as a fact, without any further explanation. He saw that matter and force were really conjoined in nature, and he did not divorce them, a thing so often done by the trickery of abstract words.

His astronomical theory had a good deal in common with his immediate predecessors, and is no way important in the history of science. In respect to learning, ability, and the number and variety of his researches and published writings, he was scarcely inferior to Aristotle, and some of his views were in advance of the Stagirite.

On the mind he speculated largely. Like other things, it consisted of atoms, which of course must be of the subtlest conceivable quality; they were small, globular, penetrating. Sensation consisted of motions of the mental atoms meeting the effluvia or atoms of external bodies. He gave at great length explanations of sight and colors on his hypothesis. Intelligence was also the internal atomic movement of the several atoms, and he accounted for its various grades and manifestations by various assumptions as to the atomic workings.

So much for the twelve, the first beginners of our proud philosophy. A very few observations must suffice on their peculiarities of method.

1. They agreed in endeavoring to dispense with the prevailing polytheistic personal agency, and to make the universe in some way self-explaining.

2. They, without exception, demanded that the explanation should start from, or resolve itself into, some unity. This was their first great weakness, and a weakness not yet got over.

3. They began the vicious practice of creating agencies out of abstract language, and then assuming their real existence: the Indeterminate, the Absolute, the *Nous*, etc. The flexibility of language, especially in the use of negative particles, enables us to coin names, as readily as the king can make knights; but creating worlds to correspond, neither man nor king can do that. It is easy to form a word “levity” from the name for bodies of light weight, and a word “absolute,” which had at first a genuine meaning; it is also easy to join the two, “absolute levity;” and likewise other combinations, as “unnatural motion,” a “fourth dimension,” a “round square,” and so on: but to believe that, because we can make the phrases, we can find or forge corresponding realities, is a mere delusion; it shows that the noble instrument of language is also a most ignoble source of traps and pitfalls, juggles and enigmas.

4. The demand for satisfaction to the strong human emotions, or sentiments, is equally apparent, and has been equally persistent. Indeed, the great language-formed abstractions would not have been so delusive, if they had not satisfied some powerful emotions. The dig-

nity of nature was compatible only with circular movement; particulars had an unjust hold of existence: and so on.

5. The abuse of analogies might be largely illustrated from these early systems.

6. But the circumstance that completes and clenches all the other weaknesses is the want of verification; no one in that age had risen to the conception that whatever was laid down respecting nature should be confirmed by an appeal to nature itself. Hence, although we have plenty of generality in the views of the twelve, we have very little certainty as yet.*

The second stage of speculation commencing with the Dialectic of the double-tongued Zeno, the fourth Eleatic, is to us not the least interesting phase of Grecian philosophy. But we had lately an opportunity of dwelling on this point, in connection with Grote's *Plato*, where it is brought forth, for the first time, in due prominence. (See July, 1865.) The essence of the Dialectic method is to place, side by side with every doctrine and its reasons, all opposing doctrines and their reasons, allowing these to be stated in full by the persons holding them. No theory is to be held as expounded, far less proved, unless it stands in parallel array to every counter theory, with all that can be said for each. For a short time, this system was actually maintained and practiced; but the execution of Sokrates gave it its first check, and the natural intolerance of mankind rendered its continuance impossible. Since the Reformation, struggles have been made to regain for the discussions of questions generally—philosophical, political, moral, and religious—the two-sided procedure of the law courts, and perhaps never more strenuously than now. In Ferrier's work, entitled *Institutes of Metaphysics*, the plan of putting proposition and counter proposition side by side, is strikingly carried out. He has also furnished the motto of free Dialectics—"The only light of every truth is its contrasting error." For a believer's own satisfaction, we should bring before him in

strength the case of the unbeliever. People may retain a mechanical faith, a string of sound words, a hereditary formula like a surname or the coat-of-arms of the family; but if they are to have intelligent opinions, living convictions, they must know every opposing view, in the words, and with the reasons, of its upholders. That was the momentary phase of Philosophy, or reasoned truth, four centuries before Christ, and that, it would seem, is one of the longings of the present hour.

Bentley's Miscellany.

A RIDE BY MAR SABA TO THE DEAD SEA.

OF all the sights in and around the Holy City, that undoubtedly which causes the most surprise, and is most at variance with preconceived opinions, is the aspect of the Dead Sea. Illustrated Bibles, panoramic views, or photographs, have stamped the salient features of the neighborhood firmly on the imagination in general, and the traveller feels comparatively *en pays de connaissance* in approaching the Jaffa gate, or riding past Absalom's tomb. But the outlook to the east from the heights of Scopus or Olivet has been unprovided for by expectation; the ill-omened waters form the one enlivening feature in the drear, stony landscape; their sparkling blue relieves the dun hillocks that roll one upon another from the foot of Olivet to the shore of the lake, and the weird outline of the Moabite mountains on the farther shore.

At whatever time the pilgrim may visit Jerusalem, the three days' tour to the Dead Sea, *via* the monastery of Mar Saba and home by Jericho, or reversing the route, is a matter of course. And happy those who make it, as we made it, in the coolness of latter October, for at the time when the holy places are most resorted to, namely, at Easter, the heat in the deeply-sunk valley of the Jordan is terrific. It is an excursion to be made with feelings that amount to awe, for it comprises associations sufficient to afford meditation for a lifetime.

On the morning after our arrival in Jerusalem, we had been taken by the American consul to the top of Scopus,

* On the early philosophers, see more especially Sir G. C. Lewis's *Astronomy of the Ancients*, Grote's *Plato*, and Zeller's *Philosophie der Griechen*, vol. i.

and the sight of the Dead Sea, and the thicket that marked the course of the Jordan, made us long to get down there, and examine more closely the many wonders disclosed to us in that glorious view. The view from Scopus would be accounted magnificent in extent anywhere: it may safely be called the most interesting view in the world, commanding, as it does, on one side, the whole of Jerusalem, the valleys that surround, and the hills that stand round about it, from Neby Samwîl and Gibeah on the northwest to the range of Olivet on the east, and away to the Frank mountain on the south, overlooking Hebron; on the other side, the deep trench along which the Jordan flows, hidden by clumps of trees and underwood, opening out into the bright expanse of the sea, which, on the day we saw it for the first time, was dancing in the sunlight.

Alas! the journey to the Dead Sea is now shorn of much of its romance. There is no longer the delight of putting yourself under the protection of some victorious sheikh, ready to do battle *à outrance* for you against all comers. The visit is carried on upon the same methods as Mr. Cook's excursions. There is an appointed tariff, and upon payment of it guides are meted out to you as they might be at Chamounix or Zermatt.

We paid a napoleon apiece. It is certainly cheaper yet than the ascent of a Swiss mountain, and six very dirty-looking Arabs were appointed to us, highly armed and pictorially arrayed. With our two muleteers, our dragoman, our cook, and our two selves, my companion being an American gentleman from the Far West, whose delight was in recalling constantly the big distance he was off from his big country, we sallied forth, a respectably large cavalcade, from the Jaffa gate.

We rode along the valley of Hinnom. On our right, far above and standing backward than it did of old, when the buildings of the city came down upon the valley more, was the wall of Zion; behind it, the Armenian quarter. On the other side of the valley lies the Hill of Evil Counsel, the vast sepulchral pits which bear the name of Aeldama, and the Refuge for aged Jews built by Sir Moses Montefiore. At the southeastern corner

of the city the valley is intersected by another near the fountain of En Rogel, the valley of Jehoshaphat, which sweeps between the chain of Olivet and the ridge of Moriah, and to the west opens out on to the plain country, over which passes the path to Bethlehem. We followed up the same valley we had threaded since leaving the gate, which soon turns abruptly to the left among the hills which shut out the view of Jerusalem.

The descent was rapid, and till we came to the turning the view back towards the angle of the Zion wall, standing at the very edge of a considerable precipice, was striking in the extreme, causing one to realize the accuracy of Scripture expressions as to the proud situation of the City of God. It is from this point alone, perhaps, that it is brought home to one; for from the Mount of Olives one looks down upon the Temple area, and, in consequence, the fall of the ground into the valley of the Kidron is dwarfed; and the Jaffa and Damascus roads approach the city nearly on a level. The farther we rode the more grandly did the walls cut the sky line, till the turn of the gorge deprived us of this evidence of civilization, and plunged us into true Judæan desolation.

Following the valley of the Kidron, the path lay along the brook, or rather its stony course—for now, except in the rainy season of spring, the stream is dry—the gorge narrowed, and hardly a vestige of vegetation cheered us, though in the early year we heard these forbidding precipices were a blaze of color from wild flowers. Now, there is no color but what is given by the yellow sandy rock and occasional tufts of Syrian thorn. Our Arabs, when we had got out of sight of the town, became very demonstrative, and danced about to and fro on the narrow path, screeching their own peculiarly ear-piercing yell, and brandishing their arms. We suspected this display of *couleur locale*; and it certainly had a non-natural, theatrical air, as if got up for our special behoof, and tending towards *backsheesh*. It is certainly an immense damper to the pleasure of Eastern travelling, the ever-present idea that every little courtesy on the part of those around you has its price, and sounds in damages im-

mensely disproportionate to the benefit enjoyed.

We had left Häuser's Hotel after an early breakfast, and after a six hours' ride, principally at a foot's pace, we reached our resting place for the night, the Greek convent of Mar Saba. We had been terribly uncomfortable on our hard saddles, with the midday sun beating on our white umbrellas; but all was swallowed up in wonder at the magnificent savagery of the gorge for the last half hour. The valley had up to this point been simply wild and featureless; it became now a mountain pass, which, taken as a whole, no Alpine marvel could surpass. Its weird grandeur and utter barrenness were expressed in its name, the Valley of Fire. Reddish yellow cliffs shut in the bed of the torrent, for which alone there was room beneath. They were honeycombed with curious holes, and about a third of the way up, on the right side, jammed on to a ledge of the cliff, its outer wall one with the wall of the valley, stood the monastery. We rode in single file up the path, approached it at the back, delivered in our credentials from the authorities at Jerusalem, and were admitted. No female has ever entered within the walls, and many a British pilgrim of the other sex has, in pitching her tent among the jackals outside, railed at the ungallantry of the Mar Saba monks. We were established in a large guest chamber, furnished all round with divans. One of the monks brought us glasses of raki and figs, which is the staple of their fare, and most courteously assisted the cook we luxurious Westerns had brought with us in preparing our meat dinner, with the worthy monks it being a perpetual *jour maigre*. They then took us over the buildings, which are very extensive, and for the most part newly built, and from every part of which there is a giddy view right down into the depths of the ravine. There are some ghastly associations attached to this strange place. Many times has the monastery been laid open to pillage and its inmates to massacre, and its strong natural position caused it to figure often in the wars of Ibrahim Pasha. The shrine of the founder, St. Saba—the institution claims an existence of fourteen hundred years

—has a little chapel to itself; the larger church contains pictures of the scenes of blood the convent has witnessed, and is gorgeously decorated. Russia has spent lavishly, both here and in the Greek Church at Bethelhem, ever anxious to keep alive her prestige in the Holy Land, and to show the zeal of her national communion with regard to the holy places.

We spent a pleasant evening in watching the effect of moonlight on the savage scenery, sitting for some time on the outer wall, which drops four hundred feet perpendicularly into the gorge. The opposite side was within a stone's throw, and the solemn silence was only broken by the howling of the jackals and other inmates of the rocky caves.

Up at three next morning, breakfasted, and started by torchlight, as it was still pitch dark, and the road down the chasm dangerous; retracing our steps of the day before to the entrance of the convent gorge, we struck to the northeast among the hills, and rode for some time in silence, impressed by the associations which gave so much food for thought. Suddenly, just as it was getting gray, we saw beneath us the waters of the Dead Sea, lead-colored in the gloom; we rode parallel to it for some way, getting occasional glimpses through the hills, and watched the sun rising in green and orange splendor over the mountain wall of Moab opposite.

At length, when it was quite light, we climbed the last hillock, and saw before us the great flat valley, the line of wood cutting in from north to south, and the northern bay of the sea. Just at this time we met some Arabs, with whom our escort tried to get up a disturbance; we suppose with a view to remuneration, for the Bedouins were very few in number, looked very harmless, and seemed very glad to go away. Our fellows assumed such a bullying tone towards them, as made us suspect their steadiness in any real emergency; such, however, owing to the immense interest of our excursion, and notwithstanding the harrowing tales we had heard in Jerusalem of pillaged Franks struggling bootless and shirtless across the burning Ghôr, and negotiating for Arab undergarments at Jericho, was very little present to our minds; nor were we destined to un-

dergo greater hardships than what the inevitable draught of Dead Sea water, heat, and creeping things afforded.

We reached the shore of the sea, that weird uncanny beach made up of the skeletons of animals, the bare logs brought down by Jordan in flood-time skinned and pickled in the brine, and round pebbles, a white salty deposit marking where the waves had licked the land and receded; and dismounting in the blazing heat (it was now nearly eleven o'clock), we bathed our hands in the brilliant blue water, clear as crystal, and brought some of it to our mouths. Our flesh felt immediately like leather where the water had touched it, and the taste—as of quinine, vitriol, and seawater combined—was absolutely indescribable and quite irremovable. We brought away tin flasks full of the delicious compound, that friends at home might have a chance of the same pleasure. The day was cloudless, and the rocks, perfectly sterile and variously colored, stood up out of the lake, the distance of which was covered by haze, marking the perpetual evaporation by which the superfluities are carried off.

We were not sorry to mount and ride off to the east, to the sacred river—to associations more hallowed and less terrible than those which hang over the grave of the five cities; it was a pleasant relief to come to trees and brushwood growing in park-like luxuriance on either bank so thickly that in many places it was hard to approach the river. We struck the stream at the spot where the Greek pilgrims bathe—the spot which is assigned by tradition to the baptism by the Precursor and of the Lord himself. It is a pleasant and pretty scene this hallowed spot. The river spreads out broader and shallower, and rushes over a gravel-bed, the forest recedes and leaves a grassy plot on the bank, on which a most comfortable bivouac can be made, and here we settled to rest until the great heat had passed away, and we could ride without fear of sunstroke over the salty flats to our resting place for the night.

We had our mid-day meal on the bank, and bathed in and drank the sweet muddy water of Jordan; we filled our tin flasks with it to bring back home; and our escort cut us straight sticks

from the carob trees as mementos of our visit; so we passed away two delightful dreamy hours, till the sun began to sink, and we mounted to pursue our course to Jericho. Our ride was singularly unpleasant; the heat still scorching, seemed to strike up from the parched ground. Swarms of insects had come out for their afternoon exercise, and fed freely upon both ourselves and our horses, and the clumps of vegetation around Jericho seemed never to get nearer. At last we reached the wretched village of *Er Ritha*, which is the sole remains of what, in the time of the Incarnation, was a flourishing city hardly inferior to the capital. There is little evidence of its former greatness; now it consists of a few score of wretched hovels, inhabited by still wretched-looking *fellahin*, who bear an odious reputation. Some slight memory of this Garden of the Lord remains in the groves around the village. Figs and vines still flourish, and there are whole thickets of the Nûbk, or Syrian thorn, with its cruel-looking spikes, the material, according to local tradition, of the crown of thorns. The district is well watered by the stream which flows from Ain-es-Sultân, the well of Elisha, supposed to be peculiarly fertilizing, since the day on which the prophet cured the waters, and towards this we rode, intending to pass the night there.

We had a delightful place for our encampment. The spring bubbles up and forms a clear pool fringed with bushes at the foot of a hill covered with stones, which of old supported the terraces that bore vegetation up to its now dreary summit. We dined, and smoked, and chatted, and our escort tried to stalk jackals, and then we went to bed, to be devoured by mosquitoes. Better far had we bivouacked out in the midst of the salty plain than by this murmuring stream, which was evidently the rendezvous of the whole insect population. We were glad to be up early—long before daybreak—as our encampment took some time to get into marching trim, and we set out by starlight on our way from Jericho to Jerusalem.

What a thoroughfare this must have been when Herod the Idumæan reigned—when Priest, and Levite, and Samaritan—thief, and publican, and sinner—

journeyed backwards and forwards from city to city, and He with the Traitor often trod it, staying with Lazarus at Bethany, with Zaccheus at Jericho! Now there is but one characteristic, perhaps, that remains—a reputation for deeds of violence.

Our road soon began to ascend, on the right, by the stony hills of Quarantania, the scene of the Temptation, from whence the view in those days must have taken in the great town of Jericho and its suburbs and villas lying at their feet, and the rich plain country. We struck into a mountain defile of the same character as the Valley of Fire, the Wady Cherith, and as our thoughts the night before had been with Elisha, now they were with his greater fellow of Mount Carmel, Ahab-se-Ahab, Jezebel, and the priests of Baal. It is almost painful to feel how rapidly all these gigantic associations crowd on the mind here, and how easily present circumstances, heat, a hard saddle, or the want of breakfast, displace them, for it is only after leaving the Holy Land one fully realizes the privilege of a journey there.

Our ride was very sultry, the sun beating cruelly on the bare cliffs, and we stopped at the foot of the Mount of Olives for luncheon, at a ruined well which bears the reputation of being a rendezvous for thieves. We saw none, however; and having refreshed ourselves and our beasts, and escaped the very hottest part of the day, began to ascend the hill. In a short time we reached Bethany, which is now a wretched little hamlet with a squalid *fellah* population. The road thence is carried round the southern shoulder of the Mount of Olives, and is remarkable for the suddenness with which the view of the city bursts upon one. At first, only the extreme angle of the wall of the Moriah inclosure and the dome of the Mosque of El Aksa are visible; then, on turning a corner, the whole city of David and the graceful group of buildings on Mount Moriah. It has recently been surmised, with much plausibility, that it was along this approach—probably always the more frequented route to the capital from this side, rather than the steep path carried over the summit of the hill, past the

scene of the Ascension—that the view of the splendid assemblage of buildings prompted our Lord to that affecting lamentation over the irremediable desolation so soon to fall on the city beneath. We could easily picture the varied beauty of the scene as it must then have presented itself: the gardens and villas without the walls, where now there is only stony desolation; the massive walls themselves, and Herod's three great fortresses, one of which, the tower of Hippicus, remains to charm the architect of this age even by its wonderful masonry; the glistening marble of the restored Temple, and its roof of golden pinnacles; and, above it, the citadel of Antonia, telling of national privileges lost for ever, and of Roman dominion.

Nothing can be more graceful than the general effect of the buildings which now cover the Temple area, the platform on which Islam has stamped itself over Judaism; the light arcades and fountains, the broad steps and the mosques themselves, especially that of Omar, with its marble and jasper adornment like a large jewel casket, with a cypress here and there completing the Mohammedan character of the sanctuary. The whole looks brilliant at a distance, although, like all Oriental splendor, somewhat shabby when examined in detail.

We rode down into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its mosaic of tombs. Many a Jewish emigrant, from Poland especially, lies here in expectation of a grand rehabilitation of their nation's glory on this very spot, which the followers of Mohammed also assign as the place of the last judgment, and point out a broken pillar jutting from the wall of the Harâm over the gorge as the seat he will occupy on that occasion. We rode past Absalom's (so-called) tomb, and the other handsome sepulchres of Roman time, beneath the wall of Gethsemane and up to St. Stephen's gate, and thence along the Way of Sorrow to our hotel. And so back again to ordinary traveller's life in this nineteenth century, guide-books, cicerones, tables-d'hôte, and discomfort, but with much laid up in our minds for future enjoyment and appreciation in those moments when we forget the world.

Bentley's Miscellany.

THE ONE-LEGGED LIEUTENANT.

THE manly form of that fine old sailor comes, when I mention his name, as clearly before my mind's eye as if I had seen him but yesterday; and yet many a year has passed by, and his place has been successively filled with other noble veterans who have braved the battle and the breeze, since he went aloft to enjoy the rest of the brave and true—Christians not only in name but in deed—lions in battle; but gentle, loving, and faithful when war was over and peace had returned.

There he sits — mark his fine, broad, massive countenance; his clear blue eyes—honesty and truth in every glance, his cheery and benignant smile—the light hair, which once clustered thickly, still curling from under his cap—that broad palm stretched out to offer a friendly greeting, once wont to grasp a cutlass in the deadly fight, or hold the hard and slippery rope as in a vice. The Lieutenant's undress uniform, so suited to set off that expansive chest, those strong arms and fine figure, and then projecting from beneath the loose trouser that timber-toe which had served him from youth to old age, and which he refused to exchange for one of more elegant form—consistent in all things, and hating even the thought of being supported by a sham. Those who knew him as I did (and there are many alive both in the Hospital and out of it who did so), will acknowledge that I have not over-colored his portrait, but that, looked up to by the pensioners as an elder brother and a real friend, regarded by his equals with the sincerest affection, and trusted and honored by his superiors in rank, Lieutenant R— was a perfect specimen of the true-hearted British seaman and officer of the old school.

While he lived I made many pleasant visits to the Hospital to pay him my respects, and he used to search out from among the pensioners seamen who had sailed with officers I knew, or whose actions I wished to recount, and knowing my object, he would encourage them to narrate their own adventures, though it must be confessed that, like many old officers, he was over-modest about speaking of his own gallant deeds, and it was

not often that I found him in the humor to recount them. I am, therefore, it is right to state, partly indebted to a manuscript which he sent me in his own handwriting, and partly to other sources, for some of the details of the following narrative.

Let us suppose him seated on one of those easy benches on the lower terrace of the Hospital, with the wings of that noble pilerising on either side, the school buildings and the model ship behind us, over-topped by the observatory and the green trees of the park; and in front, the river with its moving panorama of vessels of all rigs and sizes, from the tall Indiaman and American trader to the dark-colored collier and humble canal-barge. He pushes his cap, as is his wont, from off his brow, stretches out his wooden leg, makes a cabalistic sign or two on the ground with his stick, and leaning back, thus begins:

"I went to sea in the *Victory* before I was ten years old, and even then I soon learned to love the old ship, though I little thought the name she was to win for herself in naval history. There she is as I knew her, when I stepped on board for the first time in 1795, under the command of Captain John Knight." And he unrolled a print of the *Victory*, somewhat yellow and worn from handling, though carefully preserved in a case. I observed from the date under it that the print was engraved in 1793, when the *Victory* bore Lord Hood's flag at Toulon. "Observe," he continued, "she had no entering port at that time, nor at Trafalgar—the main channels were below the main-deck ports, and the mizen channels below the quarter-deck. The stern galleries were removed, and the stern made flat like the *Dreadnought* in 1804. The *Dreadnought* was the first three-decker ship built without stern-walks, and she was launched in 1801, and the model of her stern was so much admired that the *Victory* was altered to the same.

"There have been no less than four ships in the Royal Navy of the same name:

"The first *Victory* was built at Deptford, in the year 1620, and mounted 82 guns. She was broken up in 1690.

"The second was built at Portsmouth in 1675, and mounted 100 guns. She

was taken to pieces at Chatham, and rebuilt in 1695, and then named the Royal George, but her name was afterwards changed back to the Victory. By being taken to pieces, it must be understood that the defective timbers and planking only were removed, and that the same framework was replaced, so that she was substantially the same ship. She was finally taken to pieces in 1721.

"The third was built at Portsmouth in 1739, and carried 100 guns. Her fate was a disastrous one. Sir John Balchern had his flag flying on board her in 1744, when returning with a squadron from Gibraltar. She had a full complement of a thousand men, besides fifty volunteers, sons of the first nobility and gentry in the kingdom, had joined her on the breaking out of war with France, that they might see service under so good a commander. On the 3d of October the fleet was overtaken by a violent storm, in which several of the ships were much shattered. On the 4th, the Victory separated from the fleet, and was never more heard of. It is supposed that she struck on the Caskets, as, from the testimony of the men who attend the lights, and the inhabitants of the Island of Alderney, many guns were heard on the 4th and 5th of October, but the weather was too tempestuous to hazard boats out to their assistance.

"The fourth Victory is the ship now in existence. She was built in a dock at Chatham, and floated out in the year 1765.* She was always a favorite ship, and generally selected for a Commander-in-Chief's flag. She has seen more service than any other ship in the navy, and her qualifications far surpassed any other ship, even at the present day.† She was fast, both by and large, weath-erly, steered like a fish, very sensitive—a spoke of the helm was enough. As a boy of fourteen years of age, I have steered her under topsails, top-gallant sails, courses, jib, and spanker.

"Her armament at Trafalgar was as follows:

Lower deck 32-pounders.....	28
Middle deck 24-pounders.....	28
Main deck 12-pounders.....	28

* The Victory's centenary was celebrated at Port-mouth in the summer of 1865.

† This was written in 1853.

Quarter deck 12 pounders.....	10
Forecastle 12-pounders.....	2
Carronades 68-pounders.....	2

Making a total of.....98

While we had two 12-pounders in the hold. We had six kegs made to fit the 68-pounder carronades, each keg containing 172 three-ounce iron balls. One with a round shot in addition prevented the Frenchmen in the Redoubtable from boarding, and that discharge killed and wounded four hundred men. However, I have something to tell you about before I come to that time. I remained in the Victory for four years, during which period I saw no inconsiderable amount of service. I had not long to wait before I was in action, and had received my first wound. The Victory bore the flag of Rear-Admiral Robert Mann, under Admiral Hotham.

"We were early in July of that year (1795) refitting in St. Fiorenzo Bay, when a squadron, which had been dispatched under Captain Nelson to call off Genoa, was seen in the offing pursued by the French fleet, which it was supposed were at Toulon. Although we were actually in the midst of watering and refitting, by the extraordinary exertions of every officer and man, the whole fleet was enabled to weigh that night with the land wind. This was on the 7th. We made sail in chase, but could see nothing of them, until on the morning of the 13th, the Hieres Islands being in sight, a fleet was discovered to leeward on the starboard tack, consisting of seventeen sail of the line and three frigates, while we had twenty-one sail of the line, a frigate, and two sloops, the wind blowing strong from the N.N.W., attended with a heavy swell. Admiral Hotham formed the fleet so as to keep the wind of the enemy, in the hopes of cutting them off from the land, only five leagues distant. It being evident, however, that their object was to avoid a battle, the signal was made for a general chase, and to engage the enemy as the ships should arrive up with them in succession. The Victory was one of the leading ships, and I can even now remember our vexation and annoyance as we found the wind gradually dying away. Now it breezed up again, and by crowding all sail we gained on the

enemy. Our hearts beat quick as the chance of getting into action returned. There was the *Agamemnon*, you may be sure, not far off, and a few others of the best sailers; but the greater part of the fleet lay becalmed in the offing. Even then, Nelson was thinking, I dare say, that the *Victory* would be the ship to suit him.

"At length, the breeze holding steady we got the aftermost ships of the enemy within range of our guns, and no time was lost in opening in good earnest. It was warm work while it lasted. The French returned our fire with plenty of spirit, but they couldn't stand then, and never could stand, the way in which our crews handled their guns. The Frenchmen's shots were, however, telling upon us. We had already some killed and several wounded, but that only made us stick to them with more resolution, for our great fear was that they might get away.

"Their ships were getting pretty severely handled. One especially, *L'Alcide*, of seventy-four guns, was brought to such a condition that we had great hopes of capturing her. We poured our broadsides into her even more rapidly than before. At that moment, a round shot came through our bulwarks, and I fell bleeding to the deck; but I was up again in a minute. A couple of splinters had made two ugly wounds in my arm, but I got a messmate to bind it up, for I was afraid the doctor would be sending me below, and I would not have left the deck just then on any account. No, indeed; for a shout reached my ears—it was echoed from ship to ship—down had come the flag of *L'Alcide*. She was the first ship I ever saw captured. What cared I then for my wound? Nothing, even if it had been ten times as severe. Meanwhile there was a slant of wind favorable for the French, which enabled them to stand into *Frejus Bay*, where Admiral Hotham considered that it would be imprudent to follow, as some of our leading ships, which had alone been engaged with a far greater number of the enemy, had received a considerable amount of damage. We were to have another disappointment. As our boats were shoving off to take possession of the captured seventy-four, we observed flames, proceeding, it appeared, from the

foretop. Almost directly, even before the boats could reach the ship, fire was seen to descend down the masts, and to envelope the whole fore rigging. The boats of all the ships near were immediately sent away, and there was a race among them which should be first to render assistance to their perishing fellow creatures. It was an enterprise of the greatest danger, though; for not only were the shotted guns rapidly going off, but it was too probable that the ship herself would blow up, and involve all around her in destruction.

"Still undaunted, our brave fellows pulled on to the scene of danger. Once alongside, they received as many as they could hold, and returned to the fleet, which, for their own safety, could not venture near. Once more the boats put off to pick up the unfortunate Frenchmen, who, fearing every instant the inevitable catastrophe, were leaping from the burning wreck—some to swim, others to float on gratings or spars, and many to drown helplessly alongside. The awful moment was not long in coming. Up went the ship with a terrific roar in a body of flame, her burning spars, and planks, and shattered fragments scattered far and wide—nearly four hundred human beings perishing at that instant with her, about three hundred having been saved by our boats, and by those of the French which were near enough to come to her assistance, and which, of course, were allowed to return unmolested to their ships. Such is war! I saw many similar scenes during my career; but this, as the first of its kind, made a deeper impression on me than any others.

"Captain (afterwards Sir Robert) Calder succeeded Captain Knight, and Sir John Jervis hoisted his flag on board the *Victory*, as commander-in-chief of a fleet destined to gain one of Old England's most important victories. There was the *Culloden*, 74, commanded by Sir Thomas Troubridge; the *Orion*, 74, by Sir James Saumarez; the *Barfleur*, by Captain Dacres; the *Captain*, by Nelson; the *Excellent*, by Collingwood. It makes one's heart warm to think of those men, who, aided by others equally brave but less known to fame, did so much not only to support the honor and glory of England, but in the

end to secure to her the blessings of a long and prosperous peace.

"We had at one time but ten sail of the line and a few frigates cruising with us off the coast of Portugal, though it was known that a vastly superior Spanish fleet was in the neighborhood. We were afterwards joined by Admiral Parker with five sail of the line, and then by Commodore Nelson, in *La Minerve*, frigate, who reported that he had been chased by the Spanish fleet off the Straits. He (that is, Nelson) on this shifted his flag to the Captain; and on the night of the 13th of February, 1797, we got so near the Spaniards that we could distinctly hear their signal guns. Capt. Foote, of the *Niger*, who had for several days been keeping close to them, brought us information which left us no doubt that the next morning we should be at them in earnest. We were not disappointed. On a dark and hazy morning (the 14th), at eight o'clock, we threw out the signal to form in two lines in close order, and directly afterwards to prepare for battle. The Culloden leading, at half-past eleven the squadron opened fire as we passed in close order through the enemy's lines, completely separating their ships; and then each of our ships tackled one or more of theirs as they best could get hold of them. Saying, this, I give you as perfect a notion of the battle as I, or I believe any one else who was in it, possesses. I need not tell you the oft-repeated tale of how the brave Nelson took by boarding the *San Nicholas*, and then, without stopping, passed on into the big *San Josef*; how Collingwood, compelling the *San Isidoro* to strike, passed on to the assistance of the Captain; and how we in the *Victory*, while placed on the lee quarter of the *Salvador del Mundo*, gave her so hard a hammering that she too hauled down her flag. It was my first general engagement, and a pretty warm one. We captured four sail of the line, the *Salvador del Mundo* and the *San Josef*, each of one hundred and twelve guns; the *San Nicholas* of eighty, and the *San Isidoro* of seventy-four. We then formed a strong line to protect our prizes, which the enemy, with several fresh ships, wished to retake, but they dared not make the attempt. We lost in killed and wound-

ed three hundred men, and the Spaniards, in the four ships we took from them, seven hundred, and of course in those which escaped many more. We narrowly escaped losing our prizes, and perhaps some of our own ships, by a heavy gale, the tail of which we felt in the evening. We had happily brought up in Lagos Bay, on the coast of Portugal, where we were able to secure them. As it was, most of the ships had their sheet anchors down, and some of them their spare ones, the sea breaking furiously on the rock-fringed shore of the bay, where the fishermen had lighted fires, expecting the wreck of the whole fleet. The *Victory* herself dragged her anchors, and it was not till we had dropped our spare anchors that we brought up with four a head, and rode out the remainder of the gale. That night was not one which a youngster was likely to forget in a hurry.

"For this important action, fought off Cape St. Vincent, Sir John Jervis was made Earl St. Vincent, and our captain, Sir Robert Calder, a baronet. Other captains received similar honors. From what Nelson did on that occasion, it would have required no prophet to foretell the greatness he must achieve, should life be spared him. As to opportunity, he was sure to make that for himself. He was knighted for this action, and received the freedom of the city of London. On Captain Calder going home, Captain George Grey (afterwards Commissioner Grey) took command, and he was succeeded by Captain Sotheby and Captain Cuming. In spite of all changes I stuck to the old ship, though I must say that I thought her day of glory was over when she was turned into a dépôt for prisoners of war at Chatham. There were those, however, who knew her good qualities. As I said, Nelson had had his eye on her, and so had Captain Grey; and after she was paid off in 1799, she received a thorough repair, and was re-commissioned in 1803, when I again was fortunate enough to join her; the more fortunate because Lord Nelson had selected her as his flagship.

"We sailed from Spithead for Brest, and then proceeded to Malta to join the Mediterranean fleet. I could tell you something about the way that fleet had

been fitted out—a fleet on which the destinies of England might have been said to hang. It was a disgrace to the dockyard authorities—so scanty and bad the stores, so rotten the rigging, so ill-found were most of them in all respects. Lord Nelson had taken good care that the Victory should be in fighting condition and fit for sea, but even he had not power to look after others—only the power of complaining. It is my firm conviction that more ships have been lost from being ill found than from bad seamanship; and that thousands of lives have been lost from the speculation, ignorance, carelessness, and roguery of all sorts, of which the dockyard officials have been guilty.

“The memorable year of 1805 arrived and we commenced that chase of the French fleet across the Atlantic and back which was to terminate in the glorious battle of Trafalgar. Our run out from Cape St. Vincent to Barbadoes was thirty-two hundred and twenty-seven miles, and back from Barbuda thirty-four hundred and fifty-nine miles, our average run per day being about thirty-four leagues. The object of the French Emperor, in thus sending Admiral Villeneuve to the west, was to draw the English fleet away from the British Channel, and allow him to send an expedition across to Ireland. In this expectation, however, Napoleon was disappointed by our speedy return, and at length when the French and Spanish fleets had joined, trusting to their superiority in numbers, he ordered them to attack the English fleet, in the belief that they could overwhelm us. Thanks to this belief, the Franco-Spanish fleet no longer, as before, declined giving us battle, when at length, after hunting about for them in every direction, we fell in with them not far off Cadiz.

“I am not going to give you an account of the battle of Trafalgar. It is well known that the glorious old Victory led the weather column, in spite of the wish of many of his officers that Lord Nelson would allow the *Téméraire* to take the post of honor and of danger. I had had the honor of being appointed to act as one of his Lordship's aides-de-camp. Neither, as I said, will I stop to tell you how he looked, and what he said. Just twenty minutes before noon,

up went the signal, ‘ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY,’ and just ten minutes past noon, the Royal Sovereign, bearing the flag of Admiral Collingwood, commenced the action by pouring her fire into the Santa Anna, killing and wounding four hundred of her crew, and directly after raking the Fougex. It was then that Nelson exclaimed, ‘See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!’ While Lord Collingwood is reported to have said to his captain, ‘Rotheram, what would Nelson give to be here!’

“Hardly half an hour passed by before we were regularly in action, though the Spaniards and French had, for some time, been firing long shots at us. However, when at last they did open fire, they did it in earnest; but we repaid them with interest when we got alongside the Bucentaure, and never have ships in any action been exposed to a more terrific fire than we were on that occasion. On every side numbers of my shipmates were falling, killed and wounded; but, notwithstanding, I did not fancy that I was to be hit. Suddenly I felt myself knocked over, and a sensation as if my head had been carried off. A large splinter had struck me, and knocked several of my teeth down my throat. I was, however, soon again on my legs, and close by Lord Nelson, ready to receive any commands he might have to give. Not many minutes had passed when again I was struck down, and this time I knew that matters were much worse with me, for, without the doctors telling me, I saw that a round shot had taken off my leg. But what cared I even then, for the day was going with us, and I was sure we should come off victorious? I was comforted, too, by the concern Lord Nelson showed for me, and I heard him say, as he turned to Captain Hardy, ‘Hardy, take care that that lad is looked after if he recovers, as I hope he will.’ Little did I think that my noble chief would himself in a few minutes more be in a worse plight than I was.*

* On being carried below, Lieutenant R— called for a knife, and was found by the surgeon cutting away at his splintered leg, as he said, to save trouble.

"Trafalgar was won; and though I believe Nelson died at the happiest moment for his fame, we, who knew him best, grieved as children for a father. Whether or not his last requests were attended to, my position as an old one-legged lieutenant is some sort of an answer. On arriving in England, I was sent to the hospital at Portsmouth, and then, to my great satisfaction, received notice of my promotion to that rank which I have now held for nearly half a century. I should say that I was presented with a gratuity, on account of my wounds, from the Patriotic Fund, and ten years afterwards received a pension of £91 5s. per annum; so that, when I come to think of it, I have no great reason to complain. Say I have received £4000 in upwards of forty years for living on shore and doing nothing for it during that time, besides my half pay and the emoluments of the berths I have occupied; but what I have felt, and what numbers have felt, was forced idleness for so many years; and then, worse than all, no promotion! I was first lieutenant of a seventy-four, bearing an admiral's flag, and every other officer holding that position was promoted, and here am I a lieutenant, because I had no interest, and had a wooden leg! My promotion, thinking that it was the first step up the ratlines, did much to cure me, and now, with a wooden leg, I was again ready for duty. I was appointed to the Princess of Orange, 74, and in a few months discharged into the Otter sloop, on board of which I served for the best part of a year, being next appointed to the Cossack, 24, Captain Digby. While I was serving in her, she was ordered to join the expedition to Copenhagen, under Lord Gambier, when we were again compelled to destroy or capture the fleet of the unfortunate Danes, of which, otherwise, Napoleon would have made use for the purpose of attacking England. I had not been in her long before I became her first lieutenant, and from that time for upwards of ten years, acted always as first lieutenant of the various ships on board which I served.

"While in the Cossack, I was constantly engaged in boat service, both in the Little Belt, intercepting vessels which might be passing with troops,

and afterwards on the coasts of Spain and France. It was on one of these occasions that I met with the adventure of which I promised to give you an account. We had been for some time off Brest, and that neighborhood, and used constantly to pull in at night to intercept vessels which, when the tide and wind favored them, crept along shore from port to port. One evening, the breeze being off shore, and the night promising to be dark, as there was little doubt that prizes might be made, Captain Digby directed me to take command of three boats, and to pull in, while the Cossack, to deceive the enemy, stood off the land. Any vessels we might capture we were to send out, provided we had force sufficient remaining to render it possible to take any further prizes. I had with me in the pinnace a midshipman, Samber, and several additional hands, and the two other boats commanded by master's mates had, besides their proper crews, as many men as they could conveniently carry. Though the night became very dark—darker almost than was convenient—the weather was fine, and there was every chance, if we could but see them, of making some captures. We had left the ship some time before night came on; but there was no likelihood, I considered, that we could have been seen from the shore, and it was dark enough when we reached the ground over which vessels must pass, keeping along the coast. To the westward, for some distance, there was no port; but a league or so, to the east, there was the little harbor of Ivrea, capable only of holding small craft. We had not long to wait before a tall, dark object appeared, gliding slowly over the smooth water, coming from the westward. She was a large craft, I saw, probably an armed vessel, and, if we could take her by surprise, we might gain an easy and bloodless victory. Our boats were close together. I told them to wait quietly till we were perceived, and then to dash alongside. She was almost in the middle of us before we were perceived, and in half a minute, not a pistol having been fired, we were on her deck. I sang out, in the best French that I could command, that if a shot was discharged we'd cut them down, and the crew accordingly obeyed,

and cried out for quarter. We found that she was an armed brig of six guns, and as the crews of the two boats were amply sufficient to keep the prisoners under, I sent them out in charge of her while I remained to look out for another vessel. I waited, however, for some time in vain. The coasters must, I thought, have gained notice of our mode of proceeding, and the armed vessel we had captured had, I suspected, been sent in the hope of teaching us that it was possible to catch a Tartar. In the latter supposition, however, I afterwards found that I was mistaken. Still I did not like to give up the undertaking. I had steered some little way to the eastward, and had kept rather closer in shore than usual, when, as the men were resting on their oars, from behind a point of land suddenly three boats dashed out on us. To spring up and fire a volley, and then to seize our cutlasses for the defence of our lives, was but the work of a moment; but the boats, each of which was more than a match for us, were alongside almost immediately we had seen them, and though we fought desperately, as two of my men were killed and three wounded, and I was knocked down, we were compelled to yield ourselves as prisoners. Our arms were taken from us, and I must own that I felt more downcast than I had ever been in my life before. We had fallen into a trap which we ourselves had laid, and we had now the prospect of a French prison for an indefinite number of years. I, however, kept up my own spirits, and those of Samber and the rest, as well as I could, while we employed ourselves in binding up the hurts of our wounded companions, which were fortunately not severe. The two killed had been shot through the head as the enemy first came upon us. On one thing I was resolved, that if a chance offered, at every risk I would attempt to escape—yet how that was to be effected it was difficult to say. Whether or not the Frenchmen thought that more of our boats might be on the coast and might rescue us, I do not know, but they made directly for the shore behind the point from which they had emerged, and running the boats up the beach, ordered us to land. The bodies of the two men who had been killed

were also brought on shore, when some spades being procured from a cottage near at hand, a grave was speedily dug, and they were placed in it and covered up. Not half an hour before they were full of life and animation as were any one of us, and now they were hid forever from human sight! A sailor may well say, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' The naval officer commanding the party was very civil, and though, of course, he must have been glad to get hold of us, seemed to commiserate our condition, and rendered us all the assistance he was able. A party of them then guarded us with loaded arms on either side, and marched us along over the dunes to the eastward.

"After proceeding an hour or more, we reached a collection of small houses and huts, when a sergeant or some inferior officer appeared with a lantern in his hand, followed by a small body of soldiers. Certain formalities having been gone through, we found ourselves delivered over to him by the naval officer who had captured us. There was a good deal of talking, and I suspect it was to arrange how to dispose of us for the night, and at last we were ordered to move on, when, guarded by the soldiers, we arrived before a high round tower, which might have been an ancient castle or a mill, but it was difficult to say which, as we had only the light of the sergeant's lantern. Producing a bunch of keys he opened a small door, and giving his lantern to a soldier, ordered him to lead the way up a narrow flight of winding steps, and told us to follow, while he stood below to see that we all went in. Up we went, my wooden leg stumping along, and I purposely made as much noise as I could till we reached what appeared to be a room in the very top of the building. The sergeant then came up, and I understood him to say that we must stay there till morning, when some food would be brought us, and we should have to begin our march into the interior. I replied with as good grace as I could, 'Bon! bon!' and signified that we should be ready to obey orders. Fortunately, I had a purse in my pocket, and so had Samber; and, what was more fortunate, each had some guineas in them. We agreed that though we could not bribe the sergeant to let

us go, we might do what was likely to prove equally effectual, and calling him back I gave him a guinea, and told him to get something for himself and comrades *à boire*, and then asked him to get something for us, remarking that we were very thirsty after our long pull, and that generous enemies should treat each other like friends. Whether or not my eloquence or the guinea had most effect, I do not know, but in half an hour he returned, bringing with him some flasks of wine, some loaves of bread, and a milk cheese, and I doubted not he had reserved an equal portion for himself and his comrades below. He then retired, and locked and bolted the door of the room behind him. After we had partaken sparingly of the wine and eatables, I stumped about as if taking my walk before lying down for the night. 'Now, lads,' I whispered, calling the men round me, 'it is my opinion that we ought to be out of this and far away before day breaks, or we don't deserve the name of seamen. Judging by the direction we have come, we must be not far off, or perhaps close to, the little harbor of Ivères, in which we are certain to find some craft to carry us across the Channel, and if the wind holds as it was during the forepart of the night, we shall have no difficulty in getting away before we are likely to be pursued.' 'We'll follow you, sir; we'll do as you think best, sir,' answered the men, as I knew they would. I then borrowing some of their handkerchiefs, bound them round my timber-toe, and this made a soft pad, so that when I walked about I made no more noise than a cat on her rambles. I had all the time been thinking what to do. Looking up at the roof, I saw a star shining through it, and thus judged that it must be rotten, and that we could easily force our way through it. Without a moment's loss of time I made the men lift me up on their shoulders against the wall, when by clambering along a beam I got to a place where I could cling on while I forced off a tile above my head. Having removed one and handed it down carefully, I without difficulty got off others till I had formed a hole large enough to get through. I climbed up and looked round eagerly. To my delight, there I saw below me, not two cables' length off,

the harbor. At the same moment, a star or two which came out among the clouds afforded light enough to distinguish several small craft floating on its surface. There were several huts and sheds scattered about, and the village we had passed through inland, and a cottage close at the back of the tower.

"We had now to see about descending. A sort of gallery or balcony ran round the tower a story below the one in which we were, and as this from the roof was some distance, I judged that we could only descend into it by means of a rope. I returned to the room, when we quickly manufactured one out of our handkerchiefs and shirts, which I calculated would be long enough and strong enough for our purpose. I had warned my men that we might have to fight our way out. I again got up on the roof, when all hands joined me, and now securing the rope we began our descent into the gallery. I led the way; as the rest came down they stood round close against the wall, so as not to be seen by any chance passer-by. We then moved cautiously round to find an entrance, which I soon did through a narrow doorway, from which a flight of stone steps led downwards. I paused to listen, to find out if possible where the sentinels were stationed. I heard snoring close to us. It must come from the guard-room. I looked down; close below me sat a sentinel with his musket between his knees. He, too, was fast asleep. From that sleep he never awoke. I had passed him, and so had Samber and one of the men, and I had hoped that all would get by without waking him, when he made some movement as if about to start up. The men had their knives open in their hands. In a moment a hand was on his mouth, and before he could utter a sound he was dead. Another sentry was below. We threw ourselves upon him, and he shared the fate of his comrade. With their muskets and ammunition as a prize we pushed on towards the harbor. More than once we paused to listen, fearing that the guard might have discovered our escape, but not a sound reached us, and we began to hope that our present of wine had done its work thoroughly. There were two or three lights twinkling in the distance, but not a gleam came from the

tower. Again we moved on in single file and close together. Thus we reached the shore of the little harbor. There were small craft some way out at anchor, but not a boat could we find in which to get off to one of them. In vain we searched completely round the harbor. It seemed that we should be foiled, after all. Samber suggested that we should make our way along the coast, and that we might fall in with some craft or other in which we could shove off—'Or more probably fall in with an enemy and be recaptured.' 'No, that will never do,' I answered. We had got back to the place from which we started, when I saw anchored a short distance off a punt or small boat of some sort. Much precious time had been lost. Neither could the midshipman nor one of my men swim. I had once been a good swimmer, and though it is not so easy to strike out with only one leg, I stripped, and slipping into the water swam off to the boat with a knife between my teeth. Time would have been lost had I attempted to get in, so, cutting the painter, I took the end in my mouth, and towed her back to the shore. Fortunately there were paddles in her, and the men stowing themselves away on board as I did, without waiting to dress till she was near sinking, we paddled off down the harbor. I believe if I had proposed it the men would have attempted to cross the Channel in her rather than be retaken. We observed, as we passed down, a small cutter which lay near the mouth of the harbor. We cautiously approached her, for she might have people on board who would give the alarm. All depended on our being able to surprise them. We dropped cautiously alongside, and the men springing on board instantly dived down below fore and aft. The after-cabin was empty, but in the fore-peak two boys were found asleep in their bunks. They were gagged before they could cry out, or give the alarm to the crews of any of the neighboring vessels, and were lashed into their berths. Making the boat fast astern, as she might prove useful for towing, we cut the cable and made sail. As I knew nothing of the harbor, my fear was that we might run on the rocks in going out, when I bethought me of making the boys act as

pilots. Bringing them up on deck we held the muskets which we had brought off to their heads, and, making them take the helm, signified that we would blow out their brains if we got on shore. They saw that to play us false would be a hazardous experiment. As the wind still blew from off shore, we very quickly ran out of the harbor. I often turned an anxious glance towards the coast, but nothing was seen, and not a sound was heard to indicate that we were pursued. When day broke, we had made so good a run that the French coast appeared like a blue line in the distance. I had kept a good look-out for the Cossack. A sail that might be her was seen to the northwest. It was her; she had probably gone in to look for us, so we hove to, to await her return. At length she stood out again; when having now no doubt about the matter, I steered for her. We were welcomed on board, as fears had been entertained that we were taken or destroyed; but our exploit was not so much thought of as it might have been, had I not lost two good men and a boat. We towed the little vessel to a point whence she could get a slant of wind for the harbor; and great was the astonishment of the two lads when they received, not only their liberty and their vessel, but some provisions and half a guinea apiece.

"A few years ago I might have remembered more of the particulars of that adventure; and now it is time that I should bring my yarn to an end. After I left the Cossack, I became first of the Cre-tan and then of the Reasonable, sixty-four, and the Namur and Bulwark, seventy-fours. In the former I was flag-lieutenant to Sir Thomas Williams. I always loved my duty and did it, and as it was discovered that I made a good first lieutenant, I should have been acting as one till the present day, had I continued to serve. In 1818 I was paid off, and, not from my own choice, ceased to serve my country afloat. For eight years I continued applying for employment, when at length, in 1824, I was appointed warden at Woolwich Dockyard, which post I held till I came on here. There, my friend, you may log what I have told you down as the life and adventures of an old one-legged lieutenant."

Fraser's Magazine.

THOREAU.*

It becomes pure spirits to feed on balmy air in a forest blooming with trees of life.—*Sacotalá*.

It is now nearly four years since the inhabitants of the little town of Concord, Massachusetts, were gathered round the grave of one who, though a hermit, was dear to all of them, and who, as a naturalist and scholar, had received the homage of those literary men who have given to that town the celebrity of an American Weimar. Ralph Waldo Emerson was the chief speaker on this sad occasion, and at the conclusion of a touching tribute to his friend, he said: "There is a flower known to botanists, one of the same genus with our summer plant called 'Life Everlasting,' a *Gnaphalium* like that which grows on the most inaccessible cliffs of the Tyrolean mountains, where the chamois dare hardly venture, and which the hunter, tempted by its beauty and by his love (for it is immensely valued by the Swiss maidens), climbs the cliffs to gather, and is sometimes found dead at the foot, with the flower in his hand. It is called by the botanists *Gnaphalium leontopodium*, but by the Swiss *Edelweisse*, which signifies *Noble Purity*. Thoreau seemed to me living in the hope to gather this plant, which belonged to him of right. The scale on which his studies proceeded was so large as to require longevity, and we were the less prepared for his sudden disappearance. The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task, which none else can finish—a kind of indignity to so noble a soul that it should depart out of nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is.

But he at least is content. His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

Coming from one who is justly honored in England, and who is in the habit of weighing his words, this tribute will, I trust, be received by English readers as a justification of my attempt to introduce to them a man of whom they probably know little or nothing. I have met with but few in England, who have seen any one of Thoreau's books, and have seen no public notice of any of them except in the *Saturday Review*, which contained one or two articles concerning some of them last year, in one of which their author was designated, not quite happily I think, as "an American Rousseau." The reasons for this absence of any general recognition of so rare a mind lay doubtless rather in the peculiarities of the man himself than in the blindness of the world. As there are essences of such delicate flavor that they can be preserved only by being kept covered, there are characters whose fine aromas are destroyed by exposure to the *popularis aura*—spirits that must sit at silent, solitary tasks, leaving the world to enter and admire when they have passed away. Thoreau was eminently one of these; and his writings were so physiognomical, so blended with his personality, that they seemed to show their author's aversion to publicity. He once told me with evident satisfaction that his first, and at that time his only book—which was printed, I think, about twenty years ago—was still on its publisher's shelf, with the exception of copies given by him to his friends. Like the pious Yogi of the East so long motionless, while gazing on the sun, that knotty plants encircled his neck, and the cast snake-skin his loins, and the birds built their nests upon his shoulders, this seer and naturalist seemed by an equal consecration to have become a part of the field and forest amid which he dwelt; and he with his works—to read which is like walking through morning meadows, or amid the mystic woods of nightingales—might naturally be undiscerned in the landscape by the

* *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1862.

Walden. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

Excursions. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864.

Cape Cod. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

Letters to Various Persons. By HENRY D. THOREAU. (Edited by R. W. Emerson.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865.

great world thundering past in its train, even in an interval when the newspaper or the railway romance might be laid aside.

Henry David Thoreau was born in Concord, in 1817, and there lived and died. He was the last son of a French ancestor, a lead-pencil maker, who went to Massachusetts from the Isle of Guernsey. He was graduated at Harvard University in 1837, though without scholastic distinction, and afterwards taught a private school for a short time. He then applied himself to his father's craft, and obtained certificates of having made a pencil better than any in use; but on being congratulated that the way to fortune was thus opened, he declared that he should never make another pencil, since he did not wish to do again what he had done once. He disappointed his family and friends by steadily declining to enter upon any of the accustomed paths to profit or fame with other educated young men; but was not self-indulgent nor idle, was skilful with his hands, and was already industrious about something, none knew what, in the woods around Concord. He could make a boat, or a fence, or plant a garden, and when he needed money obtained it by doing some such piece of work. It is plain, however, that he had no "talent for wealth," and it was an early perception with him that a man's real life was generally sacrificed to obtaining the means of living; he was resolved to make his wealth consist in his having few wants. His natural skill in mensuration, however, and his intimate knowledge of the neighborhood, rendered his services as a surveyor valuable to the farmers—of whom, for the most part, the town consists; and, leading him often to the fields and woods, this furnished to him an occupation so agreeable to his tastes, that he drifted into it as a profession. "If I had," he said, "the wealth of Cræsus bestowed on me, my aims must still be the same, and my means essentially the same." He declined dinner parties, because he could not meet individuals at them to any purpose: "They make their pride," he said, "in making their dinners cost much; I make my pride in making my dinner cost little." When asked at the table which dish he preferred, he answered

"the nearest." Those who met him felt at once that there was no affectation in all this, but that this youth had set for himself a real devotion to the current of his own nature. He was never sad, morose, or misanthropic, but had humor and enthusiasm. "He chose," says Emerson, "wisely, no doubt, for himself, to be the bachelor of thought and nature."

His first volume grew out of a voyage which he made on the Concord and Merrimack rivers in 1839, in company with a brother, who sympathized to a certain extent with his tastes, but who died about three years later. Having loaded their boat with vegetables and utensils, with wheels on which to roll the boat around falls, a buffalo skin for a bed, and a tent of cotton cloth for a roof, the brothers started on their river voyage, on a serene afternoon at the close of August. Thoreau celebrates the passage by the sunken but still visible abutments of the old bridge, where occurred the first battle between the colonies and the "mother country," and by the old "Manse" where Hawthorne lived, with the wayward but sweet verses which spring up here and there in all his works with the genuineness and beauty of wild flowers. "Gradually"—so runs his chronicle—"the village murmur subsided, and we seemed to be embarked on the placid current of our dreams, floating from past to future as silently as one wakes to fresh morning or evening thoughts. We glided noiselessly down the stream, occasionally driving a pickerel from the covert of the pads, or a bream from her nest; and the smaller bittern now and then sailed away on sluggish wings from some recess in the shore, or the larger lifted itself out of the long grass at our approach, and carried its precious legs away to deposit them in a place of safety. The tortoises, also, rapidly dropped into the water as our boat ruffled the surface amid the willows, breaking the reflections of the trees. . . . The bright blue flowers of the soap-wort gentian were sprinkled here and there in the adjacent meadows, like flowers which *Proserpine* had dropped; and still further, in the fields, or higher, on the bank, were seen the Virginian *rhœxia* and drooping *neottia* or ladies'-tresses; while from the

more distant waysides, which we occasionally passed, and banks where the sun had lodged, was reflected a dull yellow beam from the ranks of tansy, now in its prime. . . . But we missed the white water lily, which is the queen of river flowers; its reign being over for this season. He makes his voyage too late, perhaps, by a true water-clock, who delays so long. Many of this species inhabit our Concord water. I have passed down the river before sunrise on a summer morning between fields of lilies still shut in sleep; and when at length the flakes of sunlight from over the bank fell on the surface of the water, whole fields of white blossoms seemed to flash open before me as I floated along, like the unfolding of a banner, so sensible is this flower to the influence of the sun's rays." A solitary fisherman on the bank reminds him to give some account of the fishermen he had known, and particularly of one from Tynemouth, England, who was the Walton of the stream; whose fishing was not for sport nor subsistence, "but a sort of solemn sacrament and withdrawal from the world, just as the aged read their Bibles." A minute and curious account of the habits of the twelve species of fishes to be found in the Concord follows. "Whether," he says, "we live by the seaside, or by the lakes and rivers, it concerns us to attend to the nature of fishes, since they are not phenomena confined to certain localities only, but forms and phases of the life in nature universally dispersed. The countless shoals which annually coast the shores of Europe and America are not so interesting to the student of nature as the more fertile law itself, which deposits their spawn on the tops of mountains and on the interior plains—the fish principle in nature." He takes the side of the shad against the corporation of Billerica, whose dam prevents that fish's migration up the river. "It will not be forgotten"—he apostrophises the creature struggling with so hard a destiny—"by some memory that we were contemporaries. Thou shalt ere long have thy way up the rivers—up all the rivers of the globe, if I am not mistaken. Yea, even thy dull, watery dream shall be more than realized. . . . Keep a stiff fin, then, and stem all the tides thou

mayst meet"—and goes on to argue with the corporation that its dam covers with water much that might be a green meadow. At night they find their Ostia in a leafy wilderness—"a place for fauns and satyrs; where bats hung all day from the rocks, and at evening flitted over the water; and fireflies husbanded their light under the grass and leaves against the night." Here they pitch their tent. The following description of the events wherewith the night is crowded seems to me exquisite:

"For the most part there was no recognition of human life in the night, no human breathing, only the breathing of the wind. As we sat up, kept awake by the novelty of our situation, we heard at intervals foxes stepping about over the dead leaves, and brushing the dewy grass close to our tent, and once a musquash fumbling among the potatoes and melons in our boat; but when we hastened to the shore, we could detect only a ripple in the water ruffling the disk of a star. At intervals we were serenaded by the song of a dreaming sparrow, or the throttled cry of an owl; but after each sound, which, near at hand, broke the stillness of the night, each crackling of the twigs, or rustling among the leaves, there was a sudden pause, and a deeper and more conscious silence, as if the intruder were aware that no life was rightfully abroad at that hour. There was a fire in Lowell, as we judged, this night, and we saw the horizon blazing, and heard the distant alarm bells, as it were a faint tinkling music, borne to these woods. But the most constant and memorable sound of a summer's night, which we did not fail to hear every night afterward, was the barking of the house-dogs, from the loudest and hoarsest bark to the faintest aerial palpitation under the eaves of heaven—from the patient but anxious mastiff to the timid and wakeful terrier—at first loud and rapid, then faint and slow, to be imitated only in a whisper: Wow—wow—wow—wow—wo—wo—wo—w—w—. Even in a retired and uninhabited district like this, it was a sufficiency of sound for the ear of night, and more impressive than any music. I have heard the voice of a hound, just before daylight, while the stars were shining, from over the woods and river, far in the horizon, when it sounded sweet and melodious as an instrument. The hounding of a dog pursuing a fox or other animal, in the horizon, may have first suggested the notes of the hunting horn, to alternate with and relieve the lungs of the dog. This natural bugle long resounded in the woods of the ancient world before the horn was invented. . . . All these sounds—the crowing of cocks, the baying of dogs, and the hum of insects at noon—are the evidence

of nature's health or *sound* state. Such is the never-failing beauty and accuracy of language, the most perfect art in the world; the chisel of a thousand years retouches it."

A clear Sunday morning dawns upon the voyagers, as they start toward the larger river into which the Concord enters at a distance of about ten miles from the town of Concord. They see some teamster or other workman who seems to have been "waylaid by the Sabbath," and congratulate themselves on their freedom as they remember the old times of New-England, when each town had a "cage" near the meeting house, into which every offender against the sanctity of the Sabbath was thrust. It is clear that there is a good deal of paganism about Thoreau. "In my Pantheon, Pan still reigns in his pristine glory, with his ruddy face, his flowing beard, and his shaggy body, his pipe and his crook, his nymph Echo, and his chosen daughter Iambe; for the great god Pan is not dead, as was rumored. . . . It seems to me that the god that is commonly worshipped in civilized countries is not at all divine, though he bears a divine name, but is the overwhelming authority and respectability of mankind combined. Men reverence one another, not yet God." He is impressed with this wonderful addition to the old mythology, "the Christian fable," that "the humble life of a Jewish peasant should have force to make a New-York bishop so bigoted," and reveres the flame that kindles still the "forty-four lamps, the gift of kings, now burning in a place called the Holy Sepulchre;" but he thinks "it is necessary not to be Christian, to appreciate the beauty and significance of the life of Christ." "Your scheme," he says, "must be the framework of the universe; all other schemes will soon be ruins. The perfect God in His revelations of Himself has never got to the length of one such proposition as you, His prophets, state. Have you learned the alphabet of heaven, and can count three? Do you know the number of God's family? Can you put mysteries into words? Do you presume to fable of the ineffable?" As for the New Testament, he thinks that no other book is so strange and heretical, and that if its sentences "Seek first the kingdom of

heaven," "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," were read or heard without cant in any pulpit, "there would not be left one stone of that meeting house upon another." He believes that the Church is a sort of hospital for men's souls, and as full of quackery as the hospital for their bodies; and the sound of Sabbath bells, heard as he rests on his oar, is "as the sound of many catechisms and religious books twanging a canting peal round the earth, seeming to issue from some Egyptian temple and echo along the shore of the Nile, right opposite to Pharaoh's palace, and Moses in the bulrushes, startling a multitude of storks and alligators basking in the sun." So, with no religious cobwebs between him and the clear sky, he reads his Sunday lesson from Sadi: "O thou! who towerest above the flights of conjecture, opinion, and comprehension; whatever has been reported of thee we have heard and read; the congregation is dismissed, and life drawn to a close; and we still rest in our first encomium of thee!"

Then follow curious details concerning the Indians who once inhabited the banks of the river, and the first English settlers who displaced them. He sympathizes as much with the red man as with the shad so wronged by the authorities. Interspersed are curious episodes concerning the trees, the fish, and the water-fowl, which he sees with his two eyes—one the eye of the naturalist, the other that of the poet. On Monday while "nooning" on the broad waters of the Merrimack, he feels himself removed back to the Orient, and gives us long and excellent readings from the *Vishna Purana*, the *Bhagavat Geeta*, and the *Dherma Sastra*. "In every man's brain is the Sanscrit. The Vedas and their Angas are not so ancient as serene contemplation. Why will we be imposed on by antiquity? Is the babe young? When I behold it, it seems to me more venerable than the oldest man; it is more ancient than Nestor or the Sybils, and bears the wrinkles of father Saturn himself. And do we live but in the present? How broad a line is that? I sit now on a stump whose rings number centuries of growth. If I look around, I see that the soil is composed of just such stumps, ancestors to this.

The earth is covered with mould. I thrust this stick many æons deep into its surface, and with my heel make a deeper furrow than the elements have ploughed here for a thousand years. If I listen I hear the peep of frogs which is older than the slime of Egypt, and the distant drumming of a partridge on a log, as if it were a pulse-beat of the summer air. I raise my fairest and freshest flowers in the old mould. Why, what we would fain call new is not skin-deep; the earth is not yet stained by it. It is not the fertile ground that we walk on, but the leaves that flutter over our heads. The newest is but the oldest made visible to our senses." Presently this strain of thought rises to the expression of verse:

"Now chiefly is my natal hour,
And only now my prime of life.

I will not doubt the love untold,
Which not my worth nor want hath
bought,
Which woo'd me young and woos me old,
And to this evening me hath brought."

Worthy to be quoted also are the following, which he calls "Rumors from an Æolian Harp:"

"There is a vale which none hath seen,
Where foot of man has never been,
Such as here lives with toil and strife,
An anxious and a sinful life.

"There every virtue has its birth,
Ere it descends upon the earth,
And thither every deed returns,
Which in the generous bosom burns.

"There love is warm, and youth is young,
And poetry is yet unsung,
For Virtue still adventures there,
And freely breathes her native air.

"And ever, if you hearken well,
You still may hear its vesper bell,
And tread of high-souled men go by,
Their thoughts conversing with the sky."

In the hand of the true priest of nature the most barren rod blossoms. Under Thoreau's touch the smallest, most ordinary facts attain a mystic significance. As he parches Indian corn by his fire, he is reminded that "there should always be some flowering and maturing of the fruits of nature in the cooking process. . . . In parching corn, for instance, there is a manifest sympathy between the bursting seed

and the more perfect developments of vegetable life. It is a perfect flower with its petals, like the houstonia or anemone." The bittern "is a bird of the oldest Thalesian school, and no doubt, believes in the priority of water to the other elements; the relic of a twilight antediluvian age which yet inhabits these bright American rivers with us Yankees." Passing a little island formed by the deposits from the eddy at the conjunction of two streams, he reflects that nature is, ant-like, still busy building continents on her old plan. He finds in his hammock the prototype of the Indian's canoe. Immediately after noon the cricket chirps, though no painter could paint the difference between that and the preceding hour; and "in deep ravines under the eastern sides of cliffs, Night forwardly plants her foot, even at noonday, and as day retreats she steps into his trenches, skulking from tree to tree, from fence to fence, until at last she sits in his citadel, and draws out her forces into the plain."

Some sentences in these books are felicities of expression—e. g., "the blue bird carries the sky on his back;" "the tanager flies through the green foliage as if it would ignite the leaves;" "nature made ferns for pure leaves, to show what she could do in that line;" "the locust z-ing;" "how can we have a harvest of thought who have not a seed-time of character?" "nothing is to be so much feared as fear; atheism may comparatively be popular with God himself;" "only that day dawns to which we are awake;" "thank God they can not cut down the clouds;" "all kinds of figures are drawn on the blue ground with this fibrous white paint."

Although Thoreau lived personally apart from the world, it is interesting to observe how, in his action and his writings, the society around him is reflected, though somewhat inverted. At the time when he was making the week's voyage, which I have followed a little, New-England was burgeoning forth, under the tropical breath of Transcendentalism, with strange and rare growths of new thoughts, and essays at thought, much to the dismay of the Puritan Apostolic succession. The capital of that strange realm was at Concord, where Emerson, the mildest promoter of a reign

of terror imaginable, and Margaret Fuller, and Hawthorne, and Elizabeth Peabody, and others, dwelt and worked as monarch and ministry of a new spiritual kingdom. It soon became plain that what these were endeavoring to put into literature, Thoreau was aiming to put into individual life; not consciously, perhaps, but because he must be the product of the intellectual as well as the physical elements surrounding him there at his first or his second birth. When the *Dial*—the quarterly magazine which represented the new movement—began its career in 1841, he was one of its contributors, and there were printed in it several of the papers which are now collected in the volume called *Excursions*. These papers related to the natural history around Concord, and are in form much like the earlier work from which I have given specimens. One piece published in the *Dial* in 1843, "A Winter Walk," was then and is now much admired for its delicate perception of the subtle beauties and truths of nature. But the Transcendental agitation was not more reflected in the secluded, wayward stream of Thoreau's life than the Socialistic movement which followed it, and, was doubtless, its first offspring. When nearly every leading spirit of what were called the "New Views" went into the Brook Farm community—even Channing and Hawthorne, who were not distinctively Transcendentalists—Emerson remained at home to evolve Arcadias of pure thought, and Thoreau to reproduce Utopias of individual life. In 1845 he built himself a house with his own hands, on the shores of a beautiful water near Concord called "Walden." This lakelet, which is but a short distance from Emerson's home, and has been long the haunt of poets and students, is a perennial clear spring, set in a frame of thick pine and oak wood—is half a mile long, and a mile and three quarters in circumference. The pond has no visible inlet or outlet, and its water is of such extraordinary transparency that the bottom may be seen at a depth of twenty-five or thirty feet, with the fishes large and small swimming below. On one occasion Thoreau lost his axe through the ice on it, and looking down saw it and obtained it again from

a depth of twenty-five feet with a slip noose, at the end of a long birch. The water is remarkable too for its beautiful shifting tints, being at times almost of the dove's-neck lustre. It is fringed with flowers in their season, and always encinctured with evergreen: many fishes—silver, steel-colored, and golden—and ducks, geese, pectweets, with other wild birds, may be found there. One who has seen the spot can scarcely wonder that to such a child of the elements as Thoreau there was in the pure depths of Walden the eye and the voice of the Erl-King's daughter. For though, as I have said, the movements of opinion and reform going on around him were reflected in Thoreau's thought and life, it was only as the bird or cloud flitting over the lake would seem to pass through its depths; it has winged and fair things of its own beneath them. To show that educated man could build his house and live happily in Nature without impawning the hours of his life or coining his heart and soul into money, were incidental motives and appropriate to the times; below these are the depths of individuality, with their strange, ineffable dreams and aspirations. "I long ago," he says in the opening chapter of *Walden*, "lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travellers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks, and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud, and they seemed as anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves."

It was near the end of March that Thoreau began to build his house, and by the middle of April it was framed and ready for raising. He had purchased the boards of an Irishman's shanty, and by the Fourth of July—Independence Day—his mansion was ready for occupation. "There is some of the same fitness," he thinks, "in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest. Who knows but if men constructed their dwellings with their own hands, and provided food for themselves and their families simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds

universally sing when so engaged? But alas! we do like cowbirds and cuckoos, which lay their eggs in nests which other birds have built, and cheer no traveller with their chattering and unmusical notes." Wishing, doubtless, to anticipate his necessities as little as possible, he built his chimney only as the winter approached. When all was complete, he has a residence which he de-

scribes thus: "I have thus a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight-feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap doors, one door at the end, and a brick fireplace opposite. The exact cost of my house, paying the usual price for such materials as I used, but not counting the work, all of which was done by myself, was as follows:

Boards.....	\$8.03½—Mostly shanty boards.
Refuse shingles for roof and sides.....	4.00
Laths.....	1.25
Two second-hand windows with glass..	2.43
One thousand old bricks.....	4.00
Two casks of lime.....	2.40—That was high.
Hair.....	31—More than I needed.
Mantle-tree iron.....	15
Nails.....	3.90
Hinges and screws.....	14
Latch.....	10
Chalk.....	01
Transportation.....	1.40—I carried a good part on my back.
In all	\$28.12½

These are all the materials, excepting the timber, stones, and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small woodshed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house." He then recalls, with a natural complacency, that at Cambridge College the student pays for his room one dollar eighty-seven and a half cents each year more than his house has cost, and is led into an episode on education, ending with the reflection that while the student is reading "Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Say, he runs his father in debt irretrievably."

He next planted about two acres and a half of the ground around him with beans, potatoes, peas, and maize. He realized from those above what he required of them for his own use, \$8.71½. (The land seemed to have been left unused by its owner, as unfit to raise "anything but squirrels" on.)

At the close of the first season he feels that he is more independent than any farmer in Concord, "for I was not anchored to a house or farm, but could follow the bent of my genius, which is a very crooked one, every moment. Beside being better off than they already, if my house had been burned, or my crops failed, I should have been nearly as well off as before."

From July 4th to March 1st, Thoreau spent for food \$8.74, and for clothing \$8.40½, which, with other expenses, amounted to \$61.99½, \$36.78 of which was met by earnings to that amount, the rest being covered by the capital with which he began. He did not have much furniture, and thought himself all the better for its absence. He thinks baggage and furniture to be truly what the popular phrase terms them—"traps." "He was a lucky fox that left his tail in the trap. The muskrat will gnaw his third leg off to be free." He pursues his anti-furniture reflections to their largest applications. "I look upon England to-day as an old gentleman who is travelling with a great deal of baggage—trumpery which has accumulated from long housekeeping—which he has not the courage to burn; great trunk, little trunk, bandbox, and bundle. Throw away the first three at least." His two years' residence at Walden convinced him "that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely, as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial." In reply to those who declared this to be all very selfish, he maintains that "Doing good is one of the professions which are full. . . . Probably I should not

consciously and deliberately forsake my particular calling to do the good which society demands of me, to save the universe from annihilation; and I believe that a like but infinitely greater steadfastness elsewhere is all that now preserves it. But I would not stand between any man and his genius; and to him who does this work, which I decline, with his whole heart, and soul, and life, I would say persevere, even if the world call it doing evil, as it is most likely they will." He does not, indeed, think much of philanthropists. "Those plants of whose greenness, withered, we make herb tea for the sick, serve but a humble use and are mostly employed by quacks. I want the flower and fruit of a man; that some fragrance be wafted over from him to me, and some ripeness flavor our intercourse. His goodness must not be a partial and transitory act, but a constant superfluity, which costs him nothing, and of which he is unconscious. This is a charity that hides a multitude of sins. The philanthropist too often surrounds mankind with the remembrance of his own cast-off griefs as an atmosphere, and calls it sympathy. If you should ever be betrayed into any of these philanthropies, do not let your left hand know what your right hand does, for it is not worth knowing. Rescue the drowning, and tie your shoe strings."

Our hermit had enough solitude so far as human beings were concerned; but he trolled for the golden fishes and caught some golden fancies with them. "Time is but the stream I go a-fishing in. I drink at it; but while I drink I see the sandy bottom, and detect how shallow it is. Its thin current slides away, but eternity remains. I would drink deeper; fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars." In the absence of humankind the wild kinds keep him company. The worshipper of Pan naturally had a flute, and he drew the fishes to him oftener with this than with the line, and the echoes applauded his performance. A mouse became familiar, and played "bo-peep," and ate from his hand, and the mole was welcomed in his cellar. Of a sparrow that alighted on his shoulder he is prouder than of any epaulette he could have worn. A phœbe built in his shed, the

robin in a pine which grew in his house, and the partridge with her brood fed beneath his window. A fox came near his window, attracted by the light, "barked a vulpine curse" at him, and retreated; and the great owl said "*How der do?*" He observes them all closely and with the eyes of a transcendental Pilpay. These animals are all beasts of burden, in a sense, made to carry some portion of our thoughts." He rejoices in the hootings of owls: "It is a sound admirably suited to swamps and twilight woods, which no day illustrates, suggesting a vast and undeveloped nature which men have not recognized. They represent the stark twilight and unsatisfied thoughts which all have." By art and by sympathy he gained a close acquaintance with these poor relations of Humanity; and his respect for them increases: "If we take the ages into our account, may there not be a civilization going on among brutes as well as men? They seemed to me to be rudimental, burrowing men, still standing on their defence, awaiting their transformation."

Æneas Sylvius, Olaus Magnus, and Huber, have given accounts of the battles of ants. Thoreau has given a graphic narrative of one witnessed by himself near his hermitage:

"One day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather to my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants—the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black—fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled, and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum* but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embrace, in a little sunny val-

ley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers, near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board, while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side; and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. . . . There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt it was a principle they fought for as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill at least. I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging

on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow. . . . I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity, and carnage of a human battle before my door."

He adds: "The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive Slave bill."

Whether in the deep winter came through the snow the fools of ideas, the victims of crotchets, the running slave—whom he sheltered and helped toward the North Star—and at times, the poets and philosophers of the village, to visit him. These last found with him ambrosial days. "We made that small house ring with boisterous mirth, and resound with the murmur of much sober talk; making amends then to Walden Vale for the long silences. Broadway was still and deserted in comparison. . . . We made many a 'bran new' theory of life over a thin dish of gruel, which combined the advantages of conviviality with the clear-headedness which philosophy requires." Over the door of Thoreau's cabin was written for those who could read it, "Entertainment for man, but not for beast;" and many a youth who sought that higher entertainment came to him. But there came also less agreeable visitors. He discovered that there are some guests who appeal, "not to your hospitality, but to your *hospitality*," and there are others who do not know when their visits have terminated. Then there came "men of one idea, like a hen with one chicken, and that a duckling; men of a thousand ideas and unkempt heads, like those hens which are made to take charge of a hundred chickens, all in pursuit of one bag; a score of them lost in every morning's dew—and become frizzled and mangy in consequence; men of ideas instead of legs; a sort of intellectual centipede, that made you crawl all over. One man proposed a book in which visitors should write their names, as at the White Mountains; but, alas! I have too good a memory to make that necessary." The only compensation he could get seems to have been to botanize and zoölogize, as it were, on his

visitors. Girls and boys and young women generally seemed glad to be in the woods, and improved their time. Men of business thought only of his distance from "something or other." Restless, committed men, whose time was all taken up in getting a living or keeping it; ministers "who spoke of God as if they enjoyed a monopoly of the subject;" doctors, lawyers, uneasy housekeepers, who pried about his cupboard; young men "who had ceased to be young, and concluded that the beaten track was safest;" these said it was not possible to do much good out there. The aged and infirm thought how far it was from the doctor: "to them a village was literally a *community*, a league for mutual defence." With these he argues that a man sits as many risks as he runs. "Finally, there were the self-styled reformers, the greatest bores of all, who thought I was for ever singing—

'This is the house that I built;
This is the man that lives in the house that
I built;'

But they did not know that the third line was —

These are the folks that worry the man
That lives in the house that I built.'

But he had more cheering visitors. "Children come a-berrying; railroad men taking a Sunday morning walk in clean shirts; fishermen and hunters, poets and philosophers; in short, all honest pilgrims, who came out to the woods for freedom's sake, and really left the village behind, I was ready to greet with 'Welcome, Englishmen! welcome, Englishmen!' for I had had communication with that race." But his flute seems to have been his truest friend, and had some deep tones for him. "John Farmer sat at his door one September evening, after a hard day's work; his mind still running on his labor, more or less. Having bathed, he sat down to recreate his intellectual man. It was a rather cool evening, and some of his neighbors were apprehending a frost. He had not attended to the train of his thoughts long, when he heard some one playing on a flute, and that sound harmonized with his mind. Still he thought of his work; but the burden of his thought was, that though this kept run-

ning in his head, and he found himself contriving and planning it against his will, yet it concerned him very little. It was no more than the scurf of his skin, which was constantly shuffled off. But the notes of the flute came home to his ears out of a different sphere from that he worked in, and suggested work for certain faculties which slumbered in him. They gently did away with the street, and the village, and the State in which he lived. A voice said to him— 'Why do you stay here and live this mean, moiling life when a glorious existence is possible for you? Those same stars twinkle over other fields than these.' But how to come out of this condition, and actually migrate thither? All that he could think of was to practice some new austerity, to let his mind descend into his body and redeem it, and treat himself with ever-increasing respect."

But while "John Farmer" was thus ready to ignore the existence of the village and the State, they were not so willing to ignore him. The tax-gatherer visited him. To pay taxes at that date meant a sanction of some very questionable expenditures—such, for example, as slave auctions at the gate of the Capitol, and the seizing of Mexican territory to make it into slave States. Thoreau therefore declined to pay his tax; and one day, having taken a boot to the village to be mended, he is arrested when about to return, and thrown into the Concord gaol. He gave the town clerk the following statement in writing: "Know all men by these presents, that I, Henry Thoreau, do not wish to be regarded as a member of any incorporated society which I have not joined." This imprisonment caused a considerable sensation in the quiet village, and some gentleman having paid the tax, Thoreau was released on the next day. He went to the shoe shop immediately, got the boot he had brought to be mended, and returned to the woods, not well satisfied, however, at what he regarded as an unwarrantable interference on the part of the friend who so far allowed his private feelings to interfere with the public good as to pay the tax. The collector never again asked him for a tax. He wrote in 1849 an account of his experience in prison,

which is unfortunately not included in any of his published volumes. I must, however, include some portions of it here. "As I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way. I saw that, if there was a stone wall between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder, for they thought that my chief desire was to stand on the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and *they* were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at some person against whom they have a spite, will abuse his dog." The gentleman who lately slept in Lambeth Workhouse will perceive by the following narrative that his plan of gaining knowledge has been anticipated:

"The night in prison was novel and interesting enough. The prisoners in their shirt-sleeves were enjoying a chat and the evening air in the doorway when I entered. But the jailer said, 'Come, boys, it is time to lock up;' and so they dispersed, and I heard the sound of their steps returning into the hollow apartments. My roommate was introduced to me by the jailer as 'a first-rate fellow and a clever man.' When the door was locked, he showed me where to hang my hat, and how he managed matters there. The rooms were whitewashed once a month; and this one, at least, was the whitest, most simply furnished, and probably the neatest apartment in the

town. He naturally wanted to know where I came from and what brought me there; and when I had told him, I asked him in my turn how he came there, presuming him to be an honest man of course; and, as the world goes, I believe he was. 'Why,' said he, 'they accuse me of burning a barn, but I never did it.' He was quite domesticated and contented, since he got his board for nothing, and thought that he was well treated. He occupied one window, and I the other; and I saw that if one stayed there long his principal business would be to look out of the window. I had soon read all the tracts that were left there, and examined where former prisoners had broken out, and where a grate had been sawed off, and heard the history of the various occupants of that room; for I found that even here there was a history and a gossip which never circulated beyond the walls of the jail. . . . It was like travelling into a far country, such as I had never expected to behold, to be there for one night. It seemed to me that I had never heard the town clock strike before, nor the evening sounds of the village. It was to see my native village in the light of the middle ages, and our Concord was turned into a Rhine stream, and visions of knights and castles passed before me. They were the voices of old burghers I heard in the street. I was an involuntary spectator and auditor of whatever was done and said in the kitchen of the adjacent village inn—a wholly new and rare experience to me. It was a closer view of my native town. I was fairly inside of it. I never had seen its institutions before. I began to comprehend what its inhabitants were about. . . . When I came out of prison—for some one interfered and paid the tax—I did not perceive that great changes had taken place on the common, such as he observed who went in a youth and emerged a tottering and gray-headed man; and yet a change had to my eyes come over the scene—the town, and State and country—greater than any that mere time could effect."

In conclusion he says:

"I please myself with imagining a State at last which can afford to be just to all men, and to treat the individual with respect as a neighbor; which even would not think it inconsistent with its own repose if a few were to live aloof from it, not meddling with it, nor embraced by it, who fulfilled all the duties of neighbors and fellow-men."

Thoreau left Walden after two years' residence there: having several lives to live, he could only spare so much for that one. It was left as a walled-up chamber of the shell that protected and recorded his growth.

The United States Revenue law was

not the only regulation that gave way before such a resolute seceder. Conventional rules were no more solid to him than prison walls. Mr. Emerson relates that on one occasion, when he went to procure some books from the library of Cambridge University, the librarian refused to lend them. Thoreau repaired to the president, who stated to him the rules and usages, which permitted the loan of books to resident graduates, to clergymen who were *alumni*, and to some others resident within a circle of ten miles' radius from the college. Thoreau explained to the president that the railroad had destroyed the old scale of distances; that the library was useless, yes, and president and college useless, on the terms of his rules; that the one benefit he owed the college was its library; that at this moment not only his want of books was imperative, but he wanted a large number of books, and assured him that he, Thoreau, and not the librarian, was the proper custodian of these. In short the president found the petitioner so formidable, and the rules getting to look so ridiculous, that he ended by giving him a privilege which in his hands proved unlimited thereafter. Curious and sometimes distinguished persons, who inquired if he would walk with them, were often put off: "He did not know. There was nothing so important to him as his walk; he had no walks to throw away on company." He was intensely American. "In every part of Great Britain," he wrote in his diary, "are discovered traces of the Romans, their funereal urns, their camps, their roads, their dwellings. But New-England, at least, is not based on any Roman ruins. We have not to lay the foundations of our houses on the ashes of a former civilization." When John Brown was on trial for his life in Virginia, for his armed attack upon slavery at Harper's Ferry, and before any friendly word for him had been spoken, Thoreau, who had once known Brown, sent notices to the various houses of the village to announce that he would on the following Sunday evening address those who should meet him in the Town Hall. The anti-slavery committee sent him word that it was premature. He replied, "I did not send to you for advice, but to announce that I am to speak." The hall

was filled, and the oration became memorable not only for its intrinsic merit, but for its early recognition of a hero where for some length of time all parties saw a madman. Nevertheless, Thoreau's idea of Brown was that which afterward took shape in marble, and rests on the heart of the country.

On a summer morning about fourteen years ago I went with Mr. Emerson and was introduced to Thoreau. I was then connected with Divinity College at Cambridge, and my new acquaintance was interested to know what we were studying there at the time. "Well, the Scriptures." "But *which*?" he asked, not without a certain quiet humor playing about his serious blue eye. It was evident that, as Morgana in the story marked all the doors so that the one ceased to be a sign, he had marked Persian and Hindu and other ethnical Scriptures with the reverential sign usually found on the Hebrew writings alone. He had the best library of Oriental books in the country, and subsequently Mr. Cholmondeley, an English gentleman to whom he was much attached, sent him from England more than a score of important works of this character. His books show how closely and reverently he had studied them, and indeed are worthy of attention from lovers of Eastern Scriptures apart from their other values. Out of courtesy to my introducer, doubtless, he asked me to go with him on the following day to visit some of the pleasant places around the village (in which I was as yet a stranger), and I gladly accepted the offer. When I went to the house next morning, I found them all (Thoreau was then living in his father's house) in a state of excitement by reason of the arrival of a fugitive negro from the South, who had come fainting to their door about daybreak and thrown himself on their mercy. Thoreau took me in to see the poor wretch, whom I found to be a man with whose face as that of a slave in the South I was familiar. The negro was much terrified at seeing me, supposing that I was one of his pursuers. Having quieted his fears by the assurance that I too, though in a different sense, was a refugee from the bondage he was escaping, and at the same time being able to attest the negro's genuineness, I sat and

watched the singularly tender and lowly devotion of the scholar to the slave. He must be fed, his swollen feet bathed, and he must think of nothing but rest. Again and again this coolest and calmest of men drew near to the trembling negro, and bade him feel at home, and have no fear that any power should again wrong him. He could not walk that day, but must mount guard over the fugitive, for slavehunters were not extinct in those days; and so I went away after a while much impressed by many little traits that I had seen as they had appeared in this emergency, and not much disposed to cavil at their source, whether Bible or Bhagavat.

A day or two later, however, I enjoyed my first walk with Thoreau which was succeeded by many others. We started westward from the village, in which direction his favorite walks lay, for I then found out the way he had of connecting casual with universal things. He desired to order his morning walk after the movement of the planet. The sun is the grand western pioneer; he sets his gardens of Hesperides on the horizon every evening to lure the race; the race moves westward, as animals migrate by instinct; therefore we are safe in going by Goose pond to Baker's farm. Of every square acre of ground, he contended, the western side was the wildest, and therefore the fittest for the seeker to explore. *Ecce oriente lux, ecce occidente frux.* I now had leisure to observe carefully this man. He was short of stature, well built, and such a man as I have fancied Julius Caesar to have been. Every movement was full of courage and repose; the tones of his voice were those of Truth herself; and there was in his eye the pure bright blue of the New-England sky, as there was sunshine in his flaxen hair. He had a particularly strong aquiline Roman nose, which somehow reminded me of the prow of a ship. There was in his face and expression, with all its sincerity, a kind of intellectual furtiveness; no wild thing could escape him more than it could be harmed by him. The gray huntsman's suit which he wore enhanced this expression.

"He took the color of his vest
From rabbit's coat and grouse's breast;

For as the wild kinds lurk and hide,
So walks the huntsman unespied."

The cruellest weapons of attack, however, which this huntsman took with him were a spyglass for birds, a microscope for the game that would hide in smallness, and an old book in which to press plants. His powers of conversation were extraordinary. I remember being surprised and delighted at every step with revelations of laws and significant attributes in common things—as a relation between different kinds of grass, and the geological characters beneath them, the variety and grouping of pine needles, and the effect of these differences on the sounds they yield when struck by the wind, and the shades, so to speak, of taste represented by grasses and common herbs when applied to the tongue. The acuteness of his senses was marvellous: no hound could scent better, and he could hear the most faint and distant sounds without even laying his ear to the ground like an Indian. As we penetrated farther and farther into the woods he seemed to gain a certain transformation, and his face shone with a light that I had not seen in the village. He had a calendar of the plants and flowers of the neighborhood, and would sometimes go around a quarter of a mile to visit some floral friend, whom he had not seen for a year, who would appear for that day only. We were too early for the *hibiscus*, a rare flower in New-England which I desired to see. He pointed out the spot by the river side where alone it could be found, and said it would open about the following Monday and not stay long. I went on Tuesday evening and found myself a day too late—the petals were scattered on the ground.

Thoreau had a special horror of the spirit-rapping excitement which was pervading some of the American villages at that time. There were some in Concord who desired at that time (1852) to interest him in them; with what success may be inferred from the following extract from a letter written by him:

"Most people here believe in a spiritual world which no respectable junk bottle, which had not met with a slip, would condescend to contain even a portion of for a moment—

whose atmosphere would extinguish a candle let down into it, like a well that wants airing; in spirits which the very bull-frogs in our meadows would blackball. Their evil genius is seeing how low it can degrade them. The hooting of owls, the croaking of frogs, is celestial wisdom in comparison. If I could be brought to believe in the things that they believe, I should make haste to get rid of my certificate of stock in this and the next world's enterprises, and buy a share in the first Immediate Annihilation Company that offered. I would exchange my immortality for a glass of small beer this hot weather. Where are the heathens? Was there ever any superstition before? And yet I suppose there may be a vessel this very moment setting sail from the coast of North America to that of Africa with a missionary on board! Consider the dawn and the sunrise, the rainbow and the evening, the words of Christ and the aspirations of all the saints! Hear music! see, smell, taste, feel, hear—anything—and then hear these idiots, inspired by the cracking of a restless board, humbly asking, 'Please, Spirit, if you cannot answer by knocks, answer by tips of the table.'!!!!!!"

Thoreau was as apart from other-worldliness as from worldliness:

"I am not afraid," he writes in another letter, "that I shall exaggerate the value and significance of life, but that I shall not be up to the occasion which it is. I shall be sorry to remember that I was there, but noticed nothing remarkable, not so much as a prince in disguise; lived in the golden age a hired man; visited Olympus even, but fell asleep after dinner, and did not hear the conversation of the gods. I lived in Judea eighteen hundred years ago, but I never knew there was such a one as Christ among my contemporaries!"

Thoreau was a good reader of books, and was fond of conversing about his favorites in this kind. "Books," he said, however, "can only reveal us to ourselves, and as often as they do us this service we lay them aside." He had studied carefully the old English chronicles, and Chaucer, Froissart, Spencer, and Beaumont and Fletcher. He recognized kindred spirits in George Herbert, Cowley, and Quarles—considering the latter an example of how a man may be a poet, yet not an artist. He explored the old books of voyages—Drake, Purchas, and many another and rarer—who assisted him much in his circumnavigations of Concord, which he thought equally important. The Oriental Bibles

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which he read in the French and German editions, were his daily bread; and Homer and Æschylus, from whom he made some excellent translations, were his luxuries. Of moderns, he was much indebted to Wordsworth, Coleridge, and (though to a less extent) Carlyle and Goethe. He admired Ruskin, especially his *Modern Painters*, though he thought the author bigoted. In the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* he found with the good stuff "too much about art," as he said, "for me and the Hottentots. Our house is yet a hut." He enjoyed much reading the works of William Gilpin, his *Hints on Landscape Gardening; Tour of the River Wye*; and a dozen others perhaps. He read also with care the works of Dr. Franklin. He had as a touchstone for authors their degree of ability to deal with supersensual facts and feelings with scientific precision and dignity. What he admired in Emerson was that he discerned the phenomena of thought and the functions of every idea as if they were *antennæ* or *stamina*. To the young men and women who sought his advice as to their reading, he generally recommended intellectual biographies, or autobiographies if possible, as those of Goethe, Alfieri, Benvenuto Cellini, Dr. Franklin, De Quincey's Confessions, etc.

Yet one would soon learn in conversation with him that all these writers had in his estimation only put clever footnotes here and there to the true volume he was reading. And here I may mention also his mental habit of regarding his neighborhood as of cosmical importance. Mr. Emerson says that he returned *Kane's Arctic Voyage* to a friend with the remark that "most of the phenomena noted might be observed in Concord." He seemed a little envious of the Pole for the coincident sunrise and sunset, or five minutes' day after six months: a splendid fact which Annur-nuc had never afforded him. He found red snow in one of his walks near Concord, and was hoping one day to find the *Victoria Regia*. He reported to Emerson somewhat triumphantly that the foreign *savans* had failed to discriminate a particular botanical variety. "That is to say," replied Emerson with comic seriousness, "the blockheads were not born in Concord; but who said they

were? It was their unspeakable misfortune to be born in London, or Paris, or Rome; but, poor fellows, they did what they could, considering that they never saw Bateman's Pond, or Nine-acre Corner, or Becky Stow's Swamp. Besides, what were you sent into the world for but to add this observation?" He would not read the newspapers which demanded his attention most impertinently for Europe or Washington instead of Walden Pond. One of his beatitudes ran—"Blessed are the young, for they do not read the President's Message." Of friends who read to him of the Crimean War he asks, "Pray, to be serious, where is Sevastopol? Who is Menchikoff;" and goes on to meditate on the white oak in his stove. His motto being thus, *Ne quid quæsieris extra te Concordiamque*, he did not, as he was well able to do, explore the great West; nevertheless he visited Cape Cod and wrote a curious and valuable work on its ancient and its natural history; also Canada, concerning which he wrote a valuable paper not included in the published volumes. He visited also the mountains of Maine and New-Hampshire.

Though shy of general society, Thoreau was a hero among children, and the captain of their excursions. He was the *sine qua non* of the Concord huckleberry-party, which is in that region something of an institution. To have Thoreau along with them was to be sure of finding acres of bushes laden with the delicious fruit. On these occasions his talk with the children was as a part of the spirit and circumstance which go to make up what is called in Yankee phrase "a good time." A child stumbles and falls, losing his carefully gathered store of berries; Thoreau kneels beside the weeping unfortunate, and explains to him and to the group that Nature has made these little provisions for next year's crop. If there were no obstacles, and the little boys did not fall occasionally, how would berries be scattered and planted? and what would become of huckleberrys? He will then arrange that he who has thus suffered for the general good shall have the first chance at the next pasture.

Mr. Emerson relates that one day, when he was about to deliver the lecture at the Concord Lyceum, Thoreau re-

marked to him, that whatever succeeded with the audience was bad. Mr. E. replied—"Who would not like to write something which all can read, like *Robinson Crusoe*? and who does not see with regret that his page is not solid with a right materialistic treatment, which delights everybody?" Henry objected, of course, and vaunted the better treatment which reached only a few persons. But at supper a young girl, understanding that he was to lecture at the Lyceum, sharply asked him "whether his lecture would be a nice interesting story, such as she wished to hear, or whether it was one of those old philosophical things that she did not care about." Henry turned to her (says Emerson) and bethought himself, and, I saw, was trying to believe that he had matter that might fit her and her brother, who were to set up and go to the lecture, if it was a good one for them.

Sometimes I have gone with Thoreau and his young comrades for an expedition on the river, to gather, it may be, water lilies. Upon such excursions his resources for our entertainment were inexhaustible. He would tell stories of the Indians who once dwelt thereabout until the children almost looked to see a red man skulking with his arrow on shore; and every plant or flower on the bank or in the water, and every fish, turtle, frog, lizard, about us was transformed by the wand of his knowledge, from the low form into which the spell of our ignorance had reduced it, into a mystic beauty. One of his surprises was to thrust his hand softly into the water, and as softly raise up before our astonished eyes a large bright fish, which lay as contentedly in his hand as if they were old acquaintances! If the fish had also dropped a penny from its mouth, it could not have been a more miraculous proceeding to us. The entire crew bared their arms and tried to get hold of a fish, but only the captain succeeded. We could not get his secret from him then, for it was to surprise and delight many another merry boat-full; but later I have read in his account of the bream, or ruff (*pomotis vulgaris*) of that river, that "it is a simple and inoffensive fish, whose nests are visible all along the shore, hollowed in the sand, over which it is steadily poised through the summer

hours on waving fin. . . . The breems are so careful of their charge that you may stand close by in the water and examine them at your leisure. I have thus stood over them half-an-hour at a time, and stroked them familiarly without frightening them; suffering them to nibble my fingers harmlessly; and seen them erect their dorsal fins in anger when my hand approached their ova; and have even taken them gently out of the water with my hand." I do not doubt but that it was this and other intimacies of Thoreau with various animals that suggested to his friend and neighbor Mr. Hawthorne the character of Donatello in the tale of *Transformation*. And I have fancied that Emerson—who has applied to him what Fuller said of Butler the apologist, that "either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him"—had Thoreau in his mind when he wrote in his *Woodnotes*:

"It seemed as if the breezes brought him;
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him;
As if by secret sight he knew
Where, in far fields, the orchis grew.
Many haps fall in the field,
Seldom seen by wishful eyes,
But all her shows did Nature yield,
To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods;
He heard the woodcock's evening hymn;
He found the tawny thrush's broods,
And the shy hawk did wait for him;
What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket's gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come."

But it seems that the elves of wood and water were alluring him from the earth. The seeds of consumption were prematurely developed, perhaps by his life of exposure; but the distress and appeals of friends and relatives could not, to the last, overcome the fascinations of Nature, and persuade him to remain within doors. He was sent at length to the more gentle climate of the Mississippi; but it was of no avail, and he soon returned home to die. In his last letter (March 21st, 1862), written by his sister, to a young poet whom he had never met, he said: "I am encouraged to know that, so far as you are concerned, I have not written my books in vain. . . . I suppose that I have not many months to live; but of course

I know nothing about it. I may add that I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing."

Saturday Review.

MOZART'S LETTERS.*

IN comparing the capabilities of dialogue and narrative, George Sand somewhere remarks that the former has this advantage, that it allows the author to come closer to his subject, and bring out the essence of a "situation" or the workings of a mind with greater subtlety and force. Letters possess the same sort of superiority over a biography written in the third person. They reveal "the man behind the picture" in a way that no description can do, however Boswellian the describer's powers of observation may be. A full edition of *Mozart's Letters* is therefore a welcome supplement to the Lives that have already been published. Much which they contain had been embodied in previous biographies, and a good deal, we may add, had been very judiciously rejected; for, with all deference to Herr Nohl, some of this correspondence is rather tedious reading. We agree, however, with the editor that it fully merits to be given to the public as a whole, partly because a series of fragmentary quotations can never convey a just idea of the tone and mood of the writer—which in Mozart's case was peculiarly frank and confidential—and partly because these letters many of them being addressed to one person, possess something like the continuity of a journal; but chiefly because, as Herr Nohl observes, in them is strikingly set forth how Mozart lived and labored, enjoyed and suffered. "They are manifestly the unconstrained, natural, and simple outpourings of his heart, delightfully recalling to our minds all the sweetness and pathos, the spirit and grace, which have a thousand times delighted us in his music."

Among the crowd of musical patrons and professors who flit before us in this correspondence there are few prominent

* *Mozart's Letters*. Translated from the Collection of LUDWIG NOHL, by Lady WALLACE. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.

figures. The interest centres in three or four persons or groups of persons. First of all, of course, is the writer himself. He discloses himself in his letters very vividly and completely. Never was there a German more devoid of dreamy sentimentalism—less *subjective*, to use a phrase which German philosophy has coined. His early letters from Italy, written in a sort of *lingua franca* of French, Italian, and German, exhibit at their height the animal spirits and joyousness of temperament which marked his nature, and which he retained in the midst of much anxiety until the shadow of death obscured them. But a grave mood underlay the gay. Happiness, he says in one letter, is a thing of the imagination; and in another he draws a distinction between living respectably and living happily, the latter of which fates he does not expect to be his. From childhood his mind seems to have been penetrated by a deep sense of religion. "Do not be uneasy on my account," he writes on his nameday to his father; "I have God always before my eyes. I acknowledge his omnipotence—I dread his wrath; but I also know his love, and that he will never forsake his servants. When his will is done, I am resigned." He is sustained by the calm and unwavering conviction that he has an appointed work to perform. "I place faith," he says, "in three friends, and they are powerful and invincible ones—God, and your head, and mine. . . . Let us put our trust in God. I shall not be found wanting." His earliest letters are full of expressions like the last, which in the mouth of an ordinary man would sound vaunting and presumptuous, but which indicate in the most simple and artless manner possible his consciousness of his own powers. Speaking of a man of superior talents, he adds—"which, without being unthankful to Providence, I cannot deny that I possess." "If the Archbishop would only place confidence in me I could soon make this music celebrated." "Salzburg is no place for my talent." "I am quite resolved that the Emperor shall know me." Even his youthful criticisms of Italian music and singers have a bold, independent ring in them. The writer is evidently one who took none of his opinions secondhand, but thought and judged for himself.

They have none of the crudity which usually marks the views of a precocious boy. This early maturity is perhaps the most distinctive feature of Mozart's genius. His works show fewer traces of the mellowing effects of increased experience and insight than those of many other composers, not because his genius was unprogressive, but because it ripened to perfection with such unique rapidity. One can hardly realize this adequately without reference to dates. To one who began composing at four years of age, and died utterly worn out with work at thirty-five, no ordinary law of development can apply. His genius flowered, and richly too, at a period when other minds are merely germinating. Just when they are attaining their full strength, it collapsed in premature decay. What a mass of work was compressed into those thirty-one years these letters show. At the same time they show the extraordinary ease with which he worked. At Munich he is willing to engage with the Opera director to produce every year four German operas, partly *buffe* and partly *serie*. Happening to have no symphony with him while on a visit to Count Thun, he sits down and writes one for a concert that was to be given. This ease was the result of long and patient study. There is an amusing anecdote, mentioned in one of his Viennese letters, illustrative of this. A Dutch pianist, coarse and labored in his style of playing, is watching Mozart play. He looked steadily at his fingers, and then exclaimed: "Good heavens! how I do labor and overheat myself, while to you, my dear friend, it seems all child's-play!" Mozart's reply is very characteristic. "I once took trouble enough in order no longer to require to do so."

Next to Mozart himself, the most prominent figure depicted in these pages is that of Leopold Mozart, the composer's father. The portrait is not altogether an attractive one. Genuinely fond and proud of his son, he seems nevertheless to have pursued him throughout life with a sort of fretful and vexatious espionage, which degenerated now and then into downright unkindness and injustice, and which, with a son less sweet-tempered, would have assuredly caused a rupture. Always distrustful and suspicious, always

ready to listen to his son's detractors, selfish enough to oppose his dearest wishes, and mean enough to pretend to pay a debt which he never really liquidated, he is incessantly plaguing his son with fussy complaints and timid counsels. No small portion of this whole correspondence is devoted to Mozart's efforts to rebut or disprove the idle and imaginary charges which his father threw in his teeth. The pet object of the elder Mozart's aversion seems to have been the Weber family, with whom his son's fortunes were destined to be so curiously blended. The Webers first appear on the scene at Mannheim, where the father was a struggling musician, with a large family and small means. Here Mozart, on his way to Paris, met and befriended them, ending by falling deeply in love with Aloysia, the eldest daughter, whose singing "brought tears into his eyes." How, on his return from Paris, he found the faithless Aloysia estranged from him, needs not here to be repeated. Later on, he fell in with the Webers once more in Vienna, and lodged in their house, which gave him the opportunity of observing the domestic virtues of Constanze, a younger daughter, exhibited under somewhat trying circumstances. She seems to have made him a good wife, though she did not succeed in keeping him out of debt. In a historical point of view, the most interesting portion of these letters consists of the vivid glimpses which they afford of German Court life during the last century. The small potentates whom Mozart in turn solicited seem to have been uniformly actuated by one dominant motive—a desire to act the part of *Mecænas* with the smallest possible outlay. "The German princes are all niggards," is his bitter exclamation. Prominent among them, in stinginess and the arts of petty tyranny, stands the Archbishop Sigismund of Salzburg. He had the meanness to depreciate Mozart's talents in order to avoid having to pay for them. He prevented him from earning a living elsewhere, and yet refused him an equivalent. Smarting under this ill-treatment, it was only natural that Mozart should have detested the very name of Salzburg. The only wonder is that a man of such singular independence of mind should have submitted to the in-

justice so long. The final rupture between the young composer and his prince occurred at Vienna, whither the Archbishop had repaired in something like feudal state and ceremony. The story is told very graphically in the opening letters of the second of these volumes. They contain a curious picture of the *personnel* of the archiepiscopal train, which included two valets, two cooks, a confectioner, a vocalist, a violinist, and Mozart himself. "At dinner," the latter says ironically, "I have at all events the honor to be placed above the cooks." After preventing Mozart from gaining money and reputation by giving a concert in the Imperial city, the prelate summarily ordered his dependents to return at once to Salzburg. Mozart had some moneys to collect, and could not start, therefore, quite so soon as the rest; whereupon the Archbishop flew into a violent passion, and, after indulging in unmeasured vituperation, bade his young musician begone. Mozart took him at his word, and instantly quitted his service. His father writes in his usual querulous tone about the incident. Probably he feared that it would compromise his own situation. It is a curious proof of the dread which Mozart had of the Archbishop's vengeance that he begs his father to abuse him as much as he liked in public, but to write by some private hand that he is satisfied. Even some years later, when projecting a visit to Salzburg with his wife, he is haunted by the fear of an arrest.

These letters teem with evidence of the unerring justness of Mozart's musical taste. It is rare indeed to find a man of such transcendent genius so absolutely devoid of flightiness in his art. His unlimited confidence in his own powers was coupled with a strong though self-imposed sense of artistic responsibility. His letters leave the impression that, if he had not been the most inspired of composers, he would have been the most eminent of musical critics. One can hardly take up these volumes without lighting on some indication of this—among others, his constant anxiety to bring his librettos into conformity with truth and nature. As might be supposed, the task gave him no little trouble. It was proposed, for instance, in *Idomeneo*, his Munich opera, to represent the

King as alone in a ship ; *à propos* of which Mozart observes :

"If the Abbé thinks that he can be reasonably represented in the terrible storm forsaken by every one, *without a ship*, exposed to the greatest peril, all may remain as it is ; but N.B. no ship—for he cannot be alone in one ; so, if the other mode be adopted, some generals or confidants must land from the ship with him."

The only text in the selection of which his usual good judgment may be thought perhaps to have deserted him, is that of the *Flauto Magico* ; but the opera was composed under peculiar circumstances, when the shadow of death had filled his mind with serious thoughts, which found a congenial vent in the symbolism of the libretto. In a letter from Mannheim, written on his return from Paris, will be found some interesting remarks on the use of recitative in opera. He expresses the opinion that, as a rule, recitative should be *spoken* to an orchestral accompaniment, and only occasionally sung when the words can be thoroughly expressed by the music :

"Nothing (he says) ever surprised me so much, for I had always imagined that a thing of this kind would make no effect. There is no singing, but merely recitation, to which the music is a sort of *obbligato recitativo*. At intervals there is speaking, while the music goes on, which produces the most striking effect."

We know to what account Mendelssohn has turned this combination. To make the music thoroughly expressive of the words was Mozart's grand object as a composer, although he never carried this principle to a pedantic or finical extreme. His criticisms on pianoforte-playing and singing are at once singularly acute and sound. The art of reading at sight, he says in one place, consists in playing a piece in the time in which it ought to be played, with proper taste and feeling as written, "so that it should give the impression of being composed by the person who plays it." It is curious to find a vigorous protest against "the bad habit of making the voice tremble" — that artificial "*tremolo*" which is, unhappily, so favorite a trick with our modern singers. The distinction between what is a charm and what is an abuse of the human voice is drawn with admirable precision :

"The human voice (he observes) is naturally tremulous, but only so far as to be beautiful ; such is the nature of the voice, and it is imitated not only on wind instruments, but on stringed instruments, and even on the piano. But the moment the proper boundary is passed it is no longer beautiful, because it becomes unnatural."

The piece of advice which he gives to a young lady, "not to be all honey when she sings," falls characteristically enough from the lips of a composer whose loveliest melodies have nothing of a cloying sweetness about them. Of Madame Mara, the great songstress of his day, he speaks in disparaging terms. "She does too little," he says, "to equal Bastardella" (a singer of remarkable powers of execution), "and too much to equal Madlle. Weber" (the charm of whose singing lay in its simple pathos). Possibly he was prejudiced by the arrogance of the lady's husband, of whose strange proceedings at a concert at Munich he gives an amusing account.

It does not say much for the appreciation of art in Germany that Mozart should have experienced so much neglect in his own country. Only a year before his death, in the zenith of his powers, we find him soliciting the municipality of Vienna for the post of unpaid assistant-organist in St. Stephen's Church. But neither petty persecutions nor Imperial slights shook his patriotic resolution to labor for the cause of German art. Of the French school of music he expresses the most unbounded contempt. "I am here," he writes from Paris, "surrounded by mere brute beasts. . . . The singers scream and bawl through their noses and throats." He is even alarmed lest contact with Parisian notions on music should injure his natural taste. "I pray to God," he continues, "to grant me grace to continue firm and steadfast here, that I may do honor to the German nation," adding naively, "and to enable me to prosper and make plenty of money."

Lady Wallace does not uniformly succeed in finding the idiomatic equivalent for the original, as in Letter XVI., for instance, where she makes Mozart, who is encouraging his sister to persevere in composing, say "Often try something similar." The following piece of nonsense, written to his pretty cousin at

Augsburg, must at any rate have taxed the translator's ingenuity :

"MY DEAR COZ—BUZZ:

"I have safely received your precious epistle—thistle, and from it I perceive—achieve, that my aunt—gaunt, and you—shoe, are quite well—bell. I have to-day a letter—setter, from my papa — ah! ah! safe in my hands—sands. I hope you also got—trot, my Manheim letter — setter. Now for a little sense—pence. The prelate's seizure—leisure, grieves me much—touch, but he will, I hope, soon get well—sell. You write, blight, that you will keep—cheap, your promise to write to me—he! he! to Augsburg soon — spoon. Well, I shall be very glad—mad."

The Art Journal.

A MEMORY OF FREDERICA BREMER.

ANOTHER golden bowl broken! another of the world's literary workers gone home. It is a loss to earth for which we may truly grieve. Frederica Bremer was no common laborer; her mission was to do good; her task here is finished. Her energy and perseverance; her knowledge, acquired rather from observation than from books; her extensive sympathy, not alone with her class and country, but with her kind; her close association with genuine progress; all rendered her of great importance, not only as an author, but as a leader among women. She was by no means what is understood as "a rights-of-woman woman," but she was deeply anxious for the emancipation of her sex in her own land from the heavy thralldom, the absolute hard bodily labor to which they have been doomed so long; and to know that they enjoyed the privileges of occasional rest and ease, with opportunities of cultivating their minds so as to render them not so much the slaves as the companions of their husbands, the early teachers as well as the mothers of Swedish men—to know that, and to believe that by her aid the "great glory" had been "helped on," would have brought to the evening of her days intense happiness—did so, no doubt.

Our valuable and admirable friend Mary Howitt introduced Miss Bremer to the British public by her translation of *The Neighbors*; a translation which

Miss Bremer herself told me was "faultless." Almost suddenly, that charming book entered into our hearts and homes, as a sister who, though brought up in a distant land, with habits and thoughts not ours, was our "little sister" still: a darling, with open heart and beaming eyes, and lips dropping sweetness—the sweetness of innocence and content; her hands loving work; her head wise with womanly wisdom; bringing with her a freight of fresh air and healthfulness of which we still delight to think. Miss Bremer continued to write, and Miss Howitt to translate, various tales and sketches of Swedish life of more or less importance; all original to us; until we looked for her latest book as eagerly as if she had been one of our own native story-tellers.

Her first visit to England was brief and rapid; she had determined to travel, alone or not, as it might be, and took England only *en route*; she panted for knowledge; and resolved to see and judge for herself of the habits and institutions of many lands. It was after her extensive wanderings, and during her second visit to England, that we had the happiness to receive her as our guest at our country house. We never had a more interesting or amusing visitor; she stipulated that she was to breakfast in her own room—chiefly on potatoes—and not to be disturbed until two o'clock. From early morning until the appointed hour, she wrote, and then came down to lunch, full of the life and spirit which the consciousness of a task accomplished is certain to give. She was very small and delicately proportioned—not unlike Maria Edgeworth in form, and in some points of manner, particularly when speaking to children, of whom she was very fond; she could hardly pass a child without a word or a caress. She could never have been even pretty in the usual acceptation of the word; yet no one could have thought her more than plain. Her pleasing and even playful manners, her freedom from affectation, the warm interest she took in everything around her, certain quaint, half Swedish, half English expressions, the amusing stores of an excellent memory—all imparted a piquancy and variety to her conversation that was especially delightful in a coun-

try house. She was undoubtedly restless and inquisitive; investigating all the domestic departments with inquiries which half annoyed, half amused, the servants, but giving quite as much information as she received. I found she liked to go by herself into the cottages of our village, and generally left her to do as she liked; after paying two or three visits she would hurry back to me that I might explain to her what she did not understand; nothing, however trivial, escaped her observation. She had visited and closely inspected several of our manufacturing towns, but I believe our locality was the only one where she had the means of making acquaintance with a district purely agricultural. We chanced to live near the farm of a gentleman farmer, and she was often gratified by the knowledge she obtained from him as to the management of horses, cows, and sheep, and concerning the culture of fields and pasture-land. I believe these studies were not merely to satisfy curiosity, but that they were intended to produce, and did produce, fruit after her return home. It was often made clear to me that the purpose of her life was to be useful. Her books of travel in Greece and in America are well known; no doubt in these countries also she gathered much knowledge that she has made of practical value to her country.

One of our poor neighbors at Addlestone inhabited a two-roomed cottage—to which was attached a strip of garden kept in neat order by the woman's husband when his day's work was done—not remarkable for its internal neatness of arrangement; but what would you have? the woman had had twins twice in one year! Miss Bremer, attracted by the four baby faces sleeping at the door in the sunshine, crept into the cottage of the "twin woman," as she afterwards called her, but would not believe that all the infants were her own. She seized on the two youngest, placing one on each arm, and brought them rapidly to me to ascertain the truth of the story, closely followed by the mother, who feared the good little lady was slightly crazed, and could not see what there was to wonder at. It sorely puzzled Miss Bremer how that cottage full of rosy children could be brought up on

such small means. There was no end to her inquiries if it was the custom in English villages for mothers to have "multitudes of little babies all at once;" and the "Addlestone twins" had a corner in her well-stored memory for a long time afterwards: she alludes to the subject in more than one of her letters.

Our residence was within an easy drive of Virginia Water and regal Windsor; both gave much pleasure to our Swedish visitor. Virginia Water, all lovely as it is, seemed to her more like a water-toy than a real lake. Her taste for lake scenery had been born among the mountains and tors of northern lands. She readily and gracefully yielded to us the meed of beauty and cultivation, but evidently considered us a people who possessed neither mountain nor lake.

An earnest desire of her heart and mind was to see the Queen—knowing well how dearly her subjects loved her. So we drove off early one day, determined, if possible, to waylay her Majesty when leaving the Castle for her morning drive. We took our stand with determined patience as near the great gates as propriety permitted, and very soon, in the well-known phaëton, came forth the royal lady, seated beside him whose loss has been a mournful loss to millions. Miss Bremer was all quicksilver; I could not keep her on the seat; she would lean out of the brougham window and bow; and thus the little woman—insignificant as far as appearance went (and the Queen little knew who it was that tendered to her fervent, but, perhaps, obtrusive, homage)—attracted her Majesty's attention, who bowed and smiled with more than her usual graciousness, even slightly turning her head to look at the enthusiastic lady. As she did so, the brougham door flew open, and it was with difficulty I prevented my companion from falling out; but her favorite umbrella (a venerable companion in many lands and of a color that once was red) was not so fortunate. It rolled on the grass; the Queen's quick eye saw the danger and the escape, and moreover her Majesty saw the umbrella. The royal carriage drew up for a moment, the Prince spoke, or perhaps only signed to an at-

tendant groom, who turned back, picked up the umbrella, and returned it to my fluttering friend. It is impossible to describe her delight—she literally cried with joy; the courtesy was so marked, so graciously rendered.

We were bowling homeward along the banks of our beautiful Thames before her enthusiasm subsided. When we got out to visit Magna Charta Island, her fervor took another turn, and burst forth in admiration of the sturdy English barons who obliged the tardy king to sign the record of our rights on the "traditional" stone, which she kissed in a spirit of reverential Liberty. I look back with intense pleasure to the days this bright-hearted woman passed at our home and in our society.

If a thing of physical beauty is "a joy forever," which I feel and gratefully acknowledge it is—how truly is the memory of hours and days spent with the good and the gifted, a perpetual well-spring of happiness! Her views of books, and places, and people—of religion and politics—were frequently very different from mine. Hers were broader, mine more conventional, it may be, perhaps more narrow. She said we did each other good, and now especially when I feel that we shall never meet again in this world, I am glad to believe it was so. Her nature was brave and independent; her affections warm and true. Her published letters to her sister are wonderful records of tenderness and love. I knew how she loved that sister, and how she was looking forward to meeting her, as her great reward for all the fatigue and discomfort she had endured while on her travels. In the happy evenings we spent together, she was the life of our little circle, teaching us Swedish games and singing us Swedish songs; every now and then something about her sister would "crop up," as if she were the living motive of her thoughts and actions. Alas! at that very time when we looked over the beautiful valley, with its all-bountiful river, from the brow of St. George's Hill, and believed that we saw the towers of Windsor from its height—at that very time her beloved sister was dead at Stockholm. Pleasant were their lives, and now they are not divided. Death has brought them again together.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE STUDY OF CELTIC LITERATURE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PART II.

I SAID that a skeptic like Mr. Nash, by demolishing the rubbish of the Celtic antiquaries, might often give himself the appearance of having won a complete victory, but that a complete victory he had, in truth, by no means won. He has cleared much rubbish away, but this is no such very difficult feat, and requires mainly common-sense; to be sure, Welsh archæologists are apt to lose their common-sense; but at moments when they are in possession of it, they can do the indispensable, negative part of criticism, not, indeed, so briskly or cleverly as Mr. Nash, but still well enough. Edward Davies, for instance, has quite clearly seen that the alleged remains of old Welsh literature are not to be taken for genuine just as they stand: "Some petty and mendicant minstrel, who only chaunted it as an old song, has tacked on" (he says of a poem he is discussing) "these lines, in a style and measure totally different from the preceding verses: 'May the Trinity grant us mercy in the day of judgment: a liberal donation, good gentlemen!'" There, fifty years before Mr. Nash, is a clearance very like one of Mr. Nash's. But the difficult feat in this matter is the feat of construction; to determine when one has cleared away all that is to be cleared away, what is the significance of that which is left; and here, I confess I think Mr. Nash and his fellow-skeptics who say that next to nothing is left, and that the significance of whatever is left is next to nothing, dissatisfy the genuine critic even more than Edward Davies and his brother enthusiasts, who have a sense that something primitive, august, and interesting is there, though they fail to extract it, dissatisfy him. There is a very edifying story told by O'Curry of the effect produced on Moore, the poet, who had undertaken to write the history of Ireland (a task for which he was quite unfit), by the contemplation of an old Irish manuscript. Moore had, without knowing anything about them, spoken slightly of the value to the historian of Ireland of the materials afforded by such manuscripts; but, says O'Curry:

"In the year 1839, during one of his last visits to the land of his birth, he, in company with his old and attached friend Dr. Petrie, favored me with an unexpected visit at the Royal Irish Academy. I was at that period employed on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and at the time of his visit happened to have before me on my desk the *Books of Ballymote and Lecain, The Speckled Book, The Annals of the Four Masters*, and many other ancient books, for historical research and reference. I had never before seen Moore, and after a brief introduction and explanation of the nature of my occupation by Dr. Petrie, and seeing the formidable array of so many dark and timeworn volumes by which I was surrounded, he looked a little disconcerted, but after a while plucked up courage to open the *Book of Ballymote* and ask what it was. Dr. Petrie and myself then entered into a short explanation of the history and character of the books then present as well as of ancient Gaedhelic documents in general. Moore listened with great attention, alternately scanning the books and myself, and then asked me, in a serious tone, if I understood them, and how I had learned to do so. Having satisfied him upon these points, he turned to Dr. Petrie and said: 'Petrie, these huge tomes could not have been written by fools or for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the *History of Ireland*.'"

And from that day Moore, it is said, lost all heart for going on with his *History of Ireland*, and it was only the opportunity of the publishers which induced him to bring out the remaining volume.

Could I not have been written by fools, or for any foolish purpose. That is, I am convinced, a true presentiment to have in one's mind when one looks at Irish documents like the *Book of Ballymote*, or Welsh documents like the *Red Book of Hergest*. In some respects, at any rate, these documents are what they claim to be, they hold what they pretend to hold, they touch that primitive world of which they profess to be the voice. The true critic is he who can detect this precious and genuine part in them, and employ it for the elucidation of the Celt's

genius and history, and for any other fruitful purposes to which it can be applied. Merely to point out the mixture of what is late and spurious in them, is to touch but the fringes of the matter. In reliance upon the discovery of this mixture of what is late and spurious in them, to pooh-pooch them altogether, to treat them as a heap of rubbish, a mass of middle-age forgeries, is to fall into the greatest possible error. Granted that all the manuscripts of Welsh poetry (to take that branch of Celtic literature which has had, in Mr. Nash, the ablest disparager), granted that all such manuscripts that we possess are, with the most insignificant exception, not older than the twelfth century; granted that the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were a time of great poetical activity in Wales, a time when a mediæval literature flourished there, as it flourished in England, France, and other countries; granted that a great deal of what Welsh enthusiasts have attributed to their great traditional poets of the sixth century belongs to this later epoch—what then? Does that get rid of the great traditional poets—the Cynveirdd or old bards, Aneurin, Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and their compeers—does that get rid of the great poetical tradition of the sixth century altogether; does it merge the whole literary antiquity of Wales in her mediæval literary antiquity, or, at least, reduce all other than this to insignificance? Mr. Nash says it does; all his efforts are directed to show how much of the so-called sixth-century pieces may be resolved into mediæval, twelfth-century work; his grand thesis is that there is nothing primitive and pre-Christian in the extant Welsh literature, no traces of the Druidism and Paganism every one associates with Celtic antiquity; all this, he says, was extinguished by Paulinus in A.D. 59, and never resuscitated. "At the time the Mabinogion and the Taliesin ballads were composed, no tradition or popular recollection of the Druids or the Druidical mythology existed in Wales. The Welsh bards knew of no older mystery, nor of any mystic creed, unknown to the rest of the Christian world." And Mr. Nash complains that "the old opinion that the Welsh poems contain notices of Druid or Pagan superstitions of a remote origin" should

still find promulgators; what we find in them is only, he says, what was circulating in Wales in the twelfth century, and "one great mistake in these investigations has been the supposing that the Welsh of the twelfth, or even of the sixth century, were wiser as well as more Pagan than their neighbors."

Why, what a wonderful thing is this! We have, in the first place, the most weighty and explicit testimony—Strabo's, Cæsar's, Lucan's—that this race once possessed a special, profound, spiritual discipline; that they were, to use Mr. Nash's words, "wiser than their neighbors." Lucan's words are singularly clear and strong, and serve well to stand as a landmark in this controversy, in which one is sometimes embarrassed by hearing authorities quoted on this side or that, when one does not feel sure precisely what they say—how much or how little; Lucan, addressing those hitherto under the pressure of Rome, but now left by the Roman civil war to their own devices, says:

"Ye too, ye bards, who by your praises perpetuate the memory of the fallen brave, without hindrance poured forth your strains. And ye, ye Druids, now that the sword was removed, began once more your barbaric rites and weird solemnities. To you only is given knowledge or ignorance (whichever it be) of the gods and the powers of heaven; your dwelling is in the lone heart of the forest. From you we learn, that the bourne of man's ghost is not the senseless grave, not the pale realms of the monarch below; in another world his spirit survives still; death, if your lore be true, is but the passage to enduring life."

There is the testimony of an educated Roman, fifty years after Christ, to the Celtic race being then "wiser than their neighbors;" testimony all the more remarkable because civilized nations, though very prone to ascribe to barbarous people an ideal purity and simplicity of life and manners, are by no means naturally inclined to ascribe to them high attainment in intellectual and spiritual things. And now, along with this testimony of Lucan's, one has to carry in mind Cæsar's remark, that the Druids, partly from a religious scruple, partly from a desire to discipline the memory of

their pupils, committed nothing to writing. Well, then comes the crushing defeat of the Celtic race in Britain, and the Roman conquest; but the Celtic race subsisted here still, and any one can see that while the race subsisted, the traditions of a discipline such as that of which Lucan has drawn the picture, were not likely to be so very speedily "extinguished." The withdrawal of the Romans, the recovered independence of the native race here, the Saxon invasion, the struggle with the Saxons, were just the ground for one of those bursts of energetic national life and self-consciousness, which find a voice in a burst of poets and poetry. Accordingly, to this time, to the sixth century, the universal Welsh tradition attaches the great group of British poets, Taliesin and his fellows. In the twelfth century there began for Wales, along with another burst of national life, another burst of poetry; and this burst *literary* in the stricter sense of the word—a burst which left, for the first time, written records. It wrote the records of its predecessors, as well as of itself, and therefore Mr. Nash wants to make it the real author of the whole poetry, one may say, of the sixth century, as well as its own. No doubt one cannot produce the texts of the poetry of the sixth century; no doubt we have this only as the twelfth and succeeding centuries wrote it down; no doubt they mixed and changed it a great deal in writing it down. But, since a continuous stream of testimony shows the enduring existence and influence among the kindred Celts of Wales and Brittany, from the sixth century to the twelfth, of an old national literature, it seems certain that much of this must be traceable in the documents of the twelfth century, and the interesting thing is to trace it. It cannot be denied that there is such a continuous stream of testimony; there is Gildas in the sixth century, Nennius in the eighth, the laws of Howel in the tenth; in the eleventh, twenty or thirty years before the new literary epoch began, we hear of Rhys ap Tudor having "brought with him from Brittany the system of the Round Table, which at home had become quite forgotten, and he restored it as it is, with regard to minstrels and

bards, as it had been at Carleon-upon-Usk, under the Emperor Arthur, in the time of the sovereignty of the race of the Cymry over the island of Britain and its adjacent islands." Mr. Nash's own comment on this is: "We here see the introduction of the Arthurian romance from Brittany, preceding, by nearly one generation, the revival of music and poetry in North Wales," and yet he does not seem to perceive what a testimony is here to the reality, fulness, and subsistence of that primitive literature about which he is so skeptical. Then in the twelfth century testimony to this primitive literature absolutely abounds; one can quote none better than that of Giraldus de Barri, or Giraldus Cambrensis, as he is usually called. Giraldus is an excellent authority, who knew well what he was writing about, and he speaks of the Welsh bards and rhapsodists of his time as having in their possession "ancient and authentic books" in the Welsh language. The apparatus of technical terms of poetry, again, and the elaborate poetical organization which we find, both in Wales and Ireland, existing from the very commencement of the mediæval literary period in each, and to which no other mediæval literature, so far as I know, shows at its first beginnings anything similar, indicates surely, in these Celtic peoples, the clear and persistent tradition of an older poetical period of great development, and almost irresistibly connects itself in one's mind with the elaborate Druidic discipline which Cæsar mentions.

But perhaps the best way to get a full sense of the storied antiquity, forming as it were the background to those mediæval documents, which in Mr. Nash's eyes pretty much begin and end with themselves, is to take, almost at random, a passage from such a tale as *Kilhuach and Olwen*, in the *Mabinogion*, that charming collection, for which we owe such a debt of gratitude to Lady Charlotte Guest (to call her still by the name she bore when she made her happy entry into the world of letters), and which she so unkindly suffers to remain out of print. Almost every page of this tale points to traditions and personages of the most remote antiquity, and is instinct with the very breath of the primitive world. Search is made for

Mabon, the son of Modron, who was taken when three nights old from between his mother and the wall. The seekers go first to the Ousel of Cilgwri: the Ousel had lived long enough to peck a smith's anvil down to the size of a nut, but he had never heard of Mabon. "But there is a race of animals who were formed before me, and I will be your guide to them." So the Ousel guides them to the Stag of Redynvra. The Stag had seen an oak sapling, in the wood where he lived, grow up to be an oak with a hundred branches, and then slowly decay down to a withered stump, yet he had never heard of Mabon. "But I will be your guide to the place where there is an animal which was formed before I was;" and he guides them to the Owl of Cwn Cawlwyd. "When first I came hither," says the Owl, "the wide valley you see was a wooden glen. And a race of men came and rooted it up. And there grew a second wood; and this wood is the third. My wings, are they not withered stumps?" Yet the Owl, in spite of his great age, had never heard of Mabon; but he offered to be guide "to where is the oldest animal in the world, and the one that has travelled most, the Eagle of Gwern Abwy." The Eagle was so old, that a rock, from the top of which he pecked at the stars every evening, was now not so much as a span high. He knew nothing of Mabon; but there was a monster salmon, into whom he once struck his claws in Llyn Llyw, who might, perhaps, tell them something of him. And at last the Salmon of Llyn Llyw told them of Mabon. "With every tide I go along the river upwards, until I come near to the walls of Gloucester, and there have I found such wrong as I never found elsewhere." And the Salmon took Arthur's messengers on his shoulders up to the walls of the prison in Gloucester, and they delivered Mabon.

Nothing could better give that sense of primitive and pre-mediæval antiquity which to the observer with any tact for these things is, I think, clearly perceptible in these remains, at whatever time they may have been written, or better serve to check too absolute an acceptance of Mr. Nash's doctrine—in some respects very salutary—"that the com-

mon assumption of such remains of the date of the sixth century, has been made upon very unsatisfactory grounds." It is true it has; it is true too, that, as he goes on to say, "writers who claim for productions actually existing only in manuscripts of the twelfth, an origin in the sixth century, are called upon to demonstrate the links of evidence, either internal or external, which bridge over this great intervening period of at least five hundred years." Then Mr. Nash continues: "This external evidence is altogether wanting." Not altogether, as we have seen; that assertion is a little too strong. But I am content to let it pass, because it is true that without internal evidence in this matter the external evidence would be of no moment. But when Mr. Nash continues further: "And the internal evidence even of the so-called historic poems themselves, is, in some instances at least, opposed to their claims to an origin in the sixth century," and leaves the matter there, and finishes his chapter, I say that is an unsatisfactory turn to give to the matter, and a lame and impotent conclusion to his chapter; because the one interesting, fruitful question here is, not in what instances the internal evidence opposes the claims of these poems to a sixth-century origin, but in what instances it supports them, and what these sixth-century remains, thus established, signify.

So again with the question as to the mythological import of these poems. Mr. Nash seems to me to have dwelt with this, too, rather in the spirit of a sturdy enemy of the Celts and their pretensions—often enough chimerical—than in the spirit of a disinterested man of science. "We find in the oldest compositions in the Welsh language no traces," he says, "of the Druids, or of a pagan mythology." He will not hear of there being, for instance, in these compositions, traces of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, attributed to the Druids in such clear words by Cæsar. He is very severe upon a German scholar, long and favorably known in this country, who has already furnished valuable contributions to our knowledge of the Celtic race, and of whose labors the main fruit has, I believe, not yet been given us—Mr. Meyer. He is very severe upon Mr. Meyer, for finding in one

of the poems ascribed to Taliesin, "a sacrificial hymn addressed to the god Pryd., in his character of god of the Sun." It is not for me to pronounce for or against this notion of Mr. Meyer's. I have not the knowledge which is needed in order to make one's suffrage in these matters of any value; speaking merely as one of the unlearned public, I will confess that allegory seems to me to play, in Mr. Meyer's theories, a somewhat excessive part; Arthur and his Twelve (?) Knights of the Round Table signifying solely the year with its twelve months; Percival and the Miller signifying solely steel and the grindstone; Stonehenge and the *Gododin* put to purely calendrical purposes; the *Nibelungen*, the *Mahabharata*, and the *Iliad*, finally followed the fate of the *Gododin*; all this appears to me, I will confess, a little prematurely grasped, a little unsubstantial. But that any one who knows the set of modern mythological science towards astronomical and solar myths, a set which has already justified itself in many respects so victoriously, and which is so irresistible that one can hardly now look up at the sun without having the sensations of a moth; that any one who knows this, should find in the Welsh remains no traces of mythology, is quite astounding. Why, the heroes and heroines of the old Cymric world are all in the sky as well as in Welsh story; Arthur is the Great Bear, his harp is the constellation Lyra; Cassiopeia's chair is Llys Don, Don's Court; the daughter of Don was Arianrod, and the Northern Crown is Caer Arianrod; Gwydion was Don's son, and the Milky Way is Caer Gwydion. With Gwydion is Math, the son of Mathonwy, the "man of illusion and fantasy;" and the moment one goes below the surface—almost before one goes below the surface—all is illusion and fantasy, double-meaning, and far-reaching mythological import, in the world which all these personages inhabit.

What are the three hundred ravens of Owen, and the nine sorceresses of Peryddur, and the dogs of Annwn, the Welsh Hades, and the birds of Rhiannon, whose song was so sweet that warriors remained spell-bound for eighty years together listening to them? What is the Avanc, the water-monster, of whom every lake

side in Wales, and her proverbial speech and her music, to this day preserve the tradition? What is Gwyn the son of Nudd, king of fairie, the ruler of the Tylwyth Teg, or family of beauty, who till the day of doom fights on every first day of May—the great feast of the sun among the Celtic peoples—with Gwythyr for the fair Cordelia, the daughter of Lear? What is the wonderful mare of Teirnyon, which on the night of every first of May foaled, and no one ever knew what became of the colt? Who is the mystic Arawn, the king of Annwn, who changed semblance for a year with Pwyll, prince of Dyved, and reigned in his place? These are no mediæval personages; they belong to an older, pagan, mythological world. The very first thing that strikes one, in reading the *Mabinogian*, is how evidently the mediæval story-teller is pilaging an antiquity of which he does not fully possess the secret; he is like a peasant building his hut on the site of Ilalicarnassus or Ephesus; he builds, but what he builds is full of materials of which he knows not the history, or knows by a glimmering tradition merely—stones “not of this building,” but of an older architecture, greater, cunninger, more majestical. In the mediæval stories of no Latin or Teutonic people does this strike one as in those of the Welsh. Killweh, in the story already quoted of *Kilhwch and Olwen*, asks help at the hands of Arthur's warriors; a list of these warriors is given, which fills I know not how many pages of Lady Charlotte Guest's book; this list is a perfect treasure house of mysterious ruins:

“Teithi Hen, the son of Gwynhan—(his domains were swallowed up by the sea, and he himself hardly escaped, and he came to Arthur, and his knife had this peculiarity, that from the time that he came there no haft would ever remain upon it, and owing to this a sickness came over him and he pined away during the remainder of his life, and of this he died.)

“Drem, the son of Dremidydd—(when the gnat arose in the morning with the sun, Drem could see it from Gelli Wic in Cornwall, as far off as Pen Blathaon in North Britain.)

“Kynyr Keinvarvawo—(when he was

told he had a son born, he said to his wife: ‘Damsel, if thy son be mine, his heart will be always cold, and there will be no warmth in his hands’).”

How evident, again, is the slightness of the narrator's hold upon the *Twrch-Trwyth* and his strange story! How manifest the mixture of known and of unknown, shadowy and clear, of different layers and orders of tradition jumbled together in the story of *Bran the Blessed*, a story whose personages touch a comparatively late and historic time. Bran invades Ireland, to avenge one of “the three unhappy blows of this island,” the daily striking of *Branwen* by her husband *Matholwch*, king of Ireland. Bran is mortally wounded by a poisoned dart, and only seven men of Britain, “the Island of the Mighty,” escape, among them *Taliesin*.

“And Bran commanded them that they should cut off his head. ‘And take you my head,’ said he, ‘and bear it even unto the White Mount in London, and bury it there with the face towards France. And a long time will you be upon the road. In *Harlech* you will be feasting seven years, the birds of *Rhianon* singing unto you the while. And all that time the head will be to you as pleasant company as it ever was when on my body. And at *Gwales* in *Penvro* you will be fourscore years, and you may remain there, and the head with you uncorrupted, until you open the door which looks towards *Aber Henvelen* and towards *Cornwall*. And after you have opened that door, there you may no longer tarry; set forth then to London to bury the head, and go straight forward.’

“So they cut off his head, and those seven went forward therewith. And *Branwen* was the eighth with them, and they came to land at *Aber Alaw* in *Anglesey*, and they sate down to rest. And *Branwen* looked towards Ireland and towards the Island of the Mighty, to see if she could desery them. ‘Alas,’ said she, ‘woe is me that I was ever born; two islands have been destroyed because of me.’ Then she uttered a loud groan, and there broke her heart. And they made her a four sided grave, and buried her upon the banks of the *Alaw*.

“Then they went on to *Harlech*, and sate down to feast and to drink there;

and there came three birds and began singing, and all the songs they had ever heard were harsh compared thereto; and at this feast they continued seven years. Then they went to Gwales in Penvro, and there they found a fair and regal spot overlooking the ocean, and a spacious hall was therein. And they went into the hall, and two of its doors were open, but the third door was closed, that which looked towards Cornwall. 'See, yonder,' said Manawyddan, 'is the door that we may not open.' And that night they regaled themselves and were joyful. And there they remained fourscore years, nor did they think they had ever spent a time more joyous and mirthful. And they were not more weary than when first they came, neither did they, any of them, know the time they had been there. And it was as pleasant to them having the head with them as if Bran had been with them himself.

"But one day said Heilyn, the son of Gwyn: 'Evil betide me if I do not open the door to know if that is true which is said concerning it.' So he opened the door and looked towards Cornwall and Aber Henvelen, and when they had looked, they were as conscious of all the evils they had ever sustained, and of all the friends and companions they had lost, and of all the misery that had befallen them, as if all had happened in that very spot, and especially of the fate of their lord. And because of their perturbation they could not rest, but journeyed forth with the head towards London. And they buried the head in the White Mount."

Arthur afterwards, in his pride and self-confidence, disinterred the head, and this was one of "the three unhappy disclosures of the island of Britain."

There is evidently mixed here, with the newer legend, a *detritus*, as the geologists would say, of something far older; and the secret of Wales and its genius is not truly reached until this *detritus*, instead of being called recent because it is found in contact with what is recent, is disengaged, and is made to tell its own story.

But when we show him things of this kind in the Welsh remains, Mr. Nash has an answer for us. "Oh," he says, "all this is merely a machinery of necro-

mancers and magic, such as has probably been possessed by all people in all ages, more or less abundantly. How similar are the creations of the human mind in times and places the most remote! We see in this similarity only an evidence of the existence of a common stock of ideas, variously developed according to the formative pressure of external circumstances. The materials of these tales are not peculiar to the Welsh." And then Mr. Nash points out, with much learning and ingenuity, how certain incidents of these tales have their counterparts in Irish, in Scandinavian, in Oriental romance. He says, fairly enough, that the assertions of Taliesin, in the famous *Hanes Taliesin* or *History of Taliesin*, that he was present with Noah in the Ark, at the Tower of Babel, and with Alexander of Macedon, "we may ascribe to the poetic fancy of the Christian priest of the thirteenth century, who brought this romance into its present form. We may compare these statements of the universal presence of the wonder-working magician with those of the gleeman who recites the Anglo-Saxon metrical tale called the *Traveller's Song*." No doubt lands the most distant can be shown to have a common property in many marvellous stories. This is one of the most interesting discoveries of modern science; but modern science is equally interested in knowing how the genius of each people has differentiated, so to speak, this common property of theirs; in tracking out, in each case, that special "variety of development," which, to use Mr. Nash's own words, "the formative pressure of external circumstances" has occasioned; and not the formative pressure from without only, but also the formative pressure from within. It is this which he who deals with the Welsh remains in a philosophic spirit wants to know. Where is the force, for scientific purposes, of telling us that certain incidents by which Welsh poetry has been supposed to indicate a surviving tradition of the doctrine of transmigration, are found in Irish poetry also, when Irish poetry has, like Welsh, its roots in that Celtism which is said to have held this doctrine of transmigration so strongly? Where is even the great force, for scientific purposes, of proving,

if it were possible to prove, that the extant remains of Welsh poetry contain not one plain declaration of Druidical, pagan, pre-Christian doctrine, if one has in the extant remains of Breton poetry such texts as this from the prophecy of Gwenechlan : " Three times must we all die, before we come to our final repose " ? or as the cry of the eagles, in the same poem, of fierce thirst for Christian blood, a cry in which the poet evidently gives vent to his own hatred ? since the solidarity, to use that convenient French word, of Breton and Welsh poetry is so complete, that the ideas of the one may be almost certainly assumed not to have been wanting to those of the other. The question is, when Taliesin says, in the *Battle of the Trees*—

" I have been in many shapes before I attained a congenial form. I have been a narrow blade of a sword, I have been a drop in the air, I have been a shining star, I have been a word in a book, I have been a book in the beginning, I have been a light in a lantern a year and a half, I have been a bridge for passing over three-score rivers ; I have journeyed as an eagle, I have been a boat on the sea, I have been a director in battle, I have been a sword in the hand, I have been a shield in fight, I have been the string of a harp ; I have been enchanted for a year in the foam of water. There is nothing in which I have not been." . . the question is, have these " statements of the universal presence of the wonder-working magician " nothing which distinguishes them from " similar creations of the human mind in times and places the most remote ; " have they not an inwardness, a severity of form, a solemnity of tone, which indicates the still reverberating echo of a profound doctrine and discipline, such as was Druidism ? Suppose we compare Taliesin, as Mr. Nash invites us, with the gleeman of the Anglo-Saxon *Traveller's Song*. Take the specimen of this song which Mr. Nash himself quotes : " I have been with the Israelites and with the Essyngi, with the Hebrews and with the Indians and with the Egyptians ; I have been with the Medes and with the Persians and with the Myrgings." It is very well to parallel with this extract Taliesin's " I carried the banner before

Alexander ; I was in Canaan when Absalom was slain ; I was on horse's crupper of Elias and Enoch ; I was on the high cross of the merciful Son of God ; I was the chief overseer at the building of the tower of Nimrod ; I was with my King in the manger of the ass ; I supported Moses through the waters of Jordan ; I have been in the buttery in the land of the Trinity ; it is not known what is the nature of its meat and its fish." It is very well to say that these assertions " we may fairly ascribe to the poetic fancy of a Christian priest of the thirteenth century." Certainly we may ; the last of Taliesin's assertions more especially ; though one must remark at the same time that the Welshman shows much more fire and imagination than the Anglo-Saxon. But Taliesin adds, after his " I was in Canaan when Absalom was slain," " *I was in the hall of Don before Gwydion was born ;*" he adds, after " I was the chief overseer at the building of the tower of Nimrod," " *I have been three times resident in the castle of Arianrod ;*" he adds, after " I was at the cross with Mary Magdalene," " *I obtained my inspiration from the cauldron of Ceridwen.*" And finally, after the mediæval touch of the visit to the buttery in the land of the Trinity, he goes off at score : " I have been instructed in the whole system of the universe ; I shall be till the day of judgment on the face of the earth. I have been in an uneasy chair above Caer Sidin, and the whirling round without motion between three elements. Is it not the wonder of the world that cannot be discovered ? " And so he ends the poem. But here is the Celtic, the essential part of the poem : it is here that the " formative pressure " has been really in operation ; and here surely is paganism and mythology enough, which the Christian priest of the thirteenth century can have had nothing to do with. It is unscientific, no doubt, to interpret this part as Edward Davies and Mr. Herbert do ; but it is unscientific also to get rid of it as Mr. Nash does. Wales and the Welsh genius are not to be known without this part ; and the true critic is he who can best disengage its real significance.

I say, then, what we want is to *know* the Celt and his genius ; not to *exalt* him or to *abase* him, but to *know* him. And

for this a disinterested, positive, and constructive criticism is needed. Neither his friends nor his enemies have yet given us much of this. His friends have given us materials for criticism, and for these we ought to be grateful; his enemies have given us negative criticism, and for this, too, up to a certain point, we may be grateful; but the criticism we really want neither of them has yet given us. Philology, that science which in our time has had so many successes, has not been abandoned by her good fortune in touching the Celt; philology has brought, almost for the first time in their lives, the Celt and sound criticism together. The Celtic grammar of Zeuss, whose death is so grievous a loss to science, offers a splendid specimen of that patient, disinterested way of treating objects of knowledge, which is the best and most attractive characteristic of Germany. Zeuss proceeds neither as a Celt-lover nor as a Celt-hater; not the slightest trace of a wish to glorify Teutonicism or to abase Celtism, appears in his book. The only desire apparent there, is the desire to know his object, the language of the Celtic peoples, as it really is. In this he stands as a model to Celtic students; and it has been given to him, as a reward for his sound method, to establish certain points which are henceforth cardinal points, landmarks, in all the discussion of Celtic matters, and which no one had so established before. People talked at random of Celtic writings of this or that age; Zeuss has definitely fixed the age of what we actually have of these writings. To take the Cymric group of languages; our earliest Cornish document is a vocabulary of the thirteenth century; our earliest Breton document is a short description of an estate in a deed of the ninth century; our earliest Welsh documents are Welsh glosses of the eighth century to Eutychus, the grammarian, and Ovid's *Art of Love*, and the verses found by Edward Lhuyd in the *Juvencus* manuscript at Cambridge. The mention of this *Juvencus* fragment, by the by, suggests the difference there is between a sound and an unsound critical habit. Mr. Nash deals with this fragment; but, in spite of all his great acuteness and learning, because he has a bias, because he does not bring to these matters the

disinterested spirit they need, he is capable of getting rid, quite unwarrantably, of a particular word in the fragment which does not suit him; his dealing with the verses is an advocate's dealing, not a critic's. Of this sort of thing Zeuss is incapable.

The test which Zeuss used for establishing the age of these documents is a scientific test, the test of orthography and of declensional and syntactical forms. These matters are far out of my province, but what is clear, sound, and simple, has a natural attraction for us all, and one feels a pleasure in repeating it. It is the grand sign of age, Zeuss says, in Welsh and Irish words, when what the grammarians call the "destitutio tenuium" has not yet taken place; when the sharp consonants have not yet been changed into flat, *p* or *t* into *b* or *d*; when, for instance, *map*, a son, has not yet become *mab*; *coet*, a wood, *coed*; *ocet*, a harrow, *oged*. This is a clear, scientific test to apply, and a test of which the accuracy can be verified; I do not say that Zeuss was the first person who knew of this test or applied it, but I say that he is the first person who in dealing with Celtic matters has invariably proceeded by means of this and similar scientific tests; the first person, therefore, the body of whose work has a scientific, stable character; and so he stands as a model to all Celtic inquirers.

His influence has already been most happy; and as I have enlarged on a certain failure in criticism of Eugene O'Curry's—whose business, after all, was the description and classification of materials rather than criticism—let me show, by another example from Eugene O'Curry, this good influence of Zeuss upon Celtic studies. Eugene O'Curry wants to establish that compositions of an older date than the twelfth century existed in Ireland in the twelfth century, and thus he proceeds. He takes one of the great extant Irish manuscripts, the *Leabhar na h'Uidhre*; or *Book of the Dun Cow*. The compiler of this book was, he says, a certain Maelduiri, a member of the religious house of Cluainmacnois. This he establishes from a passage in the manuscript itself: "This is a trial of his pen here, by Maelduiri, son of the son of Conn na m'Bocht." The date of Maelduiri he establishes from a passage

in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, under the year 1106: "Maelmuiri, son of the son of Conn na m'Bocht, was killed in the middle of the great stone church of Cluainmacnois, by a party of robbers." Thus he gets the date of the *Book of the Dun Cow*. This book contains an elegy on the death of St. Columb. Now even before 1106, the language of this elegy was so old as to require a gloss to make it intelligible, for it is accompanied by a gloss written between the lines. This gloss quotes, for the explanation of obsolete words, a number of more ancient compositions; and these compositions, therefore, must, at the beginning of the twelfth century, have been still in existence. Nothing can be sounder; every step is proved, and fairly proved, as one goes along. O'Curry thus affords a good specimen of the same mode of proceeding so much wanted in Celtic researches, and so little practiced by Edward Davies and his brethren; and to found this same method Zeuss, by the example he sets in his own department of philology, has mainly contributed.

Science's reconciling power, too, on which I have already touched, philology, in her Celtic researches, again and again illustrates. Races and languages have been absurdly joined, and unity has been often rashly assumed at stages where one was far, very far from having yet really reached unity. Science has and will long have to be a divider and a separatist, breaking arbitrary and fanciful connections, and dissipating dreams of a premature and impossible unity. Still, science—true science—recognizes in the bottom of her soul, a law of ultimate fusion, of conciliation. To reach this, but to reach it legitimately she tends. She draws, for instance, towards the same idea which fills her elder and divine sister, poetry—the idea of the substantial unity of man; though she draws towards it by roads of her own. But continually she is showing us affinity where we imagined there was isolation. What schoolboy of us has not rummaged his Greek dictionary in vain for a satisfactory account of that old name for the Peloponnese, the *Apian Land*? and within the limits of Greek itself there is none. But the Scythian name for earth, "apia," *watery, water-*

issued, meaning first *isle* and then *land*—this name, which we find in "avia," Scandinavia, and in "ey" for island, Alderney, not only explains the *Apian Land* of Sophocles for us, but points the way to a whole world of relationships of which we knew nothing. The Scythians themselves again—obscure, far-separated Mongolian people as they used to appear to us—when we find that they are essentially Teutonic and Indo-European, their very name the same word as the common Latin word "scutum," the *shielded* people, what a surprise they give us! And then, before we have recovered from this surprise, we learn that the name of their father and god, Targitavus, carries us I know not how much further into familiar company. This divinity, *Shining with the targa*, the Greek Hercules, the Sun, contains in the second half of his name, *tavus*, "shining," a wonderful cement to hold times and nations together. *Tavus*, "shining," from "tava"—in Sanscrit, as well as Scythian, "to burn" or "shine"—is *Divus, dies, Zeus, Gæus, Diva*, and I know not how much more; and *Taviti*, the bright and burnt, fire, the place of fire, the hearth, the centre of the family, becomes the family itself, just as our word family, the Latin *familia*, is from *thymelê*, the sacred centre of fire. The hearth comes to mean home. Then from home it comes to mean the group of homes, the tribe; from the tribe the entire nation; and in this sense of nation or people, the word appears in Gothic, Norse, Celtic and Persian, as well as in Scythian; the *Theuthisks*, Deutschen, Tudesques, are the men of one *theuth*, nation, or people; and of this our name *Germans* itself is, perhaps, only the Roman translation, meaning the men of one germ or stock. The Celtic divinity, Teutates, has his name from the Celtic *teuta*, people; *ta-viti*, fire, appearing here in its secondary and derivative sense of *people*, just as it does in its own Scythian language in Targitavus's second name, *Tavit-varus*, *Teuturos*, the protector of the people. Another Celtic divinity, the *Hesus* of Lucan, finds his brother in the *Gaisos*, the sword, symbolizing the god of battles of the Teutonic Scythians. And after philology has thus related to each other the Celt and the Teuton, she takes

another branch of the Indo-European family, the Sclaves, and shows us them as having the same name with the German Suevi, the *solar* people; the common ground here, too, being that grand point of union, the sun, fire. So, also, we find Mr. Meyer, whose Celtic studies I just now mentioned, harping again and again on the connection even in Europe, if you go back far enough, between Celt and German. So, after all we have heard, and truly heard, of the diversity between all things Semitic and all things Indo-European, there is now an Italian philologist at work upon the relationship between Sanscrit and Hebrew.

Both in small and great things, philology, dealing with Celtic matters, has exemplified this tending of science towards unity. Who has not been puzzled by the relations of the Scots with Ireland—that *vetus et major Scotia*, as Colgan calls it? Who does not feel what pleasure Zeus brings us when he suggests that *Gael*, the name for the Irish Celt, and *Scot*, are at bottom the same word, both having their origin in a word meaning *wind*, and both signifying the *violent, stormy people*? Who does not feel his mind agreeably cleared about our friends the Fenians, when he learns that the root of their name, *fen*, “white,” appears in the hero Fingal; in Gwynedd, the Welsh name for North Wales; in the Roman Venedotia; in Vannes in Brittany; in Venice? The very name of Ireland, some say, comes from the famous Sanscrit word *Arya*, the land of the Aryans, or noble men; although the weight of opinion seems to be in favor of connecting it rather with another Sanscrit word, *avara*, occidental, the western land or isle of the west. But, at any rate, who that has been brought up to think the Celts utter aliens from us and our culture, can come without a start of sympathy upon such words as *heol* (sol), or *buaist* (fuisti)? or upon such a sentence as this, “*Peris Duw dui funnaun*” (“God prepared two fountains”)? Or when Mr. Whitley Stokes, one of the ablest scholars formed in Zeuss’s school, a born philologist—he now occupies, alas! a post under the government of India, instead of a chair of philology at home, and makes one think mournfully of Montesquieu’s saying, that had he been an

Englishman he should never have produced his great work, but caught the contagion of practical life, and devoted himself to what is called “rising in the world”—when Mr. Whitley Stokes, in his edition of *Cormac’s Glossary*, holds up the Irish word *triath*, the sea, and makes us remark that, though the names *Triton*, *Amphitrite*, and those of corresponding Indian and Zend divinities, point to the meaning *sea*, yet it is only Irish which actually supplies the vocable, how delightfully that brings Ireland into the Indo-European concert! What a wholesome buffet it gives to Lord Lyndhurst’s alienation doctrines. To go a little further: of the two great Celtic divisions of language, the Gaelic and the Cymric, the Gaelic, say the philologists, is more related to the younger, more synthetic group of languages, Sanscrit, Greek, Zend, Latin, and Teutonic; the Cymric to the older more analytic Turanian group. Of the more synthetic Aryan group, again, Zend and Teutonic are, in their turn, looser and more analytic than Sanscrit and Greek, more in sympathy with the Turanian group and with Celtic. What possibilities of affinity and influence are here hinted at; what lines of inquiry worth exploring, at any rate, suggest themselves to one’s mind! By the forms of its language a nation expresses its very self. Our language is the loosest, most analytic, of all European languages. And we, then, what are we? What is England? I will not answer, A vast obscure Cymric basis with a vast visible Teutonic superstructure; but I will say that that answer sometimes suggests itself, at any rate—sometimes knocks at our mind’s door for admission; and we begin to cast about and see whether it is to be let in.

But the forms of its language are not our only key to a people; what it says in its language, its literature, is the great key, and we must get back to literature. The literature of the Celtic peoples has not yet had its Zeuss, and greatly it wants him. We need a Zeuss to apply to Celtic literature, to all its vexed questions of dates, authenticity, and significance the criticism, the sane method, the disinterested endeavor to get at the real facts, which Zeuss has shown in dealing with Celtic language. Science

is good in itself, and therefore Celtic literature—Mr. Nash and the Celt-haters having failed to prove it a bubble—Celtic literature is interesting, merely as an object of knowledge. But it reinforces and redoubles our interest in Celtic literature if we find that here, too, science exercises the reconciling, the uniting influence of which I have said so much; if we find here more than anywhere else, traces of kinship, and the most essential sort of kinship, spiritual kinship, between us and the Celt, of which we had never dreamed. I settle nothing, and can settle nothing; I have not the special knowledge needed for that. I have no pretension to do more than to try and awaken interest; to seize on hints, to point out indications, which, to any one with a feeling for literature, suggest themselves; to stimulate other inquirers. I must surely be without the bias which has so often rendered Welsh and Irish students extravagant; why, my very name expresses that peculiar Semitic-Saxon mixture which makes the typical Englishman; I can have no ends to serve in finding in Celtic literature more than is there. What *is* there, is for me the only question. But this question must be for another time.

Saturday Review.

THE REBUILDING OF THE TUILERIES.

It is now understood in Paris that the Emperor intends gradually to pull down the whole palace of the Tuileries, and rebuild it with a magnificence in accordance with the massive and ornate pavilions of the new Louvre. The project will no doubt involve an immense outlay, and yet we cannot consider it unreasonable. The Tuileries is the most inconvenient palace in Europe; indeed, it is not too much to say that no English gentleman would endure in his own house the awkward communication and insufficient accommodation which so many French sovereigns have patiently put up with in their town residence. When Catherine de Medicis built her house where the tilekilns had been, the edifice was of very moderate dimensions, and, as a Renaissance palace, quite complete in its way. It consisted of a cen-

tral pavilion, smaller and lower than the present one, two wings, and two smaller pavilions, one at each end. No doubt Philbert de l'Orme and Jean Bulan took care to arrange the interior conveniently, and the outside looked well enough in times when the Louvre, so far from being a portion of the same building, was not even visible from it. But under Henri IV. and subsequent sovereigns the well-proportioned little palace of Catherine de Medicis was enlarged by additional wings and pavilions; and though François d'Orbay gave it greater height in 1664 from designs of Louis de Vau, it has ever since been low for its length, and the central pavilion (de l'Horloge) has been far too insignificant to sustain such a prodigious development of wing. The building is a mere curtain, and much of its apparent extent, as compared with Buckingham Palace, is due to its want of depth. The breadth of a single hall represents the thickness of the structure, and such is the want of independent communication inside, that we have been told on very good authority that the inhabitants have sometimes to make their way from one end to the other by going out of doors in a carriage. The state rooms are magnificent, and the private Imperial apartments, if we may judge from the careful water-color drawings of M. Fournier, are very pleasant and comfortable; but persons of inferior consequence are said to be lodged less commodiously than the habits of modern times, and the splendor of the Imperial Court, would lead them to expect.

These architectural and constructive defects existed, no doubt, under former reigns, but they have been recently brought into far greater prominence by the erection of the new buildings which complete the connection between the Louvre and the Tuileries. These buildings have many faults of their own, but they also possess qualities of a kind very injurious to the residence of the Emperor. They are so massive, so charged with ornament, so extravagantly sumptuous, that they would kill works of far greater artistic merit, and have reduced the Tuileries, as seen from the Place du Carrousel, to a mere line of quite commonplace mason's work. Every addition to the original design of Philbert

de l'Orme has been an injury to it, but the new Louvre of M. Visconti is more than injury—it is annihilation.

It is a favorite practice of M. Thiers, before or after telling his readers the one thing which his hero really did, to expatiate on the five or six other things any one of which, under the circumstances, he as easily might have done. We feel tempted, in this instance, to follow the historian's example by showing three or four ways in which the Emperor's architectural difficulties might have been avoided. When Catherine de Medicis built the Tuileries, there was as little idea of uniting that palace with the Louvre as there is at present of uniting Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House. Hence it never occurred to Philbert de l'Orme to have his façade parallel with the colonnade of the Louvre, and he built it at such an angle that their lines prolonged, would meet somewhere in the direction of Montmartre, forming a triangle with the Seine for its base. But when the two palaces were united on the river side by that wonderful long gallery which all art-students have either seen or heard of, this absence of parallelism became visible as a defect, and subsequent cumbrous attempts to hide it have only made it the more obtrusively obvious. The angle formed by the junction of the Tuileries and the long gallery of the Louvre at the Pavillon de Flore is acute, and the whole quadrangle is irregular.

M. Visconti had a project in his portfolio for twenty years, which he was in the habit of offering to successive Governments, and which at length found acceptance at the hands of Napoleon III. The great practical object of this scheme was to hide the absence of parallelism; and to accomplish this M. Visconti erected two immense wings inside the quadrangle coming from the Louvre towards the Tuileries, but ending abruptly in the Place du Carrousel, where they rejoin the line of building in the Rue de Rivoli and the long gallery by the Seine—the angles, in neither case a right angle, being crowned by heavy pavilions. Every reader who has visited Paris during the last ten years will remember these singular edifices, with their massive arcades covered with sculpture and crowned with rows of

colossal stone statues of French notabilities. They have several evident disadvantages. In the first place, considered with reference to the Louvre, and as wings, they are far too long, forming a sort of street or *cul de sac* at the end of which stands the Louvre, diminished by perspective (when you are far enough off in the Place du Carrousel to see the wings completely) to a mere barrier wall of comparative little architectural importance; while the single pavilion in the middle is crushed by no less than six pavilions in the wings, of which two are more important than itself. What more clearly establishes Visconti's ignorance of the commonest necessities of composition is that he actually conceived it possible at first to leave the old back wall of the Louvre visible as a centre, merely fixing a few bits of sculpture upon it as a relief to its bare and miserable surface. He seems to have had no notion of the destructive effect of contrast. He seems to have imagined that richness had no active operation beyond its proper prestige; he seems to have thought that superlative magnificence might be set beside comparative simplicity, and not endow it with the conspicuousness of poverty. Persons who have no confidence in great artistic principles may, however, yet be sensible to their own violations of them; and this error was to some extent corrected by removing the experimental ornaments from the Louvre and casing the old wall with a new stone front in a style corresponding to the great wings. But it may be fairly argued, in a case of this kind, that the ornament of the central mass should be even richer than that of the wings, for the reason that perspective concentrates ornament, and these wings *can* only be seen in perspective, which gives an impression of even more abundant decoration than that which really exists in proportion to the length of wall.

The right policy would have been to give the central mass of the Louvre the advantage of superior height, by keeping the new buildings as low as the Tuileries, while its pavilion ought to have been left in solitary grandeur, and its whole front decorated as sumptuously as possible, the new buildings being left as plain as those of Napoleon I. Accepting

M. Visconti's device for the concealment of the irregularity of the quadrangle, this, we say, would have been, from the artistic point of view, his most judicious course. But we consider his whole device quite ludicrously inadequate. So far from hiding the defect, it positively makes it plainer. Go towards the Louvre between Visconti's wings, turn round and look at the Tuileries, and Visconti's own lines, instead of guarding your eye to the central pavilion of the Tuileries, lead it to a point south of it, and so mathematically demonstrate the very irregularity they were designed to conceal. We are not, however, disposed to attach so much consequence to this absence of parallelism as Visconti himself did. Not one person in a hundred can tell a moderately obtuse angle from a right angle when he sees it, and we never met with a single tourist who, not having made architecture a study, had from his own observation detected the irregularity of the Place du Carrousel. Half the rooms in Paris have obtuse and acute angles in their corners; the new Hotel du Louvre is full of them, and yet they pass entirely unperceived by the visitors. The fault is really of no consequence, glaring as it is; but if it had been worth while to hide it, there were many ways to choose from. The Place du Carrousel might have been divided into three quadrangles, and the fault carefully distributed within the thickness of the intervening lines of building (which might have diminished gradually from south to north); or an immense oval place might have been built within the square, the irregularities being lost in the smaller courts at the corners; or, finally, the square might have been left to its own shapelessness, with a lofty building in the middle to prevent people from seeing its lines and angles uninterruptedly. As it exists at present, the new Louvre is rich and picturesque and barbarous; its very irregularities are agreeable to the eye, and there is much grandeur in the vistas of its long colonnades, and in the various groupings of its huge pavilions.

It is said that when these new works were completed the Emperor was dissatisfied, and exclaimed, "Si je m'en croyais, je ferais tout recommencer."

Apparently, one of two things had to be done—either to pull down Visconti's creation or demolish the Tuileries; and it seems that his Majesty has decided for the latter. An excellent pretext for a beginning was afforded by the evidently insecure condition of the Pavillon de Flore (that close to the river) and of a portion of the long gallery contiguous. Fissures were observed in the walls of the pavilion, and that of the gallery leaned ominously over the passers-by. So these were pulled down, and then a little more of the gallery, and yet a little more, till now all that part known by its long fluted pilasters is gone; and the reconstruction is already advancing rapidly without long pilasters, and in the style of the older part near the Louvre, begun under the reign of Charles IX. It is believed that the demolition will continue until this part is reached, when an uninterrupted front of similar decoration will extend from the Tuileries to the Gallery of Apollo. As to the Tuileries itself, the demolition and reconstruction are expected to proceed very slowly, advancing from the Pavillon de Flore to the Rue de Rivoli, and there gradually replacing the still recent and sound, but comparatively simple, line of building which now extends from the garden to the new Louvre.

From one point of view this project will be looked with unmixed regret. The Tuileries is the most interesting historical palace in Europe, and on these grounds an effort ought to have been made to save it. The architectural requirements of the Place du Carrousel, and the convenience of the Imperial Court, might both, we should think, be satisfied and provided for by the erection of a new line of building behind the historical palace, which would at once double its accommodation and hide it from the eyes of visitors dazzled by the glories of Visconti's Louvre. But considerations of economy and a regard for historical associations do not seem to be much in the Emperor's way, and the temptation to give himself a magnificent new house is likely to be too strong for them. Whether justly or not, he is now fully credited with this design, and the very *sergents de ville* talk openly of its fulfilment as only a question of time.

Popular Science Review.

ENGRAVING WITH A SUNBEAM.

WHEN, twenty-four years ago, the first specimens of Photographic Art on paper were handed round among the *savans* of the period, speculation was rife concerning the probable effects which the new art would produce on miniature painting, and the results which, generally, would accrue from its introduction. But wild as were then deemed some of the conjectures formed concerning its future, and visionary as were supposed to be the dreams of those who hazarded opinions concerning its probable bearings and results, it must now be admitted that in many respects, if not quite in the manner expected, Photography has, even at the present time, not only fulfilled, but surpassed, the wildest dreams of those who watched by its cradle, and has more than realized the expectations, now no longer considered Utopian, of its projectors. Consequent upon its introduction, new facts in Chemistry have been discovered, and an entirely new path of investigation in Optical science laid open. Advancing with rapid strides, it has been the means of causing kindred sciences to advance along with it; and the pages of the *Popular Science Review* have from time to time borne testimony to the aid thus rendered by Photography to cognate sciences.

After the persevering efforts and assiduous application of Mr. Fox - Talbot to perfect his process of Photography on paper had been crowned with a degree of success not long before considered quite unattainable, that gentleman made the unpleasant discovery that photographic pictures were far from being permanent; that, called into existence, as it were, in consequence of the instability of certain metallic salts, the same causes by which they were produced operated in inducing their destruction; and the elements of decay could not with certainty or satisfaction be eliminated from the finished picture, notwithstanding the care and pains employed in the endeavor to obtain this desideratum.

A brief glance at the cause and nature of this decay or fading of photographs may not here be improper, seeing that it was the means of leading to im-

portant results, to a description of one of which we have devoted this article.

The blacks of photographic prints on ordinary unsized paper consist of silver. To aid in the proper fixing of a photograph, or destroying its further sensitiveness to light, hyposulphite of soda in solution is employed. The action of this salt on the silver in the pores of the paper is of an extremely complex nature, and long washing is requisite to secure its removal. If not thoroughly removed, an action continues to be exerted which ultimately results in the destruction of the picture, the blacks of which are converted into a sulphide of silver. But the sulphurous gases with which the atmosphere is impregnated, joined to the complex effects produced by the albumen (with which photographic paper is usually prepared) acting on the silver in a manner not yet clearly understood, exert a destructive influence on photographs. The introduction of gold-toning has mitigated this evil to a considerable extent, but an inspection of some recent pictorial productions of photographers of reputation suffices to show that it still exists, notwithstanding the known care taken by them to obviate it.

It was this knowledge of the liability of silver prints to fade that induced Mr. Talbot, upwards of fourteen years ago, to search through the arcana of science for a more stable substance than silver of which to form the photographic image, his search being accelerated, as he informed the writer, by the fact that even the paste by which the pictures in his *Pencil of Nature* (the first illustrated photographic work ever published) were attached to the mounting board had set up a process of decomposition.

The most stable substance which presented itself to him was *carbon*; but, eminently unaffected by light as it was, the question of how to utilize it in the production of a photograph was one that occupied much time and involved much labor in answering. The ink used by the engraver, he considered, was permanent; and if means existed by which a photograph could be automatically engraved on a metal plate, then would the product of this plate be permanent when printed with a carbonaceous ink. Hence resulted a discovery of infinitely more importance than he himself could possi-

bly have foreseen, from which have proceeded numerous ramifications, one of the latest and possibly most important of these being Woodbury's method of photo-relief printing, to the elucidation of the principles and practice of which we now address ourselves.

In his endeavor to obtain an engraved plate by means of photography, Mr. Talbot availed himself of the discovery of the photogenic properties of bichromate of potash which had been made a short time before by Mr. Mungo Ponton. From the apparently trivial discovery of this gentleman, that paper which had been washed with a solution of this salt became darker in color when exposed to light—a discovery followed by some researches by M. Becquerel into the nature and cause of this action—the active and practical mind of Mr. Talbot at once led him to see how this discovery might be turned to a valuable and practical issue. Accordingly the scientific world was startled and gratified by the announcement in the *Athenæum*, in 1853, that the problem of permanent photographic printing had been solved by this gentleman's discovery of a method by which photographs could be printed from an engraved steel plate in the usual carbonaceous ink of the copperplate printer. Some of the specimens shown as the result of this discovery possessed great delicacy and beauty; and we have scientific journals which have been illustrated by engraved photographs of natural scenery effected by the process in question, which is based on the fact that bichromatized gelatine, gum, and other organic bodies become, after exposure to light, insoluble in water, and that an etching ground thus composed may be dissolved away in all those parts from which the light has been debarred access.

This was the original discovery, but who can estimate the magnitude of its results? For, arising out of it, and based on its simple principles, are the numerous varieties of photo-lithography, photo-zincography, photo-galvanography, photographic engraving in its now numerous phases, carbon printing, vitrified or enamelled photographs, surface block-printing, and, lastly, the process of relief-printing, now more immediately under consideration.

Gelatine is the principal agent in relief-printing; and several previously unknown properties possessed by this substance have been brought to light through the agency of its photographic application. But before entering on the subject in detail, a synopsis of the process had better here be given.

Woodbury's relief-printing is based on the fact that, if a layer of any dark-colored transparent material be placed upon a white sheet of paper, the color transmitted to the eye will be light or dark in proportion to the thickness of the material; if extremely thin, then the paper will appear white or almost so, every increase in the thickness causing the color to appear deeper. If now a mould be prepared in intaglio, and it be filled with a colored transparent body, such as gelatine, containing a dark pigment mixed with it, a sheet of paper pressed on this mould by means of a flat plate of metal would cause all the superfluous gelatine to be expressed at the edges, but as soon as the gelatine becomes set, the paper will, on being raised from the mould, carry with it the gelatine cast, which will be a faithful register of the mould, the heights and depths in which being thus translated into color. As will readily be supposed, the preparation of the intaglio mould used in this process is an operation of the highest importance, for on the delicacy and accuracy of its gradations evidently depends the beauty of the finished picture; and it is in the preparation of this mould that the wonderful properties of bichromatized gelatine become apparent.

The particular kind of gelatine employed in the preparation of a mould is of more importance than would at first be supposed. That found by experience to be best for this purpose is known as *Nelson's Opaque Gelatine*, an ounce of which is placed in five ounces of water, allowed to remain until it swells, and liquefied by setting the vessel that contains it in hot water. To each ounce of this solution must be added fifteen grains of bichromate of ammonia, previously dissolved in about a drachm of warm water. The mixture should be carefully filtered, and kept in a dark place for use. This bichromatized gelatine possesses some curious properties,

the nature of some of which will be ascertained from the following experiment: Coat a plate of glass on one side with the solution, and when dried, which must be done in a feebly lighted place, cover it with a paper containing ordinary printed matter on one side, press in intimate contact with the surface of the glass by means of a second glass plate, and expose to sunlight (through the paper) for a few minutes. On examining the plate in a subdued light, those parts on which the light was allowed to act, corresponding with the white paper, will be found to be deeper in color than the parts which were shielded from luminous action by the black letters. The bichromate of ammonia has been decomposed by the light, and chromic acid has been liberated, which, acting on the gelatine, has so modified its nature as to cause it to be no longer soluble in water. If now the plate be immersed in cold water and quickly withdrawn, it will be found that the parts on which the light has been allowed to act are, to some extent, repellent of the water. A prolonged immersion in water causes the unaltered parts of the surface to swell and stand out in relief, those parts in which the chromic acid has been liberated apparently undergoing no change.

It will readily suggest itself to a reflective mind that a difficulty will exist in the way of securing a series of graduations in a photographic negative having their proper effect produced when thus attempting to print on the surface of a sensitive gelatine film. The possibility of obtaining half-tones is dependent upon the power of the light to penetrate the yellow coating of bichromate and gelatine by which it is rendered more or less insoluble, but the impermeability to light of this layer long stood in the way of the best results being obtainable, until Mr. Burnett, of Edinburgh, solved the difficulty by printing on the under instead of the upper surface, and since that time no more difficulties have intervened in the way of producing photographs in relief in solid gelatine. Bearing this principle in view, we shall see how it is applied by Mr. Woodbury to aid him in securing a mould.

A sheet of talc of the size of the pic-

ture required is affixed to a plate of glass by means of a little gum or water and after being placed on a levelling stand, some of the bichromatized gelatine—prepared as previously intimated—is poured on to its surface so as to form an even coating. When it has become quite dry, the talc, by means of a sharp knife, is removed from the glass, and the exposed surface of the gelatinized talc carefully cleaned and placed in contact with the negative of the subject that is to be reproduced. The surface of the gelatine is protected by means of a sheet of blotting-paper, after which it is covered over with a glass to insure uniform pressure and close contact between the talc and the negative. After exposure to the light of the sun for about an hour, the film must be placed face upward in a dish of hot water, by which means all the gelatine unacted on by the light will be dissolved away, leaving a picture in relief the height of which depends upon the penetrating power of the light through the negative, the parts most acted upon standing in highest relief. When no more gelatine will dissolve from the film, it is dried by a gentle heat up to a certain stage, after which the drying is allowed to be completed spontaneously. This precaution serves to prevent the gelatine film from splitting away from the talc.

Reliefs obtained in the manner described may be kept in a portfolio for any length of time, and are always ready for the next operation, that of securing an intaglio impression in metal. To obtain this impression, the electrotype process at once suggests itself as the most suitable one for the purpose, and in the early days of the process—if such a phrase be applicable to that which has not yet been a year in existence—the moulds were obtained by electrical deposition. This, however, was attended by a loss of time which it was desirable should be avoided; accordingly, after some experiments, Mr. Woodbury found that when the gelatine “relief” had become thoroughly dried, it was hard enough to be impressed in soft metal, faithfully transmitting its most delicate details, and, curiously enough, still remaining uninjured after having done so. This discovery at once shortened the preparatory process of printing by some

days; for the time occupied in producing a perfect mould in metal does not now occupy a minute. The metallic intaglio is produced in the following manner: On the flat bed of a hydraulic press is placed the gelatine relief, tale side down, over which is placed a clean sheet of metal, composed, by preference, of a mixture of type metal and lead. A perfectly flat plate of steel is placed over this, and the whole subjected to a degree of pressure which varies with the hardness of the metal employed. For a picture of the size of the portraits of Baron Liebig or Professor Huxley, which serve as illustrations of the process in the present number of this work, a pressure of upwards of fifty tons will suffice to impress every detail in the type metal. There is no limit to the size of the plate that may thus be produced; but, in proportion as its area increases, so must the pressure also be increased. In the mean time, with metal of a suitable degree of hardness, the amount of pressure may be approximately stated as four tons to the square inch. In obtaining this metal intaglio it is of the greatest importance that it should be absolutely flat, and for this purpose it is necessary to employ two flat polished plates of steel of a thickness sufficient to prevent their bending or yielding when in the press. One of these should be laid on the bed of the press, and on its face should the gelatine mould be placed, the other, as just stated, serving to act as a cover. It might be thought that, by passing the two steel plates with their intervening contents between a pair of large rollers, pressure would be communicated in an equally advantageous manner to that obtained in the hydraulic press, and at a less expenditure of mechanical means. Careful experiment has, however, determined that the momentary and local pressure obtained from rollers will not yield such perfect moulds as are obtainable by hydraulic agency. The cause of this may be found in the elasticity of the mould, and, possibly, in a lesser degree, in that of the metal also. Simple percussion fails to yield details in a mould so made; but even a lesser amount of force expended over an appreciable time, say one second, will not fail to cause every detail to be impressed in the metal.

One important advantage in this process is found to arise from the fact that the gelatine mould is in no wise deteriorated by its having communicated its details to a metallic surface, but, where a large number of prints are required, will serve to produce several moulds ready for printing, and in this, too, in a space of time not exceeding one minute for each.

The process of obtaining prints from the mould is simple, and is conducted in the following manner: A press is made in the form of a very shallow box, with a hinged lid. In the bottom of the box is placed a thick plate of glass, a similar glass plate forming the lid. The bottom plate rests on four screws which serve to adjust the plate to any height. On this plate is laid, face upwards, the metal intaglio mould, and the lid being closed down, the screws in the bottom are so adjusted as to bring the upper surface of the mould in equal contact with the glass lid. The cover being again raised, a small quantity of ink is now poured on the centre of the mould, the sheet of paper destined to receive the impression is then laid down on the top of the small pool of ink, and the lid having again been closed down, the ink is spread out between the mould and the paper, filling up the cavities in the former, and the superfluous portion escaping over the edges. The lid should remain closed for nearly a minute, or until the ink sets sufficiently to allow of its being removed in contact with the paper, to the surface of which it is eventually found adhering. The conditions required in a suitable ink are fluidity, with rapid setting, transparency, and facility for removal from the mould with perfect adherence to the paper. These conditions are fulfilled in gelatine to which any coloring matter may be added; and as the range of transparent pigments is very extended, so are the colors in which prints may be produced by the process in question. The gelatine is dissolved in the same manner as that described in the preparation of the mould, and a small quantity of a suitable pigment mixed with it. The lamp-black of the ordinary capsuled tin colored tubes, with the addition of a little carmine or crimson lake, forms an agreeable tint; but this is entirely dependent

upon the taste of the operator or the nature of the subject. A picture may be printed either in the most sombre black, the most intense red, or the richest violet or blue. The most suitable thickness of the gelatine ink is best determined by experience, and it will generally be found necessary occasionally to add to it a little water. The ink must be kept warm by means of a gas stove or otherwise, the heat and strength of the gelatinous ink being such as to insure its setting in the mould in a reasonable time. To prevent the ink from adhering to the mould, or parting from it readily, the latter must, from time to time, be slightly moistened with a sponge or pledget of cotton charged with oil.

When a suitable time has elapsed—usually from half a minute to a minute—the lid is raised and the paper removed from the mould, taking with it the whole of the colored gelatine, which at this stage forms a picture on the paper in relief, and to which peculiarity the name of the process—"relief-printing"—owes its origin. It is only in relief, however, for a very short time, for as it dries, this peculiarity disappears, until, when it has become quite dry, no trace of relief is apparent. From the fact that the print must remain in the press for nearly a minute ere it is ready for removal, it is expedient that one operator should have several presses to work so as to fill up his time. By adopting this plan a skilled printer will be enabled to produce prints at the rate of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred per hour.

To prevent the print from sustaining any damage from moisture, gelatine being readily susceptible to hygrometric influences, the prints before being mounted are fixed—an operation performed in a very simple manner, namely, by immersing them for a short time in a solution of alum. By this means the image is rendered insoluble, so that when it is again dried it is found to be impervious to moisture, and its mechanical condition, too, is improved.

The cost of photographs printed in the manner described is very moderate. The ink and paper combined will not amount to a farthing, each print of a size suitable for average book illustra-

tion, and all the waste ink recovered from the superfluity around the edges of the mould may be instantaneously utilized by being again returned to the vessel from which the warm and melted ink is poured; and thus the economy of the process is in no way affected by the quantity of ink that may be poured on to the surface of the plate during the operation of printing.

From what has been said it will have been seen that Mr. Woodbury, in the process described, has introduced an entirely new principle in printing—a principle by which the most perfect gradation is obtained, differing in this respect from any other kind of press-printing. When a suitable paper is employed to receive the image, details almost microscopic in their minuteness are found in the finished picture, and this combined with brilliance and vigor. If the impressions be received on a plate of opal glass instead of on paper, transparencies of the richest and most delicate nature are obtained, rivalling the choicest productions of Feriér and Souliér.

Temple Bar.

FINANCE, FRAUDS, AND FAILURES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BUBBLES OF FINANCE."

AMONG ordinary Englishmen, how many were there five years ago who attached any definite meaning to the word "finance," or in conversation ever used the verb "to finance?" We had all read of the Minister of Finance in continental countries, and shortly after the great mutiny, British India was not a little puzzled at hearing that the late Mr. Wilson had been appointed "Finance Minister" for our Eastern Empire. The office of the former we knew was analogous to that of our own Chancellor of the Exchequer; and we lamented the death of the latter, who so quickly met in the East the fate of seven out of every ten Europeans who go late in life to that land of the sun. But the substantive "finance" was rarely, and the verb "to finance" never, made use of. Not even within the precincts of the city did any man of business apply to the work of banking, discounting, lending, or borrowing, the terms "Finance," or "to

Finance." There were then, as now, bankers in Lombard-street, and for those who had good security to offer, it was never difficult to obtain aid in pecuniary difficulty. If a merchant wanted money he used to take to his bankers the bills of exchange which he held, and which had been accepted by firms of respectability in consequence of merchandise sold or conveyed to their care for sale, and these documents, if deemed "good," the banker discounted at the current rate of the day. Thus the merchant obtained money he required, while, in return for what he had disbursed, the banker held legal available security, for the payment of which two, three, or more firms were responsible, and for which, if he wished to exchange for current money, he, the banker, could always do so by what is called re-discounting. In the same way country gentlemen, landed proprietors, householders, or others who had security to offer, could always get advances at a reasonable rate of interest, by depositing with their bankers equivalent security for the sum they required.

Nor was it only those who had substantial securities to place at their bankers that could obtain advances or loans. If Captain Heavy of the "Bays" wanted a couple of hundreds or so to pull him through the Epsom week, what more natural than that he should get his friend De Saurey of the Guards to write his name across a piece of stamped paper, and that with this document he should repair to Mr. Leverson and get him to "do" the bill, paying for the "accommodation" at the rate of between sixty and one hundred per cent. per annum! Nor could the transaction be deemed altogether illegitimate, although it was certainly irregular. It was of vital importance to Heavy that he should get money somehow, else how could he meet his engagements at Tattersall's, or pay his brother plungers at the Rag what he had lost to them? Heavy has nothing that could be called "capital," beyond his two chargers, his uniform, a gold watch, chain, rings, and scarf pins, in addition to a plentiful, but mostly unpaid, wardrobe of clothes. It is true that his father allows him £500 a year; but he owes Poole alone half a year's income, and his "paper" is by no means un-

known to the money-lending fraternity of London, Aldershot, and Dublin. Leverson knows this, and is equally aware that—beyond a yearly increasing crop of debt—Lieutenant and Captain the Hon. Arthur De Saurey, of the Coldstreams, the acceptor of the bill, has no property whatever. But Leverson trusts to the chapter of accidents, and for the chance of an immense profit, is ready to run the risk of an entire loss. The friends and relatives of Heavy would not allow that foolish dragoon to be ruined for want of so small a sum. And even if his relatives fail altogether, is not De Saurey the younger son of an earl, and surely his Lordship would never see his offspring reduced to go through the Bankruptcy Court? Such is the train of reasoning of Mr. Leverson.

We have written of all these money dealings in the past tense, not because similar transactions are unknown at the present time, but because very few years ago there were, as a general rule, no other kinds of monetary business practiced among us. Unfortunately for the pockets and the prospects of many thousand Englishmen, it is now otherwise. It was an evil day for this country when the word "finance" and the undertakings known as "Finance Companies," became known in this country, and the mania of attempting to make paper represent money without money's worth being given in exchange, seized upon so many persons of all classes and callings throughout the land. Ever since failures in trade have been more frequent; and as the facilities of obtaining money for what represented nothing became more common, frauds, in the general race for wealth, gradually came to be looked on as far less iniquitous than formerly. In fact, the introduction of "financing" among us has been one of the most serious evils which ever afflicted our commercial world. It began by calling into existence a race of men formerly unknown in business, and now called "promoters of companies;" and it has gradually brought about the failures and panic which were witnessed in the City on Thursday and Friday, the 10th and 11th of May. The era of "finance" and "financing" in England found our commerce flourishing, and

confidence between men of business as great as it had ever been in the history of trade. It has ended—for let us hope that we have, at any rate, seen the beginning of the end of the system in this country—by leaving our monetary dealings branded as gambling, and by spreading the curse of mutual mistrust among all our trading classes. But to illustrate our meaning we will relate some facts which happened within our own experience.

Rather more than two years ago, one of the many Financial Companies, which at that time were daily springing into existence, was "brought out." The "promoters" of the concern were three in number. One was a solicitor without business, but who had not long before had to take refuge from his debts under the doors of the court in Basinghall-street. The second was a Scotchman, who had never been possessed of capital, or land, or business, but had been a traveller for a Dundee or Glasgow firm, and had lately settled in London, taking a small office in the city and calling himself a commission agent. The third was a naval officer on half pay, whose modest pension barely served to keep down the interest of his debts, and who had managed to live in London for many years by the renewal of small bills at three months, by touting for money-lenders, and finding wealthy victims for bill discounters. The first time these three worthies met to discuss the prospectus of their proposed scheme, it was at the office of the Caledonian "commission agent," and having ordered a luncheon of beef-steaks and "cooper" from a neighboring tavern, found, after they had discussed the meal, that the means for paying for it could not be raised among the three. The lad who brought them the repast said he "had master's orders not to leave without the money;" and so the half-pay lieutenant, under pretence of "seeing whether a friend in the next office had any silver by him," went out and pawned for five shillings a silk umbrella which he had the day before obtained on credit from a West-End shop. Yet not only did these individuals manage to "float" a financial undertaking, which had a subscribed capital of one million, a very influential direction, and whose shares "came

out" at three to four premium, but they also managed to divide among them no less than £10,000 of promotion money, their only regret being that they had not asked and obtained twenty.*

But how, it will be asked, could men without means contrive to meet the ordinary expenses of starting a public company, to say nothing of getting men of position and means to lend their names as directors of a concern, the promoters of which were mere adventurers? To all save those acquainted with the inward life of "business" London, it would seem more than improbable that three individuals, equally bankrupt in character and purse, should be able to obtain the amount of credit requisite to start an undertaking which was to begin business with as large a capital as Rothschild or Baring can command. But the story is not the less true for all that. In the days of which we write—the end of 1863 and the first few months of 1864—men of all classes were so eager to be "on some good thing," so afraid that others should pass them in the race for riches, that they were willing, nay anxious, to lend their names to anything and everything that held out the most remote chance of gaining money. When the half-pay lieutenant had induced an old brother officer who could write baronet after his name, to become one of the directors, the Scotch "commission agent" had got the consent of a fellow-countryman, who had once belonged to a respectable Glasgow firm, to do the same, and the insolvent attorney had managed to swell the list by a so-called "captain" belonging to a good club, the battle was more than half won. It is true that each and every one of these "directors" had not only received written guarantees from the "promoters" that they would not be held liable for any of the preliminary expenses of starting the company, but were also to be paid, or promised, large sums in paid-up shares of the concern, before they would consent that their names should be published in the

* The story of the preliminary luncheon, the want of money, and the pawning of the umbrella, was told the present writer with great glee by one of the three worthies concerned after the undertaking had been "floated" with great success.

direction of the undertaking. Thus fraud was, from the very outset, perpetrated upon the intending shareholders of the concern. When Mr. A, B, or C, of the outside world, applied for shares in a new company, he did so on the faith that some persons, whose name he saw on the direction, had really a *bona fide* stake in the company's undertaking, instead of which they had not only risked nothing whatever, but had really been paid for patronizing that by which they could lose little or nothing. What was this but the obtaining money under false pretences? The finance company of which we write was not more dishonest in this respect than its neighbors. We believe, if the true history of the most "respectable" of the finance companies could be made public, it would be found that the instances in which directors had duly qualified themselves for their posts by subscribing and really paying for a certain number of shares in hard cash were few indeed. In the concern in question, there were, when the direction was completed, eleven gentlemen who had accepted seats at the board. They were each obliged, by the articles of association, to hold at least fifty shares, but of the eleven, not one had paid for a single share, and of the great majority it might have been said with truth, their means were—means of payment being investigated—much more "limited" than the liabilities of the shareholders.

Still, it will be argued, there must be certain considerable expenses in the bringing out a new company, which have to be met with cash, and how could this be done by men utterly penniless? To the brave all things are possible, more particularly in London. In the case of which we write, temporary offices were hired, and what little furniture was necessary procured on the chance of being paid for at some future day, or given back should the concern not "float." The most serious expense was the advertising. The prospectuses of new joint-stock companies are necessarily long. We have before us the prospectus of the finance company of which we write, and it takes up very nearly a column of the *Times*. The expense of each such advertisement cannot be less than twenty or twenty-five pounds. And when that has to be inserted for a fort-

night in all the list of daily, to say nothing of the weekly and provincial, papers, the sum required must be something considerable.

Then newspapers do not give credit. To advertise is to pay down hard cash, and "no money, no advertisement," is a standing rule at all the newspaper offices in London.

But even in this matter the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb; in London there are such persons as "advertising agents," whose business it is to act as a sort of middle men between the public who want to advertise and the newspapers that want advertisements, receiving a small commission from the former. In ordinary times and circumstances these persons merely act in the ordinary way of their calling. But in the days of which we write there were some of them who added to their business a speculative trade which they generally found pretty profitable. They undertook to advertise embryo companies in the public papers, and to pay all expenses of such advertisements, on the following very simple conditions. If the undertaking flourished—if the public came forward, took shares, and the directors were able to "proceed to an allotment" of the same—the advertising agent was to receive, in consequence of the risk he had run, double the amount—cent. per cent.—of his bill, no matter how much the total might be. The risk he ran was, that the company, in promoter's slang, "did not float." If this happened, all that the advertising agent had laid out was lost. Thus it was that those who brought out the company of which we write found means to make the golden hopes which their undertaking held out, known to the public. Here, too, as in many hundreds of instances, it may be noted that the frauds upon the shareholders commenced from the very first. For every pound that had been really expended in the expenses of advertising, the unfortunate shareholders had to pay forty shillings when they took possession of their property. In some few instances—but rarely—the directors had the courage to insist that the advertising expenses should be paid by the promoters out of the promotion money. This was, however, exceptional, and in most cases the double expense

had to be borne by those who were not parties to the bargain, and were ignorant that the charge had ever been made or paid.

To follow out step by step the history of a joint-stock company, through every stage, is not necessary for our purpose; so long as the rage for this kind of investment lasted, the history of these undertakings has been very much the same.

During the company mania it was almost invariably those investments of which the public understood least that were most sought after, namely, the shares of the finance companies; and this brings us back to our original question as to what the operations of a finance company really were, and how it was that during their palmy days they were able to announce such large dividends.

Let us imagine "The Universal Finance and Comprehensive Credit Company Limited" fairly launched. The promoters, or nurses, are dismissed, after having pocketed their checks; and as among the directors there are four or five gentlemen—say one third of their number—of fair standing, and against whose commercial character nothing is known, the undertaking may now look out for business. The capital of the company is one million, divided into fifty thousand shares of £20 each. But when we come to read a little lower down in the prospectus, we find that only "one half of these shares are to be issued for the present." Here, then, at one blow, is the real capital reduced from £1,000,000 to £500,000. A little further on and we find that it is only intended to call up "for the present" £5 per share, so that the actual *bona fide* paid-up capital of the company will not amount to more than £125,000, that is, 25,000 shares with £5 paid up—minus of course the balances due by those who cannot pay their calls, and of the directors' shares, upon which nothing whatever has been paid. Still there is the nominal paid-up capital of £5 per share, and on this we find—or we did find before the bubble burst—finance companies paying dividends of one, two, three, or four pounds per share, or at the rate of twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty per cent. per annum; nay, if we are not mistaken, there was an undertaking of

this kind for one half year declared a dividend at the rate of one hundred and fifty per cent. per annum. No wonder that for a time people went mad after this new method of acquiring riches at a blow. Buy shares, invest in one of these new-fashioned undertakings, and for every five-pound note sown there was reaped at the half-yearly harvests a like sum, or perhaps even more. But how? This was the question which every one asked. How came it that old flourishing joint-stock banks, with wary managers, could not make more than eight, ten, or fourteen per cent., in the most favorable times, and that these new "Finance" undertakings, at the very first starting used to declare—yes, and to pay—dividends at double, treble, and even ten times those rates? Surely it were better for every one to sell or dispose of every share they had in the world in old affairs and invest their all in a better, because a quicker, mode of making money.

Here let us digress for a moment in order to glance at two subjects for congratulation that there are connected with the "finance" company mania. The one is, that the bubble has burst so comparatively early in its career. Had it been otherwise—had the general public got so accustomed to the name and system of the scheme as to invest more largely in their shares, the ruin brought about would have crushed forever hundreds of thousands of poor men, instead of only partially injuring a few hundreds of comparatively wealthy individuals. The faith in these new institutions has been very fervent, but it has by no means been general. The belief in their stability has been confined mostly to city men, who ought to have known better, and has hardly been shared in at all by country gentlemen, or by that numerous body of the middle classes who have a fixed but small income to live upon. Sensational leading articles to the contrary notwithstanding, the immense majority of Englishmen are careful of their means, and not over credulous with respect to new undertakings. Had the finance companies lasted longer, it would have been far otherwise, and as many more would have invested their little all in these companies a year or two hence, so when the crash came the ruin would

have been far more general than it is now.

The second reason for congratulation in our late monetary troubles, is that the working classes in England have entirely held aloof from any speculations in these new undertakings. Neither individually nor collectively has there been any buying of shares among the artisans of London, or any of our large towns, in investments which their own rough common sense told them held out promises far too bright to be real. Had the mania taken among them—had the working men of England been induced by golden promises to believe in the new gospel of immense profits upon outlays of small capital, who can tell what the results would have been when the bitter fruit of failure had to be eaten? If the many thousand associations of "Odd Fellows," "Foresters," and "Friendly Societies" had invested their funds in these concerns, Mr. Tidd Pratt would have needed no small amount of extra help to get through the additional work of his office. No; amidst the general feeling of regret for the misfortune of so many individuals who have been led into buying at a high price shares which they can hardly get rid of now upon any terms, we have good reasons to be thankful that the working classes of this country were not tempted by large dividends to risk their money in such straw-built edifices.

But it is—or rather, it was—on paper and not on straw that these finance palaces were founded, and by the same material they were built up. Once fairly started at work, it was the directors' business to find out how, where, and by what means the largest returns could be made, and the following is but a specimen of the many ways by which they worked the oracle.

A railway contractor finds that he is in want of funds with which to conclude the contracts. On application to the company, to which the intended line belongs, he meets with a frank avowal that, what between fare expenses, surveying fees, engineers' charges, and other outlays, their balance with their bankers is in a state of collapse. What is to be done? To go on without money is impossible—to declare his inability to proceed is bankruptcy and ruin. In

place of hard cash, will the directors give him a certain amount in debentures or paid-up shares upon the future line? Of course they will, and are delighted to do so. In other words they virtually discount the future problematical profits of a line not yet made, or, at any rate, not finished. It is as if a young man newly appointed to a commission in the army should pay for his outfit by bills which would fall due when he shall become a captain in the service. But anything is better than to stop the works of the railway. To place debentures bearing four, five, or even six per cent., and which are only payable after a term of years, with the general public, is an impossibility. What man outside of Bedlam would dream of investing in such securities with consols at 88, and finance companies paying forty per cent.? But these securities serve the purpose of the contractor who has undertaken far more than his capital justified him in doing, and his employers are equally pleased to pay him on these terms. But of what use are these debentures to a man whose chief outlay is the weekly wages he has to pay? Navvies, even if they could be made to understand the nature of such securities, could hardly be induced to take them in lieu of their weekly wages. But the contractor has no intention of making any attempt to palm off the paper he holds upon the rough giants he employs. With, say, £50,000 of these debentures in his hand, he betakes himself to the "Universal Finance and Comprehensive Credit Company Limited," and after one or two interviews with the general manager, his pecuniary arrangements are completed. By depositing these debentures for £50,000 with the "Universal Finance," he obtains the acceptances of that company to sundry small bills drawn in sums of perhaps £500 each, and amounting to a total perhaps of £30,000, thus leaving a margin on the security of £20,000.

For these bills, which are drawn by himself and accepted by the "Universal Finance," he has to pay at the rate of from fifteen to thirty per cent. by way of commission. If he is well to do in the world the company would make him pay the smaller, if needy the latter sum. The bills are drawn at three months, and as the "Universal Finance

and Comprehensive Credit Company Limited" enjoy good credit in the City, what banker could refuse to discount them? Of course the paper is "good," quite good, and so the contractor gets it discounted at once, and placing the proceeds to the credit of his account with his own banker, obtains the credit of being a wealthy man. But three months is not a long time to wait, particularly when the end of that time is noted by the date upon stamped paper, as many of us know to our cost, or have known at some period or other. In three months' time "The Universal" will have to meet their bills, and with their small capital of but £5 paid upon each of the twenty-five thousand shares that were issued, where is the money to come from, for our contractor is by no means the only party with whom "The Universal" does business of this kind? This small difficulty is, however, easy of solution. With a little more stamped paper, and a pen and ink, fresh bills are drawn out, discounted, and the old ones taken up. By the initiated this process is called renewing bills; and according to the agreement of "The Universal" with the contractor, that institution is obliged to renew these little documents over a certain number of years. But what say the bankers to whom acceptances, bearing the same names, are offered again and again for discount? In the first place a judicious distribution of these documents is made—no monopoly of favors being conferred upon any one bank. If the first set of bills are discounted, say by "The London Joint Stock Bank," the second, with which they are to be taken up, will be sent to "The London and Westminster," or to Paris, Bristol, Liverpool—anywhere. What would, what could, Messrs. Blount, or Mallett Freres, or Hottinguer of the first of those towns, Messrs. Baillie & Co., or Stuckey & Co., of the second, or Barned & Co., or "The Consolidated Bank" at the third, know of the acceptances which the contractor had previously discounted, and which he now wants to take up? The bills appear perfectly good; "The Universal" is believed to be good for almost any amount; and it is all in the way of business that a great railway contractor should have these bills to offer. There-

fore the second set are discounted, the first set taken up. So long as the commercial barometer stands at "set fair," the process is easy and pleasant, if not profitable, to the contractor; at any rate it keeps him always in funds, which, with the "go-ahead" class of business men, seems all that is required to insure prosperity in their undertakings. How the machinery would act if the same barometer marked "change," or what would be the results if it fell to "stormy," we shall see presently; but let us first take a glance as to how the bargain we have detailed would work in the interests of that much-enduring body, the shareholders of "The Universal Finance and Comprehensive Credit Company Limited."

Directors of public companies invariably and naturally place the best construction possible upon their own acts. If the gentlemen who rule the affairs of "The Universal Finance" had laid before the shareholders an account of this transaction with the railway contractor, they would no doubt call attention to the great safety as well as the large profits of the bargain. On deposit of £50,000 "securities"—they do not say *what securities*, for that would be a betrayal of confidence, and secrets like this are held inviolable until the day for a general smash arrives—they have advanced £30,000 in bills, for which they have charged ten per cent. per annum interest, and twenty per cent. commission. Thus, with a margin of forty per cent. in case of fluctuations in these "securities," they get twenty per cent. for the use of their name, and not a shilling paid out, *the whole of the paid-up capital of the company being still in the hands of their bankers*. The last words we have put in italics, for they are, or used to be, very generally used by finance company directors, and were always sure to make an immense impression upon shareholders, particularly such among them as were not business men. With perhaps a hundred, thirty, or forty similar transactions in the course of the six months, what wonder if the half-yearly dividend of the company was immense, if the shares rose in value, and if the outside world—including the great majority of the shareholders—felt convinced that, here in the city of London,

a new El Dorado had been discovered, in which money could command thirty or forty per cent, and still be retained in the strong box of its owner. "How can we ever go wrong?" said a lady shareholder in one of the finance companies to the present writer, "when by our banker's own books the whole of our capital is still in his hands, with the exception of a few thousands, and yet we are getting interest at the rate of twenty-five per cent. per annum for our money?" It is greatly to be feared that our friend—like many others of the innocent shareholding class—did not fully understand the meaning of the word "liabilities."

And now let us glance at the other side of the picture, with respect to this bargain with our railway contractor. It is true that the "Universal Finance and Comprehensive Credit Company Limited" have upon securities of £50,000 value only advanced £30,000; but what is the real nature of such paper, of what use would it be if required to be converted into cash in order to meet liabilities? Of none whatever. The debentures have four, five, or more years to run; the very line on which they are to form a mortgage is only partially constructed, and will not be at work for a long time. The contractor may fail—such an event is by no means uncommon among men of his class and calling—and where will be the money with which the "Universal" will have to meet its engagements? With perhaps a hundred or two such transactions of the kind on their books, of what use would be the £125,000 (twenty-five thousand shares, with £5 paid on each) of paid-up capital? It may be said that a call could be made, £15 per share being still payable on each share. But that is what all directors would avoid, and do avoid, until the very last moment; a call, no matter of how small an amount, being certain to send down the shares in the market, and to put all the shareholders in the very worst possible humor. There are no pleasant half-yearly meetings when a call has to be made, for the very reason that more than half the shareholders have not the means with which to pay the call, and are obliged to sell out at a loss.

Or, take for instance, what we have

witnessed in the city during the last few weeks. Money gets dear; rumors of companies getting "shaky" are afloat; bankers look shy at paper which they formerly took freely; it is impossible to get any but the best bills "done" on almost any terms; to obtain money with which to keep up the renewing game is out of the question; contractors fail, and the value of debentures as securities is shown to be *nil*; the panic increases; one or two large houses "go," and, for a time, anything like business is at an end, and credit, even to good houses, is suspended. Then comes the fall of joint-stock concerns; the ruin of shareholders; the angry meetings; the threatenings with Guildhall, and criminal indictments; and all the commercial panic and confusion through which we have just passed.

But although we have taken an advance made to a railway contractor as an instance of the business done by finance companies, our readers must not think that all contractors are men of straw, or that the instance we have adduced is one by any means extraordinary. There are many of this class who can, and do, pay their way with as much regularity as any men in the kingdom; and the difficulties with which a number of them have to contend, are, in most instances, brought about by the mismanagement of those who employ them. Various and wonderful are the proposals for "business" which are put before a finance company, and more extraordinary still are the engagements which some of these undertakings enter into. We cannot wonder at this when we consider the numerous companies that exist and the immense competition. Nor is this all. It is well known in the City that the business of "financing"—or of granting credits with paper for long periods, upon securities which will not be paid until some distant day—is one which is *nominally* so profitable, that many establishments, constituted for perfectly different purposes, have taken to it. This increases the existing competition, and increases also the facilities which men of no means have of obtaining "accommodation" for their speculative schemes.

It will hardly be believed what extraordinary proposals are brought before finance companies with requests for ac-

sistance, and often upon security which a child would condemn as utterly worthless. But still more wonderful are some of the proposals which have been entertained, and are now, or were quite recently, working out their own destruction and the loss of the shareholders under the auspices of some of the financial companies. To obtain advances, by bills of course—with which to build cities in South America—the security offered being mortgages on whole streets yet to be built, upon ground which is still a virgin forest—was once proposed to one of the finance companies in London, and at a board meeting, at which there were nine directors present, the scheme was only rejected by a majority of one. On another occasion, by the board of another company, a proposal to borrow—by acceptances, as in the former case—£100,000, with which to cut down in the far north of Sweden vast quantities of timber, and import the same to Liverpool (the security offered being a large forest, from which the wood was to be cut), was accepted, but the resolution was not confirmed at a subsequent meeting of the directors—the chief reason for the more prudent action being that no one could find the forest upon any known map of Europe; and even if found the name was such as no one in the office could pronounce. A third proposition—the promoters of which very nearly obtained the acceptances they asked for—brought before a finance company, was to build warehouses at a certain seaport in the south of Europe. By mere accident the plans of the buildings, together with the site on which they were to stand, were shown to a gentleman unconnected with the company, but who happened to be well acquainted with the town which was to be thus highly favored. From what he said, an English architect was sent to visit the place, when it was found that excellent, capacious warehouses had been erected about five years previously on this very spot, and that no one in the place ever dreamed of building others. And if it were allowable to give names of persons and places in a magazine article, how astonished would many worthy shareholders be at the extraordinary schemes which their money—or rather their credit—has helped to “finance” over difficulties.

Mines, railways, coffee and tea plantations, timber estates, fisheries, loans on unheard-of land to unheard-of people, the building of detached and semi-detached villas in “genteel” suburban districts by insolvent builders; the “bringing out”—which means acting as the “promoters”—of companies more visionary than the wildest dreams of bankrupt schemers could imagine—are but a few of the uses to which the credit of finance companies has been applied during the last two years. Anything, everything, to make money—if possible by fair means—but in any case to make, or rather seem to make, large dividends to parade before the shareholders.

If any one thinks that we have at all exaggerated the combined evils of Finance and Fraud, let him turn to the *Times* of Tuesday, the 15th of May, and in the parliamentary report of the previous evening read what Lord Redesdale said respecting the unscrupulous practices by which railway schemes are worked up, and the way in which contractors and finance companies involve the shareholders in enormous liabilities in return for “accommodation.” Among others, his lordship instanced the Carmarthen and Cardigan Railway Company. The proposed capital of the concern was £300,000, and of this only £29,000 was ever subscribed. But to increase their funds the directors had raised £158,780 by preference shares, £60,355 by debentures, and £733,833 on Lloyd's bonds, making a total capital of £981,968, for the construction of a line of railway for which £300,000 only had been proposed in the bill, and allowed by Parliament. The question will naturally rise, first, as to what became of the balance of the money raised, and secondly, how will the subscribers to the original £29,000 feel at being thus swamped by the increased capital? Were these gentlemen consenting parties to the drowning of their own property, or had the directors the power to make ducks and drakes of their money? Another example as to how the property of shareholders was played with by directors, was on the same occasion brought forward by his lordship. He stated that during the past year the contractors for the city extension of

the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway went to the Credit Mobilier Finance Company for a million sterling, which they obtained on the following terms: For every £21 advanced there was given £40 of fully paid-up stock, thus paying £19 for every £21. "It was in effect," said his lordship, "paying £522,200—sacrificing that amount at once and for ever—in order to get £577,500." For the benefit of the uninitiated it may perhaps be as well to explain that the "£40 fully paid-up stock" being given for £21 advanced, was a transaction precisely similar to that one by which Captain Heavy would give Mr. Levenson his bill for £40 on condition of the latter advancing him £21, a piece of business which we believe the most foolish dragoon or spendthrift guardsman that ever "got up behind" stamped paper would refuse to transact, although as trading on his own credit he would be perfectly justified in doing that which the directors of a joint-stock company are by no means at liberty to do with the credit of others.

Is it, then, any wonder if, with the state of commercial morality of the present day, failures follow, as a matter of course, upon the "finance" and frauds which we have endeavored to depict? Go where you will, in business parts, or meet who you like of business men, it is—and has been for the last three years—the same story and the same lament. Dishonesty, untruth, and what may, in plain English, be termed mercantile swindling within the limits of the law, exist on all sides and on every quarter. There is everywhere such a keen contest for wealth, such a determination on the part of those who have no means to hold their own in trade with those who have capital, that ten thousand doors are open for every one who chooses to pass out of the old track which men used to term honesty. That there are honorable, honest men left still among our merchants, is an assertion which cannot be denied; but it is quite as certain that these are outnumbered a hundred to one by mere adventurers who—like the finance companies which have helped so greatly to exalt this class—with a £5 paid-up capital, do business, accept bills, and trade where and how they can for their hundreds of

thousands. The present writer could point out an instance—one among many—of a north countryman who, eighteen months ago, came to London (just after having failed in Scotland) with barely money enough to pay for a third-class railway ticket, and who for many weeks after his arrival in this metropolis used to live by begging half crowns from the few acquaintances he had in town. This man never had, and never will have, any capital whatever, save a large stock of impudence. But to-day he has an office in the City, two clerks at work under him, and passes many thousands of pounds' worth of bills into his bankers—and gets cash in return—every week of his life. When such a state of things can exist, and when all men know, not only that it exists, but that it is the rule and not the exception, what wonder if when the slightest panic arises in the money market, every one takes fright, and by the confusion which they cause increase a hundred-fold the number of commercial disasters. This is a state of affairs which we shall see yet worse instead of better, until by the force of events there shall arise a whirlwind in the mercantile atmosphere which will so purify the air that it will be impossible for either companies or individuals to trade upon imaginary capital; and then borrowing upon bills, which are nothing more than so much "accommodation" paper, will become a moral impossibility. For some time past it has been only those who have no solid foundation for their business that really launch out. They "finance," and commit what are really frauds, as long as they can; and when those mines can no longer be worked, they fail. There is a strong feeling among the firms that have something to lose that things must be worse before they are better, and that we shall yet see a far more universal shipwreck in the mercantile world than anything we have hitherto witnessed. The present systematic overtrading, and the facilities by which the merest adventurer can obtain money or money's worth, if he likes to pay for it, can only have one result; and until that general overturning takes place, the commerce of the country, both export and import, as well as banking and monetary, must be a business of

so much risk, that those only who have little or nothing to lose will engage in it to any extent. As the late panic took no one by surprise, so now every one is looking forward to a coming day the final result of which will be to strip "duffer" firms and make-believe companies of that pretence of capital which enables them to cause so much disaster and ruin to trade. With the collapse of the "finance" companies' system we shall hear less of frauds and failures; and although our commerce may be more limited, it will be infinitely sounder than at present. Nor will any one who does not belong to the mercantile-adventurer class look back with regret to the days when these large "accommodation" shops were in the full swing of business, and when, as at present, every man who is able to buy bill-stamps can write himself down a merchant.

The Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

LITTLE is known of the life of this famous lady; and there is little to tell of one who passed nearly all her days in comparative retirement. What there is has been communicated to me by her friend—himself a poet of no mean order—Francis Bennoch, F.S.A., who, while Miss Mitford was confined to her sick room, superintended the publication of *Atherton* and her dramatic works, and earnestly desires to do honor to her memory. I give it as I receive it; for I believe there is no other memoir of a woman whose renown has been established throughout the world.

Mary Russell Mitford was born on the 16th of December, in the year 1786, at the little town of Alresford, in Hampshire. Her father was George Mitford, M.D., the son of a younger branch of the Mitfords, of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, and Jane Graham, of Old Wall, Westmoreland, a branch of the Netherby Clan. Her mother was Mary Russell, the only surviving child and heiress of Richard Russell, D.D., who

for more than sixty years was rector of Ashe and Tadley, and Vicar of Overton, in Hampshire. He was the intimate associate of Fielding and many of the wits of the period; remembered to have seen Pope at Westminster school, and died at the ripe age of eighty-eight, previous to his daughter's marriage.

Three or four years after his daughter's birth, Dr. Mitford removed from Alresford to Reading, and a few years subsequent to that removal, he went to reside at Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, in a fine old mansion previously occupied by the great Lord Chatham, whose two sons frequently spent their holidays there. The French Revolution and the great Continental wars, with threats of invading England, brought prominently out the patriotic spirit of the nation. The militia was trained, volunteer corps were formed, and the yeomanry cavalry was thoroughly prepared to aid in repelling any invader of the sacred soil of England. Dr. Mitford, at his own cost, raised, equipped, and maintained a troop of yeomanry cavalry at an expense that few could bear, and he was not long in discovering that just in proportion as his popularity rose, his fortune fell. In a few years £30,000 or £40,000 had disappeared; his troop was disbanded, and he went to London to retrench and determine his future course. His daughter, then ten years of age, was his companion; and now occurred an incident in the life of Miss Mitford that reads like a page taken from a fairy tale. The circumstances are related by her in her *Recollections of a Literary Life*, accompanied by sundry hints and suggestions leading to the conclusion that much of Dr. Mitford's property had vanished at the gaming-table.

They were then lodged in dingy apartments near Westminster, and in the intervals of his professional pursuits, Dr. Mitford would walk about London with his little girl holding his hand.

"One day"—(we quote Miss Mitford)—"it was my birthday, and I was ten years old—he took me into a not very tempting-looking place, which was, as I speedily found, a lottery office. An Irish lottery was on the point of being drawn, and he desired me to

choose one out of the several bits of printed paper that lay upon the counter. I did not then know their significance.

"'Choose what number you like best,' said the dear papa, 'and that shall be your birthday present.'

"I immediately selected one and put it into his hand—No. 2224.

"'Ah,' said my father, examining it, 'you must choose again. I want to buy a whole ticket, and this is only a quarter. Choose again, my pet.'

"'No, dear papa: I like this one best.'

"'There is the next number,' interposed the lottery-office keeper—'No. 2223.'

"'Ay,' said my father, 'that will do just as well, will it not, Mary? We'll take that.'

"'No,' returned I, obstinately, 'that won't do. This is my birthday, you know, papa, and I am ten years old. Cast up my number, and you will find that the figures 2224 added together make ten; the others make only nine.'"

The father, like all speculators, was superstitious—the ticket was purchased—and a few months afterwards intelligence arrived that No. 2224 had been drawn a prize of £20,000. "Ah, me!" reflects Miss Mitford: "in less than twenty years, what was left of the produce of the ticket so strangely chosen? What? except a Wedgwood dinner service that my father had ordered to commemorate the event, with the Irish harp within the border on one side, and his family crest on the other! That fragile and perishable ware long outlasted the more perishable money. Then came long years of toil and struggle and anxiety, and jolting over the rough ways of the world, and although want often came very close to our door it never actually entered."

Within twenty years of the lottery prize (and notwithstanding that other acquisitions, inherited through the death of relatives, had more than once repaired his fortunes) Dr. Mitford had again run through his property, little or nothing being left beyond £5000, settled upon his wife as pin-money. This, in course of years, well-nigh evaporated also, as well as different legacies left to his daughter, and given up by her on various emergencies. Then they retired to a small cottage at Three-Mile Cross, near Reading, modestly taken for three months, but inhabited by them for thirty years.

And there it was that Miss Mitford, finding it needful to turn her talents to profitable account, began those charming sketches which formed the first series of *Our Village*. Like many other of our now standard works, they were lightly esteemed when first written. They were declined by Campbell the poet, who was then editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and rejected also by the editors of several other periodicals; but at last found favor in the eyes of the editor of the *Lady's Magazine*, where they were published; and in 1823 were collected in one volume, and never after had the author occasion to beg the acceptance of any work from her pen. The first series of *Our Village* was followed by a second in 1826, a third in 1828, a fourth in 1830, and a fifth in 1832. After this, Miss Mitford published in 1835, *Belford Regis*, in three volumes, and *Country Stories*, in 1837. She also edited two sets of American stories of three volumes each, and two sets of children's stories, three volumes each. During that period, she wrote *Julian*, a tragedy, which was produced at Covent Garden; *Foscari*, a tragedy, also at Covent Garden; *Rienzi*, a tragedy, at Drury Lane; *Inez de Castro*, a tragedy, *Sadok and Kalesrode*, an opera, at the English Opera House; and *Charles I.* at the Coburg, now the Victoria Theatre. In 1827, she published a volume of *Dramatic Sketches*, and other poems, and edited Finden's *Tableaux* for 1833, and the three following years. In 1833 she published her *Recollections of a Literary Life*, in which she sketched in a light and playful manner the story of her life, and, with a partial appreciation, some of the numerous writers with whom she had associated. In 1864 she gave to the world *Atherton, and other Stories*, and the same year her dramatic works were for the first time collected and published in two volumes, including several plays not previously printed, though marked by all the pathos and vivacity that characterized her other dramas.

In 1842 she lost her father; and in the autumn of 1851, left her old cottage at Three-Mile Cross for another at Swallowfield, about three miles farther south, where her later works were written. In

the immediate neighborhood resided Lady Russell, who generously ministered to the wants of the aged but ever-cheerful authoress. A few miles off in a quiet valley lies Strathfieldsaye, the doors of which were ever open to Miss Mitford, whence, too, by special command of the great Duke, the choicest fruits of the season, which meant all the year round, were sure to find their way to Swallowfield. At Eversley, Kingsley preached and labored as a country parson, and found much pleasure in his walk to the cosy cottage and in the lively talk of its occupant.

In her youth, Miss Mitford was much in London, with every opportunity of seeing and mingling in the best society, with occasional glimpses of shadow that brought out the brighter points of the picture. Admired and appreciated by a large number of literary folk of her own standing, she saw much, spoke freely, and in her later years became the kindly critic and literary adviser of many of the rising and now risen spirits of the age. In middle life she visited several parts of England, especially the north and south; but never, so far as we know, had the good fortune to cross the Channel, and enjoy the gayeties and wonders of Paris. She spoke French well, and had, by reading, become acquainted with all the master-pieces of the best authors of France. In later years her life was passed in the serene quiet of a country village, cheered by the kindness of neighboring families, enlivened by the frequent visits of admiring friends, and keeping up a free but almost voluminous correspondence with distinguished people on both sides of the Atlantic.

During the last two or three years of her life she suffered great pain from injuries received by the accidental overthrow of her pony carriage, and from which she never altogether recovered. For two winters she was entirely confined to the house, and unable to enjoy those country rambles which at all seasons had been her chief delight. Here and now it was that she produced *Atherton*, her last work; and those who wish to see gleams of sunshine illuminating the home of suffering cannot do better than turn to those sunny pages. The manner of its production she briefly states in her preface:

"During the summer I had been lifted down stairs, and driven through our beautiful lanes in hopes that the blessed air, to which I had been almost as much accustomed as a gypsy, would prove a still more effective remedy; but the season was peculiarly unfavorable. I gained no strength. The autumn again found me confined to my room: wheeled with difficulty from the bed to the fireside, unable to rise from my seat to stand for an instant, to put one foot before another, and when lifted into bed, incapable of turning or moving in the slightest degree whatever. Even in writing I was often obliged to have the ink-glass held for me under my pen, because I could not raise my hand to dip the pen in the ink. In this state, with frequent paroxysms of pain, was the greater part of *Atherton* written. . . . I tell this as a fact, not as an apology, and certainly not as a complaint. So far, indeed, am I from murmuring against the Will which alone shows what is best for all, that I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the merciful Providence which, shattering the frame, left such poor faculties as were originally vouchsafed to me, undimmed and unclouded, enabling me still to live by the mind, and not only to enjoy the never-wearying delight of reading the thoughts of others, but even to light up a sick chamber and brighten a wintry sky, by recalling the sweet and sunny valley which formed one of the most cherished haunts of my happier years."

The introduction to her dramatic works is an admirable *résumé* of the incidents that made her a writer of plays. Among other exciting causes, she mentions with exceeding pleasure the boys of Dr. Valpy, at Reading school, when they gave their public nights; and she in the character of recorder and historian of the occasion, wrote for the *Reading Mercury* columns of the "profoundest philosophy"—"albeit as ignorant of Latin or of Greek as the snuggest alderman or the slimmest damsel present:" there it was she made the acquaintance of Talfourd, her ever-constant friend; there, too, she had to commend the high talent of young Jackson, whose admirable acting of *Hamlet* won for him the sobriquet of "Hamlet Jackson," originally given, we believe, by Miss Mitford, and this Hamlet Jackson is now the able, learned, active, and admirable Bishop of Lincoln.

Among other friends who at this time comforted her, were the Dean of Windsor and John Ruskin; through the Dean came the sympathy and liberal kindness

of the Queen, while Mr. Ruskin took care that she was well supplied with the luxuries that are necessities to the sick and aged.

On the 10th January, 1855, she died, and was quietly laid in a corner of the adjacent churchyard of Swallowfield, in a spot chosen by herself; there a few friends erected a simple granite cross to perpetuate the memory and mark the resting place of one of England's purest and sweetest writers.

So far I am indebted for very valuable help to my friend, Francis Bennoch.* I add to his history of her life our own Memories of Mary Russell Mitford.

The family name was originally Mitford: when or why it was changed I cannot say; but in a book that came accidentally into my hands, I find it so, as shown by an engraving on the cover. Her father was a remarkably fine old man—tall, handsome, and stately, with indubitable indications of the habits of refined life.

These are Mrs. Hall's recollections and impressions of Miss Mitford:

It is a source of intense, yet solemn, enjoyment, that which enables me to look back through the green lanes of Memory, to recall the people and events of the "long-ago time."

"You may break—you may ruin the vase, if you will;
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

They are all, or nearly all, gone, "the old familiar faces," from the old familiar places; but they have been, and I can bring them back! I can even hear their voices, and quote some of the sentences that passed from their lips to my heart.

If I remember rightly, it was Maria Edgeworth who introduced me to Mrs. Hoffland, and Mrs. Hoffland who introduced me to Mary Russell Mitford, in 1828. In those days, I had an intense admiration for *Our Village*: a desire—which I thought most presumptuous, and hardly at first dared confess to myself—to do something for my native Bannock, like what Miss Mitford had

done for Aberleigh. My natural veneration for genius led me to seek the acquaintance of those who had achieved literary distinction. I was content to be considered young and insignificant by the great ones so long as I was permitted to enter the charmed circle. Miss Mitford had visited her old friend, Mrs. Hoffland, then living in Newman-street, to superintend the getting out her play of *Rienzi*—certainly the most perfect of her dramas—at Covent Garden; and Mrs. Hoffland invited us to meet her there one morning. All the world was talking about the expected play, and all the world was paying court to its author.

"Mary," said the good lady, "is a little grand and stilted just now. There is no doubt the tragedy will be a great success; they all say so in the green room; and Macready told me it was a wonderful tragedy—an extraordinary tragedy '*for a woman to have written*.' the men always make that reservation, my dear; they cramp us, my dear, and then reproach us with our lameness; but Mary did not hear it, and I did not tell her. She is supremely happy just now, and so is her father, the Doctor. Yes, it is no wonder she should be a little stilted—such grand people coming to call and invite them to dinner, and all the folk at the theatre down upon knee to her—it is such a contrast to her cottage life at Three-Mile Cross."

"But," I said, "she deserves all the homage that can be rendered her—her talents are so varied. Those stories of *Our Village* have been fanned by the pure breezes of 'sunny Berkshire,' and are inimitable as pictures of English rural life; and she has also achieved the highest walk in tragedy"—

"For a woman," put in dear Mrs. Hoffland. She had not forgiven our great tragedian—then in the zenith of his popularity—for his ungallant reserve.

I certainly was disappointed, when a stout, little lady, tightened up in a shawl (why will short, stout ladies wear shawls?), rolled into the parlor, in Newman-street, and Mrs. Hoffland announced her as Miss Mitford—her short petticoats showing wonderfully stout leather boots; her shawl *bundled* on, and a little black coal-scuttle bonnet—when bonnets were expanding—added to the

* For a long time before her death her friend, Mr. Bennoch, visited Swallowfield, on Saturdays, in every month, and from these visits gathered the facts he has put together in this memoir.

effect of her natural shortness and rotundity; but her manner was that of a cordial country gentlewoman: the pressure of her fat, little hands, for she extended both, was warm; her eyes, both soft and bright, looked kindly and frankly into mine; and her pretty, rosy mouth dimpled with smiles that were always sweet and friendly. At first, I did not think her at all "grand or stilted," though she declared she had been quite spoilt—quite ruined since she came to London, with all the fine compliments she had received; but the trial was yet to come. Suppose—suppose "*Rienzi* should be"—and she shook her head. Of course, in full chorus, we declared that impossible. "No! she would not spend an evening with us until after the first night; if the play went ill, or even coldly, she would run away, and never be again seen or heard of; if it succeeded!"—She drew her rotund person to its full height, endeavored to stretch her neck, and the expression of her beaming face assumed an air of unmistakable triumph. She was always pleasant to look at, and had her face not been cast in so broad—so "outspread"—a mould, she would have been handsome; even with that disadvantage, if her figure had been tall enough to carry her head with dignity, she would have been so; but she was most vexatiously "dumpy." Miss Landon hit off her appearance, when she whispered, the first time she saw her, and it was at our house—"Sancho Panza in petticoats!" But when Miss Mitford spoke, the awkward effect vanished—her pleasant voice, her beaming eyes and smiles, made you forget the wide expanse of face; and the roly-poly figure when seated did not appear really short.

I remember asking her if she would go to the theatre the first night of *Rienzi*. She gave a dramatic shudder, and answered, "No: the strongest man could not bear *that*." She, however, had a room somewhere in the theatre, or very near it; her friends ran to her repeatedly during the evening to tell her how the play went, and she often rejoiced in the fact that Haydon, the painter, was the first to bring her the assurance of its unmistakable success. It achieved a triumph, and deserved it.

Miss Mitford, like Miss Landon, was,

in conversation, fond of producing startling effects by saying something extraordinary; but what L. E. L. would cut with a diamond, Miss Mitford would "come down on" with a sledge-hammer. I remember her saying out boldly, that "the last century had given birth only to two men—Napoleon Bonaparte and Benjamin Robert Haydon!"

She kept her word, and after *Rienzi's* triumph, spent the promised evening at our house—"the observed of all observers." She did not, however, appear to advantage that evening: her manner was constrained, and even haughty. She got up tragedy looks, which did not harmonize with her naturally playful expression. She seated herself in a high chair, and was indignant at the offer of a footstool, though her feet barely touched the ground; she received those who wished to be introduced to her *en retine*; but such was her popularity just then, that all were gratified. She was most unbecomingly dressed in a striped satin something, neither high nor low, with very short sleeves, for her arms were white and finely formed; she wore a large yellow turban, which added considerably to the size of her head. She had evidently bought the hideous thing *en route*, and put it on in the carriage, as she drove to our house, for pinned at the back was a somewhat large card, on which were written, in somewhat large letters, these astounding words, "Very chaste—only five and threepence." I had observed several of our party, passing behind her chair, whispering and tittering, and soon ascertained the cause. Under pretence of settling her turban, I removed the obnoxious notice; and, of course, she never knew that so many wags had been merry at her cost.

I valued Miss Mitford far more at her humble dwelling, Three-Mile Cross, than in the glare of London: here, she was by no means "at home;" there, she was entirely so; and though our visit to her was brief, during "a run" through Berkshire to Bristol, I had opportunities of properly estimating her among the scenes she has made famous. It was very pleasant to make acquaintance with her and her greyhound Mayflower, a familiar friend of all who love her writings; to walk in her tiny garden, and

to stroll through the green lanes she has lauded so often and so much.

She was a very Flora among her flowers; she really loved them and enjoyed them as flowers are not always enjoyed; she treated them with a loving tenderness, not because they were the "new kinds," but because they were old, dear friends. One rosetree I recall now — a standard, quite six feet high, I think—certainly much taller than herself, for she stood under it.

Before I had seen her in her cottage home, I had accomplished my purpose, and dedicated my first book to her who had inspired me with the ambition to do for my native village what she had done for hers: she encouraged me to "write novels and prosper," cheering me onward with heart and hand. Advice she never tendered, and there it was that I felt the superiority of Miss Edgeworth, who, for some years, at the sacrifice of time and with much trouble, took whatever I wrote to pieces, and did much to overcome faults which, but for her kind and judicious advice, would have certainly retarded my advance, and impaired my usefulness; but the objects these two remarkable women had in view were totally distinct. Miss Edgeworth was the precursor of utility; her great ambition was to be useful in her generation; the perfect independence of her circumstances left her at liberty to cultivate her "estate" after her own fashion. I repeat, her great ambition was to be useful. Miss Mitford was differently constituted: even when she wrote prose, she felt poetry; she knew nothing, and cared nothing for literary responsibility — she never outraged a moral or religious feeling; but she never cultivated either the one or the other. No utilitarian thought ever entered her head; she did cultivate imagination, and its offspring, the Muse, had a home in her heart. Her simplest village tales have a dramatic flavor — not the drama of the footlights, but the natural drama; and she maintained a hand-to-hand battle with adversity — not the growth of her own mismanagement or extravagance — which commands intense respect; her sacrifices, we know, were made, sometimes with tearful eyes, but always with smiling lips!

She was deeply-read in the old poets

and it was a rich treat to hear her talk, and quote from them, filling her small sitting room with their richest gems. I never saw her after she left Three - Mile Cross; never saw her at Swallowfield (although I did visit it after her death), where, if the neighboring cottagers speak truth, she must have grown strangely eccentric: they say she would not leave her house and garden in the daytime; but that at night she would put on strong boots, and staff in hand, take long and lonely walks. That must have been some time before her departure from earth, for of late, her unfailing friend, Mr. Bennoch, tells us she became very feeble; indeed, in some of her later notes to me, she complained of weakness. Her letters in general were full of life and spirit, close, and to the purpose; she was a vigorous letter-writer, though not prone to give an opinion as to books — not that she was churlish of praise; but I should not have called her a good critic, and that was another difference between her and Miss Edgeworth. Miss Mitford would be frequently pleased,

"She knew not why, and cared not wherefore."

Miss Edgeworth would be ashamed if she could not at once define why she was pleased or displeased, and she invariably did so, when she gave an opinion at all.

In Miss Mitford's *Recollections of a Literary Life*, a work in three volumes, singularly deficient of interest, and almost entirely free from personal "recollections" of any kind, she speaks of her grief at leaving the cottage that for thirty years had been her shelter. But "in truth," she adds, "it was leaving me:" the foundations were damp and rotten, the rain came dripping through the roof, and, in fact "it was crumbling about us."

So far go the memories of Mrs. Hall.

Miss Mitford had "associations with the old walls" that endeared them to her: there she had "toiled and striven," and tasted deeply of anxiety, of fear, and of hope.

There, in that poor and dull home, friends, many and kind — "strangers, whose mere names were an honor," had come to tender to her their homage. There Haydon had "talked better pictures than he painted." Talfourd had

"brought the delightful gayety of his brilliant youth;" Amelia Opie, Jane Porter, the translator Cary, and a host of others, had been her guests—in that ill-furnished parlor, and in that natural, yet ungraced garden.

It is pleasant to recall some of them to memory.

She did not go far: from Swallowfield to Three-Mile Cross was but a walk; she took that walk one autumn evening, and in her new dwelling she lived thenceforward and died.

She calls Three-Mile Cross "the prettiest of villages," and her cottage "the snugest and cosiest of all snug cabins;" hers must have been that continual feast, a contented mind, to have been so easily satisfied; for the village is one of the least attractive in broad England; and the cottage one of the least pretty and picturesque that could be found from John O'Groat's to the Land's End.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE BLACK CROSS.

TOWARDS the close of the summer of 1848, I was invited by a dear friend to accompany him to a part of Bohemia which I had not hitherto seen, although I had resided many years in the country, and traversed it in various directions.

In the contrast which it offered to the towns and populous districts of Bohemia in that memorable revolutionary year, it formed the fittest place for repose we possibly could desire. Contrast is an acknowledged promoter of distinctness of perception, and probably a few glances at the welcome scenery sufficed to teach me more of its character than had entered into the consciousness of any hoary-headed peasant of the neighborhood in a life-long acquaintance with it.

The more I climbed and looked around me, the greater was the pleasure I derived. But although the grandeur of the scenery had an elevating effect, the great extent of dark forest made a melancholy impression on the mind, and disposed to reveries partaking of that character. In this mood, seated upon a rocky eminence, and using a telescope to become better acquainted with

the details of the picture, I remarked upon an isolated ledge of rock rising above the forest trees, an ominous-looking black cross. Nearer to the monastery, on other rocks overhanging mountain paths, larger and brighter crosses were likewise to be seen, serving no doubt as stations for rest and prayer to the pilgrims on their way to the shrine. But the smaller black cross, quite among the pines, and far from the track of men, seemed to have some history of its own, to be a record of some dire misfortune, or deed of blood. A presentiment of its meaning flashed across my mind, and the curiosity it aroused I determined, if possible, on my return to the village to gratify.

The following tale will serve to embody the information I received.

About twenty-five years anterior to the date of my visit to Lieberwerda, there was born in the town of Friedland a girl whose father was the apothecary, and one of the principal citizens of the place. She was an only child, and from early infancy had been remarkable for beauty and sweetness of disposition. As she grew up, in the soft and earnest glance of her dark eyes, a thoughtfulness and depth of feeling seemed to speak, which exercised a fascinating influence over all around. Years rolled on, the child expanded into the full-grown virgin; her mind accumulated impressions from without. The romantic old castle frowning upon the quaint and quiet town cannot have been without influence on the dawning imagination of the girl. Man is said to be the creature of circumstances, and an old German proverb on the other hand says; "An ounce from the mother has more value than a pound from the school." Either view contains deep truth, but neither can be taken as the sole and absolute key to human conduct. For the right comprehension of individual character, the inborn and hereditary disposition is the first and most important point to be attended to; for however much it may be modified by circumstances, it is the framework which displays its peculiar fashion through life. There are some natures, however, so soft and pliant, that the methodical and casual education of school and circumstances will appear mainly to give the

coloring to their history. It was not so with Rosalie, our heroine; most decidedly not as far as her inward life was concerned. By nature she was affectionate, and disposed to concentration of feeling and thought, as her full and straight brow, her long, finely-arched, and backward curving head, would have disclosed to the eyes of a practiced phrenologist.

There are girls so fond of amusement, and of variety of occupation, so vain and frivolous, so soon tired by continuous work, that no regularity or earnestness of their surrounding circumstances can give them a serious turn. Rosalie was the opposite of these, and the quiet and uniformity, almost amounting to stagnation, of the world around her, harmonized but too well with her inborn disposition, strengthening it in its bias. Her education, in the usual sense of the word, had been carefully attended to; kind parents had watched over it, and her instinctive tendency to respond to love and affection had met with sufficient encouragement for its growth. Before the attainment of her sixteenth year, already had she attracted the attention of the young men of the neighborhood, and whenever she went abroad had been received as the acknowledged belle of her native town. Yet she displayed no sign of vanity, and seemed rather to shrink from than to court admiration. She was not seventeen years of age when her health declined. Perhaps more variety in her mode of life, more stimulus from without, were necessary; perhaps her pallid looks and languor were but the not unusual consequences of the transition from girlhood to womanhood. Whatever the cause might be, her anxious parents believed that some change was necessary, and it was decided that she should go with her mother to drink the strengthening waters of Liebwerda.

At that time this little Bohemian watering place enjoyed a greater reputation than at present; the great thermal and mineral-water magnates of the country—Carlsbad, Marienbad, etc.—had not so completely thrown it into the shade. On the arrival of the apothecary's wife, the inns and lodging houses of the place were all nearly filled with guests. In that otherwise quiet valley,

soon after break of day, a mixed crowd collected in the neighborhood of the springs, to walk about in the intervals of drinking, chatting or listening to a band of musicians posted in the centre of the square promenade.

The principal well is strong in iron and carbonic acid gas, and has a powerfully stimulating effect on the brain and nervous system. All who undergo a so-called "cure," find, as a rule, their more prominent mental qualities brought into unusual activity. Thus the vain will be more than ever disposed to court admiration; the proud and passionate will become more irritable, and intolerant of opposition to their wishes; while kind and loving dispositions will cling more tenderly to the objects of their affection, form new friendships, or indulge in day dreams in accordance with their nature.

The advent of a young and lovely girl among these morning promenaders naturally excited much attention, and the men, especially, did willing homage to her fascinating exterior.

Among the visitors to the place were two brothers, officers in the Prussian army. Though both were young, yet, in consequence of some constitutional weakness, they had been sent for a time from a hot and dusty garrison in the sandy plains of Prussia, to drink the strengthening waters of Liebwerda, and breathe its pure mountain air, tempered by the aroma of the pine forests over which it sweeps. They were in the same regiment, the elder brother about twenty-three, the younger only nineteen years of age. Both were slender and handsome, with dark brown hair and grayish eyes.

In the elder brother these mirrors of the soul, as they are not inaptly called, had a somewhat unsteady, and at times disagreeably sharp and sinister expression. In the younger, however, with a bluer tinge, the expression of the eyes was softer and more concentrated. Both were proud and reserved, though in the younger brother these qualities were moderated by genuine kindness of heart.

The brothers were sincerely attached to one another, but the elder had always been accustomed to take the lead in the affairs of life in which both were concerned. Although, in general, he was

outwardly calm and self-possessed, yet he was nervously susceptible and suspicious; and occasionally, when offended, or checked in his desires, irritability would break forth with an almost overwhelming force. Military discipline, the necessity of obedience, had imparted to him self-control in the presence of his superiors, but he was not loved by his comrades or those under his command. Towards his younger brother, however, his despotic temper was curbed by his affection, and that satisfaction which proud natures derive from an undisputed sense of superiority and influence over others.

These young officers soon sought and obtained an introduction to the belle of Friedland, and both in a short time felt more than a common interest in the possessor of such physical and moral charms. The poor girl, though ignorant of love and all its ways, was not long in perceiving that her new acquaintances paid her more than usual attention; that, in fact, she had unwittingly excited a commotion in their hearts. Whether, and if so to what extent, she responded to the feelings of either of the brothers, was known only to herself. It was believed, however, by the observers of their morning promenades, that for the younger much warmth of feeling had been awakened in her heart; and, alas for her future peace, the elder brother thought so likewise.

Too proud to speak to Adolf—for so was the younger named—of his feelings, of his distracting suspicions, he gave way to moody broodings and irritability with all around, indulging in that wretched kind of pleasure, known to many of his egotistical turn of mind, of consciously tormenting himself while inflicting pain on another. Rosalie, young and inexperienced as she was, may have had some intuitive feeling of what was working in the young man's mind. She strove, therefore, by gentleness and reserve to give no cause of offence, and particularly to avoid walking alone with Adolf.

One unusually fine afternoon a little excursion was arranged by some of the visitors at the baths, to a distant for-ester's house, where coffee was to be taken. The Friedland citizen's wife, her lovely daughter, and the two offi-

cers were of the party. On the way to the place of their destination, the elder brother was constant in his attention to the fair Rosalie, and appeared to be far more cheerful than was his wont. On the return, however, another lady had drawn him into attendance at her side while the younger brother kept in the neighborhood of the fair one. In crossing one of those numerous little rills, which, wherever there is an indenture in the mountain side, trickle down through the forest glades to swell the larger stream below, a tributary of ocean-destined Elbe, a profusion of lovely forget-me-nots were seen blooming on a green and boggy sward, a kind of oasis amid a *débris* of rocks. Rosalie incautiously expressed her admiration of those pretty flowers. What more natural than for Adolf to hasten to gather a bunch, and present it to her? This little act did not escape the jealous eyes of the brother in the rear. The young girl carried the flowers in her hand, and continued to do so the rest of the way. But on nearing the house where she resided, and before she took leave of her companions, she unconsciously placed the bunch in her girdle, and on that side, too, nearest to her heart. Our great poet, and others versed in human nature, have too well expressed the influence of trifles on the jealous, to permit of further observations on the well-worn theme.

"The green-eyed monster" now fairly took possession of Otto's soul, choking his better feelings. The brothers walked in silence to their lodgings, which they no sooner reached, than the elder, in a voice hoarse with ill-suppressed passion, announced to his companion that he was going back to the forest to look for his signet ring, which he said he had been playing with, and had lost by the way. He would retrace his steps, he declared, and try to make good his loss before he went to bed. He peremptorily refused the offer of his brother's company, adding, that should he be late he could enter his room on the ground floor by the open window, and see his brother in the morning. The tone in which these words were spoken jarred upon Adolf's feelings and left a painful impression on his mind. Still, as he had no suspicion of his brother's real motive for hurrying out again,

he expressed himself satisfied with the arrangement.

Otto now sallied forth, back to the woods and the mountain streams. Amid the blocks of granite and gneiss, which are there plentifully scattered about, he wandered without purpose, a burning pain in his brow, a cold choking agony in his heart; one dreadful feeling having full possession of his distempered, maddened brain. Yes! distempered, maddened; we use the words in full consciousness of their meaning; for passion in its ungovernable paroxysms is nothing less than temporary insanity. What thoughts flitted this night through the young man's brain, what determinations he now formed, now rejected, no one can tell. His natural pride and susceptibility, heightened by the stimulating effects of the mineral waters he had been drinking, led to his working himself into the full conviction that the girl he loved so passionately was lost to him for ever, and that he had a rival in his own hitherto subordinate brother. Too deficient in moral and kindly feelings to understand the beauty of a calm and resolute self-sacrifice to promote the happiness of others, and too proud to give way to grief, rage and despair filled his heart, and there was no relief to his misery to be found. The night was calm, the moon near the full, shone soft and bright, unobscured even by passing clouds; no storm, no turmoil without, to stimulate to exertion and distract attention from within. Now running, now sitting on a piece of rock, his aching forehead resting on his hands, gradually towards morning he retraced his steps, and found himself at last half unconsciously in his apartment. That he had not returned till very late his brother knew, and he felt anxious to learn the cause.

At the usual hour for going to the springs, Adolf arose, and as all was quiet in his brother's room, he supposed him to be asleep, and went out alone. The inns and lodging houses at Liehwerda are all grouped around the springs, commanding views of the promenades in the central garden of a kind of square. Adolf soon joined his fair companion of the evening before, and was walking by her side, sympathizing in her admiration

of the golden streaks that the sun, now rising above the mountains, cast upon the intervening woodland slope.

Presently he beheld his brother approaching with hurried, unsteady steps, and without a hat. He had something in his hand, and his wild and haggard looks at once filled Rosalie and himself with alarm. Instinctively they stood still, as if transfixed to the ground. It was but for a moment, for the jealous, maddened brother rushed on, and halting before the trembling girl, and muttering some words about removing an impediment to her happiness, he placed a pistol to his breast, fired, and fell dead at her feet.

We drop the curtain on this fearful scene. The consternation and misery it produced may be easily conceived.

Adolf and Rosalie met no more. The swooning girl was carried to her room, and taken back in the evening to her home in Friedland. Time, her friends hoped, would restore peace to a mind thus rudely shaken, yet without any fault of her own. "Grief that is born of reason," says Metastasio, "partakes of the character of calmness." Misfortunes which we are fated to experience by circumstances beyond our control produce sufferings but small in comparison with those we have to undergo, when the sad consequences of errors fall upon a weak and conscience-stricken soul.

Still, Rosalie's sensitive nature, inclined as she was to concentration of thought and feeling, was slow to recover from the blow it had received. Though the affection of her parents and friends was unaltered, yet to her eyes the world was no longer the same. It was the inward life of the young girl which had received a shock—her day dreams which had been rudely dissipated. She was like a lovely spring flower which, though still rooted in its native earth, had been bruised in its stem by a storm. One violent, mad act, of a proud, irritable, and selfish man, whose intellectual acquirements, manners, and outward appearance she had found superior to anything she had previously met with in her native town, had shaken her faith in human nature, and in those manly virtues upon which her imagination had delighted to dwell.

And then the poor brother, the yet more serious victim of selfish passion!—thoughts of him, and pity for his sufferings, overwhelmed her with grief. That he had emigrated to America she had been told, but in the dark prospect of his future she could see no relief. No wonder, therefore, that her thoughts should turn to the cloister, that she should wish to renounce a world her first steps into which had proved so disastrous. Her mother unintentionally contributed to this resolve; for regarding her daughter only in the light of one who had been greatly sinned against, she gave way to her angry lamentations about the untoward past, and displayed impatience at her daughter's grief. Good housewife as she was herself, she could not understand the continuance of her child's depression and want of interest in the practical duties of every-day life. But Rosalie's father was of a more thoughtful and imaginative nature, and he both comprehended his daughter's state of mind and entirely sympathized with her. He became aware that a complete change in her outward circumstances was requisite. Before the winter set in, he took her, therefore, to Prague, to pass some months under the roof of a brother of the same profession as himself, who, with his wife and numerous family, resided in that ancient city.

The expectations of the good man were not disappointed. The following summer his daughter returned to her home, much improved in health and spirits. Intercourse with cheerful cousins of about her own age, and the advice of an enlightened and benevolent priest, the friend of her uncle, had induced her, to the great joy of her parents, to renounce the idea of becoming a nun. Thus was Rosalie restored again to her parents and her home, and able cheerfully to pursue her former daily avocations. Her wound was healed, though a scar remained.

Two quiet years now rolled over her head, not the less happy ones to her from the absence of stirring events. In the course of this time she had made the acquaintance of a young forester of the neighborhood, whose heart had been taken captive by her beauty and goodness. He was a man frank and

courageous, of kind and modest character; and though, when he first ventured to speak of his love, she withdrew from his advances, declaring that she could never wish to marry, yet in the end she became aware that he was not indifferent to her, and she yielded to solicitations on the part of her lover, to which the wishes of her parents were earnestly joined.

He was in every way worthy of her affection, being tender without weakness, sensible, and ever active in his profession. This led to his being much abroad; but Rosalie had her household duties to attend to, his dinner to prepare; and who so happy as she, what face so bright as hers, when the hour of his return drew nigh?

The young couple resided in a small and cheerful house, not far from the high road which runs from Liebwärda to Friedland, and close to the rapid stream which flows in the same direction. Their happiness was complete, for, to the joys of reciprocal love, soon was added the bright prospect of its coming pledge.

It would be well could I close here my little history, and leave the mind to dwell on this sunny picture of domestic bliss!

Nearly eight months of married life had passed away in happy uniformity—so happy that, to Rosalie, time seemed to have the eagle's wing—when one day the forester received a letter from a friend of his youth, now residing in the capital, who offered soon to pay him a visit. The offer was joyfully accepted, and Rosalie, proud of her husband and her home, busied herself, in many of those little ways so dear to women, to prepare to do honor to her expected guest. He came, and she had the pleasure of seeing the fine manly qualities of her husband stand out more prominently in intercourse with his townsman friend.

Even grown-up men and women, when they wish to impart pleasure, may be often likened to a little child, that offers the sugar-plum from its mouth to those whom it likes. The forester, anxious to amuse his friend, naturally proposed to him a day's sport in the woods. They were to start together at break of day, and as the

weather promised to continue fine, it was arranged that Rosalie, with her maid, should join the sportsmen at noon, on one of those ledges of rock which tower above the trees, and are favorable for viewing the surrounding country. She was to take with her provisions for the mid-day meal.

At the appointed hour, the forester led his friend to the place of meeting. His beloved Rosalie was already there, and as he drew near he saw her waving her handkerchief in token of a joyful welcome. He hastened his steps, and alas! his friend from the capital, who was unaccustomed to the use of firearms, hurried forward too. The husband approached his wife, and was but a few paces from her, when his companion in the rear, on climbing the last ledge of rock, missed his footing and fell. A barrel of his gun exploded, and the shot penetrated the back of the forester, who sank, mortally wounded, to breathe his last in the arms of his wife!

On this second tragical and still more dire occurrence, which Rosalie was doomed to witness, again we drop the curtain, to lift it once more for a moment only.

For many years after the loss of her husband, Rosalie never quitted the premises of her parents, with whom she again resided, taking exercise only after sunset, in the garden at the back of their house. But the originally healthy and well-balanced mind, though twice thus violently shaken, was not unhinged. Inborn kindness of heart, a true religious spirit, her duties towards her child, her parents, and the cherished remembrance of her short span of bliss, gave her strength to live.

The wife of the friend whom I had accompanied to Liehwerda, perceiving the deep interest I felt in the heroine of the tragedy she had related to me, offered to take me to call on the apothecary's wife, with whom she was well acquainted. One fine afternoon we drove together to Friedland, and found the family at home. In the course of our visit, the young widow entered the room, leading a lovely little girl by the hand. It was a picture never to be forgotten. I saw before me a face of transcendent beauty, pale as an antique marble bust. The eyes, now deeply

set, with broad dark rims beneath, gave evidence of a kind and loving nature, and, at the same time, of sufferings long sustained.

I have only to add, that the black cross upon the ledge of rock, which I had originally discovered with my telescope, had been placed by the widow on the spot where her husband had fallen.

Temple Bar.

FRENCHWOMEN UNDER THE EMPIRE.

"No one," says M. Michelet, "can have failed to remark the gradual but rapid separation of the two sexes in France. They appear to have nothing in common, neither ideas nor interests. There is no sympathy between them, scarcely mutual forbearance. They are coming to regard each other not only as necessary evils, but as natural enemies, restrained alone by the force of circumstances from coming into collision. The domestic hearth," he continues, "is cold, the family dinner a silent meal; and at night, each retires to a separate chamber. Even in society, the amiable hypocrisy of ordinary politeness is insufficient to draw the men towards the women. If there be several rooms open for the reception of company, the ladies will be found crowded together in the most spacious and resplendent apartment, where they are left to their own devices, except when at long intervals some fine old gentleman, one of the few survivors of the ancient school of courtesy, ventures within the magic circle to offer a graceful compliment, or to say a few kindly words, to the wife or daughter of an old comrade or fellow-collegian."

This reciprocal alienation of the two sexes, so faithfully depicted by M. Michelet, is particularly observable by the seaside, where, in England, an exactly opposite state of thing usually prevails. The men there pass their time in playing at cards or billiards, in reading the papers, in sipping coffee or absinthe, while the ladies are left to amuse themselves as best they may. Immediately after dinner, perhaps, the "happy family" will sally forth in a group to the terrace, or jetty, but no sooner do they en-

counter another "happy family" of their acquaintance than the constituent elements fly apart—the gentlemen invariably falling to the rear, and presently vanishing from the scene. Even on public ball-nights at the Saloon, or Casino, it is only the very young men who are intrepid enough, or sufficiently fond of dancing for its own sake, to enter the arena—the *gens braccata* for the most part contenting themselves with blocking up the doorway and craning their necks to mark the results of waltzing in short skirts. The dance over, the lady is conducted straightway to her seat, previously secured by her mantle and cane, and her partner, seemingly half ashamed of the exhibition he has made of himself, slinks back among his fellows. But there is no attempt at conversation, no interchange of ideas or sentiments, and certainly no love-making, or less serious flirtation. A few whirls round the room, followed by a soulless smile and an unmeaning bow, constitute the chief pleasure of the bi-weekly ball at a fashionable French watering place; while on other nights the two sexes are divided by a barrier not the less real for being invisible.

Public manners are the reflection of public morals. It is not merely a question of politeness and good breeding, that there should exist a cordial and sympathetic understanding between the component parts of each section of society—but of love and reverence for all that is good and true and noble, in the conduct of life. The most careless and superficial observer can hardly fail to be struck by the deterioration of the upper classes of society in France, during the last ten or a dozen years. The type of a thorough gentleman has become almost a curiosity. The very countenances of the men begin to betray the gradual lowering of the moral tone. Nine faces out of ten wear the same expression of coarse selfishness, of habitual disregard for the feelings of others, of disbelief in the present, and of reckless indifference as to the future. The women, too, are vain, conceited, insolent, and supercilious, though they can be exceedingly graceful in manner, and at times even fascinating, notwithstanding their harsh, shrill voices, which are usually pitched in a particularly high key. Their

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only object in life appears to be, to enrich their milliners at the expense of their husbands, and to display on their persons the greatest possible quantity of silk, or satin, or muslin, of every hue under the sun. In the company of men they are comparatively silent, though quivering with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles;" and it is only among themselves that they give the reins to their tongues, and show of what volubility female utterance is capable. To their children they are excessively indulgent, so long as they are too young to enter into rivalry with themselves, but they take no trouble to impart a sound moral training, or to set up for their guidance any higher standard than the ruling fashion of the day. To float with the stream, to go with the multitude—that is, the fashionable multitude—is the sole principle they teach, or pretend to illustrate by example.

The fact is, the Empire is Materialism. It is the reign of brute force tempered by sensuality. Success, however achieved, is alone respected. The means are as nothing, the end alone is regarded. Somewhere in Louis Napoleon's writings it is laid down as an indisputable dogma, that there is nothing demoralizing in the supremacy of the sword; and that while the arts of peace and the pursuit of riches corrupt and enervate the national character, a thirst for martial glory elevates and purifies it. M. Eugène Pelletan, indeed, is of a different opinion, for he insists that under a military and warlike government the men are enslaved by the women, that is, through their personal charms; and as there can be no real union where the man alone is possessed of sound knowledge and useful ideas, he draws the conclusion that in such circumstances the society of the equally beautiful but more amusing *Hétaira* will be preferred to that of her insipid, if virtuous, sister. And to satisfy ourselves of the general truthfulness of this theory, we need only turn to authentic pictures of the court of the first Napoleon. At the same time it may be freely conceded that a too assiduous devotion to mammon is also apt to lower the moral tone, by engendering a hard selfishness, by confounding wealth with desert, and by exalting the acquisition of wealth to the rank of a meritori-

ons achievement. But it is at least equally unquestionable that the certain consequences of passing one's children through the fire to Moloch are a vain egotism, an intolerable insolence of demeanor, a habitual contempt for human sympathies, an unhappy disdain for all that is weak, an immoderate admiration of all that is strong. And history tells us that the restless excitability induced by frequent indulgence in warlike enterprise, and consequent imperilment of life and limb, seeks a natural outlet, during the intervals of peace, by plunging headlong into the most hazardous speculations, airily based upon the doctrine of chances. Reckless gambling supercedes legitimate commerce; patient industry is held to indicate the absence of ingenuity and self-reliance; and the episodes and accidents of life are reduced to a system of lotteries. And of these, not one contains fewer prizes or a greater number of blanks than the lottery of marriage; for though, according to M. Michelet, Frenchwomen make the best as well as the worst of wives, little, if any, circumspection is displayed by the generality of Frenchmen in their choice of a partner for life. It is not so much a bosom friend and companion they seek, as a dowered and unsalaried housekeeper, who shall also transmit their name and property to another generation. They have been, besides, so harassed by wars, and revolutions, and all sorts of acts of political violence, that they have come to look upon wedlock, likewise, as a matter for a *coup d'état*. The Rape of the Sabines, that brilliant writer sarcastically remarks, would have suited them exactly. The unmarried men would like nothing better than to organize an expedition and make a *razzia* among the unmarried women. As for the feelings and affections of the bride, that is quite a secondary consideration. She is free, however, to weep in private over the desolation of mind and heart into which she has been sold, or flung, through the interested calculations or utter indifference of her parents, with full knowledge of the dire consequences that might be expected to ensue. But fidelity to the nuptial couch is a question that concerns the husband, not them: and it would be an insult to him, to their daughter, and to themselves, to

anticipate the bare possibility of public scandal.

In his clever, but certainly not profound or satisfactory, review of the position held by the mother in a French family, M. Pelletan asserts that the question at issue between man and woman does not touch upon their relative superiority or inferiority, but turns upon the special calling of the latter. This riddle he proceeds to solve according to the popular notion, by proclaiming a young girl's vocation to be—to please; a woman's—to love; a mother's—to rear her babe; and a grandmother's—to go to confession and to entertain company. The first part of this programme is carried out with minute deliberation. The maiden is carefully fitted out as a privateer, and duly provided with letters of marque; but a capture once effected, she must dismantle as fast as possible. To employ her means of captivity after she has secured a husband would be a pure loss of time and power if directed against her captive, and perilous to herself if directed against any other individual.

All writers on the state of society in France at the present time agree in this, that female education is either totally neglected, or shamefully misconducted. The father, seldom, if ever, interferes in the affairs of his household, or with the bringing up of his children, certainly not of his daughters. The result is, that they are brought up in such hopeless ignorance of all which they ought to know, and with such a pernicious familiarity with all which they could dispense with knowing, that no man of refined feelings and liberal ideas can, for a continuance, experience heartfelt pleasure in their society, or make them his real friends and companions. Marriage thus becomes a mere union of bodies: a simple affair of eating and drinking in the same room, of sleeping under the same roof, and of raising up a successor to the joint property. Such is the mature judgment passed upon the women of France of the present day by the most earnest and thoughtful writers among their own fellow-countrymen.

In what class of society in France, asks M. Pelletan, shall a man look for a wife with whom he can freely interchange ideas and sentiments? Not

among the agricultural laborers: for the peasant girl is a mere machine, prematurely used up by hard labor. Exposed to all weathers, indifferently fed, coarsely clad, she watches the sheep, thins the leaves of the vine, hoes the field, looks after the brood-lings, makes hay, helps in harvest time, prepares the soup, bakes the bread, and attends to the washing. For her there is no repose, no relaxation, no time for the mind to form—nothing but work, work, work. Above this substratum is seen the Norman farmer's wife, well-to-do in worldly goods, abundantly fed, and comfortably attired; but she, too, is busy all day with her poultry yard, garden and dairy, and her mind remains imbedded in matter. The condition of the manufactory girl is still worse, from every point of view. She is only a "hand," only a part of the steam-engines, an inferior adjunct to the costly machinery. She eats and drinks when she can, and what she can, and sleeps in a miserable garret with one who is not her husband; and if a child be born and survive the first half hour, it is carried off to a foundling hospital, or to a *Salle d'Aïse*. The position of the well-employed, skilled artisan is, indeed, superior to any of these. His wages enable his wife to devote herself to the promotion of his material comforts, to keeping his house in order, and to cooking his food to please his palate. The children are brought up at home, and early trained to habits of industry until of an age to be sent out into the world to earn their own livelihood. But even here nothing is thought of but work—the body is everything, the mind a cipher. There remains, then, the class that styles itself wealthy and independent, and in France there are very few girls belonging to this section of society who do not possess a dower more or less considerable.

The education of a young lady begins with what concerns the toilet. She learns to sew, to embroider, to tie a ribbon, to put in a pin, to fit on a dress, to arrange a flower in her hair. In other words, she is taught that dress is the first consideration. Her personal attractions, however, can hardly be said to be of secondary importance. She, therefore, acquires the art of walking, or rather of gliding, with grace. She is bidden

to hold herself upright without stiffness, and to assist nature, when needful, by hiding a little here, by showing a good deal there. Then she must know when to smile, and how much to bestow on this person and how much on that. To droop the eyelids and assume an air at once modest and provocative is also an art that one day may stand her in good stead. In addition to these outward and visible attractions, a well-bred damsel is expected to possess the accomplishments that are indispensable in good society. While yet in her early youth she will dance with languor, she will martyrize the piano, she will sing—falsely, perhaps, but with abundant fire and animation. Should her voice fail her altogether, she must be content to handle the pencil and the brush, and to improve upon nature. As for the development of her intellectual faculties, continues M. Pelletan, she is sent for a year or two to a boarding school, or a convent, where she obtains a vague notion of orthography, and begins to suspect that it is the earth revolves, and not the sun. After a while she will even affirm that two and two make four, and become almost capable of checking the different items in the cook's marketing account. Here and there an ambitious mother adds a smattering of English or Italian, but such polyglot erudition is apt to be mistaken for pedantry, and, after all, it is only the most superlative aristocrats who, aiming at eccentricity, care to read the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or the works of Metastasio without the intermedium of a translation.

In the matter of ideas a well-born maiden remains to her wedding day a blank page. Of the world, of life, of man, of herself, she knows no more than she does of her catechism, which she once learned by rote without attaching more importance to it than to her first communion, "a sacramental ceremony performed in white muslin." She is willing to believe that there is a Paradise—perhaps, even a place for future punishment for common people—since M. la Curé affirms such to be the case, and it would be ill manners to doubt his word. A certain amount of religion is requisite for all who have the privilege of moving in good society, though usually considered preferable if seasoned

with a good dash of superstition. Every young lady who has had the advantage of a fashionable education is expected to confess herself once a month, to go to Mass on Sunday, to make the sign of the Cross, with holy water, and to eat fish on Friday; but in all this she need see no more than a respectable formality, to be placed in the same category with the etiquette relating to morning calls. From time to time the marriageable damsel takes up a book, but history wearies her, though, as Mme. de Staël observes, in a country where they cut off women's heads it is as well to know something of politics. Serious books of any kind are voted a bore, and conjure up the blue devils, but with the aid of a sentimental love-story even an autumn day in the country may be endured. The theatre, however, is prized far above any novel, for there romance is seen in action. The impulsive maiden feels as if she herself were a part of the spectacle and one of the performers; she vibrates in common with others; she swims, as it were, in a flood of electric passion. There, too, for the first time she forms some idea of the meaning of love, and upon that idea may depend the whole course of her future life. She sees, moreover, after what fashion a point-blank declaration of love is made and received, and how a too presumptuous admirer may be kept at arms' length without being offended and sent adrift. Such, according to M. Pelletan, is the usual extent and character of the education bestowed upon a young girl destined to move in the higher circles of French society. The only chords in her heart that have been developed are coquetry and a sentimental imagination. She has been taught how to attract, and she has learned how to dream. But is such training likely to fit her for becoming a suitable companion for a man, or a sensible mother for his children?

The lively, if biting, satire of M. Eugène Pelletan is more than confirmed by the grave and sorrowful strictures of M. Michelet, who does not hesitate to affirm that all French girls belonging to the more opulent classes—with, of course, a few rare exceptions—are inspired by their mothers with ideas and fancies long since exploded among men. Female education as at present

conducted in France, he stigmatizes as *negative et stérilisante*, not only as regards the worldly and precocious maidens who become women without ever being girls, but as regards those also who have enjoyed national or adventitious advantages over their fellows, but are nevertheless as devoid of color and vitality as a plant cultivated in a dark cellar.

As Frenchwomen generally marry at an early age, the husband's influence would probably in time counteract the errors of their youthful training were matrimony an affair of the heart, and not a sordid calculation of the brain. Everybody who has ever been to Antwerp knows how love, in the case of Quentin Matsys, out of a Mulciber wrought an Apelles, and were a fair chance afforded to that potent magician there is no reason why he should not work equally marvellous transformations in the case of the fair daughters of France, even under the sway of the sabre. Unhappily, there is no standing-point for the mighty wizard whence to apply his lever to move a world of ignorance and frivolity. Men and women in France are matched according to their respective means and prospects, and without the slightest reference to congeniality of tastes and pursuits. On attaining his thirtieth year, says M. Pelletan, a Frenchman begins to weary of extravagance and dissipation, and settles down to his work in sober earnest. In one way or another he contrives to purchase a share in some mercantile or professional occupation, and then looks around him for a wife to act as his Minister of the Interior. Within the circle of every marriageable young lady's acquaintance there exists an elderly person apparently created for the express purpose of providing her with a husband. To this matrimonial broker, or Sister of Charity, it seems the most natural and proper thing in the world that a girl with a fortune of her own should be united to a man who happens to want such an article. She therefore names the amount to the latter, and, if the figure suits his views and expectations, she sets about establishing mutual relations between the owner of the fortune and her chosen client. As soon as the ice is broken on both sides

the suitor solicits a personal interview, because, as the Code confers upon the damsel the privilege of a veto, it may be assumed that she is entitled at least to see the face of the man in whose house it is proposed she should reside for the remainder of her days. A meeting is accordingly arranged to come off in the presence of the young lady's mother, or other discreet and experienced matron. At the appointed time the maiden descends to the drawing room in a toilet the very embodiment of simplicity and unstudied elegance—so thoroughly has she mastered the art of concealing art. She seats herself on a low stool by her mother's side, and becomes intensely interested with her embroidery. The suitor arrives, also got up for the occasion, his outer man fresh from his tailor, and with the air of one who expects to carry the place by assault. Salutations are politely exchanged, and also a few remarks on the current topics of the day. A pause then ensues, until the gentleman, gathering himself together, rushes at the "bull-finch" before him and clears it at a bound. Having expounded his budget, he takes his leave perfectly satisfied with the impression he has made, if not with that which he has himself received. For, all this time the other high contracting party has remained silent, or answered only in monosyllables, though naturally prepossessed in favor of the man who has paid her the compliment of selecting her from among her fellows to preside over his house. Should the wooer not repent of his morning's work, both sides proceed to the negotiation of the marriage contract. This is done in a business-like manner, and as between entire strangers. When the respective signatures have been affixed to the irrevocable deed, a little love-making is permitted, and the young people see each other daily, for an hour or so at a time, and even walk together in the garden, if there happen to be one, but of course always under the vigilant guardianship of the maternal eye. The young lady is probably not displeased to have a male companion, though now and then she may, perchance, be tempted to ask herself why, if this be love, so much fuss should be made about it. But time

and the hour run through the longest day, and at last the twain become one—one in name, one in interests, but still as widely severed as the poles in all that concerns the mind and the heart.

Devoid of occupation, destitute of internal resources, and for the most part neglected by their husbands, married women in good society, in France, have only the alternative of bigotry or pleasure, and they naturally commence with the latter—frequently in the end crowning a life of futility, not untainted by sin, with a fit of sour devotion, just as in olden times men compounded for a life of lawless self-indulgence by being buried in a friar's "garb of woe." It may be questioned, however, if there is as much actual infidelity to the marriage-bed in the present as in the past generation—not so much, indeed, through the influence of religious belief, or of a higher moral standard, as through the comparative absence of temptation. In fact, if a woman be not companionable as a wife, she is not likely to be so as a mistress. Besides, married women have nowadays to contend against a large field of competitors, with all the chances against them. Frenchmen of the present day, if not less frivolous, are certainly less impressionable than their predecessors of the old school of gallantry; and having become practical and prosaic, they have lost their passion for *bonnes fortunes*. An affair of the heart takes up time that might be more profitably devoted to affairs of the Bourse. If not less expensive, it is less troublesome and less dangerous to keep a mistress, with regard to whom there need be no restraint and no self-sacrifice, except of a pecuniary nature, and the association with whom is terminable at pleasure. It must not be forgotten that the social evil in France wears a very different aspect to what it has assumed in England. There is none of the coarse brutality, the rampant shamelessness, that render the streets of London impassable after dark for women who have any respect for themselves, or even for their sex. But for that very reason it is all the more to be dreaded. Vice, in Paris at least, puts on the most seductive forms, employs the surest arts of fascination, and arrays itself in the most attractive colors. There is nothing to

shock or disgust the yet unperverted mind, but everything to throw it off its guard, to ensnare and finally corrupt it in the absence of good example and precept, or the fear of public censure and reprobation. When the Cyprian goddess fled from Hörsel, it was surely in Paris she fixed her shrine, for there the most dashing equipages, the most costly robes, the most sumptuous furniture, the most exquisite dainties, and the "red, red gold," are openly and lavishly laid upon her altar, and it is her nymphs and priestesses who set the fashion in dress and in every style of eccentric extravagance. Indeed it was only last spring season a subject of complaint among "the daughters of marble," that the respectable women aped their manners and imitated their costume so closely and successfully that it was a hard task to distinguish between "professionals" and "amateurs." And it was regarded as a flash of genius when one, more inventive than her fellows, suggested that on the Longchamps Derby day the frail sisterhood should surcharge their carriages with cut flowers. How the signal passed through the rebel ranks is a mystery, but it is certain that the votaries of the Foam-boon appeared on that occasion in great force, each with her brougham or calèche stuffed and loaded with bouquets, to the utter discomfiture of the uninitiated.

M. Dupin, in his recent attack on "the unbridled luxury of women," has been accused of wilful exaggeration, and it must be admitted that he laid on his colors too unsparingly, through confounding two things all too similar and yet not the same. He omitted to make any sort of distinction between the *luxe effrené* of the *grand-monde*, and the *luxe effronté* of the *demi-monde*. There is this excuse, however, to be made for him, that in outward appearance it really is very difficult to draw such a line. The reckless mania for dress, which just now rages with the fury of an epidemic among the women of France, is even more glaring by the seaside than in Paris. There the one end and object of life appears to be to surpass all others, not only in costliness, but in originality of attire. The most fantastic fashions are flaunted though the narrow, dirty streets of dreary little

bathing villages; while the richest silks and satins of the most delicate hue are trailed over the moist sands, or exposed to the burning sun on the terrace of the *etablissement*, their speedy destruction furnishing a welcome though unneeded excuse for some fresh and still more startling novelty. If rich people alone indulged in such follies, it would be a less serious, if still a very regrettable, matter; but the evil is rapidly spreading downwards to the lower strata of society, in spite of the opposition it there encounters on the part not only of husbands and fathers, but also of youthful aspirants to connubial bliss. Not many months ago an open-air meeting was held at Marseilles, at which some hundreds of young men pledged themselves not to change their condition until women had come to their senses, and learned to be more moderate in their personal expenditure. But it is clear that the remedy must come from the same quarter whence the distemper first broke out. Notwithstanding the pure and simple elegance of her present style of dress, and while entertaining sincere and profound respect for her many virtues, no one can deny the fact that the Empress Eugénie is answerable for much of the wild extravagance that is rendering the women of France an object of mingled ridicule and terror to their own countrymen. Her Imperial Majesty cannot be held altogether guiltless of having given the first impulse to the present inordinate passion for brave apparel and outward adorning of the person, and, therefore, to her does it belong to check the further spread of the fatal and outrageous folly by discountenancing its indulgence within the walls of her palace. The disorder has now grown to such a height that the most disastrous results must ensue to the national character, if prompt measures be not adopted for its immediate mitigation, and eventual subjection to the rules of good taste and common sense. It were vain to attempt to legislate against it, for sumptuary laws in the nineteenth century would certainly be an anachronism and an egregious blunder. Equally vain is the idea of writing it down, unless women in "good society" can first be persuaded to read something more serious than a Journal

of Fashions, or the last novel by George Sand. As for poor M. Dupin, all that he has yet succeeded in doing is in furnishing the design of an additional costume, and in raising a good-natured laugh at his own expense, as even the fair objects of his vituperation admit, with a smile, that he is—"very amusing."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

AN eminent author has called Mrs. Browning the female Shakespeare of England. Female poets hold a more distinguished place in English literature at this day, and their works fill a larger space in our libraries, than in any previous period in literary history. And among these Mrs. Browning has no superior, and few if any equals. Her name and fame, her character and works, will live and be held in cherished remembrance by all admirers of fine writing for ages to come.

In the fine portrait which adorns our present number, her friends may see and retain a very accurate expression of her face and features almost up to the close of her life. "This portrait is all that I could desire," wrote her bereaved husband to Theodore Tilton, editor of the *Independent*, soon after her decease, when inclosing her photograph, from which the present engraving has been copied by the kindness of Mr. Tilton. With a cherished reputation, so world wide as that of Mrs. Browning, it is needful to record on these pages, only a very few of the leading events of her life as an accompaniment to her portrait.

Elizabeth Barrett was born in London in 1809, of a family in affluent circumstances. Educated with great care, she gave early proofs of genius. At the age of ten she began to write both poetry and prose. At the age of fifteen her powers as a writer were well known. We have no room in this brief sketch to enumerate her works, which enlisted so much interest in her rising fame. In 1838 a blood-vessel burst in her lungs, which did not heal for a year. This reduced her strength to great weakness, and she was removed to Torquay. During her residence there, while slowly re-

gaining her health, a most painful event occurred. One fine summer morning her favorite brother, with two other fine young men, his friends, embarked on board a small sailing vessel for a trip of a few hours. They undertook the management of the boat alone, sending back the boatman. In a few minutes after their embarkation, and in sight of their very windows, just as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down and all on board perished. Even the bodies were never found. This tragedy nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. She was utterly prostrated by the horror and the grief of the sad event. It was not till the next year that she could be removed in an easy carriage, twenty miles a day, to her afflicted family in London. She told a friend that, during the whole winter, the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying. We record this sad narrative just here because its influence seems to have tinged her productions to the close of her life. A deep current of religion—sometimes it might be regarded as religious melancholy—pervades most of her poetry. This, in the opinion of many of her readers, adds a rich charm to her thoughts. For many years in London she confined herself to one large and commodious, but darkened chamber, admitting only her own affectionate family and a few devoted friends, reading almost every book worth reading, in almost every language, and giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess.

Miss Barrett became the wife of Robert Browning in the autumn of 1846. Strange to say, the invalid was suddenly restored to the world as if by magic. She left her sick chamber, and walked abroad with her husband. The newly-married pair went to Pisa and Florence, where they chiefly resided since, and where Mrs. Browning composed her last poems, "Aurora Leigh," "Poems before Congress," and others. In 1851 Miss Mitford says: "This summer I have had the exquisite pleasure of seeing Mrs. Browning once more in London, with a lovely boy at her knee, almost as well as ever, and telling tales of Italian rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back up the sources of extinct

volcanoes. May Heaven continue to her such health and happiness!"

"Mrs. Browning lived in one house in Florence for fourteen years, and went out of it to her grave."

"Mrs. Browning died at Florence June 29th, 1861, half an hour after day-break." And Mr. Tilton, in his beautiful memorial volume, adds: "A life of suffering ended in peace. A frail body, bearing the burden of too great a brain, broke at last under the weight. After

six days illness the shadows of the night fell upon her eyes for the last time, and half an hour after daybreak she beheld the eternal vision. Like the pilgrim in the dream, she saw the heavenly glory before passing through the gate. 'It is beautiful!' she exclaimed, and died: sealing these last words upon her lips, as the fittest inscription that could ever be written upon her life, her genius, and her memory. In the English burial ground at Florence lie her ashes."

P O E T R Y .

THE OPERA BOX.

'Tis the Gretchen's piteous story
That I hear, yet do not hear,
And its wailing, warning accents
That awake nor awe nor fear;
For I move in a dream Elysian,
I have only ear and sight
For a voice that sweetens music,
And a face that brightens light.

It came with the curtain's rising,
That face of a faultless mould,
And the amber drapery glistened
With the lustre of woven gold.
I could hear a silken rustle,
And the air had fragrant grown,
But the house from my sight had faded,
And I looked on that face alone.

In the midst of the grand exotics
That blossom the season through,
It is there, a rose of the garden
Fresh from the winds and the dew—
Fresh as a face that follows
The hounds up a rimy hill,
With hair blown back by the breezes
That seem to live in it still.

So fresh and rosy and dimpled—
But, oh! what a soul there lies,
Melting to liquid agate
Those womanly tender eyes!
How it quickens under the music
As if at a breath divine,
And the ripening lips parted
Drink in the sound like wine!

Passionate sense of enjoyment,
Absolute lull of delight—
They are hers as the sorrowful story
Awakens her heart to-night;
And those strains deliciously tender
Hold her in mute suspense,
Delighting each quick perception,
Regaling each subtle sense.

River-like, slowly and broadly,
The music dreamily flows,
And the tale of sin and repentance
Draws to its terrible close:

And she listens, rapt and musing,
Till stirr'd by some happy thought
Some phrase of silvery sweetness,
Some cadence airily wrought.

The music surges and ceases
As the sea when the wind is spent,
And the blue of heaven brightens
Through cloudy fissure and rent.
It ceases, and all is over—
The box is empty and cold—
And the amber drapery deadens
To satin that has been gold.
—*London Society.*

CORN-FLOWERS.

From dawn till dusk, we followed up
The reapers through the wheat;
And tied the rustling corn, that lay
Like sunshine at our feet.

Kate laughed with Willie all day long,
And Kate sang merrily;
He said she sang like any bird,
And then she laughed to me.

For Kate he reaped the poppies red
That nodded in the corn;
For me he broke a pale sweet rose,
And pulled away the thorn.

He said the flowers were like her cheek
My heart was sore all day;
And when he held the rose to me,
I turned my face away.

The blue shades fell; and by the stile
At dusk we sat to rest;
Through tears, I watched the angels' wings
That flickered in the west.

They gossiped; and I heard them say:
"Oh, she is never seen
When Kate is near! She's slight and pale;
And Kate is like a queen."

And they went gayly by the fields:
And I, to hide my pain,
Slipped from them at the dusky stile,
And went home by the lane.

I heard his step—I would not stay—
And when he came so near,
I felt him breathe—I would not look,
And dried a silly tear.

Then bitterly he spoke. He held
The rose I would not wear;
And I said: "Give it Kate; she twined
The poppies in her hair!"

"Oh, hear me now, below the moon
That watches from above!
I jest with merry Kate," he said,
"But never speak of love."

"And what is Kate between us two?
I love but you alone:
Oh! take the sign, and take my heart;
Since, Love, it is your own!"

I took the rose. A little bird
Sang out a song for me;
And broadly smiled the harvest-moon,
Our happy looks to see.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

NEMESIS.

THE London *Punch*, rhyming upon the war cloud, says:

There's a funeral shadow lying
Athwart Europe far and wide;
Drifts and scuds of terror flying,
Fierce and fast on every side.
Over Germany they darken,
Over Italy they gloom;
Sea-girt England's hushed to hearken
For the trumpet of the doom.

What is it, this black terror?
Is't but the cloud of war,
By some pernicious error
Drawn near, from seeming far?
No 'tis a deeper dark'ning
Than e'en war's cloud can spread;
And the voice for which we're heark'ning
Thrills with more than battle's dread.

'Tis Nemesis that speaketh
In the thunder of these clouds—
The Nemesis that wreaketh
Kings' wrongs on guiltless crowds.
'Tis Nemesis preparing
Bloody crop from evil seed—
The Nemesis, ne'er sparing
Ill-doer or ill-deed.

So England naught rejoices,
In the view of godless fight;
Has no well-wishing voices,
Where none are in the right.
Sees not Freedom's angel springing
From the blood that shall be shed;
Only Nemesis slow winging
O'er her due track, strewn with dead!

JUNE MUSIC.

O MINNA mine, it is the rich mid-June;
In green pavilions royal Summer dwells;

And the alien cuckoo chants his endless tune—
Two sweet quaint syllables:
Soon must he pass across the seas, and sing
Elsewhere, beneath a leafy canopy
Veiling the unclouded sky,
And other nations hail his dusky wing.

You twine not now white violets in your hair,
Wan as despair, and half as sweet as love;
But richer blossoms glimmer everywhere,
Hang on the boughs above,
And slumber in the swathes of meadow-grass—
Straight purple cones of orchis—water-flags
Where the slow brooklet lags,
Dimpling the marsh green with spots of glass.

O golden Summer, thy voluptuous breath
Flatters the weary world to magical trance,
While through the haunted woodland still as death

No wings i' the noontide glance.
Coolness is only where the river bends
Brim fresh and plenteous like a giant's chalice,
Or where to rock-strewn valleys
Earth's briny cestus life and beauty lends.

Still eventide beholds the Norman spire
Of old gray granite with an ivy crest
Set like a gem in crimson sunset fire
Far in the marvellous west:
Still eventide will listen to the pipe
Of bullfinch swaying on the ash-tree top,
And mellow notes that drop
From blackbird, keen athirst for cherries ripe.

Will pleasant Summer yield a joyous myth
Fit to be said or sung beneath the trees,
Where murmurs evermore the rivulet blithe
Freshening the verdurous leas—
Moulded in rhyme as sweetly musical
As whetting of the scythe in morning fields,
What time the hillside yields
In numerous echoes to the cuckoo's call?

Ah, rhyme has no such music! But to hear
The long oar dip into the flashing water—
Creak of the mill-sail—rustic carol clear
Sung by the miller's daughter—
Twitter of merry birds in twilight time—
Rush of the glancing bat on leathern wings—
These have a tune that rings
Sweeter than all the melody of rhyme.

—*Temple Bar.* MORTIMER COLLINS.

A MOTHER.

I FEEL within myself a life
That holds 'gainst Death a feeble strife;
They say 'tis destined that my womb
Shall be its birthplace, and its tomb.
O child! if it be so, and thou
Thy native world must never know,
Thy mother verily must weep
That she may never kiss thy face;
But oh! how lightly thou wilt keep
The forfeit due from Adam's race.
Thou wilt have lived, but not have wept;
Have died, and yet have known no pain;

And Sin's dark presence will have swept
 Across thy soul, yet left no stain.
Mine is thy life, *my* breath, thy breath;
 I, only, feel the dread, the woe;
 And in thy sickness or thy death,
 Thy mother bears the pain, not thou.

Life nothing means for thee, but still
 It is a living thing I feel,
 A sex, a shape, a growth are thine,
 A form, and human face divine;
 A heart with passions wrapped therein;
 A nature doomed perforce to sin;
 A mind endowed with latent fire
 To glow, unfold, expand, aspire;
 Some likeness from thy father caught,
 Or by remoter kindred taught;
 Some faultiness of mind or frame,
 To wake the bitter sense of shame;
 Some noble passions to unroll
 The generous deed, the human tear;
 Some feelings which thy mother's soul
 Has poured on thine while dwelling near.
 All this must pass unbloomed away
 To worlds remote from earthly day;
 Worlds whither we, by paths less brief
 Are journeying through joy and grief,
 And where thy mother, now forlorn,
 May learn to know her child unborn.
 —*Fraser's Magazine.*

SONNET.

Uron a rosetree bending o'er a river
 A bird from spring to summer gayly sang,
 For love of its sweet friend, the rose, for ever
 Its beating heart with happy music rang.
 In sunshine warm and moonlight by the shore,
 Whose waves afar its voice melodious bore,
 Blent with its own. But when alas! the aere
 Gray autumn came withering those blooms so
 dear,
 Still full of love, but full of sadness too,
 Changed the sweet song as changed the roses'
 hue,
 Mourning each day some rich leaf disappear.
 Until the last had dropp'd into the stream,
 Anguished by wintry breezes blowing keen.
 Then on the bough forlorn, mute as a dream
 Awhile the poor bird clung, and soon was seen
 no more.

CAROLS FROM THE CANCIONEROS.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC CARTHY.

I.

"Vista c'lega, luz oscura."
 —*Cancionero General.* Valencia, 1511.

Lightsome darkness, seeing blindness,
 Life in death, and grief in gladness,
 Cruelty in guise of kindness,
 Doubtful laughter, joyful sadness,
 Honeyed gall, embittered sweetness,
 Peace whose warfare never endeth,
 Love, the type of incompleteness,
 Proffers joy, but sorrow sendeth.

II.

"Turbias van las aguas, madre."
 —*Romancero General.* Madrid, 1600

Turbid the waters flow, mother,
 Turbid they flow, oh! mother, dear,
 But they will clear.

When from mine eyes the waters glide
 That so disturb my joy's bright stream,
 And when my heart in boding dream
 Is tossed upon its troubled tide,
 The jealous phantom I deride,
 With love and time 'twill disappear—
 Turbid the waters flow, mother,
 Turbid they flow, oh! mother, dear,
 But they will clear.

When tyrant thought usurps the brain,
 And memory reigns with ruthless sway,
 And when the pleasure passed away
 Is mingled with the present pain;
 When sighs are breathed and tears seem vain,
 Hope whispers softly in mine ear—
 Turbid the waters flow, mother,
 Turbid they flow, oh! mother, dear,
 But they will clear.

III.

"Alguna ves"
 —*Christoval de Castillejo.*—*Obras.* Avana, 1888

One day, one day,
 Oh! troubled breast,
 Thou'lt be at rest.

If love's disdain
 Of thee makes mirth,
 Six feet of earth
 Will end his reign;
 Escaped his chain,
 Oh! troubled breast,
 Thou'lt be at rest.

The life uncrowned,
 The true love crossed,
 The peace here lost
 Will there be found:
 Beneath the ground,
 Oh! troubled breast,
 Thou'lt be at rest.

IV.

"Del rosa! vengo, mi madre."
 —*Gil Vicente.*—*Obras.* Lisbon, 1888

I come from the rose tree, mother,
 I come from the red rose tree.

By the side of the streamlet flowing
 I saw the rose bud blowing—
 I come from the red rose tree.

By the side of the stream swift flowing
 I saw the ripe rose growing—
 I come from the red rose tree.

With a sigh, where the stream was flowing,
 I plucked the red rose glowing—
 I come from the rose tree, mother,
 I come from the red rose tree.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Running the Gauntlet. A Novel. By EDMUND YATES, author of "Broken to Harness." Boston: Loring, Publisher. 1866. *Broken to Harness* was a novel of very considerable interest, and the present one, though not equal to that, is a pleasant story of London life, in which human passions, as usual, are made to play the chief part.

The Fixed Stars; or, the Goodness of Truth and Justice. New-York: James Miller. 1866. A queer book—too transcendental for us to comprehend or enjoy, especially in this extremely sultry weather. There may be meaning and interest in the story, but we have failed to discover them. Such absolute nonsense—such a jargon of thought and expression, we have seldom seen. It is too silly a book to be criticised. "God save my country from Puritanism and Romanism," prays the author in the Preface; and we pray to be kept from the necessity of reading such trash.

The History of Usury, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time; together with a Brief Statement of General Principles concerning the Conflict of the Laws in different States and Countries, and an Examination into the Policy of Laws on Usury, and their Effect upon Commerce. By J. B. C. MURRAY. 8vo, cloth, pp. 154. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. The right to receive money for the use of money has, until our own time, strange to say, been looked upon by governments and communities as an act worthy of condemnation. Indeed, one half of the sufferings the Jews have undergone in various countries may be traced to this feeling. Yet usury was actually sanctioned by Scripture, as far as strangers were concerned, though strictly forbidden among brethren. The difference between interest and usury was supposed to be broad and palpable; thus, interest was a fair and legal profit, and usury an exorbitant profit for money lent. Yet money being a commodity, at times scarce, and at other times plentiful, it seems to us now a mystery how statesmen could attempt to fix what was fair and legal, and what was exorbitant, for an article ever varying in value. In Alfred's reign usurers not only forfeited their chattels and estates, but lost all right to Christian burial. In the time of Edward the Confessor, to these punishments were added outlawry and the disinheriting of the heir of the usurer. William the Conqueror added whipping, exposure to the pillory, and perpetual banishment. The excessive severity of these laws doubtless originated in the fact that the Jews were considered the main transgressors, and no punishment was deemed too severe for them. But about the year 1235, we find that Christian craft came into operation, according to Matthew of Paris, much to the amusement of the Jews. A number of Italian "merchant strangers," agents for the Pope in England, opened up a very lucrative trade, by advancing money for the first three months without interest, covenanting that they should receive fifty per cent. for every month afterwards that it should remain unpaid; this evasion of the law they justified on the ground that they lent their money absolutely without interest, and what they were to receive afterwards was a con-

tingency that might be defeated; supported by the Pope, these adventurers laughed to scorn the anathema and excommunications of the English bishop. Notwithstanding the laws against usury, the expulsion of the Jews, and the denunciations of the church, usurious practices continued to prevail, and down to the 17th year of her present Majesty's reign the history of usury seems to have been one continued attempt on one side to extinguish legitimate traffic and on the other a systematic scheming to avoid the pains and penalties of law. We have found it to our advantage to allow negotiations in money to be as free as any other transaction of commerce. In the United States the old system prevails, but every State has its own peculiar laws and penalties on the subject; thus in California the legal rate for money is ten per cent., in Alabama, Florida, and Texas eight per cent., in Georgia, Michigan, Minnesota, New-York, South Carolina, and Wisconsin seven per cent., in Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, New-Hampshire, New-Jersey, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, and Columbia the legal rate is six per cent., while in Louisiana the rate is as low as five per cent. The penalties for breach of law are very varied—in Delaware the whole debt becomes forfeit; in New-York not only is the contract void, but the act is a misdemeanor and punishable as such; in Virginia the contract is void, and the lender is liable to a penalty of twice the debt, recoverable in *qui tam* action; in North Carolina a forfeiture of double the amount of the loan is the penalty for the offence. In other States the punishment varies from a forfeiture of the excess of interest only to a forfeiture of three times the usury. Mr. Murray, in the very interesting volume before us, contends, we think, justly, that these usury laws embarrass business, check enterprise, and offer a premium for unfair dealing, and strongly commends the example of England in this respect as deserving of imitation. His volume is very comprehensive, and presents in a comparatively brief compass a mass of information on this subject nowhere else to be met with. As a manual for the guide of reformers in the United States it is of value, but as a historical monograph it cannot be too highly estimated—it should take its place by the side of our standard histories, and hereafter, when the laws against usury are forgotten, it will be treasured alike by the antiquarian and the historian for its curious facts and its indirect references to curious social problems.—*Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record.*

The Lost Tales of Miletus. By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart., M.P. London: John Murray. New-York: Harper & Brothers. One of our greatest modern novelists has given us in this volume some specimens of the earliest fiction. He has rescued from comparative oblivion some of the fascinating legends to be found in Athenæus, Diodorus, and Parthenius, and from his extensive acquaintance with classic literature, has produced for us in modern English an idea of those "Lost Tales" in which the Milesians are supposed to have luxuriated. He has caught up the broken lyre of the early min-

strel, has re-strung and tuned its chords, brushed away its defilement, gilded it with new fancies, crowned it with fresh olive leaves, and struck from its sounding strings thoughts as worthy and as noble as were ever conceived by ancient Greek, but more profound and far purer than was possible to the licentious age in which they were originally produced. Sir E. B. Lytton has had another object in view, and has proved, more successfully than the advocates of English hexameters have ever done, the compatibility of unrhymed metre with the expression of English thought. He has carefully shunned all direct imitation of classic measures, and has created four or five new forms, which, in themselves, will amply repay careful study. At times, for a verse or two, he has indulged in clever alliteration, but the elasticity, adaptation, and expressiveness of his rhythm are often magical. He has given us a new sense of enjoyment. We hardly know which of these eight tales to admire the most. The delicious romance of the "The Secret Way;" the terrible satire and grim grotesque suggestiveness of "Death and Sisyphus;" the affluence of fancy, mystic sweetness, and far-reaching speculation of "The Oread's Son;" the magnificent conception of the Gaul in "The Wife of Miletus"—which like an unfinished sketch of Michael Angelo—looms strangely out of rough marble, as

"The grand destroyer went his way forlorn,
Through glimmering darkness down barbarian forests;"

and the luxurious sweetness of "Cydippe and the Apple," have an almost equal fascination, while the remaining three well sustain the reputation of the author of *The Rise and Fall of Athens*, and *The Last Days of Pompeii*.—*British Quarterly*.

Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity, with special reference to the Theories of Rénan, Strauss, and the Tübingen Schools. By Rev. GEORGE P. FISHER, M.A., Professor of Church History in Yale College. New-York: Scribner & Co. In this volume Professor Fisher has given proof of his familiarity with the speculations of modern Germany touching the origin of Christianity and the canon of the New Testament. The papers included in this publication are reprints from the periodical press of the United States; but they have been carefully revised, and they all bear on the one object. We know not where the student will find a more satisfactory guide in relation to the great questions which have grown up between the friends of the Christian revelation and the most able among its assailants within the memory of the present generation. The headings of the different chapters will convey the best idea as to the timely character of the discussions with which they are occupied. I. The Nature of the Conflict of Christian Faith with Skepticism and Unbelief. II. The Genuineness of the Fourth Gospel. III. Recent Discussions upon the Origin of the First Three Gospels. IV. Baur on Parties in the Apostolic Church, and the Character of the Book of Acts. V. Baur on Ebionitism and the Origin of Catholic Christianity. VI. The Mythical Theory of Strauss. VII. Strauss's re-statement of his Theory. VIII. The Legendary Theory of Rénan. IX. The Critical and Theo-

logical Opinions of Theodore Parker. X. An Examination of Baur and Strauss on the Conversion of St. Paul. XI. The Nature and Function of the Christian Miracles. XII. The Testimony of Jesus concerning Himself. XIII. The Personality of God, in reply to the Positivist and the Pantheist. To all these topics the author has brought a fulness of learning, a masculine discernment, and a steady impartiality which we greatly admire. We could wish to see the volume republished in this country. It would be a treasure to many a theological student, and to many an intelligent layman, desirous of the kind of help that should bring him into an acquaintance with what these German Iconoclasts have been doing during the last thirty or forty years, and which should give him at once the base and the antidote. Many a Christian man who feels that nothing which these Philistines can say would suffice to shake his faith, may, at the same time, wish to know what they have said, and how their equals in this field have met their utterances. To all such persons we commend Professor Fisher's volume with much confidence and earnestness.—*British Quarterly*.

Poems, by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. This neat little volume of the *Blue and Gold* series contains much genuine poetry. Many of these poems have appeared from time to time in *Chambers's Journal* and elsewhere, and are now collected by the gifted authoress, and, with many additional ones, given in this form to the public. All who have read and been charmed with her prose—and who has not?—will be anxious to possess these poems.

The Atlantic Telegraph. By W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D. Illustrated by ROBERT DUDLEY. London: Day & Son. 1865. The beautiful volume before us is a fitting record of the great labor which last year saw begin and terminate. It is the history of the voyage, written by Dr. W. H. Russell, and while it is instructive and interesting as a narrative, it is highly ornamental as a sketch book. Messrs. Day & Sons have reproduced Mr. Dudley's drawings in the best style of chromo-lithography, and altogether the book is one of which it would be hard to speak too favorably. Dr. Russell gives an account of the earlier efforts to unite the old and new continents, and shows us that the first submarine telegraph cable projected on the other side of the Atlantic was the scheme of an English engineer. The melancholy circumstances attending the rupture of the cable are conveyed as only Dr. Russell is capable of conveying them. Every little incident in connection with the great project is sketched with minuteness, and the reader's attention and sympathies are excited and engaged by this fascinating writer. Perhaps the most noteworthy portion of the work is that which refers to the probability of success attending the next effort to lay the cable. The cable of 1865, though capable of bearing a strain of seven tons, did not experience more than fourteen cwt. in being payed out into the deepest water of the Atlantic. Owing to the improvements introduced into the manufacture of gutta-percha, it insulated a hundred times better than cables

made in 1858, and still working. The improvements, too, effected since the beginning of 1861 in the conducting power of the copper wire, by selecting it, have increased the rate of signalling through long submarine cables by more than thirty-three per cent. Now, if a steam engine be attached to the paying-out machinery, so as to permit of hauling in the cable immediately a fault is discovered, and a slight modification made in the construction of the external sheath, the cause of the faults which have yet presented themselves will be entirely done away with, and even should a fault occur, it can be picked up before it has reached the bottom of the Atlantic. All these things should make us hopeful of the success of the effort which is soon about to be made, and for which the Great Eastern is undergoing the necessary alterations. "Remembering," says Dr. Russell, "all that has occurred—how well-grounded hopes were deceived, just expectations frustrated—there are still grounds for confidence, absolute as far as the nature of human affairs permits them in any calculation of future events to be, that the year 1866 will witness the consummation of the greatest work of civilized man, and the grandest exposition of the development of the faculties bestowed on him to overcome material difficulties. The last word transmitted through the old telegraph from Europe to America was 'Forward,' and 'Forward' is the motto of the enterprise still!"—*Popular Science Review*.

SCIENCE.

Lakes with Two Outlets.—Some time ago considerable discussion took place (arising out of Captain Speke's Nile discoveries) as to the possibility of lakes having more than one permanent outlet. Mr. Squier, the well-known traveller in Central America, thus wrote to *The Athenæum*: "Two years ago I travelled from Puno, the principal town in the great terrestrial basin of Lake Titicaca, to Cuzco, the Inca capital. In doing so I was obliged to pass the 'divide' between the Titicaca basin and the slope of the Amazon. The dividing point is the Pass of La Raya, in lat. 14° 30' S., long. 70° 50' W., and fourteen thousand five hundred feet above the sea, at the base of the great snowy mountain of Vilcanota. At this point, lapped in the very crest of the 'divide' is a small lake or tarn, the waters of which seem to well up amid masses of peaty and vibrating turf, looking clear but dark under the cold, steel-like sky of that inhospitable region. A few water-fowl ruffled the sinister waters of this inky tarn, around which were the ruins, perfectly traceable in plan, of a number of Inca *lambos*—retreats for travellers, such as Spanish civilization has failed to preserve, much less to provide. From this lake, only a few hundred feet across, two distinct streams were flowing: one southward, forming the source of the Rio Pucara, falling into the lake of Titicaca; and the other running northward, forming the source of the Rio Vilcanota, which, under its successive names of Vilcamayo, Urubamba, and Ucayali, forms, probably, the true parent stream of the Amazon."—*Leisure Hour*.

Meteoric Explosion.—The Shreveport (La.)

Southwestern reports the following: "Two gentlemen, a few days ago, while riding along the road a short distance from this place, witnessed a curious occurrence during the daytime: A rain was coming up, preceded by a slight sprinkling, when at a short distance ahead they saw a large ball of fire descend slowly from the clouds and affix itself to the trunk of a tall dead pine, at the height of a few feet from the ground. Both called to each other simultaneously to notice the strange object, which, to use their own words, 'blazed up where it stood like a candle.' It so continued for a few seconds, when it suddenly exploded with a tremendous detonation, tearing the tree into a thousand splinters and setting fire to the portion of the stump that remained. A considerable area was filled with falling foliage, and fragments scattered in every direction. Immediately upon the explosion, a streak of fire was seen shooting off horizontally from the tree, following the surface of the ground, passing within fifty or sixty feet of them, and of the character of a stream of lightning, as often seen descending from the clouds when it strikes. The sight was terrific in the extreme. The air became strongly impregnated with a pungent, sulphurous odor."

Statistics of Crime in France.—A circumstance is mentioned by M. Moreau-Christophe, which, however strange it may appear, must be taken as established. In France, the courts of justice take cognizance, one year with another, of 207,500 crimes of every kind, and there is but an exceedingly slight variation in the numbers presented by any two years, either with reference to the gross total, or to that of either of the great divisions—crimes against property, and crimes against the person, or the sub-divisions: 175,600 attempts on property, and 31,900 against the person, are yearly made, and continue steadily at these figures, from year to year, with very slight deviations. Each class embraces 16 divisions, and the proportion of the accused to the entire population is between 1 to every 4000 and 1 to every 5000. To raise our wonder higher still, the returns of the annual murders remain at nearly the same figure every year, even of the instruments by which they are respectively achieved. There is a wonderful similarity in the other categories of crime, even in their predisposing causes and other circumstances, and the amount of money secured for the "Rogues' Budget" during every twelve months. Together with the fright and annoyance given to the honest and virtuous portion of the French people by knaves and villains, and the amount of property they extract from them, they cost the State twenty millions of francs per annum (say £800,000), for supporting them in confinement and bringing them to justice. The long and multitudinous array of State gamekeepers, custom-house officers, police commissaries, prefects of departments, mayors of communes, justices of the peace, magistrates, attorneys general, and particular, gaolers, sheriffs, etc., is so awful to contemplate that we turn our eyes from the bead-roll, wondering where *Jacques Bonhomme* can find a franc to buy bread, and wine, and garlic, for his family and himself, after providing for the maintenance of all these guardians of the lives and properties of the honest portion of the community, and being pillaged by beggars and

thieves to the tune of two hundred millions and upwards. Two hundred thousand offenders are annually put under lock and key in France, and, out of this number, fifty suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Many escape their deserved punishment by that ingredient in French criminal procedures known as "extenuating circumstances," by which juries can relax the deserved penalties. Our retired inspector finds great fault with this privilege, and shows the superior advantage of the English system, where the foreman merely recommends to mercy. For it would appear that in many cases those circumstances presented by the French juries as extenuating, often belong to the opposite or aggravating class. It will be felt before this that M. Christophe is not so lenient to the defects of his culprits as that paragon of cruel schoolmasters, poor Copperfield's *Mr. Creakle*, who reserved all his sympathies for the *Mr. Littimers* and *Uriah Heeps* of society. He takes it keenly to heart that the industrious and upright portion of the community should be plundered and taxed by an unprincipled, selfish, and unfeeling crew, whose only thought from dawn to dark is the procuring of comforts at the expense of their neighbors, the gratification of every sensual appetite, or full revenge for some fancied wrong. The extent to which they are allowed to gratify their dearest wishes is exemplified by the case of a hoary-headed wretch, Fontaine by name, apprehended at the ripe age of 71. "One of the gendarmes employed in his arrest having thus reproved him: 'How could you, unhappy man, put yourself in the way, at your time of life, of spending the remainder of your days in prison?' 'Oh, not so unhappy as you think, my brave brigadier,' answered old Fontaine. 'I have robbed and stolen for sixty years, and never was caught till now.'"—*Dublin University Magazine*.

The Poisonous Effects of Alcohol.—Supporters of teetotalism will be pleased to peruse an essay on this subject by M. G. Penetier, of Rouen. The memoir we refer to is a "Doctor's" thesis, and it treats especially of the condition known as alcoholism. The following are some of the author's conclusions: 1. Alcoholism is a special affection, like lead-poisoning. 2. The prolonged presence of alcohol in the stomach produces inflammation of the walls of this organ and other injurious lesions. 3. The gastritis produced by alcohol may be either acute or chronic, and may be complicated by ulcer or general or partial hypertrophy, or contraction of the opening of the stomach, or purulent submucous infiltration. 4. In certain cases of alcoholic gastritis, the tubular glands of the stomach become inflamed, and pour the pus, which they secrete, into the stomach or into the cellular tissue of this organ.

Diamond Traders' Tricks.—A very common mode of fraud, practiced on inexperienced persons in cut stones, is the "doublet" or "semi-stone." In this case the top of the stone is genuine, and the under part glass, joined together artistically with cement; sometimes, for instance, the top is sapphire and the under part a gem of less value, such as garnet. When set, these stones are very difficult to detect, and frequently deceive the most experienced. When the under part is of glass, however, the application of the

file to the under as well as the upper surface will, of course, at once show the imposition. Set stones which are set with a back are generally of pale color or small lustre, painted or set with colored foil to enhance their beauty. Sometimes, however, stones which are set open, or, to use the technical term, "azur," have the interior of the setting enamelled or painted, to throw a tint of color into the gem; or, in the case of the diamond, have the inside of the setting of polished silver, to correct a yellowish tinge. In all these cases, to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and a careful examination will prevent any one being deceived by these means. "Doublets" are frequently sold by the Cingalese at Colombo to Europeans, and to the passengers by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers; sometimes blue glass, cut into facets, and sent there from Birmingham and Paris, is palmed off for the real stones.—*Mr. Emanuel*.

Anthropoidological.—The following is a specimen of the conjectural materials which compose the so-called science of anthropology. It is extracted from *Lectures on Man*, by Dr. Carl Vogt; translated by Dr. James Hunt, and "published for the Anthropological Society." "Twenty years ago fossil monkeys were unknown; now we have nearly a dozen. Who can tell that we may not in a few years know fifty? A year ago no intermediate form between *Semnopithecus* and *Macacus* was known; now we possess a whole skeleton. Who can assert that in ten, twenty, or fifty years, we may not possess intermediate forms between man and ape?" Here is another extract: "If the Macaci in the Senegal, the baboons on the Gambia, and the gibbons in Borneo could become developed into Anthropoid apes, we cannot see why the American apes should not be capable of a similar development! If in different regions of the globe anthropoid apes may issue from different stocks, we cannot see why these different stocks should be denied the further development into the human type, and that only one stock should possess this privilege; in short, we cannot see why American races of man may not be derived from American apes, Negroes from African apes, or Negritos, perhaps, from Asiatic apes!" The "anthropologists" seem largely to direct their attention to proving the simian origin of man, and they might, therefore, be better distinguished as "anthropoidologists."

Weed Seeds.—In a pint of brand-clover Professor Buckman detected 39,449 weed seeds; in two prints of Dutch clover he found 25,560 and 70,400 respectively. When seeds are saved wholesale it is often very hard to keep all weeds out; there are so many things, for instance, which flower almost exactly like the turnip; but even 20,000 to the pint must be due to something more than carelessness. "Save your own seed, then, if you can" is the best advice to the farmer. It is troublesome, no doubt; but it must pay somebody to do it—why not you? You will have to pay less for hoeing the next year.—*The Scottish Farmer*.

Petroleum as a Substitute for Coal.—Some recent experiments with petroleum oil used for heating water, gave results from which it is estimated that petroleum had more than three times the

heating effect of an equal weight of coal. Mr. Richardson's experiments at Woolwich, however, gave an evaporation of 12·96 to 13·66 lbs. of water by one pound of American petroleum; 9·7 lbs. of petroleum being burnt per square foot of grate per hour. With shale oil the evaporation was 10 to 10½ lbs. of water per pound of fuel. The evaporative power of good coal may be taken, for comparison, at eight to eight and a half lbs. per pound of fuel. Taking into account the saving of freight due to the better quality of the fuel, and the saving of labor in stoking, it is possible that at some future time mineral oil may supersede coal in some of our ocean steamers.

Frith of Forth Bridge.—Parliamentary sanction has been obtained for a bridge over the Frith of Forth, of a magnitude which gives it great scientific interest. It is to form part of a connecting link between the North British and Edinburgh and Glasgow Railways. Its total length will be eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty-five feet, and it will be made up of the following spans, commencing from the south shore: First, fourteen openings of one hundred feet span, increasing in height from sixty-five to seventy-seven feet above high water mark; then six openings of one hundred and fifty feet span, varying from seventy-one feet to seventy-nine feet above high water level; and then six openings of one hundred and seventy-five feet span, of which the height above high water level varies from seventy-six to eighty-three feet. These are succeeded by fifteen openings of two hundred feet span, and height increasing from eighty feet to one hundred and five feet. Then come the four great openings of five hundred feet span, which are placed at a clear height of one hundred and twenty-five feet above high water spring tides. The height of the bridge then decreases, the large spans being followed by two openings of two hundred feet, varying in height from one hundred and five to one hundred feet above high water; then four spans of one hundred and seventy-five feet, decreasing from one hundred and two to ninety-six feet in height; then four openings of one hundred and fifty feet span, varying in height from ninety-five to ninety-one feet; and lastly, seven openings of one hundred feet span, ninety-seven to ninety-two feet in height. The piers occupy one thousand and five feet in aggregate width. The main girders are to be on the lattice principle, built on shore, floated to their position, and raised by hydraulic power. The total cost is estimated at £476,543.—*Engineering*, Jan. 5.

VARIETIES.

Lord Macaulay.—Lady Trevelyan, Lord Macaulay's only sister, has edited his works in eight volumes. The contents are thus arranged: Vols. I. to IV. History of England since the Accession of James the Second. Vols. V., VI. and VII. Critical and Historical Essays; Biographies; Reports and Notes on the Indian Penal Code, and Contributions to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*. Vol. VIII. Speeches; Lays of Ancient Rome; and Miscellaneous Poems. The last division of the work is completed by the insertion of the Cavalier's Song and the Poetical

Valentine to the Hon. Mary C. Stanhope, two pieces which were not included in the editions of Lord Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Writings*, published respectively in 1860 and 1865. In a short preface, Lady Trevelyan states that it has been thought right to include some portion of what he placed on record as a jurist in the East. The papers selected are the Introductory Report upon the Indian Penal Code, and the note appended to that code, in which most of its leading provisions were explained and defended. These papers were entirely written by Lord Macaulay, but the substance of them was the result of the joint deliberations of the Indian Law Commission, of which he was president. They are by no means merely of Indian interest, for while they were the commencement of a new system of law for India, they relate chiefly to general principles of jurisprudence, which are of universal application. In the fifth volume are three papers on James Mill, for writing which Macaulay offered an apology to the eminent historian of British India—perhaps the only public apology which he ever made in his life. Their repudiation by Macaulay himself, when collecting his *Edinburgh Review* articles, ought to have prevented their reproduction, it is generally thought, in any edition of his writings.—*American Literary Gazette*.

Bad Light Literature.—The prevailing tendency of literary men in these days is to be funny at any cost and under any circumstances. No matter how forced and false the fun is, it is welcomed by certain persons. Slang, puns, intricate sentences, profane swearing, are all pressed into the service by the writer of articles intended to tickle the crowd. The consequence is that the writing with which the unthinking are gratified produces disgust in the minds of the educated.—*The Reader*.

Mr. Huggins, F.R.S., who has rendered good service to astronomy by his spectrum analysis of stars and nebulae, has added somewhat to our knowledge of the constitution of comets. In the course of last month, he got an observation of Comet I, 1866 and found the nucleus to be in the condition of ignited gas, shining by its own light; but the coma, or tail, having no light of its own, shines by reflected light, in the same way as clouds do in our own atmosphere. This is an interesting branch of cosmical science, and when next a brilliant comet appears in our sky, the opportunity will be seized for a series of observations.

Cheap Newspapers.—There is published in Switzerland a weekly paper called the *Telegray*, which contains the ordinary amount of general and literary matter published in an ordinary London hebdomadul (eight pages, the size of the *Times*), which is sold for one franc a year, or not quite half a cent per number.

Agnes Strickland.—This historian of the Queens of England and Scotland has just completed, in one volume, "Lives of the Seven Bishops who were committed to the Tower in 1688, enriched and illustrated by most interesting personal letters, now first published from the Bodleian Library."

Tourists in America.—Sir Morton Peto, M.P., has published the results of his tour in the United States last autumn, as *The Resources and Prospects of America, ascertained during a Visit to the*

States in the Autumn of 1865, which gives a highly favorable view of our condition and prospects. Mr. W. H. Bullock, a young Oxonian, "with keen eyes, good spirits, and plenty of animal daring," made a rapid tour through Mexico in the winter of 1864 and the spring of 1865, and has thrown his experience into a volume entitled *Across Mexico in 1864-5*. His verdict, from what he saw and heard, was that the French had made everything worse than they found it. He describes the French soldiers as little better than thieves and assassins.

Tennyson Illustrated by Doré.—It is stated that Gustave Doré has finished a series of thirty illustrations of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, which he was commissioned to execute by a London publisher. As Doré does not know the English language, Tennyson's blank verse was translated into French prose, and on this somewhat subdued text Doré had to work.

Ireland's Shakespeare Forgeries.—There was to have been sold in London on the 7th ult. William H. Ireland's own Collections relative to the Shakespeare forgeries with the *Confessions* in his own handwriting. It may be remembered that Ireland pretended to have discovered numerous manuscripts by Shakespeare, including two entire plays, called *Fortigern* and *Henry II.*; that Dr. Parr and other litterateurs fully believed in the authenticity of these papers; that *Fortigern*, purchased by Sheridan, was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1796, where it failed, with John Kemble in the leading part; that the two plays were published in 1799; and that Ireland's *Confessions* which appeared in 1805, revealed the history and mystery of the whole elaborate and specious forgery. Ireland died in 1835, and the manuscript of his *Confessions* must be of no small interest to Shakespearian scholars. It is singular that in the "Shakespeare" documents manufactured and produced by Ireland, the signatures of the poet, of Lord Southampton, and of Queen Elizabeth were curiously unlike any of the originals, of which numerous *fac-similes* had been published.

Marie Antoinette's Letters.—Last year a number of letters were published, said to have been written by the unfortunate wife of Louis XVI. Reference having been made to Louis Blanc, as to their authenticity, he has written: "No sooner did I glance over them than it struck me how little, in many respects, they were in accordance with the idea I had been led to form of Marie Antoinette, by a patient and strict investigation of all the facts referring to the part she played during the French Revolution. I was not, therefore, surprised at the authenticity of those letters being called in question; and I feel bound to say that, after having paid due attention to the controversy to which they have given rise, I am most decidedly under the impression that they are *not* genuine." These letters were purchased for 80,000 francs, from M. Feuillet de Conches, Imperial Master of the Ceremonies in Paris, by Count Vogt von Honolston, who believed, of course, in their authenticity. It is now imputed to M. Feuillet that he was concerned in the production of seventeen letters from Racine, lately sold at auction and since proven to have been *fac-similes* of an equal

number in the Imperial Library, which he (M. F.) had retained in his possession for nearly two years.—*American Literary Gazette*.

Noble Authors.—Among the recent English announcements is the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Field-Marshal Viscount Combermere*, who died last year in his ninety-third year, after over sixty-four years of military service, and was supposed to have been the oldest soldier in the world. This biography is written by his widow (an accomplished Irish lady, daughter of Dr. T. Gibbins, of Cork), and Captain W. W. Knollys. Viscountess Enfield has just published *The Dayrills: a Domestic Story*, which is critically commended as "pure and honest in intention, and full of good morals for young people of a marriageable age." And Lord De Ros has nearly completed *Memoirs of the Tower of London*, a subject hitherto much neglected, not having been treated with any degree of fulness in Mr. Brayley's pretentious *History of the Tower*, though agreeably in several of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth historical romances.—*American Literary Gazette*.

Isa Craig.—This lady, born in Edinburgh in 1830, won the first prize for her Ode recited at the Burns Centenary Festival in 1859, there being 620 competitors. In 1856, Mr. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, published for her a volume entitled *Poems, by Isa*. When Mr. Hastings organized the National Social Science Association, he secured Miss Craig's help as assistant secretary. She has resigned that office on the occasion of her marriage, and the members of the Association have presented her with a silver tea-service and salver, suitably inscribed.—*American Literary Gazette*.

The Lottery of Battle.—A Paris paper notices the fact that, notwithstanding the invention of rifled guns, the disproportion of killed and wounded in battle remains about the same as ever, justifying the statement made in the time of Marshal Saxe, that each man killed in battle represented a quantity of bullets equal to his own weight. At Solferino, for example, the Austrians fired 8,400,000 musket shots, while the number of killed among the French was but 2000, and of the wounded 10,000. Thus one man was hit for every 700 shots, and one killed for every 4200.

Army Officers.—Besides Benedek and Garibaldi, the generals who are assigned to commands in the different armies are experienced and famous. The Austrians have Marshal de Hease, who is seventy-three years old, and whose career dates from the battle of Wagram; Prince Schwarzenberg, seventy-two years old, who commanded Austrian cavalry in Italy in 1848, and was at Magenta and Solferino in 1859; and Count Cambray, who has been in active command since 1848. Marshal Benedek is fifty-eight years old, and since the death of Radetzky has been regarded as the first warrior of Austria. While a colonel, in 1848, he fought in the campaign against the Piedmontese. In 1859 he commanded the Eighth corps at San Martino.

Rossini has written to the Pope, praying him to remove the interdict which prevents the employment of female voices in most of the churches in Italy.



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THE ROMAN ELEMENT IN CIVILIZATION.

THE history of Rome has in a peculiar sense universal interest. Rome is the bridge between the ancient and modern world, the vessel in which the treasure of ancient civilization was preserved, till the nations of modern Europe were ready to receive it. The limit of ancient history is when all the various peoples who played a part in the first act of the great drama are dissolved and lost in the universality of Rome. The beginning of modern history is when a new order of peoples seek to sever themselves from the unity of the Roman Empire, and to ac-

quire independence. Further: Roman history holds the middle place, not only in time, but in character. It combines the progressive continuity of modern, with something of the unity and simplicity of ancient political life. Through all the perplexing conflict and infinite variety of modern politics, Rome still seems to prolong the same monotone that awed the ancient world into silence.

Hence we do not wonder that Roman history has been made the battle-field of so many controversies. On this subject Niebuhr gave the first example of that species of historical criticism which has been called the peculiar gift and characteristic of modern thought; that criticism which enables us, in a far higher degree than ever before, to give vividness and meaning to the past, without turning it into an exaggerated image of the present. Niebuhr's work was indeed imperfect, and the power of "historical divination" which he supposed himself to possess often led him to attempt to make bricks without straw; yet he cannot be denied the merit of having first taught us how to make

* *Tableau de L'Empire Romain depuis la Fondation de Rome jusqu'à la fin du Gouvernement Impérial en Occident.* Par M. AMÉDÉE THIERRY. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1862.

Mommsen's History of Rome. Translated by Rev. W. P. DICKSON, D.D. London: Bentley. 1862.

Römische Geschichte von Dr. A. Schwegler. Laupp'sche Buchhandlung. Tübingen. 1853.

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criticism constructive as well as destructive ; how to use aright the dangerous weapon of historical analogy ; how to search for the higher interest of national life, even while we cast aside the lower interest of legend and romance. This Niebuhr was the first to do ; and that he did it imperfectly is only a consequence of the fact that he did it first.

It is not now too much to say that since Niebuhr we have attained a far juster conception of Roman history as a whole than was possessed by the native historians. And the reason is, that this new criticism has taught us to ask questions which they did not ask, though they afford us sufficient data for the answers. It has taught us also to take full advantage of our position, and view Roman history as a continuous whole, in a sense in which no native historian could so regard it. To a certain degree, the continuity of the national life forced itself upon the observation of the Roman historians, who in this one point rise above their far greater Greek rivals. Livy has a far clearer notion of the relation of the present to the past than Thucydides: "*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.*" He sees how a nation makes and moulds itself by its own acts ; yet he sees this only in part, and in its most obvious aspects. He was too much carried away by the passions of the time to understand the deeper unity of a progress of which the Empire was the necessary and legitimate end. And this was equally the case with all the writers on whom we have to depend for the image of Roman history.

"Livy, Cicero, and Sallust," says M. Thierry, "wrote at a period when the reaction of the conquered peoples upon Rome was only beginning to show its strength, and they could not sufficiently separate themselves from the imperial city to judge of it with fairness. They could look at it only as Romans, or even as Roman partisans. Tacitus, perhaps, might have seen farther, but he did not wish to see. Dominated by the religion of the past, enamored of the ancient political forms which the progress of the world had by a beneficent necessity destroyed, unjust to the conquered races, Tacitus turned away his eyes from a revolution made to their advantage. He

would not see anything in the birth of a new Rome except the corruption of the national morality and the crime of the Cæsars. But he had this excuse, that he was not a witness of the great events which were to impress upon the Roman Empire a final and universal character. He did not live to see the construction of that code of Roman law, so justly called "written reason ;" nor the triumph of a political equality among all freemen ; nor the victory of Christianity, which gave one God to that community of nations, and proclaimed all men equal before Him."—(p. 3.)

This quotation sums up the whole matter. The historians from whom we have our main accounts of Roman history lived during the troubles of the early Empire, when the Romans seemed to be ruined by their own success, and to have lost their nationality amid a heterogeneous mixture of all nations, all religions, and all languages. Amid this chaos, where anarchy was only kept down by despotism, we find them reverting with longing eyes to a past in which Rome was still true to herself ; in which the name of Roman was not yet given to a mixed crowd of Gauls and Greeks and Asiatics ; in which the simple national worship was not yet refined away by the nobler influences of Greek art, or corrupted by the sensuous fanaticisms of Asia. They were, besides, greatly influenced by the traditions of the Roman aristocracy, who held with tenacity to the idea of the supremacy of the pure Roman blood, or even of the city of Rome, over all the world without its walls, and could not forgive the Empire for lowering that city into a capital, only distinguished as the residence of the sovereign. They inherit, in fact, the tradition of the Roman city in opposition to the Roman Empire, and their sympathies were with those who stubbornly maintained its isolated and privileged position, and against those who sought to reduce it to its due place in the whole. The interests of the provinces, the maintenance of peace through the Roman world, seemed to them nothing, when the Roman liberties—that is, the liberty of Rome to tyrannize over the world—were lost. In the picture of Tiberius given us by Tacitus, page after

page is filled with his ill-treatment of the miserable nobility that disgraced the names of Cato, Scipio, and Fabius ; while we hear of his good government of the world only as a slight palliation. And Livy, in his Preface, declares that the only result of the Roman conquest of the world was to destroy the liberty and corrupt the virtue by which it was attained.

Even apart from Roman prejudices, however, there was something in the state of the world which justified the dark pictures of Livy and Tacitus. This was not the most wretched period of history, but probably it was the period when men felt their wretchedness most. All national life had been crushed out by the armies of Rome, and with the extinction of the nations, had passed away all real belief in the national religions. Even Rome herself, conquered in turn by her subjects, was unable to preserve her national beliefs and her national morality. But while all limited and national principles had lost their binding force, no higher principle had yet appeared amid the confusing and conflicting elements. The mere external force of the Empire, holding them together in spite of themselves, seemed only to tend to their mutual extinction, and to help on the decay of what remaining spiritual life there was. The Empire was peace—peace, for the first time, over the civilized world ; but this peace only gave men time to feel their misery. The struggle was over. Revolt against Rome was as impossible as revolt against fate. The only beliefs that had held men together in spiritual bonds had been destroyed, or lived on only in the half belief of superstition. Material force seemed the only power on earth. There was nothing left to live for or to hope. And so again the thoughts of men turned back, with that kind of longing that wishes it could believe, to the faith and morality of ancestors who lived before nationalities had ceased to be.

Yet the Roman Empire was the legitimate result of the very tendencies most characteristic of Roman genius, and cannot be viewed as a melancholy accident ; and the whole meaning of Roman history is distorted if we do not recognize this. We may indeed refuse to follow

Comte on the one hand and Louis Napoleon on the other, when they deify the imperial power, or attribute supernatural wisdom to the Cæsars. And we may laugh at Mr. Congreve when he almost attempts to whitewash the character of Nero. We shall endeavor, before the close of this paper, to show that to believe in the necessity and usefulness of the Roman Empire is a very different thing from believing in the perpetual usefulness of emperors. But this does not hinder us from acknowledging the justice of that view of Roman history maintained by such writers as Mommsen* and Thierry, whose guidance we shall mainly follow in this article. After all, the cause of Cato did not please the gods, and the cause of Cæsar did ; and this remains true whether we think better or worse of Cato for being pleased with the losing cause.

The modern world owes what it is greatly to the community which the Roman Empire was the means of establishing among European nations. In view of this result, we may ask what there was in the character and tendencies of Rome that made it above all other nations the instrument of this transition from the old world of isolation to the new world of community. " *Urbs fecisti quod prius orbis erat,*" says a poet of the sixth century : " You have made the world into one city." These words describe, perhaps more accurately than the poet was aware, the transition from the municipal civilization of ancient times to a more comprehensive unity of mankind, which, at first, as is usual in such cases, veiled itself under municipal forms. Before this " patriotism without a country " could grow up, it is true, Christianity had to fill the dry bones of the Roman with new life, and teach men to rejoice in the destruction of the barriers that divided them from each other. Rome only gave the form, Christianity gave the spirit. Yet even to give the form, the Roman nation must have had a power transcending its own limits, of

* Dr. Dickson's translation of Mommsen is a solid and careful piece of work. It does not, indeed, reproduce the vividness and energy of Mommsen's style, but it reaches a far higher measure of accuracy than is often attained in translations from the German.

dying in order to live, such as is found in none other of the narrow nationalities of the ancient world.

Now, the one distinguishing characteristic of Rome among the nations was its power of assimilation and incorporating with itself the subjects whom it had conquered. The empires of the East were loose aggregates of discordant tribes, bound together for a time by the force of individual genius, but crumbling and disintegrating the moment that force was withdrawn. A Greek State was an isolated and exclusive political unit, without power of assimilating new elements. It might aggrandize itself at the expense of others, but it could not absorb them. The Greek States often made conquests, but they never willingly opened their gates to the conquered. They kept the subject populations in hard vassalage outside their gates, and if they had not enough of Helots to do their servile work, they got others from the slave-market. Citizenship is a gift so rarely conferred in historic times upon an alien, that we need not take the case into account. Thus the Greek city runs through its commonly short course without ever receiving a recruit, and its conquests soon reach the utmost limits which it is practicable for a small State to administer and hold in subjection. On the other hand, the history of Rome is, Mommsen expresses it, a continually progressing *συννομιμός*, by which each conquered nation is absorbed in the conquering State, and furnishes it an arm wherewith to reach those who are still farther off, till all the nations of the Mediterranean are successfully drawn into the Empire. Thus new life-blood is again and again poured into the State as it is becoming exhausted, and the torch of its life is handed on to new runners. Instead of the alternate anarchy and despotism of the East, and the wavering and shifting balance of power which characterize the history of Greece, we have at Rome a regular progressive continuity of advance, in which each step is made secure ere another is taken. Her campaigns seem to go on year after year, century after century, upon one settled and inherited plan. Her political development is so much of a piece, that we can trace without difficulty the affiliation

of the constitution of the Empire from that of the early Monarchy. And the same is the case with its law, and every department of its activity. There is nothing episodic or broken, nothing revolutionary at Rome; but always unhesitating, unrelenting advance, which holds firmly to the past, while it gains the future. And the one secret of this stability amid all changes is assimilation. "What else," said the Emperor Claudius, "brought ruin to the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, in spite of their success in war, except that they treated the conquered as aliens? But our founder, Romulus, was so wise that in one day he turned enemies into citizens." Rome lived on amid the fall of all the powers of the ancient world, not because it was the strongest, but because it was not like them, exclusive. "It was," as Mr. Bryce well expresses it, "by Rome's self-abnegation that she Romanized the world."

Rome, if we follow the legend, begins as its ends, with a *colluvies*. This at least would not have been an inappropriate beginning for that State in which, in the end, all special colors of nationality were to be lost. During all the regal period we find on record a series of additions of new citizens transferred into the city from her first conquests, and it was probably this absorbing policy which enabled Rome so early to outstrip all the other Latin cities. There is something analogous in that early measure of comprehension, whereby all Attica was absorbed in the city of Athens. But Athens never repeated the experiment; her widening empire and lessening population never tempted her to strengthen herself with new citizens. Still less did Athens ever contemplate the possibility of communicating the privileges of citizenship to those who remained without her walls. But Rome discovered a new method of growth, when the old method was no longer applicable. When she could no longer transfer her conquered subjects within the walls of the city, she invented a way whereby the city might be, in the language of M. Thierry, "spiritualized and transferred beyond its own walls." She forged new bonds to bind to herself those whom she subdued, and made their resources available for the sovereign city.

The first and most violent of these bonds was the colonization system ; a Roman colony was at once an outpost against the foe and a means of repressing imperfectly subdued populations. It differed from a Greek colony in many ways, but above all in this, that it had no independence ; it was merely a suburb of Rome, and was, till the time of Sulla, governed by deputies of the Roman magistracy. The next bond was the communication of different degrees of Roman citizenship. The gift became in time too precious to be conferred at once, even if it had been safe to confer it on those who had just ceased to be open enemies. Hence it was doled out in separate portions (under such names as *Jus Latii*, or *Jus Italicum*), according as it became necessary to conciliate or reward new allies, or to bring the forces of the State into a more compact unity. First came the plebeian, possessing from very early times all the rights of a patrician burgess, except the right of holding a magistracy. Next the Latin ally, who was the equal of the citizen so far as regarded private rights, and might even acquire the full franchise by filling a magistracy in his own city. After those we have the other Italian tribes, who stood to Rome in very various and fluctuating relations, according to the manner of their subjugation and the degree of their fidelity. Some, for example, had only the private rights of Romans, and were governed by a prefect appointed by the Roman prætor ; others were allied municipalists, regulating their internal affairs without interference from Rome. Finally, beyond Italy we have an outmost circle of provinces, which were treated worst of all. In the first instance, they were used simply as a means of aggrandizing the sovereign city ; their taxes were confiscated and increased ; much of their land was appropriated by Roman citizens, and they themselves, when allowed to retain it, had only an usufruct, subject to heavy dues. The laws and rules by which they were governed were prescribed by an edict of the Roman governor, who was all but irresponsible, and could use the rod or the axe without the possibility of resistance or revenge.

Thus the Roman Empire becomes a vast hierarchy, in which the provinces

form the base, and on them are successively built Italy, Latium, and Rome. And even within the city there is the division of patrician and plebeian, or in later times, of the ruling aristocracy of noble families of both orders, and the simple freemen. This is the spectacle that the Roman Empire presents to us when its career of conquest is drawing to a close. It had crushed all nations beneath it, but only to rear an immense throne for privilege ; and it is this immense system of inequality and exclusion on which the sympathies of the Roman historians are spent. But it was impossible that the work of Rome should stop here. Her genius tended to equality, and all her greatest men were levelers. Her work was not to set the nationality of Rome or of Latium above all the world, but to bring all nations under one equal law. She had subdued the nations by assimilation, by partially adopting other nations into her family. She was urged by inevitable necessity to complete what she had begun. She had sacrificed her exclusive prejudices to overcome the world ; she was obliged to sacrifice herself, her nationality, and even her liberty, to maintain the conquest.

Roman history presents to us a higher unity of meaning and purpose, if we regard the Latin war, the Social war, and the last wars of the Roman Republic, as, in a certain sense, continuations of the struggle of the plebeians for equal rights ; that is, if we regard them, not as the insurrections of conquered subjects, but rather as one long political struggle between the privileged and the unprivileged members of the same State. For Rome could not regard any longer as foreigners those whose blood and treasure she had used so freely, and whose rights she had already partially acknowledged. Plato said that all fighting between Greek and Greek was to be regarded as civil dissension and not as war. And so we may say that the contests between the many and the few, between the city and the empire, are but the fights of opposing factions, though the Forum is changed for the battle-field.

The great struggle for equality begins, as has been said, with the plebeians, who consisted mainly of those conquered pop-

ulations transferred within the walls by the policy of the kings. There is some reason to believe that the later kings were attempting to emancipate themselves from the aristocracy by becoming leaders of the people. They were tyrants in the Greek sense, and perhaps on the Greek model. By the expulsion of the kings the aristocracy regained their early predominance, and were enabled to exclude the commonalty. Yet the commons soon began to make head against them. They could not be prevented from doing so, for it was they who provided, in the most literal sense, the sinews of war. They were aided to this success by the fact that the oligarchy were not united. There were ever from time to time arising among them individuals superior to the prejudices of their order, and desirous of continuing the liberal policy of the kings; and these individuals always counselled concession, or even, in some instances, put themselves at the head of the plebeians to win it. Such were Cassius, Manlius, Mælius, and at one time the powerful gens of the Fabii. These men had to die martyrs for the unity of the State; their order could not forgive them a patriotism larger than its own: yet they at least succeeded in presenting a powerful protest against a selfish policy, and the concessions they forced often outlived them. Finally, after a long struggle, the attack of the commons from without, combined with the authority of many of its own best members within, forced the patricians to open their citadel, the *jus honorum* to the unprivileged many, and the work of levelling had passed through its first stage.

Meantime a new class had come within the pale of the Roman State, who bore all the burdens but had few of the privileges of citizens, and to whom even the plebeians stood in the relation of an aristocracy. These were the Latin allies, the main strength of the Roman armies for centuries. The debate between privilege and numbers had again to be repeated. Here too there seem to have been men among those in actual possession wise enough to plead the cause of the oppressed, and here too the question could not be decided without a sharp struggle; though in this case, as we have already stated, it was a struggle the

scene of which lay not in the Forum, but in the battle-field. The result was in appearance, but only in appearance, unfavorable to the Latins, for the Romans had learned such a lesson from the contest that they were glad to enroll many of the most important Latin towns in their tribe. This is the second victory of the levelling tendencies of Rome over the exclusive tendencies of the minority.

The admission of the Latins was thus really a popular measure, but it had an effect the reverse of popular; it threw the powers which had been slowly won by the assembly back into the hands of the aristocracy. The senate again became, as in early times, the controlling power at Rome, and the *comitia* merely the means whereby it transacted business. The cause of this change was that the popular assembly had ceased to be the assembly of the people. The citizens were now scattered at great distances from Rome, and could not come up every market-day for State business. At intervals a great question might draw the farmers to the Forum to record their votes, but in general the mob of the capital, and not the real mass of burgesses, were the only attendance at the assemblies, and the mob of the capital could never be permitted to govern the State. It was natural, therefore, that though the assembly remained nominally supreme, the senate should draw to itself all the real functions of government. The popular body was paralyzed by its own bulk, and the oligarchy again assumed the helm of affairs.

And this explains the peculiar bitterness of the third great political struggle, that began when the Italians began to demand a share in the rights and privileges of Romans. The oligarchy, in whom was concentrated in its utmost intensity the narrow national pride of Rome, set their faces against admitting such a *collusio* of nations to efface the national character of the State: and even the populace, who might be willing to follow their leaders against the aristocracy in other points, felt like aristocrats when they were asked to lower the value of their burgess rights. Again and again great statesmen arose, who saw the nature of the crisis, and urged the dominant party to give way, but the policy of sel-

fishness and exclusion prevailed. The aristocracy thwarted, the populace abandoned, those who sought to do justice to Italy. Tiberius Gracchus, Caius Gracchus, Livius Drusus, successively fell from the height of popularity to ruin and death, when they proposed to extend the suffrage beyond the limits it had reached. But the murder of the last of these political martyrs set all Italy on fire, and one year's unsuccessful war was sufficient to teach the Romans what reason had not been able to teach them, and the nominal victory was only won by conceding the subject of dispute. A law of the Consul, of the year 89 B.C., gave citizenship to all who had domicile and burgess rights anywhere in Italy, provided he presented himself before a Roman magistrate to claim it within two months. This was practically to make citizenship a reward for desertion to Rome. And even Sulla, the aristocratic leader, confirmed a measure, now a political necessity, which included all Italy within the limits of the city.

By this great concession the original Roman population were completely submerged in a flood of new citizens who did not inherit the traditions of Rome, and were only partially imbued with its spirit. Rome had already passed beyond the limits of a city when it admitted the Latins; but the Latins were kindred in blood to the Romans, and therefore their admission still left the Roman people in some sense one nation. But when the boundary of the State was advanced to the Rubicon, including not only the kindred Latins and the more distantly related Sabellian tribes, but a crowd of Greeks, Etruscans, and Celts, Rome had got far beyond the limits of any national feeling; its nationality was now merely a name, and it might even have drifted away altogether from its traditions, if it had not been for the permanence and conservation of its aristocracy: for notwithstanding their numbers and influence the new citizens seldom rose to the highest honors of the State, and only man by man when they did. The aristocracy was, therefore, the centre of the old national traditions, the representative of the past; and the disorganization of the body of new citizens just admitted into the State, enabled them to protract their

resistance long after the outer barrier of citizenship had fallen.

But the municipal constitution of Rome was utterly inadequate to the new circumstances, and its formulas broke down under their weight. It presents the strangest anomalies, the strangest conflict of fact and law. The popular party had been strengthened so immensely that its voice was absolutely decisive where that voice could be heard. The aristocracy, which was scarcely able to maintain its supremacy before, was now utterly powerless before a burgess body that comprised all Italy. Its power lay only in this, that the burgesses had no sufficient organ to express their will. The assemblies ceased even to *appear* to represent the citizens; for it was obviously impossible at any time to bring together even a respectable portion of those who had a right to vote. The true Romans were scattered over the land, unable to communicate with each other or with the capital; and what assumed the style of the sovereign people, and voted on proposals that determined the fate of the world, was the degraded mob of the streets — ever ready to applaud the highest bidder for their suffrages. The result of all this was that, in ordinary cases, the substantial power was cast into the hands of the senate, who ruled in the interest of their order; but that this power was uncertain and precarious, and liable to sudden invasion from any one who could gain a momentary popularity. For the assembly was the legal sovereign, and the senate was a usurper, who stepped in simply because the legal sovereign was paralyzed. Thus any political adventurer who could outbid the senate in bribing the mob, and get a rogation passed in his favor, might at once, and with the most perfect legal justification, wrest their authority from their hands.

The great want of the State, we might feel at first disposed to say, was a *representative system*. Those who had the right to rule, had, from their numbers and dispersion, no means of actualizing this right. The aristocracy, as has been shown, were usurpers, and the representatives of an exclusive policy, against which the genius of Rome, as well as the whole tendencies of the time, revolted — a policy, moreover, which had already

been defeated. The assemblies of the city, the only regular channels of authority, were representatives of nothing, except the will of those who, for the time being, could bribe or cajole them. If the theory of representative government had occurred to any one, we might fancy that the difficulty would have been solved; the citizens of Rome would have found in it a means of expressing their will, and liberty would have been saved. So we might fancy. But representative government implies far more than the election of representatives. It implies a certain community of feeling between all the citizens: it implies that intercourse should be much more frequent, and that intelligence should spread more easily than in those times was possible—for how else could any relation be kept up between the representative and those he represents?—it implies habits of acting together, and we might almost say it implies the unity of a nation. All these things were wanting here; in fact, we may say that there was no one condition of representative government present, except a body of citizens too large to govern themselves in any other way.

If the victory over the reactionary party was to be won, and the invidious distinction which enabled a few noble families to absorb the advantages of the Roman State was to be taken away; if the divisions between the various classes and sections of Rome were to be erased, and the Empire to be made a unity; if the Roman citizens, and still more the provincials who were aspiring to citizenship, were really to be made equal partakers in the benefits of the State, this could only be by war. Already, as early as the time of the Gracchi, it had been felt that the shifting tumultuous mob of the assemblies could give no consistent support to a popular leader. In one way only could he make the numbers who followed him felt in their full weight—by putting arms in their hands, and making himself their general. Caesar first clearly discerned this, and used his knowledge to found the Roman Empire.

The army was, in one sense, the most progressive and democratic institution of Rome. Soldiers at Rome were as natural democrats as lawyers were natural conservatives. The popular leader Marius

had most of all contributed to this result. Even before Marius indeed, the principle of the Servian constitution, by which the levy was limited to citizens possessed of landed property, and the distinctions in equipment and position were regulated by property considerations, had been considerably modified. Such a principle of arrangement was suited only to a small State, where wars, though frequent, were never long enough to disturb seriously the organization of peace. But it was totally unsuited for the distant campaigns and long terms of service that call forth the professional soldier. Consequently property considerations had been thrust more and more into the background, and the arrangement of the army had come to depend more on length of service, or qualities shown in the field, than on the possessions or rank of the citizens at home. The minimum rating that subjected a citizen to enrolment had been lowered nearly to a third, and the six classes of Servius had changed into three ranks, whose arrangement was determined not by property, but by length of service. The burgess cavalry had ceased to serve, and became merely a second order of aristocracy, while their place was supplied by Thracian, African, and Ligurian auxiliaries. Marius carried out a still more sweeping change, and erased the last traces of the old civic organization. He recruited his foot-soldiers from all classes of free-born citizens, and his cavalry from all subject nations; and, at the same time, he finally abolished all distinctions between infantry of the line, and made the place of each soldier depend on the discretion of his officer. This exclusive regard to military considerations in the formation of armies could not but be carried on still after him, and assist materially in levelling the differences yet existing between the citizen and the provincial or subject ally. When Marius unconstitutionally gave citizenship on the field of battle to a company of Italian allies who had behaved themselves bravely, he showed that the principle of Rome's political organization was becoming inverted. Formerly place in the army had depended on place in the State, now place in the State was coming to depend on place in the army. The real power of Rome had passed into its camps, and

when these camps ceased to be aristocratic, when they ceased to regard the distinction between noble and commoner, between Roman and Italian, between citizen and provincial, these distinctions could not long maintain themselves in the political order of the State. It was not likely that political intrigue could avert this result long, or deceive those who possessed the power into refraining from its exercise. The senatorial party might for a little go on plundering the world on the strength of their prestige, and their knowledge of the forms of a constitution which they alone could make a show of working. But in the general decay of the binding forces of society, only the discipline of the armies remained firm and vigorous, and these armies could not long be expected to follow leaders like Sulla, who used them to confirm the tyranny of the aristocracy over the countries from which they were levied. The prize of the Empire of the world was hanging suspended to tempt and to reward the first great general who should also be a leader of the people.

The Empire was a necessity, though the necessity of an unhappy time. Nor are we attributing supernatural wisdom to the Cæsars, when we say that by the force of circumstances, the needs of their position, and their personal ambition, they were urged on to confer a great benefit on mankind. They followed the path that opened before them, seeing but a little way, as mortals do; but their obvious interest and glory led them to do that which was demanded by the spirit of a time in which Christianity was born. The organization of the Empire was so evident and direct a development of the organization of the Republic, the one arose so naturally out of the other, that it only needed the genius of Cæsar to comprehend the situation and sketch out the plan of operations which all his successors had to follow. His first aim was to dethrone the Roman aristocracy, and change it into a court which derived all its dignity from its nearness to the sovereign, and all its power from being used as his instrument. An empire, and especially an empire sprung out of a republic, needs a nobility to conceal its lonely eminence. Authority must not seem to rest immediately upon bare force.

It was not desirable that the armies should know that their general was necessarily emperor. This was one of the "*arcana Imperii*," and it was an evil day for the Roman world when it was discovered. But a nobility with the necessary associations could not be created on a sudden, even if Cæsar, or any of his immediate successors, could have ventured to cast aside the claims of that aristocracy whose names were connected with every great deed of Rome. Cæsar could mix new members with the old ones; he could introduce provincials into the senate, and so lower the position of the great families, and so neutralize the intense national spirit of the Scipios and the Catos. But still he had no easy task before him, when he set himself to make the aristocracy accept *his* idea of their functions in place of their own. They clung with passionate eagerness to the remnants of a nationality that had passed away, and which was identified at once with their interests and their liberties. And the Emperors had for more than a century to combat with deadly foes, whom yet they were obliged to use as friends and servants. The unshaken temper and cool judgment of Cæsar met them with a policy of calculated generosity, and tried to reconcile them to the Empire, by making it as profitable to them as the weal of its subjects would permit. And no doubt this policy was most likely to attain the end proposed, if, in the mean time, he could have secured his own person against the dagger. The history of the civil war which followed Cæsar's death only showed how inevitably all things tended to the dominion of one, even when the aristocracy had the most favorable opportunity of reasserting its power; but the aristocracy was not induced by its defeat either "to learn anything or to forget anything." They were decimated and exhausted by war when Augustus began to reign, yet even Augustus, notwithstanding his skill in veiling the Empire under republican forms, was in frequent danger from their plots, and towards the end of his reign, there was, as is noticed by M. Thierry, a revival of republican feeling that might easily have led to fresh assassinations and civil wars. Even members of the imperial family, such as Drusus and Germanicus,

shared in this feeling; or at least it was attributed to them by the wishes of the senators. This may partly afford an explanation of the cruelty of Tiberius towards the senate, which contrasts so strongly with his firm and beneficial government of the provinces. "It was a war between the executioner and the assassin, the axe and the dagger," in which we are apt to lose sight of the true nature of the conflict in our admiration for the inflexibility of the losing side, and our horror at the ruthlessness with which the emperors used their victory. For the morals of the Roman nobles were in many cases purified by defeat and restored to their first sternness. Stoicism had taught them how to die; while the constant dangers of the imperial position could not but tell on the temper of the weaker emperors, and force them ever deeper in the sea of blood, till the names of some of them have become bywords for tyranny and cruelty. Besides, as has been already remarked, we see Tiberius and Claudius with the eyes of their mortal enemies. The execrations of those upon whom the Empire set its heel drown to our ears the blessings of the provincials, to whom the Emperor seemed an earthly god and providence. Yet even the best emperor, in the position of Tiberius, would have been forced, by regard to the weal of the State, to acts which the Roman historians would call tyrannical. The real spirit of this pseudo-patriotism that opposed the Empire is shown in the words of Tacitus, when he tells us how carefully Tiberius watched over the administration of justice in the Roman courts of law, and then adds the remark, that while "justice was thus secured, liberty suffered." Could anything be more unreal, or blind to the signs of the times, than the feeling thus expressed? Tacitus firmly believed in the "right divine" of the Roman nobles "to govern wrong." What would have become of the world, if the Romans had in this sense preserved their liberty?

The work of subduing the Roman aristocracy into a mere instrument of government, was, however, subsidiary to a much higher and more important one. It was the great vocation of Rome, and above all, of the Empire, as the last product of Roman civilization, to level all

inequalities of right, and by an impartial government and law, to fuse all the races of the Empire into one. The whole meaning and compass of such a plan cannot have been revealed to Cæsar; yet the bold and rapid steps which he took towards comprehension, prove that he had at least some foresight of the end. In a few short years he had sketched out by his laws the main outlines of a policy which the successive emperors had only to fill up and complete. His error was rather that he went too fast for the world. There is a haste and impatience in genius that would anticipate the slow course of time, and compress centuries into a short lifetime. But "the world wanders its own wise way," and will not submit to the wishes of the eager reformer, who sees the future as if it were already present. Therefore we see a kind of justice in Cæsar's fall. His thoughts remained to guide those who came after him. The work was taken up by the slow perseverance of Augustus, a man who never hastened and never rested, who did not hurry men's minds by rapid change, but who quietly and gradually undermined the old, and stone by stone built up the new in its place, till at the end of his life the Empire stood forth in its bare strength and majesty, and only a single touch of his successor was necessary to make the republican forms that had concealed it crumble away.

The first care of Augustus was to bring the problem to be solved within attainable limits. The insatiable ambition of Cæsar had dreamed of new conquests; Augustus saw that the Empire was in danger of outgrowing itself and perishing by its own weight, and he fixed on certain boundaries which he counselled his successors not to attempt to pass—a counsel which was only in a few cases disobeyed: on the west, the ocean; on the south, Mount Atlas and the African desert, the Cataracts of the Nile, and the confines of Arabia Felix; on the east, the Euphrates, Armenia, and the Black sea, on the north, the Rhine, the Danube, and the ocean again. Beyond these limits the power of the Empire was felt only by a few outlying nations, like the tribes of Armenia and Caucasus, whom the Romans kept in a sort of doubtful dependence, and used as a first fence or break-

water against the tide of barbarian invasion that continued from time to time to break, as it were, in successive waves on the immovable line of the Roman stations and garrisons, till finally, after a resistance of centuries, the discipline of Rome gave way before efforts of those who copied it, and animated it with a fiercer spirit.

Within these chosen limits Augustus proceeded steadily with the work of levelling. Compared with the indiscriminate liberality of Cæsar, he bestowed the gift of citizenship with a somewhat grudging hand. Still he did not cease to bestow it. He adopted the policy of continuous enfranchisement, and carried it out in his slow and sure way. His successors never ceased to move in the same direction, till Caracalla put the crown to the work by admitting the whole Roman world to the city of Rome. But though this communication of equal rights took a long time to complete, in principle everything had been already conceded when Augustus and Tiberius began to administer the provinces, not for the good of the sovereign city, but for their own; and to treat them, not as aliens, out of whom as much as possible was to be got, but as members of the State, to whom as much as possible was to be given. This change was greatly favored by the development of that immense system of jurisprudence, which may be called, in a special sense, Rome's gift to the world. The levelling tendencies of the Roman genius, and the exigencies of her ever-widening empire, had early led her to invent or adopt, in addition to her own national customs and laws, simpler rules for the administration of justice to those who were in the State, yet not of it. Mr. Maine has well shown how universal law freed from all national peculiarities, gained ground every day upon the national law of Rome. The Stoic philosophy, with its theories of natural right, hastened the emancipation of the Roman lawyers from the conservative prejudices of their order, and led them continually to seek for simplicity and universality in their legal formulas. In fine, the Roman law separated from itself all that was local and incapable of general application in the customs of the city, and became a purely rational system—a system of rules from which all

privileges were removed, and by which all men might be governed.

It is this, above all, that forms the great distinctive feature of the Roman Empire as contrasted with other despotisms—that the emperor is merely the centre and administrator of a vast system of law and justice. He is himself above law, but he never really separates himself from it. Indeed, it is only by using this instrument that he can wield effectually the powers in his hand. The empires of the East were empires of caprice: their sovereigns had no such instrument of government put into their hands as the Roman law, and hence their will never really penetrated the discordant masses whom they pretended to dominate. They might plunder their subjects, but they could not govern them. But in Rome the machine of government was so excellent, and interest so obviously led to its use, that even under a very bad Cæsar the provinces probably enjoyed a measure of security and justice such as the best native sovereigns had seldom been able to bestow. Furthermore, the steady application of the same general principles of law to men of all nations could not but tend to suggest at least the idea of universal morality. History shows that the morality of a nation usually takes the external form of law before it sinks into the feelings and habits of the people, and produces among them a special type of moral character. And so now the universal morality—the morality that should transcend all national peculiarities—had the way prepared for it by a universal law, that displaced the partial codes and customs of different races.

We may sum up, then, in a few words, the work and character of Rome. She was the great leveller—the great organizer of the world. She was the political fate of the ancients, that awed into silence the vagaries of individual and national freedom. To fulfil this her work she had herself to cease to be a nation. The people among whom the mighty tradition of Rome began, who first dwelt within the walls of the city, had, long before the Empire, ceased to be of much account among the millions of new citizens: their peculiarities were forgotten, or preserved only in a few fragments

of early law. But the *great name* lives on, animating new citizens gathered from all nations—from Latins, Samnites, Greeks, Asiatics, and Germans. The purity of blood may be lost, but the tradition of discipline and organization remains, when scarcely a single family is left of those who founded the Eternal City. Rome had become an idea—we might almost say, a legal fiction—which had no existence except in the tradition of government, handed down through successive generations of lawyers and statesmen, and the tradition of discipline inherited by its armies. When we name Greece, we call up the idea of a national character, individual and unique, expressing in the most energetic play of social and political life, and in the most varied forms of art and literature. Rome, on the other hand, suggests to us little but the universal principles on which men may be conquered, and the universal principles on which they may be governed. A monotonous energy of will, acting not for self but for the State, is the characteristic that repeats itself, almost unchanged, in every generation of her great men. Yet Rome, with the two great and only products of her genius—the arts of war and law—did a service to the world only less than Greece, with her universal culture, her art, and her philosophy. By the former of these two Roman arts, Rome broke down the material barriers that had separated nation from nation, and made all the civilized world one. By the latter she did something to break down the more obstinate spiritual barriers of custom and belief, which often keep up national divisions long after outward unity has been established. It was at Rome, and among Roman lawyers, that Stoicism found most acceptance for its great doctrine that all the isolated States on earth are but houses and streets in the *πολιτεία τοῦ κόσμου*, the great state of the universe; and that there is no distinction between Greek and Barbarian, bond and free, except virtue.

But here we have reached the limit of the good that can be attributed to Rome. She was, as we have said, the great leveller and organizer of the world, but again and again, in modern as in ancient times, she has shown that the energy, the

spirit, the life to animate her organization must come from others. The Empire was not civilization, but peace—the necessary husk or shell of civilization. Establishing an outward and forcible order without, it did little to diminish the chaos of man's spiritual life within. The establishment of outward unity indeed might do something to awake a thirst for a more catholic truth than was presented by the varying traditions or religions of the nations of the ancient world. And we do not wonder, though we smile, when we see the *Cæsars*, who organized everything, trying to organize religion. But a pantheon of deities, such as Augustus got together, was a very feeble and artificial substance for a universal religion. Such a belief, if we could suppose it to have any hold on the thoughts of men, would have deserved the censure of Goethe on the religion of India. It would have added to the confusion of life, instead of affording to mankind a guiding clew through that confusion. This attempt to *make a religion*, is perhaps one of the facts that makes us feel more clearly that, with all her greatness, there was something unspiritual, something barbarian, and almost brutal, in the genius of Rome. The greatest blessings which she was the means of bestowing on the world were not the gift of Rome herself. Urged on by a kind of demoniac energy, she broke down the walls of the cities, and erased the frontiers of nations. But in place of the national life which she destroyed, what had she to give? Her own national life and religion she crushed, as she did that of other nations, by the very impulse of her advance. She could not therefore communicate that. All national beliefs had passed away, and left a void filled only by confused superstitions, which in all their intensity expressed rather the desire to believe than actual belief; and even those superstitions that still retained a semblance of life, came not from Rome, but from Asia. Rome was a form without a spirit, into which any spirit might be poured. It gave opportunity for Asiatic religion and Greek culture to spread into the West, but itself had neither culture nor religion to bestow. Had it not been for the fact that the germ of a higher civilization was

about to be cast into the world, the Roman Empire would perhaps have been the greatest curse that ever befell mankind. When the greatness of Cæsars and of Cæsarism is preached, it is well to remember that the Cæsar is great mainly to destroy, and that the benefit he does to mankind is mainly to prepare the way for a higher spirit than that which animates himself. If the emperor was a "political Messiah," as some have called him, he was worshipped in the despair of the world; and it is well for mankind that the era of these Messiahs of brute force is ended. Rome made room for Christianity, but she was herself often animated by a spirit directly opposed to that of Christ. She knew as little of the future she was serving as the grass knows of the animal destined to feed on it. She went her own way, in obedience to her own impulses; but the Christian teacher, or even the Stoic philosopher, discerned the signs of the times better than the Cæsars, and it was they that first taught Rome the meaning of all it had been allowed to do.

Rome crushed and levelled all. The only powers left standing in the world were the majesty of the emperor and the imperial government, on the one hand, and on the other, the individuals of the subject population. The free life of the city, which had absorbed the energies of an earlier time, was gone. Men were, as we may say, isolated and *individualized*. In place of the lost patriotisms and the religions on which these had rested, there was needed a principle of belief at once more universal and more personal, which should give inspiration and strength to the individual in his solitary life, and at the same time make the bond of common humanity an efficient substitute for the decaying bond of race and country. For if this were not done, the Roman Empire would only have brought men together in a common slavery, that they might be repelled by a mutual hate.

Hence we need not wonder that in spite of the blessings of peace and security, a cloud of sadness and despair fell upon mankind under the early Empire. Under the shadow of the "*immensa pacis Romanæ majestas*," life and property were protected as they had never been protected before; but man cannot

live by bread alone, and now there was nothing else left to live by. Hence springs that longing for a purer past, so often expressed in the Roman writers, which is usually the proof of an unworthy present. Hence that artificial praise of the simple life of peasants, "*O fortunati nimium, sua si bona nôrint.*" Hence that feverish seeking for new religions in which to hide from themselves, that brought the Greeks and Romans under the dominion of Asiatic superstitions they would at an earlier time have despised. A kind of hopelessness takes possession of the world, as its cherished beliefs fall in ruins around it. The imperial power seemed the only thing left to worship, and for a time men idealized and worshipped even that. We are not to impute to flattery the constantly renewed demand of the provinces to be allowed to build temples and set up images to Cæsar, for who else was there to fill the place of the dethroned gods of the nations? Cæsar was the representative of that organization that had proved too strong for the national religions, of the only order that still maintained itself on earth. Slavery was justified to itself, as submission to a god and not to a man.

There were, however, two philosophies or systems of thought that attempted to furnish a better satisfaction to the desire of all nations. For at this time we find philosophy, deserting the "quiet woodland ways" of speculation, coming forward as a preacher and a reformer, and trying to be popular and practical. These two systems of thought were Stoicism, and that Alexandrian philosophy or theosophy which, for want of a better name, we may call Neoplatonic. In Alexandria, the East and the West met together, and for the first time tried to understand each other. Indeed, we may say that in that city all literatures, religions, and philosophies were poured together. The result was a sort of confusion of tongues, a chaos of the spiritual world, in which all definiteness and distinction of thought was lost. The Platonic dialectic was confused, by those who called themselves followers of Plato, with the mystic ecstasy of an Eastern prophet, and Jews forgot their intense exclusiveness, to discover that Plato was

only Moses speaking in the Greek language. Mythology began to be interpreted as a direct and conscious allegory of philosophic truth, and the gods of Olympus were identified with the Platonic ideas. Thus religion was petrified by abstractions, and philosophy was made impure by superstition. And the indirect influence of Christianity, when it began to make itself felt, at first only added another element of discord. Never perhaps in the history of the world had mankind been oppressed by such a burden of "thoughts beyond the reaches of their souls." Never had they been less able to cope with and master their thoughts. Hence, we may say that the Alexandrian philosophy exhibits to us not so much a solution as a full expression of the problem to be solved. Philo and his school are comprehensible in the light of Christian philosophy, and the phantasmagoria of a wonderful dream becomes intelligible when its forms are traced back to what we have seen in daylight. But here the dream is a prophecy as well as a recollection. The human spirit is at work upon the material before it, shaping and organizing; but it is as yet unable to penetrate the crude mass with intelligible meanings.

The Stoic, on the other hand, retires from a world which he can imperfectly comprehend, and which he cannot alter, into his own soul. He is not absorbed and satisfied by the State, nor can he, like Plato, build an ideal republic for his spirit to dwell in. The old bottles are too completely worn out for even a philosopher to put new wine into them. Under the heavy hand of the Empire all that was noble and beautiful in the spiritual individuality of nations has been crushed. A cold abstract rule of force has taken the place of the spontaneous energy of citizens. Nothing in public life flows fresh from the will of the people, all from an alien and indifferent authority. The political life of free States, in the intense meaning it had for the ancients, is gone, and no other life is yet begun. What remains for man but to withdraw into himself and defy the world? Self-centred, self-dependent strength (*α-απαξία*), is the aim all philosophers of the time set before them; it is the aim of the Epicurean, of the Skeptic,

but above all of the Stoic school. Stoicism would make the individual as indifferent to the Roman Empire, as the Roman Empire is to him. The purely spiritual might of the individual soul defies and bears up against the purely material force that rules the world. This is the greatness of Stoicism. It withdrew a few heroic souls from a world lying in wickedness, and concentrated them in an attitude of stern and invincible resistance. Hence its denial of pain. To be independent of the external world we must conquer that by which it has a hold upon us, our own sensitive nature. Pain must be denied to be an evil. The one thing which alone is good can be maintained in spite of pain. I am free from it if I can deny it.

Stoicism was natural. It was natural that the individual should seek within himself for that moral power which had vanished from the outward institutions and the general life of man. Yet such a negative attitude towards the world was necessarily one of constant effort and pain. Man is social, as the earlier Greek philosophers had maintained, and his life when driven back upon itself becomes barren and unprofitable. We can say very little of the wise man, the ideal of the Stoics, except that he is free from the world. We must describe him by negatives. In fact, positive elements can be given to morality in so far as we contemplate the individual, not merely in his isolated life, but in his relations to his family, his nation, or all mankind. Contemplate him apart from his fellows, and you find in him nothing but the caprice of desire, the principle of the Epicureans, or the mere negative assertion of freedom, the principle of the Stoics. It is true that when we regard man as the Stoics did, merely as a spiritual individual, we go far to level all the distinctions between man and man. Our common humanity becomes the great thing, and outward differences of rank, and intellectual capacity and race, sink into the background. And so far Stoicism might be said to reveal the deeper unity of mankind. The cosmopolitanism which was not altogether absent from the teaching of the earliest Stoics, becomes more and more distinct in the later philosophers of this school, with whom we may suspect some

indirect influence of Christianity. Epicurus, for instance, says that he who looks upon himself as citizen of the world, must consider any special State too small for him. And Marcus Aurelius, the Imperial philosopher, tells us, in words which read almost like a verse of the New Testament, that the wise man must regard himself as a citizen of the city of Zeus, which is made up of gods and men. Yet Stoicism was rather a command to seek community with the world than a power to do so, and Marcus Aurelius did not comprehend his own principle of human brotherhood, when he saw it animating the unlettered masses.

Christianity alone was able to turn into a passion that which Stoicism had vainly and imperfectly preached as a duty, and to make the mere tie of common humanity stronger than ever had been the love of kindred or of country. Like Stoicism, Christianity met material force with altogether spiritual weapons; but it did not, like Stoicism, merely resign and endure. It not only defended the individual against the world, it enabled him to invade it in his turn. The Stoics had shown that force could not injure spirit; the Christians showed that spirit can conquer force. Its invasive charity blessed and converted the persecutors. The most spiritual of the ancient philosophies, Platonism, had presented as the ideal of human excellence one in whom self had died out, and whose action was become the impersonal utterance of reason. But the unselfishness of the ideal Platonic philosopher is negative, and ends in justice; the unselfishness of the Christian saint was positive, and ends in love. How difficult is it now, when Christianity has become familiar, to realize the revolutionary power of her utterances, when in the first freshness of her wonderful faith in God and man, she went forth into the highways and byways, and compelled the outcasts of ancient civilization, the slaves and the publicans, to come in! One thing is clear, that but for Christianity, the work of fusing all races into one, which the Empire had undertaken, could never have been accomplished.

How the Church and the Roman Empire learned to adjust themselves to each other, we cannot here describe. It has

lately, indeed, been well described in the brilliant Essay of Mr. Bryce. The Roman Empire at first treated the Church with tolerant indifference, then learned to dread it, and finally committed itself to a long struggle against it. And the Church, in its first purity, as we gather from the New Testament, often looked upon Rome as her mortal enemy. For though both Rome and the Church aimed at the same end, unity, they used opposite means and methods. Rome sought to subdue and mould the spirit through the outward organization of life, Christianity to remodel the outward life by a new spiritual influence. There was natural war between the kingdom of material force and the kingdom of truth. In later times there came a reconciliation. The New Jerusalem, that had descended pure as a bride out of heaven, became encircled by the walls of Babylon the great. The Church gave vitality to the Empire; the Empire became the protector of the Church. It was natural and necessary that it should be so. Christianity had to be brought safe to the modern world through ages of barbarism, and it was to the discipline or the tradition of the Empire that the task of protecting it was committed. Yet the earthen vessel could not but corrupt in some degree the heavenly treasure which it preserved. Forms of government and rules of earthly policy alien to the spirit of Christianity tainted its discipline and its doctrines; and even to this day the influence of that materialistic despotism, to which for a time it had to ally itself, has not passed away from the Christian Church.

Saturday Review.

ACROSS MEXICO IN 1864-5.*

MR. BULLOCK appears to have spent four months of the winter of 1864-5 on the whole very pleasantly, if sometimes very uncomfortably, in knocking about the dominions of the Emperor Maximilian. Now inside or outside of a crazy diligence, now mounted on a good horse and now

* *Across Mexico in 1864-5.* By W. H. BULLOCK. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

on a bad one, here entertained with graceful and luxurious hospitality by English residents, there obliged to shift for himself among the very narrow stock of conveniences which Mexico provides for the unfrequent foreign voyager, he contrived between the beginning of December and the end of March to collect along the road from Vera Cruz to the Pacific a sufficient stock of impressions of Mexican travel to freight a goodly and readable volume. Only on one occasion did Mr. Bullock come across any of the Liberal party, and his appreciation of the Juarists is therefore likely to be mainly founded upon whatever *ex parte* statements the Imperialists who conversed with him may have made against them. But, fortunately for its readers, the book does not profess to be in any sense a political one, or anything beyond the simple story of an intelligent and spirited tourist, who has found the customs and landscape of Mexico sufficiently interesting to make him wish to delineate them for the benefit of his friends at home.

There can be no doubt that Cortez and his followers found the Mexico of their day very different from Castile and Aragon; and we may certainly say that the readers of Mr. Bullock's book will still find Mexico very different from either the country or the cities of England. The Tierra Caliente, a flowery wilderness of acacia, convolvulus, cactus, oleander, and other shrubs, destitute of human interest except a few squalid Indian villages, with the mighty peak of Orizaba frowning over it from the inland distance, is probably even now not much changed in its general features from the scene which met the eyes of the great Spanish conqueror. Its Arcadian landscape has, however, succumbed to the dominion of the latest invader, the railway from Vera Cruz towards Mexico, which at present deposits its passengers at a temporary terminus some fifty miles from the sea, at the threshold of the Tierra Templada, or temperate region. From this point Mr. Bullock started for his first equestrian adventure, on a sorry Mexican pony, equipped with every variety of excellently constructed and needless furniture that the ingenuity of a London saddler can devise. Notwithstanding the natural temptations to brigandage afforded by

the deep-wooded gullies which intersect the road, the solitary horseman and his bran-new saddlery reached Orizaba safely after a four days' ride; a fact which might seem to show some improvement in the highway morals of Mexico under its present *régime*, if we were not told that the driver of the regular diligence had been shot dead upon his box a few weeks before Mr. Bullock passed by that road.

Thackeray says somewhere that the best way to enjoy the East is to go to Smyrna in a steamer direct from England, walk about its bazaars for an hour or two, return on board your vessel, and steam straight back again. No more searching process of investigation will leave so fresh and forcible a reflex of the strange romance of the *Arabian Nights* stamped upon the Western tourist's memory. The East is spoiled by going behind the scenes. Mr. Bullock holds a similar doctrine with respect to the enjoyment of Mexican landscape. He tells us that no one whose main object is fine scenery should attempt to penetrate beyond Orizaba. Were the traveller, "instead of climbing the Cumbres, which lead to the bare unsightly table-land, to turn to the right, and keep in the green zone along the slope of the hills till he reached Jalapa, and return hence *via* Tampico or Vera Cruz to Europe, he would declare, when he got home, that Mexico was the most enchanting country in the world." If he goes further in search of the much-vaunted charms that captivated the Spanish conquerors, he will fare worse. "The beautiful approach to the Mexican table-land through the Tierra Caliente and the Tierra Templada is as deceptive as the magnificent façades to their poor cathedrals, or the handsome stone gateways leading absolutely to nothing, on which you often stumble in different parts of the country." The answer is, that no educated traveller would go to Mexico entirely and purely for the sake of fine scenery. To turn back to Europe without seeing the scene of the most wonderful death-struggle ever fought out in the history of the American continent, because the actual picturesqueness of the site was inferior to that of the surrounding region, would be like going to see *Hamlet* with a determination to shut your

eyes to everything but the beauty of the fair Ophelia. Even Mr. Bullock allows that the influence of historical associations renders it difficult to look upon the valley of Mexico for the first time without some kind of emotion. But he strenuously asserts that he sought in vain for those elements of intrinsic beauty which the consent of ages has attributed to the "valley of Anahuac," and he takes every opportunity of putting on record a solemn protest against the opinion which he has no doubt people will conspire to hold till the end of the world. Perhaps Mr. Bullock and his adversaries have managed to look at the different sides of the shield, for he observes, fairly enough, that the finest feature of the view does not show itself to the voyager going towards Mexico from Orizaba:

"It must be borne in mind that the traveller approaching from the east has his back turned upon the snow-capped volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, which lend whatever of grandeur it possesses to the valley of Mexico. Constantly at morning and evening to behold these two mountains lighted up by the rays of the rising and setting sun is the most beautiful sight in the world. Take them away, and, in spite of the deep blue sky, it would not be easy to match the rest of the picture in ugliness."

With equally laudable plainness of speech, Mr. Bullock proceeds to demolish the popular belief in the beauty of the city of Mexico:

"During my whole residence in Mexico, I made a constant effort to find the city as beautiful as travellers, from Humboldt downwards, describe it as being. Under one aspect alone could I find anything at all to admire about it. When seen by moonlight, it was impossible not to be struck by the faultless symmetry of the streets. But by the broad light of day, I could find nothing more to admire about Mexico than about Mannheim, or any other city built at right angles with itself."

And again:

"Much has been written of the striking effect of the Plaza Mayor, or great square of Mexico; but, like the rest of the city, it seemed to me that only when viewed by moonlight was there anything at all attractive about it. What charity is in the moral, that is the moon in the material world, and as charity is said to cover a multitude of sins, so does the moon shed her light so tenderly over the deformities which by day are so offensive to the sojourner in the

capital of Montezuma, that she even makes things of beauty out of hideous objects. The open black drains, for instance, which are so uninviting by daylight, by moonlight positively assume an attractive appearance, and their unsavory odor alone betrays their disguise."

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this drain!

has certainly a twang of the anticlimax of romance, which is not pleasant to the imagination even of those who, year after year, have been used to see her light sleeping upon the dubious waters of the Thames. Mr. Bullock is not more enthusiastic, in speaking of the public buildings of the city severally, than in his general view of the Plaza Mayor. The University is morally and architecturally "insignificant to the last degree." The National (now Imperial) Palace, usually called by American writers "the halls of Montezuma," is "more like a long range than a royal residence." The huge cathedral is "uninteresting." The one strikingly fine building in the whole city is the Mineria, or School of Mines, the last legacy left by the Spanish Government to the Mexican nation.

We said that the readers of this volume would find Mexico different from an English city. Imagine the following substitute for that emblem of busy curtness, the postman's double-knock:

"I presume that the postman is mounted with a view to a more expeditious delivery of letters, but I could hardly fancy an arrangement less likely to answer the end in view. For in the first place the nature of the Mexican streets is such as to render riding over them a highly dangerous operation at all times, and in the second place it is exceedingly rare for any one to be at the door to receive letters, so that the postman, who has never been known to dismount, may be seen waiting any length of time at the entrance till somebody should either go in or go out, when he will feebly stretch out his hand, and request any casual visitor to take charge of the letters for the whole house."

Foreign critics of English peculiarities are apt to talk of our national stiffness of demeanor. Perhaps we can hardly deny the truth of the impeachment; but we may feel some satisfaction in reflecting with Mr. Bullock that, if we are stiff, we cannot simultaneously be "limp," as the Mexicans are. Nothing, says he, strikes a stranger (that is, of course, a stiff Eng-

lish stranger) so much in Mexico as the limpness of the natives. "You feel an irresistible longing to put a little starch into them, but it is not to be done. Their limpness is apparent in their whole behavior, whether engaged in business or pleasure. The only thing the Mexicans are not limp about is their gambling." Even Anglo-Saxon stiffness and energy would in time relax themselves under the Mexican atmosphere into congenial limpness, but for the regular use of the two best preventives, British cricket and British beer. The English mercantile community of Mexico has played cricket regularly on Sundays at the village of Napoles during at least the last forty years; and Mr. Bullock was assured by the cricketers that "political events" (the fighting of opposing factions upon the surrounding hills) had never been allowed by them to interfere with the regular observance of their Sunday game. Where cricket has reigned, croquet follows. Mr. Bullock for a moment verges on a limited enthusiasm in speaking of the lawns of Tacubaya, where he believes himself to have had the honor of taking part in the first game of croquet ever played in the land of Montezuma.

If the Mexicans are "limp" (a term which we take to be intended to illustrate and explain all the economical and moral peculiarities which have hitherto been lumped together by travellers as *costs de Mexico*), they are characterized by a degree of politeness which is not to be found among less flaccid nations. Mr. Bullock gives an instance which it would be difficult to parallel in any European capital. In "doing" the convent of San Juan de la Penitencia, one of the few monastic establishments spared by Juarez, intelligent curiosity impelled the true Briton to ask of a chance bystander how many nuns it contained. The Mexican gentleman politely regretted that he could not tell. When Mr. Bullock had left the church, and gone a mile or more on his homeward road (and probably had forgotten the subject altogether), he was overtaken by the courteous stranger with the information, "Cien tantas monjas"—a hundred odd nuns. To be so treated in London would make an ordinary mortal rather ashamed of the habit of asking unprofitable questions; but probably the

Mexican had no earthly business which might better have occupied his mind and time.

One of the curious *cosas de Mexico* mentioned by Mr. Bullock is the fact that the earliest railway in the country was made to convey pilgrims two and a half miles from the capital to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Along the line are eight praying stations; but the locomotive, being of American construction (and therefore, we presume our author to mean, of heterodox principles), "has not been trained to stop at the stations," the utility of which appears questionable. Possible pilgrims of undoubted devotion alone are allowed to go through by express trains.

From the capital Mr. Bullock proceeded by Morelia, Guadalajara, and Tepic, to the shore of the Pacific at San Blas. Returning by another route, he finally left the inland plateau for Tampico and the Gulf of Mexico in March, 1865. Among his interesting memories will be found agreeably detailed the inevitable bull-fight, a carnival at Tepic, a ride round the Lake of Tezeuco, trips to a cotton plantation near Santiago and to the high mining district at Real del Monte, and other topics of Mexican travel which would naturally come in the way of an independent English tourist blessed with good spirits and sufficient bodily strength and activity. Mr. Bullock met with no positively serious adventure of being shot at by the Juarists as an Imperialist, by the Imperialists as a Juarist, or by brigands unattached as an honest and well-to-do man; but his recollections of Mexico, now that the excitement of the moment is over, are probably just as pleasant as if he had incidentally been made a target of, or bid to stand and deliver.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE STUDY OF CELTIC LITERATURE.

PART III.

WE have seen how philology carries us towards ideas of affinity of race which are new to us. But it is evident that this affinity, even if proved, can be no very potent affair, unless it goes beyond the stage at which we have hitherto ob-

served it. Affinity between races still, so to speak, in their mother's womb, counts for something, indeed, but cannot count for very much. So long as Celt and Teuton are in their embryo rudimentary state, or, at least, no such great while out of their cradle, still engaged in their wanderings, changes of place and struggle for development, so long as they have not yet crystallized into solid nations, they may touch and mix in passing, and yet very little come of it. It is when the embryo has grown and solidified into a distinct nation, into the Gaul or German of history, when it has finally acquired the characters which make the Gaul of history what he is, the German of history what he is, that contact and mixture are important, and may leave a long train of effects; for Celt and Teuton by this time have their formed, marked, national, ineffaceable qualities to oppose or to communicate. The contact of the German of the Continent with the Celt was in the pre-historic times, and the definite German type, as we know it, was fixed later, and from the time when it became fixed was not influenced by the Celtic type. But here in our country, in historic times, long after the Celtic embryo had crystallized into the Celt proper, long after the Germanic embryo had crystallized into the German proper, there was an important contact between the two peoples; the Saxons invaded the Britons' country. Well, then, here was a contact which one might expect would leave its traces; if the Saxons got the upper hand, as we all know they did, and made our country be England and us be English, there must yet, one would think, be some trace of the Saxon having met the Briton; there must be some Celtic vein or other running through us. Many people say there is nothing at all of the kind, absolutely nothing; the *Saturday Review* treats these matters of ethnology with great power and learning, and the *Saturday Review* says we are "a nation into which a Norman element, like a much smaller Celtic element, was so completely absorbed that it is vain to seek after Norman or Celtic elements in any modern Englishman." And the other day at Zurich I read a long essay on English literature by one of the pro-

fessors there, in which the writer observed, as a remarkable thing, that while other countries conquered by the Germans—France, for instance, and Italy—had ousted all German influence from their genius and literature, there were two countries, not originally Germanic, but conquered by the Germans, England and German Switzerland, of which the genius and the literature were purely and unmixedly German; and this he laid down as a position which nobody would dream of challenging.

I say it is strange that this should be so, and we in particular have reason for inquiring whether it really is so; because though, as I have said, even as a matter of science the Celt has a claim to be known, and we have an interest in knowing him, yet this interest is wonderfully enhanced if we find him to have actually a part in us. The question is to be tried by external and by internal evidence; the language and the physical type of our race afford certain data for trying it, and other data are afforded by our literature, genius, and spiritual production generally. Data of this second kind belong to the province of the literary critic; data of the first kind to the province of the philologist and of the physiologist.

The province of the philologist and of the physiologist is not mine; but this whole question as to the mixture of Celt with Saxon in us has been so little explored, people have been so prone to settle it off-hand according to their prepossessions, that even on the philological and physiological side of it I must say a few words in passing. Surely it must strike with surprise any one who thinks of it, to find that, without any immense inpouring of a whole people, that by mere expeditions of invaders having to come over the sea and in no greater numbers than the Saxons, so far as we can make out, actually came, the old occupants of this island, the Celtic Britons, should have been completely annihilated, or even so completely absorbed that it is vain to seek after Celtic elements in the existing English race. Of deliberate wholesale extermination of the Celtic race, all of them who could not fly to Wales or Scotland, we hear nothing; and without some such extermination one would sup-

pose that a great mass of them must have remained in the country, their lot the obscure and, so to speak, underground lot of a subject race, but yet insensibly getting mixed with their conquerors, and their blood entering into the composition of a new people, in which the stock of the conquerors counts for most, but the stock of the conquered, too, counts for something. How little the triumph of the conquerors' laws, manners, and language, proves the extinction of the old race, we may see by looking at France; Gaul was Latinized in language, manners, and laws, and yet her people remained essentially Celtic. The Germanization of Britain went far deeper than the Latinization of France, and not only laws, manners, and language, but the main current of the blood, became Germanic; but how, without some process of radical extirpation, of which, as I say, there is no evidence, can there have failed to subsist in Britain, as in Gaul, a Celtic current too? The indications of this in our language have never yet been thoroughly searched out; the Celtic names of places prove nothing, of course, as to the point here in question; they come from the pre-historic times, the times before the nations, Germanic or Celtic, had crystallized, and they are everywhere, as the impetuous Celt was formerly everywhere—in the Alps, the Apennines, the Cevennes, the Rhine, the Po, as well as in the Thames, the Humber, Cumberland, London. But it is said that words of Celtic origin for things having to do with every-day peaceful life—the life of a settled nation—words like *basket* (to take an instance which all the world knows), form a much larger body in our language than is commonly supposed; it is said that a number of our raciest, most idiomatic, popular words—for example, *bam*, *kick*, *whop*, *trundle*, *fulge*, *hitch*, *muggy*—are Celtic. These assertions require to be carefully examined, and it by no means follows that because an English word is found in Celtic, therefore we get it from thence; but they have not yet had the attention which, as illustrating through language this matter of the subsistence and intermingling in our nation of a Celtic part, they merit.

Nor have the physiological data which

illustrate this matter had much more attention from us in England. But in France, a physician, half English by blood, though a Frenchman by home and language, Monsieur W. F. Edwards, brother to Monsieur Milne-Edwards, the well-known zoölogist, published in 1839 a letter to Monsieur Amédée Thierry with this title: *Des Caractères Physiologiques des Races Humaines considérés dans leurs Rapports avec l'Histoire*. The letter attracted great attention on the Continent; it fills not much more than a hundred pages, and they are a hundred pages which well deserve reading and re-reading. Monsieur Thierry in his *Histoire des Gaulois* had divided the population of Gaul into certain groups, and the object of Monsieur Edwards was to try this division by physiology. Groups of men have, he says, their physical type which distinguishes them, as well as their language; the traces of this physical type endure as the traces of language endure, and physiology is enabled to verify history by them. Accordingly, he determines the physical type of each of the two great Celtic families, the Gaels and the Cymris, who are said to have been distributed in a certain order through Gaul, and then he tracks these types in the population of France at the present day, and so verifies the alleged original order of distribution. In doing this, he makes excursions into neighboring countries where the Gaels and the Cymris have been, and he declares that in England he finds abundant traces of the physical type which he has established as the Cymric, still subsisting in our population, and having descended from the old British possessors of our soil before the Saxon conquest. But if we are to believe the current English opinion, says Monsieur Edwards, the stock of these old British possessors is clean gone. On this opinion he makes the following comment:

"In the territory occupied by the Saxons, the Britons were no longer an independent nation, nor even a people with any civil existence at all. For history, therefore, they were dead, above all for history as it was then written; but they had not perished; they still lived on, and undoubtedly in such numbers as the remains of a great nation, in spite of its disasters, might still be expected to keep. That the Britons were destroyed or

expelled from England, properly so called, is, as I have said, a popular opinion in that country. It is founded on the exaggeration of the writers of history; but in these very writers, when we come to look closely at what they say, we find the confession that the remains of this people were reduced to a state of strict servitude. Attached to the soil, they will have shared in that emancipation which during the course of the middle ages gradually restored to political life the mass of the population in the countries of Western Europe; recovering by slow degrees their rights without resuming their name, and rising gradually with the rise of industry, they will have got spread through all ranks of society. The gradualness of this movement, and the obscurity which enwrapped its beginnings, allowed the contempt of the conqueror and the shame of the conquered to become fixed feelings; and so it turns out that an Englishman who now thinks himself sprung from the Saxons or the Normans, is often in reality the descendant of the Britons."

So physiology, as well as language, incomplete through the application of their tests to this matter has hitherto been, may lead us to hesitate before accepting the round assertion that it is vain to search for Celtic elements in any modern Englishman. But it is not only by the tests of physiology and language that we can try this matter. As there are for physiology physical marks, such as the square head of the German, the round head of the Gael, the oval head of the Cymri, which determine the type of a people, so for criticism there are spiritual marks which determine the type, and make us speak of the Greek genius, the Teutonic genius, the Celtic genius, and so on. Here is another test at our service; and this test, too, has never yet been thoroughly employed. Foreign critics have indeed occasionally hazarded the idea that in English poetry there is a Celtic element traceable; and Mr. Morley, in his very readable as well as very useful book on the English writers before Chaucer, has a sentence which struck my attention when I read it, because it expresses an opinion which I, too, have long held. Mr. Morley says: "The main current of English literature cannot be disconnected from the lively Celtic wit in which it has one of its sources. The Celts do not form an utterly distinct part of our mixed population. But for early, frequent, and various con-

tact with the race that in its half-barbarous days invented Ossian's dialogues with St. Patrick, and that quickened afterwards the Northman's blood in France, Germanic England would not have produced a Shakespeare." But there Mr. Morley leaves the matter. He indicates this Celtic element and influence, but he does not show us—it did not come within the scope of his work to show us—how this influence has declared itself. Unlike the physiological test, or the linguistic test, this literary, spiritual test is one which I may perhaps be allowed to try my hand at applying. I say that there is a Celtic element in the English nature, as well as a Germanic element, and that this element manifests itself in our spirit and literature. But before I try to point out how it manifests itself, it may be as well to get a clear notion of what we mean by a Celtic element, a Germanic element; what characters, that is, determine for us the Celtic genius, the Germanic genius, as we commonly conceive the two.

Let me repeat what I have often said of the characteristics which mark the English spirit, the English genius. This spirit, this genius, judged, to be sure, rather from a friend's than an enemy's point of view, yet judged on the whole fairly, is characterized, I have repeatedly said, by *energy with honesty*. Take away some of the energy which comes to us, as I believe, in part from Celtic and Roman sources; instead of energy, say rather *steadiness*; and you have the Germanic genius: *steadiness with honesty*. It is evident how nearly the two characterizations approach one another; and yet they leave, as we shall see, a great deal of room for difference. Steadiness with honesty; the danger for a national spirit thus composed is the humdrum, the plain and ugly, the ignoble: in a word, *das Gemeine, die Gemeinheit*, that curse of Germany, against which Goethe was all his life fighting. The excellence of a national spirit thus composed is freedom from whim, flightiness, perverseness; patient fidelity to Nature—in a word, *science*—leading it at last, though slowly, and not by the most brilliant road, out of the bondage of the humdrum and common, into the better life. The universal dead-level of plainness and

homeliness, the lack of all beauty and distinction in form and feature, the slowness and clumsiness of the language, the eternal beer, sausages, and bad tobacco, the blank commonness everywhere, pressing at last like a weight on the spirits of the traveller in Northern Germany, and making him impatient to be gone—this is the weak side; the industry, the well-doing, the patient, steady elaboration of things, the idea of science governing all departments of human activity—this is the strong side; and through this side of her genius, Germany has already obtained excellent results, and is destined, we may depend upon it, however her pedantry, her slowness, her fumbling, her ineffectiveness, her bad government, may at times make us cry out, to an immense development.

For dulness, the creeping Saxons—says an old Irish poem, assigning the characteristics for which different nations are celebrated:

“For acuteness and valor, the Greeks;
For excessive pride, the Romans;
For dulness, the creeping Saxons;
For beauty and amorousness, the Gael hills.”

We have seen in what sense, and with what explanation, this characterization of the German may be allowed to stand; now let us come to the beautiful and amorous Gael. Or rather, let us find a definition which may suit both branches of the Celtic family, the Cymri as well as the Gael. It is clear that special circumstances may have developed some one side in the national character of Cymri or Gael, Welshman or Irishman, so that the observer's notice shall be readily caught by this side, and yet it may be impossible to adopt it as characteristic of the Celtic nature generally. For instance, in his beautiful essay on the poetry of the Celtic races, M. Renan, with his eyes fixed on the Bretons and the Welsh, is struck with the timidity, the shyness, the delicacy of the Celtic nature, its preference for a retired life, its embarrassment at having to deal with the great world. He talks of his *douce petite race naturellement chrétienne*, his *race fière et timide, à l'extérieur gauche et embarrassée*. But it is evident that this description, however well it may do for the Cymri, will never do for the Gael, never do for

the typical Irishman of Donnybrook fair. Again, M. Renan's *infinie délicatesse de sentiment qui caractérise la race Celtique*, how little that accords with the popular conception of an Irishman who wants to borrow money! *Sentiment* is, however, the word which marks where the Celtic races really touched and are one; sentimental, if the Celtic nature is to be characterized by a single term, is the best term to take. An organization quick to feel impressions, and feeling them very strongly; a lively personality therefore, keenly sensitive to joy and to sorrow; this is the main point. If the downs of life too much outnumber the ups, this temperament, just because it is so quickly and nearly conscious of all impressions, may no doubt be seen shy and wounded; it may be seen in wistful regret, it may be seen in passionate, penetrating melancholy; but its essence is to aspire ardently after life, light, and emotion, to be expansive, adventurous, and gay. Our word *gay*, it is said, is itself Celtic. It is not from *gaudium*, but from the Celtic *gair*, to laugh; and the impressionable Celt, soon up and soon down, is the more down because it is so his nature to be up—to be sociable, hospitable, eloquent, admired, figuring away brilliantly. He loves bright colors, he easily becomes audacious, over-crowding, full of fanfare. The German, say the physiologists, has the larger volume of intestines (and who that has ever seen a German at a table-d'hôte will not readily believe this?), the Frenchman has the more developed organs of respiration. That is just the expansive, eager Celtic nature; the head in the air, snuffing and snorting; a proud look and a high stomach, as the Psalmist says, but without any such settled savage temper as the Psalmist seems to impute by those words. For good and for bad, the Celtic genius is more airy and unsubstantial, goes less near the ground, than the German. The Celt is often called sensual; but it is not so much the vulgar satisfactions of sense that attract him as emotion and excitement; he is truly, as I began by saying, sentimental.

Sentimental — always ready to react against the despotism of fact: that is the description a great friend of the Celt gives of him; and it is not a bad de-

scription of the sentimental temperament, it lets us into the secret of its dangers and of its habitual want of success. Balance, measure, and patience, these are the eternal conditions, even supposing the happiest temperament to start with, of high success; and balance, measure, and patience are just what the Celt has never had. Even in the world of æsthetic creation, he has never, in spite of his admirable gifts of quick perception and warm emotion, succeeded perfectly, because he never has had steadiness, patience, sanity enough to comply with the conditions under which alone can expression be perfectly given to the finest perceptions and emotions. The Greek has the same perceptive, emotional temperament as the Celt; but he adds to this temperament the sense of *measure*; hence this admirable success in the plastic arts, in which the Celtic genius, with its chafing against the despotism of fact, its perpetual straining after mere emotion, has accomplished nothing. In the comparatively pretty art of ornamentation, in rings, brooches, croziers, reliquaries, and so on, he has done just enough to show his delicacy of taste, his happy temperament; but the grand difficulties of painting and sculpture, the prolonged dealings of spirit with matter, he has never had patience for. Take the more spiritual arts of music and poetry. All that emotion alone can do in music, the Celt has done; the very soul of emotion breathes in the Scotch and Irish airs; but with all this power of musical feeling, what has the Celt, so eager for emotion that he has not patience for science, effected in music, to be compared with what the less emotional German, steadily developing his musical feeling with the science of a Sebastian Bach or a Beethoven, has effected? In poetry, again, poetry which the Celt has so passionately, so nobly loved; poetry, where emotion counts for so much, but where reason too, reason, measure, sanity, also count for so much—the Celt has shown genius, indeed, splendid genius; but even here his faults have clung to him, and hindered him from producing great works, such as other nations with a genius for poetry—the Greeks, say, or the Italians—have produced. The Celt has not produced great poetical works;

he has only produced poetry with an air of greatness investing it all, and sometimes giving, moreover, to short pieces, or to passages, lines, and snatches of long pieces, singular beauty and power. And yet he loved poetry so much that he grudged no pains to it; but the true art, the *architectonicé* which shapes great works such as the *Agamemnon* or the *Divine Comedy*, comes only after a steady, deep-searching survey, a firm conception of the facts of human life, which the Celt has not patience for. So he runs off into technic, where he employs the utmost elaboration, and attains astonishing skill; but in the contents of his poetry you have only so much interpretation of the world as the first dash of a quick, strong perception, and then sentiment, infinite sentiment, can bring you. Here, too, his want of sanity and steadfastness has kept the Celt back from the highest success.

If his rebellion against fact has thus lamed the Celt even in spiritual work, how much more must it have lamed him in the world of business and politics? The skilful and resolute appliance of means to end which is needed both to make progress in material civilization, and also to form powerful states, is just what the Celt has least turn for. He is sensual, as I have said, or at least sensuous; loves bright colors, company, and pleasure; and here he is like the Greek and Latin races; but compare the talent the Greek and Latin (or Latinized) races have shown for gratifying their senses, for procuring an outward life, rich, luxurious, splendid, with the Celt's failure to reach any material civilization sound and satisfying, and not out at elbows, poor, slovenly, and half-barbarous. The sensuousness of the Greek made Sybaris and Corinth, the sensuousness of the Latin made Rome and Baia, the sensuousness of the Latinized Frenchman makes Paris; the sensuousness of the Celt proper has made Ireland. Even in his ideal heroic times, his gay and sensuous nature cannot carry him, in the appliances of his favorite life of sociability and pleasure, beyond the gross and creeping Saxon whom he despises; the regent Breas, we are told in the *Battle of Moytura of the Fomorians*, became unpopular because "the knives of his people

were not greased at his table, nor did their breath smell of ale at the banquet." In its grossness and barbarousness is not that Saxon, as Saxon as it can be?—just what the Latinized Norman, sensuous and sociable like the Celt, but with the talent to make this bent of his serve to a practical embellishment of his mode of living, found so disgusting in the Saxon.

And as in material civilization he has been ineffectual, so has the Celt been ineffectual in politics. This colossal, impetuous, adventurous wanderer, the Titan of the early world, who in primitive times fills so large a place on earth's scene, dwindles and dwindles as history goes on, and at last is shrunk to what we now see him. For ages and ages the world has been constantly slipping, ever more and more, out of the Celt's grasp. "They went forth to the war," Ossian says most truly, "*but they always fell.*"

And yet, if one sets about constituting an ideal genius, what a great deal of the Celt does one find one's self drawn to put into it! Of an ideal genius one does not want the elements, any of them, to be in a state of weakness; on the contrary, one wants all of them to be in the highest state of power; but with a law of measure, of harmony, presiding over the whole. So the sensibility of the Celt, if everything else were not sacrificed to it, is a beautiful and admirable force. For sensibility, the power of quick and strong perception and emotion, is one of the very prime constituents of genius, perhaps its most positive constituent: it is to the soul what good senses are to the body, the grand natural condition of successful activity. Sensibility gives genius its materials; one cannot have too much of it, if one can but keep its master and not be its slave. Do not let us wish that the Celt had had less sensibility, but that he had been more master of it. Even as it is, if his sensibility has been a source of weakness to him, it has been a source of power too, and a source of happiness. Some people have found in the Celtic nature and its sensibility the main root out of which chivalry and romance and the glorification of a feminine ideal spring; this is a great question with which I cannot deal here. Let me notice in passing, however, that there is, in truth, a Celtic air about the ex-

travagance of chivalry, its reaction against the despotism of fact, its straining human nature further than it will stand. But putting all this question of chivalry and its origin on one side, no doubt the sensibility of the Celtic nature, its nervous exaltation, have something feminine in them, and the Celt is thus peculiarly disposed to feel the spell of the feminine idiosyncrasy—he has an affinity to it—he is not far from its secret. Again, his sensibility gives him a peculiarly near and intimate feeling of nature and the life of nature; here, too, he seems in a special way attracted by the secret before him, the secret of natural beauty and natural magic, and to be close to it, to half divine it. In the productions of the Celtic genius, nothing, perhaps, is so interesting as the evidences of this power: I shall have occasion to give specimens of them by and by. The same sensibility made the Celts full of reverence and enthusiasm for genius, learning, and the things of the mind; *to be a bard, freed a man*—that is a characteristic stroke of this generous and ennobling ardor of theirs, which no race has ever shown more strongly. Even the extravagance and exaggeration of the sentimental Celtic nature has often something romantic and attractive about it, something which has a sort of smack of misdirected good. The Celt undisciplinable, anarchical, and turbulent by nature, but out of affection and admiration giving himself body and soul to some leader, that is not a promising political temperament; it is just the opposite of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, disciplinable and steadily obedient within certain limits, but retaining an inalienable part of freedom and self-dependence; but it is a temperament for which one has a kind of sympathy notwithstanding. And very often for the gay, defiant reaction against fact of the lively Celtic nature one has more than sympathy; one feels, in spite of the extravagance, in spite of good sense disapproving, magnetized and exhilarated by it. The Gauls had a rule inflicting a fine on every warrior who, when he appeared on parade, was found to stick out too much in front—to be corpulent, in short. Such a rule is surely the maddest article of war ever framed, and to people to whom nature has assigned

a large volume of intestines, must appear, no doubt, horrible; but yet has it not an audacious, sparkling, immaterial manner with it, which lifts one out of routine, and sets one's spirits in a glow?

All tendencies of human nature are in themselves, then, vital and profitable; when they are blamed, they are only to be blamed relatively, not absolutely. This holds true of the Saxon's phlegm as well as of the Celt's sentiment. Out of the steady humdrum habit of the creeping Saxon, as the Celt calls him — out of his way of going near the ground — has come, no doubt, Philistinism, that plant of essentially Germanic growth, flourishing with its genuine marks only in the German fatherland, Great Britain and her colonies, and the United States of America; but what a soul of goodness there is in Philistinism itself! and this soul of goodness I, who am often supposed to be Philistinism's mortal enemy merely because I do not wish it to have things all its own way, cherish as much as anybody. This steady-going habit leads at last, as I have said, up to science, up to the comprehension and interpretation of the world. With us in Great Britain, it is true, it does not seem to lead so far as that; it is in Germany, where the habit is more unmixed, that it can lead to science. Here with us it seems at a certain point to meet with a conflicting force, which checks it and prevents its pushing on to science; but before reaching this point what conquests has it not won! and all the more, perhaps, for stopping short at this point, for spending its exertions within a bounded field, the field of plain sense, of direct practical utility. How it has augmented the comforts and conveniences of life for us! Doors that open, windows that shut, locks that turn, razors that shave, coats that wear, watches that go, and a thousand more such good things, are the invention of the Philistines.

Here, then, if commingling there is in our race, are two very unlike elements to commingle; the steady-going Saxon temperament and the sentimental Celtic temperament. But before we go on to try and verify, in our life and literature, the alleged fact of this commingling, we have yet another element to take into account, the Norman element. The critic

in the *Saturday Review*, whom I have already quoted, says that in looking for traces of Normanism in our national genius, as in looking for traces of Celtism in it, we do but lose our labor; he says, indeed, that there went to the original making of our nation a very great deal more of a Norman element than of a Celtic element, but he asserts that both elements have now so completely disappeared, that it is vain to look for any trace of either of them in the modern Englishman. But this sort of assertion I do not like to admit without trying it a little. I want, therefore, to get some plain notion of the Norman habit and genius, as I have sought to get some plain notion of the Saxon and Celtic. Some people will say that the Normans are Teutonic, and that therefore the distinguishing characters of the German genius must be those of their genius also; but the matter cannot be settled in this speedy fashion. No doubt the basis of the Norman race is Teutonic; but the governing point in the history of the Norman race — so far, at least, as we English have to do with it — is not its Teutonic origin, but its Latin civilization. The French people have, as I have already remarked, an undoubtedly Celtic basis, yet so decisive in its effect upon a nation's habit and character can be the contact with a stronger civilization, that Gaul, without changing the basis of her blood, became, for all practical intents and purposes, a Latin country, France and not Ireland, through the Roman conquest. Latinism conquered Celtism in her, as it also conquered the Germanism imported by the Frankish and other invasives; Celtism is, however, I need not say, everywhere manifest still in the French nation; even Germanism is distinctly traceable in it, as any one who attentively compares the French with other Latin races will see. No one can look carefully at the French troops in Rome, among the Italian population, and not perceive this trace of Germanism; I do not mean in the Alsatian soldiers only, but in soldiers of genuine France. But the governing character of France, as a power in the world, is Latin; such was the force of Greek and Roman civilization upon a race whose whole mass remained Celtic, and where the Celtic language lingered

on, they say, among the common people, for some five or six centuries after the Roman conquest. But the Normans in Neustria lost their old Teutonic language in a wonderfully short time; when they conquered England they were already Latinized; with them were a number of Frenchmen by race, men from Anjou and Poitou, so they brought into England more non-Teutonic blood, besides what they had themselves got by intermarriage, than is commonly supposed; the great point, however, is, that by civilization this vigorous race—when it took possession of England—was Latin. These Normans, who in Neustria had lost their old Teutonic tongue so rapidly, kept in England their new Latin tongue for some three centuries. It is said to have been Edward the Third's reign before English came to be spoken at court. Why this difference? Both in Neustria and in England the Normans were a handful; but in Neustria, as Teutons, they were in contact with a more advanced civilization than their own; in England, as Latins, with a less advanced. The Latinized Normans in England had the sense for fact, which the Celts had not; and the love of strenuousness, clearness, and rapidity, the high Latin spirit, which the Saxons had not. They hated the slowness and dullness of the creeping Saxon; it offended their clear, strenuous talent for affairs, as it offended the Celt's quick and delicate perception. The Normans had the Roman talent for affairs, the Roman decisiveness in emergencies. They have been called prosaic, but this is not a right word for them; they were neither sentimental, nor, strictly speaking, poetical. They had more sense for rhetoric than for poetry, like the Romans; but, like the Romans, they had too high a spirit not to like a noble intellectual stimulus of some kind, and thus they were carried out of the region of the merely prosaic. Their foible—the bad excess of their characterizing quality of strenuousness—was not prosaic flatness, it was hardness and insolence.

I have been obliged to fetch a very wide circuit, but at last I have got what I went to seek. I have got a rough, but, I hope, clear notion of these three forces, the Germanic genius, the Celtic genius, the Norman genius. The Ger-

manic genius has steadiness as its main basis, with commonness and humdrum for its defect, fidelity to nature for its excellence. The Celtic genius, sentiment as its main basis, with love of beauty, charm, and spirituality for its excellence, ineffectualness and self-will for its defect. The Norman genius, talent for affairs as its main basis, with strenuousness and clear rapidity for its excellence, hardness and insolence for its defect. And now to try and trace these in the composite English genius.

To begin with what is more external. If we are so wholly Anglo-Saxon and Germanic as people say, how comes it that the habits and gait of the German language are so exceedingly unlike ours? Why, while the *Times* talks in this fashion—"At noon a long line of carriages extended from Pall Mall to the Peer's entrance of the Palace of Westminster"—does the *Cologne Gazette* talk in this other fashion—"Nachdem die Vorbereitungen zu dem auf dem Gürzenich-Saale zu Ehren der Abgeordneten Statt finden sollenden Bankette bereits vollständig getroffen worden waren, fand heute vormittag auf polizeiliche Anordnung die Schliessung sämtlicher Zugänge zum Gürzenich Statt"? Surely the mental habit of people who express their thoughts in so very different a manner—the one rapid, the other slow, the one plain, the other embarrassed, the one trailing, the other striding—cannot be essentially the same. The English language, strange compound as it is, with its want of inflections, and with all the difficulties which this want of inflections brings upon it, has yet made itself capable of being, in good hands, a business instrument as ready, direct, and clear, as French or Latin. Again: perhaps no nation, after the Greeks and Romans, has so clearly felt in what true rhetoric, rhetoric of the best kind, consists, and reached so high a pitch of excellence in this, as the English. Our sense for rhetoric has in some ways done harm to us in our cultivation of literature, harm to us still more in our cultivation of science; but in the true sphere of rhetoric, in public speaking, this sense has given orators whom I do think we may, without fear of being contradicted and accused of blind national vanity, assert to have inherited the great

Greek and Roman oratorical tradition more than the orators of any other country. Strafford, Bolingbroke, the two Pitts, Fox—to cite no other names—I imagine few would dispute that these call up the notion of an oratory in kind, in extent, in power, coming nearer than any other body of modern oratory to the oratory of Greece and Rome. And the affinity of spirit in our best public life and greatest public men to those of Rome, has often struck observers, foreign as well as English. Now, not only have the Germans shown no eminent aptitude for rhetoric such as the English have shown—that was not to be expected, since our public life has done so much to develop an aptitude of this kind, and the public life of the Germans has done so little—but they seem in a singular degree devoid of any aptitude at all for rhetoric. Take a speech from the throne in Prussia, and compare it with a speech from the throne in England. Assuredly it is not in speeches from the throne that English rhetoric or any rhetoric shows its best side—they are often cavilled at, often justly cavilled at—no wonder, for this form of composition is beset with very trying difficulties. But what is to be remarked is this—a speech from the throne falls essentially within the sphere of rhetoric; it is one's sense of rhetoric which has to fix its tone and style, so as to keep a certain note always sounding in it; in an English speech from the throne whatever its faults, this rhetorical note is always struck and kept to; in a Prussian speech from the throne, never. An English speech from the throne is rhetoric; a Prussian speech is half talk—heavy talk—and half effusion. This is one instance, it may be said; true, but in one instance of this kind the presence or the absence of an aptitude for rhetoric is decisively shown. Well, then, why am I not to say that we English get our rhetorical sense from the Norman element in us, our turn for this strenuous, direct, high-spirited talent of oratory, from the influence of the strenuous, direct, high-spirited Normans? Modes of life, institutions, government, and other such causes, are sufficient, I shall be told, to account for English oratory. Modes of life, institutions, government, climate, and so forth—let me say it once for all—

will further or hinder the development of an aptitude, but they will not by themselves create the aptitude or explain it. On the other hand, a people's habit and complexion of nature go far to determine its modes of life, institutions and government, and even to prescribe the limits within which the influence of climate shall tell upon it.

However, it is not my intention, in these remarks, to lay it down for certain that this or that part of our powers, shortcomings, and behavior, is due to a Celtic, German, or Norman element in us. To establish this I should need much wider limits, and a knowledge, too, far beyond what I possess; all I purpose is to point out certain correspondences, not yet perhaps sufficiently observed and attended to, which seem to lead towards certain conclusions. The following up the inquiry till full proof is reached—or perhaps full disproof—is what I want to suggest to more competent persons. Premising this, I now go on to a second matter, somewhat more delicate and inward than that with which I began. Every one knows how well the Greek and Latin races, with their direct sense for the visible, palpable world, have succeeded in the plastic arts. The sheer German races, too, with their honest love of fact and their steady pursuit of it—their fidelity to nature, in short—have attained a high degree of success in these arts; few people will deny that Albert Dürer and Rubens, for example, are to be called masters in painting, and in the high kind of painting. The Celtic races, on the other hand, have shown a singular inaptitude for the plastic arts; the abstract, severe character of the Druidical religion, its dealing with the eye of the mind rather than the eye of the body, its having no elaborate temples and beautiful idols, all point this way from the first; its sentiment cannot satisfy itself, cannot even find a resting place for itself, in color and form; it presses on to the impalpable, the ideal. The forest of trees and the forest of rocks, not hewn timber and carved stones, suit its aspirations for something not to be bounded or expressed. With this tendency, the Celtic races have, as I remarked before, been necessarily almost impotent in the higher branches of the plastic arts. Ireland,

that has produced so many powerful spirits, has produced no great sculptors or painters. Cross into England. The inaptitude for the plastic art strikingly diminishes, as soon as the German, not the Celtic element, preponderates in the race. And yet in England, too, in the English race, there is something which seems to prevent our reaching real mastership in the plastic arts, as the more unmixed German races have reached it. Reynolds and Turner are painters of genius—who can doubt it?—but take a European jury, the only competent jury in these cases, and see if you can get a verdict giving them the rank of masters, as this rank is given to Raphael and Correggio, or to Albert Dürer and Rubens. And observe in what points our English pair succeed, and in what they fall short. They fall short in *architectonic*, in the highest power of composition by which painting accomplishes the very uttermost which it is given to painting to accomplish; the highest sort of composition the highest application of the art of painting, they either do not attempt, or they fail in it. Their defect, therefore, is on the side of art, of plastic art. And they succeed in magic, in beauty, in grace, in expressing almost the inexpressible: here is the charm of Reynolds's children and Turner's seas; the impulse to express the inexpressible carries Turner so far, that at last it carries him away, and even long before he is quite carried away, even in works that are justly extolled, one can see the corner, as the French say, of insanity. The excellence, therefore, the success, is on the side of spirit. Does not this look as if a Celtic stream met the main German current in us, and gave it a somewhat different course from that which it takes naturally? We have Germanism enough in us, enough patient love for fact and matter, to be led to attempt the plastic arts, and we make much more way in them than the pure Celtic races make; but at a certain point our Celtism comes in, with its love of emotion, sentiment, the inexpressible, and gives our best painters a bias. And the point at which it comes in is just that critical point where the flowering of art into its perfection commences; we have plenty of painters who never reach this point at all, but remain always mere journeymen, in

bondage to matter; but those who do reach it, instead of going on to the true consummation of the masters in painting, are a little overbalanced by soul and feeling, work too directly for these, and so do not get out of their art all that may be got out of it.

The same modification of our Germanism by another force which seems Celtic, is visible in our religion. Here, too, we may trace a gradation between Celt, Englishman, and German, the difference which distinguishes Englishmen from German appearing attributable to a Celtic element in us. Germany is the land of exegesis, England is the land of Puritanism. The religion of Wales is more emotional and sentimental than English Puritanism; Romanism has indeed given way to Calvinism among the Welsh, the one superstition has supplanted the other, but the Celtic sentiment which made the Welsh such devout Catholics, remains, and gives unction to their Methodism; theirs is not the controversial, rationalistic, intellectual side of Protestantism, but the devout, emotional, religious side. Among the Germans, Protestantism has been carried on into rationalism and science. The English hold a middle place between the Germans and the Welsh; their religion has the exterior forms and apparatus of a rationalism—so far their Germanic nature carries them; but long before they get to science, their feeling, their Celtic element catches them, and turns their religion all towards piety and unction. So English Protestantism has the outside appearance of an intellectual system, and the inside reality of an emotional system: this gives it its tenacity and force, for what is held with the ardent attachment of feeling is believed to have at the same time the scientific proof of reason. The English Puritan, therefore (and Puritanism is the characteristic form of English Protestantism), stands between the German Protestant and the Celtic Methodist; his real affinity, indeed, at present, being rather with his Welsh kinsman, if kinsman he may be called, than with his German.

Sometimes one is left in doubt from whence the check and limit to Germanism in us proceeds, whether from a Celtic source or from a Norman source. Of

the true, steady-going German nature the bane it, as I remarked, flat commonness : there seems no end to its capacity for platitude ; it has neither the quick perception of the Celt to save it from platitude, nor the strenuousness of the Norman ; it is only raised gradually out of it by science, but it jogs through almost interminable platitudes first. The English nature is not raised to science, but something in us, whether Celtic or Norman, seems to set a bound to our advance in platitude, to make us either shy of platitude, or impatient of it. I open an English reading-book for children, and I find these two characteristic stories in it, one of them of English growth, the other of German. Take the English story first :

"A little boy accompanied his elder sister while she busied herself with the labors of the farm, asking questions at every step, and learning the lessons of life without being aware of it.

" 'Why, dear Jane,' he said, 'do you scatter good grain on the ground ; would it not be better to make good bread of it than to throw it to the greedy chickens.' "

" 'In time,' replied Jane, 'the chickens will grow big, and each of them will fetch money at the market. One must think on the end to be attained without counting trouble, and learn to wait.' "

"Perceiving a colt, which looked eagerly at him, the little boy cried out : 'Jane, why is the colt not in the fields with the laborers helping to draw the carts?' "

" 'The colt is young,' replied Jane, 'and he must lie idle till he gets the necessary strength ; one must not sacrifice the future to the present.' "

The reader will say that is most mean and trivial stuff, the vulgar English nature in full force ; just such food as the Philistine would naturally provide for his young. He will say he can see the boy fed upon it growing up to be like his father, to be all for business, to despise culture, to go through his dull days, and to die without having ever lived. That may be so ; but now take the German story (one of Krummacher's), and see the difference :

"There lived at the court of King Herod a rich man who was the king's

chamberlain. He clothed himself in purple and fine linen, and fared like the king himself.

"Once a friend of his youth, whom he had not seen for many years, came from a distant land to pay him a visit. Then the chamberlain invited all his friends and made a feast in honor of the stranger.

"The tables were covered with choice food placed on dishes of gold and silver, and the finest wines of all kinds. The rich man sat at the head of the table, glad to do the honors to his friend who was seated at his right hand. So they ate and drank, and were merry.

"Then the stranger said to the chamberlain of King Herod : 'Riches and splendor like thine are nowhere to be found in my country.' And he praised his greatness, and called him happy above all men on earth.

"Well, the rich man took an apple from a golden vessel. The apple was large, and red, and pleasant to the eye. Then said he : 'Behold, this apple hath rested on gold, and its form is very beautiful.' And he presented it to the stranger, the friend of his youth. The stranger cut the apple in two ; and behold, in the middle of it there was a worm !

"Then the stranger looked at the chamberlain ; and the chamberlain bent his eyes on the ground, and sighed."

There it ends. Now, I say, one sees there an abyss of platitude open, and the German nature swimming calmly about in it, which seems in some way or other to have its entry screened off for the English nature. The English story leads with a direct issue into practical life ; a narrow and dry practical life, certainly, but yet enough to supply a plain motive for the story ; the German story leads simply nowhere except into bathos. Shall we say that the Norman talent for affairs saves us here, or the Celtic perceptive instinct ? One of them it must be surely. The Norman turn seems more germane to the matter here immediately in hand ; on the other hand, the Celtic turn, or some degree of it, some degree of its quick perceptive instinct, seems necessary to account for the full difference between the German nature and ours. Even in Germans of genius or talent, the want of quick light tact, of in-

instinctive perception of the impropriety or impossibility of certain things, is singularly remarkable. Herr Gervinus's prodigious discovery about Handel being an Englishman and Shakespeare a German, the incredible mare's-nest Goethe finds in looking for the origin of Byron's *Manfred*—these are things from which no deliberate care or reflection can save a man—only an instinct can save him from them, an instinct that they are absurd; who can imagine Charles Lamb making Herr Gervinus's blunder, or Shakespeare making Goethe's? But from the sheer German nature this intuitive tact seems something so alien, that even genius fails to give it. And yet just what constitutes special power and genius in a man seems often to be his blending with the basis of his national temperament some additional gift or grace not proper to that temperament; Shakespeare's greatness is thus in his blending an openness and flexibility of spirit, not English, with the English basis; Addison's, in his blending a moderation and delicacy, not English, with the English basis; Burke's, in his blending a largeness of view and richness of thought, not English, with the English basis. In Germany itself, in the same way, the greatness of their great Frederick lies in his blending a rapidity and clearness, not German, with the German basis; the greatness of Goethe in his blending a love of form, nobility, and dignity—the grand style—with the German basis. But the quick, sure, instinctive perception of the incongruous and absurd, not even genius seems to give in Germany; at least, I can think of only one German of genius, Lessing (for Heine was a Jew, and the Jewish temperament is quite another thing from the German), who shows it in an eminent degree.

If we attend closely to the terms by which foreigners seek to hit off the impression which we and the Germans make upon them, we shall detect in these terms a difference which makes, I think, in favor of the notion I am propounding. Nations in hitting off one another's characters are apt, we all know, to seize the unflattering side rather than the flattering; the mass of mankind always do this, and indeed they really see what is novel, and not their own, in a disfiguring light. Thus we ourselves, for in-

stance, popularly say "the phlegmatic Dutchman" rather than "the sensible Dutchman," or "the grimacing Frenchman" rather than "the polite Frenchman." Therefore neither we nor the Germans should exactly accept the description strangers give of us, but it is enough for my purpose that strangers, in characterizing us with a certain shade of difference, do at any rate make it clear that there appears this shade of difference, though the character itself, which they give us both, may be a caricature rather than a faithful picture of us. Now it is to be noticed that these sharp observers, the French—who have a double turn for sharp observation, for they have both the quick perception of the Celt and the Latin's gift for coming plump on the fact—it is to be noticed, I say, that the French put a curious distinction in their popular, depreciating, we will hope inadequate, way of hitting off us and the Germans. While they talk of the "*bête allemande*," they talk of the "*gaucherie anglaise*;" while they talk of the "*Allemand balourd*," they talk of the "*Anglais empêtré*;" while they call the German "*niais*," they call the English "*mélancolique*." The difference between the epithets *balourd* and *empêtré* exactly gives the difference in character I wish to seize; *balourd* means heavy and dull, *empêtré* means hampered and embarrassed. This points to a certain mixture and strife of elements in the Englishman—to the clashing of a Celtic quickness of perception with a Germanic instinct for going steadily along close to the ground. The Celt, as we have seen, has not at all, in spite of his quick perception, the Latin talent for dealing with the fact, dexterously managing it and making himself master of it; Latin or Latinized people have felt contempt for him on this account, have treated him as a poor creature, just as the German, who arrives at fact in a different way from the Latin, but who arrives at it, has treated him; the couplet of Chrestien of Troyes about the Welsh—

"Gallois sont tous, par nature,
Plus fous que bêtes en pâture"—

is well known, and expresses the genuine verdict of the Latin mind on the Celts. But the perceptive instinct of the Celt

feels and anticipates, though he has that in him which cuts him off from the command of the world of fact; he sees what is wanting to him well enough; his mere eye is not less sharp, nay, it is sharper than the Latin's. He is a quick genius, checkmated for want of strenuousness or else patience. The German has not the Latin's sharp precise glance on the world of fact, and dexterous behavior in it; he fumbles with it much and long, but his honesty and patience give him the rule of it in the long run—a surer rule, some of us think, than the Latin gets; still his behavior in it is not quick and dexterous. The Englishman, in so far as he is German—and he is mainly German—proceeds in the steady-going German fashion; if he were all German he would proceed thus for ever without self-consciousness or embarrassment; but, in so far as he is Celtic, he has snatches of quick instinct which often make him feel he is fumbling, show him visions of an easier, more dexterous behavior, disconcert him and fill him with misgiving. No people, therefore, are so shy, so self-conscious, so embarrassed as the English, because two natures are mixed in them, and natures which pull them such different ways. The Germanic part, indeed, triumphs in us—we are a Germanic people; but not so wholly as to exclude hauntings of Celtism, which clash with our Germanism, producing, as I believe, our *humor*, neither German nor Celtic, and so affect us that we strike people as odd and singular, not to be referred to any known type, and like nothing but ourselves. “Nearly every Englishman,” says an excellent and by no means unfriendly observer, George Sand, “Nearly every Englishman, however good-looking he may be, has always something singular about him which easily comes to seem comic—a sort of typical awkwardness (*gaucherie typique*) in his looks or appearance, which hardly ever wears out.” I say this strangeness is accounted for by the English nature being mixed as we have seen, while the Latin nature is all of a piece, and so is the German nature, and the Celtic nature.

It is impossible to go very fast when the matter with which one has to deal, besides being new and little explored, is also by its nature so subtle, eluding one's

grasp unless one handles it with all possible delicacy and care. It is in our poetry that the Celtic part in us has left its trace clearest, and in our poetry I must follow it before I have done. So much has had to be said by way of preparation, and of enabling ourselves to lay the finger, with some certainty, upon what is Celtic and what is not, that I have reached my limits without accomplishing all I intended, and shall have to return to the subject yet once more, in order at last to finish with it.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

London Society.

COFFEE-HOUSE AND TAVERN LIFE OF PARIS.

THE decline of the popularity of tavern life in London was put before the readers of *London Society* in a short article on “Clubs and Taverns” in our number for March last. The “at home” tendencies of settled Englishmen lead them to cultivate to the full the domestic advantages with which Providence has blessed them. But with a more mercurial temperament, and an atmosphere which must be confessed to be a little better and clearer than our own, the Parisians have not to the same extent forsaken the public haunt or the open-air restaurant. The Frenchman, as a national necessity, finds it inconvenient or unattractive to live at home; to think at home; to eat, drink, suffer, and die at home; and has a fondness for something more *spectacular* in his sayings, doings, and endurances. Publicity, the broad day, the throng, the street, are essential to his reckoning of things as good or evil, as happy or unfortunate, as amusing or deplorable. From this necessary tendency have sprung the cafés, the cabarets, the buvettes of Paris; the multiplicity of which forms a standing wonder to the stranger now as it did in the days of Parson Yorick. M. Jules Simon, in a recent work of his entitled *Le Travail*, would have us believe that this appetite for company and for refreshment in public places is, especially among the *ouvrière* class, of great and evil reflex influence. The frequenting of the cabaret denudes the home, and furnishes the

Mont de Piété ; and the denuded home, with the clamor of dejected wife and starving children, drives again to the cabaret. "The cabaret," says M. Simon, "destroys at once the physical and the moral force of the workman. Close by the manufactories and workshops these alcohol dens abound—unless there be, as often happens, one which is beyond all competition, and this one is crowded on pay-days. The rooms, the gardens, the courtyards are crammed, and even in the cellars drinking is going on. A vast number of working men only cross the street from the pay-office, where they have received their wages, to the cabaret, where they spend them. They return to it the next day and the day after, till they have no longer money or credit. During all this time the wife and children are suffering from cold and hunger. They slit round the cabaret with the hopes of catching his eye, and thinking that, after all, a father is not utterly insensible to pity or remorse. But that man is no longer a father, nor even a man ; he is merely ruined and drunk on issuing from the cabaret. If he has not beaten somebody, or himself been beaten, the family have reason to rejoice. A drunkard who enters a cabaret is never sure of not going to prison the next day. Many books of morality and medicine have been written on this ignoble vice ; the latter are better, because they abound in irrefragable facts."

But the evil is not limited to the men or to the metropolis. "Even in France there are towns where women rival men in habits of intoxication. At Lille, at Rouen, there are some so saturated with it that their infants refuse to take the breast of a sober woman. In the mountains of the Vosges infants drink eau-de-vie. On Sunday, in the churches, the air is literally infected with the smell of eau-de-vie made from potatoes. In these mountains there are no more frequent causes of idiocy and imbecility ; for in general the dwellings are healthy, and the water is excellent. The great misfortune is that the children of habitual drunkards are idiots, so that the punishment follows from generation to generation, from the guilty and degraded father to the innocent children. In the manufacturing towns the mayors are obliged to

take measures against the cabarets that supply eau-de-vie to children ; for there are drunkards of fifteen, as there are laborers at eight ; and, morally and physically, they present a melancholy spectacle. Can it be this precocious debauchery and the consequences of it which oblige the War Department to lower the regulation height for the service ?"

Such facts, taken with the revelations of the extent to which absinthe drinking was lately stated to be carried on in Paris, go far to redeem our own country from a monopoly of the charge of drunkenness. Albeit, it is a sorry comfort, in the midst of a popular vice, to know that other nations are redeeming us from comparative degradation, by descending from the moral elevation which they flattered themselves they had a right to claim.

But it is not our present province to moralize. We rather incline to call what is picturesque or entertaining in the more pleasant phase of the cabaret question. And materials for this are abundant. For it is the complaint of Parisian spinsters, whose chances of matrimony are already down nearly at zero, that "la vie de café" is lived in that jolly capital by all the world—by the grandee and by the mechanic, by the rich and the poor, by the artist and the artisan. So in visiting the cabarets and the cafés of Paris, we may perchance have to rub shoulders now with a Duke of the Empire, now with the faded gentry of the Palais Royal, now with the dark and unfrequent conspirator of what remains of the dismal and attenuated streets of the ancient cité.

M. Alfred Delvan, with whom we have obtained the privilege of sauntering through some of the haunts which he knows better than we do, pleasantly defends cabarets and cafés as against the ill-natured objections of those provincial fathers whose last caution it is to their sons, on going up to Paris, to beware of such "places of perdition." Diogenes the cynic and Socrates the sage, he happens to know, and we cannot gainsay him, frequented without reserve the taverns of Athens—even when the practices brought them into contact with the porters of the Piræus, the lounging demagogues of the Pnyx, and the Anonymus

of the Ceramicus. Dionysius the Younger, ex-tyrant of Syracuse, solaced his retirement from the kingly business with visits to the taverns of Corinth; as Virgil, with his friends Varius and Gallus, pleasantly and even flirtingly passed their leisure in outlandish restaurants. Ovid, Cicero, Marc Antony, in like manner countenanced by their example the amenities and pleasantries of tavern life.

In times more modern Shakespeare frequented the Swan, and wrote there the greater part of his "Henry IV." Luther visited the Cabaret de l'Ourse Noire, at Orlemonde; and the jovial Rabelais, serious at nothing but the reckoning, his backwardness to face which has made the time of settling to be known proverbially as "le quart d'heure de Rabelais," lounged in his easy chair at the Cave Peinte, at Chinon; Cromwell hob-a-nobbed at the Red Lion, in the Strand, with Price and Harrison; Goethe wrote his ballad "To the Flea," and several of the scenes of "Faust," at the Auerbach Keller, at Leipzig; Voltaire sipped his wine at the Café Procope; the Abbé Prevost, at a cabaret in the Rue de la Hachette, where he composed "Manon Lescaut;" and Crebillon, Piron, and Marmontel, at the Cabaret de Landel, in the Rue de Buci.

Can our readers be shocked, after such a muster-roll of dignities and respectabilities, if we ask them to be of the company while we join M. Delvau in his peregrinations? If the precedents seem insufficient, they may rest assured that they are not a thousandth part of what might have been quoted to authorize such an excursion as we propose. And, after all, it will not be a long one; although the ground covered will be pretty extensive. On second thoughts, if they like it better, and their consciences and their long skirts are easier for the process, we will bring the tableaux to them as they lightly press the couch or the settee. The mountain shall be brought to Mohammed; for the houris, our readers, shall be accomplished a feat which could not have been performed for an Ishmaelitic prophet.

Behold us, then, let us say rather more than a dozen years ago, at the entrance of the Andler-Keller, in the Rue Haute-fenille, which occupies the site of a by-

gone priory of the Prémontrés. The host is a Bavarian — hence the German designation of his house—and is a goodly man of very imposing proportions; round as a barrel, jolly as a tankard, merry with the men, gallant with the ladies—without prejudice, however, to his better-half, a buxom Suisse of Anvers, whose ancestors figure in the "Roi Boit" of Jacques Jordaens, which adorns the collections of the Louvre. We enter, and ensconce ourselves behind a liberal measure of beer; smoke dreamily, and watch the dreamy smoking of other people. Discourse begins, spreads, and becomes general—rather of the Babel order. German philosophy has come in like a flood; and, as Heinrich Heine said nearly twenty years ago, that, as the French had changed the color of their pantaloons from white to red, so had they engrafted Hengstenberg on Voltaire, and learned to chatter of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel.

It wants still two good hours of midnight, yet Madame Andler shows signs of drowsiness; while Mdlle. Louise initiates her mistress in a corner apart, so far at least as she dares, for her head, as becomes her ancillary position, oscillates with less emphatic, but equally significant nods; the more wide-awake M. Andler meanwhile making, *suo more*, one of a party at piquet. Everybody is speaking, and the scene is animated, perhaps a little irregular and bewildering. Realism, of which M. Courbel is the sovereign pontiff, and M. Champfleury the officiating cardinal, is in the ascendant; and the public of drinkers, divided mainly, as to profession, into students and wood-engravers, are divided philosophically into Realists and non-Realists. It is impossible to follow the order of discourse and argument; but our ears must perforce take in the din of phrases that struggle forth from the lungs of enthusiasts, skeptics, and innovators of every order—apostles of ideas; missionaries of art; friends of progress, of liberty; theologians, metaphysicians, and men of letters; while arises above all the jargon, still more uncouth to laymen and outsiders, of the gentlemen of the long robe.

Hush, babblers! Courbel enters the Brasserie — a word literally signifying brewery, but lending itself, by an elegant

metonymy, to the place where beer is sold and consumed. Courbel, as Theophile Souvestre depicts him in his *Histoire des Peintres Vivants*, is a very fine and handsome man of some thirty-six years of age; whose very remarkable figure would appear to have been modelled on an Assyrian *basso-relievo*. His eyes are black and bright, toned down to tenderness by long silky lashes, and shining forth with the softened radiance of those of a gazelle. This is the pontiff of Realism, and all the company suspend their operations to gaze at him. The piquet players are dumb; the smoke stays in the mouths of the smokers; the billiard players bring their cues to the salute. He sits—talks awhile; while all listen. He retires; and all devote themselves to his anatomy. One wonders at his superb head; another, at his aquiline nose and his exquisite mouth; a third sets him down for an Assyrian; a fourth for a Spaniard; a fifth for a Venetian; a sixth for an Indian; a seventh for a Byzantian—and each for whatever appears to him most to savor of the noble and *distingué*.

But not play alone, or conversation alone, goes on at the Andler-Keller. It is famous also for its love of song. Staal, the artist, knows a bundle of Swiss and Tyrolese ditties, among others the “Ranz des Vaches,” and he sings them, much to the edification of the hostess. On other occasions, Courbel, in his “voix besontine, mais agréable,” chants forth the realism, about which he has just been seriously discoursing, in such pleasant forms as this:

“Tous les garçons chantaient,
Le soir au cabaret qu'ils étaient réunis
Tous les garçons chantaient,
Répétant ce refrain:
Tra la la la la, lou lou lou, la,
Tra la la la la, lou lou lou, la,
Trou lou lou lou lou lou,
Le premier qui chanta,
Raconte ses amours,” etc.

Of all the cafés of Paris, the Café de la Rotonde is, if not the most ancient, at any rate the best known. At first it was called the Café du Caveau, from its situation in a tastefully-arranged souterrain in a garden of the Palais Royal. It is frequented, from one hour of the day to another, by pleasant loungers, habit-

ués of the Opera, and by persons generally who have a sensitive taste in the matter of ices. Not a few literary people repair to it; and its decision, in matters of taste and criticism, is a tribute worth the having. From its verdicts, however, if we may believe the *Correspondance Secrete*, there lies an appeal to the tribunal of Common Sense. About the year 1812, the Café du Caveau became the Café du Perron, when it was raised from its underground position to the ordinary level, an event which followed as a consequence upon some alterations of the Palais Royal. Then it became the Café de la Rotonde—a name which it properly and persistently retains, in defiance of the alteration of title adopted in celebration of the Treaty of Amiens, and inscribed on its front—Pavilion de la Paix. Some of our readers may recognize it as the place where they were startled from their contemplative smoke, or their first sip of *café noir*, by the deep voice of its celebrated garçon—not the only waiter, they will remember, by a dozen—who gave a cavernous resonance to his enunciation of the *Bon*, which was his benighted way of signalling the more enlightened “All right” of the Britisher. The original *Bon*—of which the present one must pardon us for saying that he is a feeble imitator—called himself Lafont, but was called by everybody else, Lablache, on account of the depth of his voice, which shook the very foundations of the pavilion, as he, in the politest thunder imaginable, demanded “Pas d'érème, monsieur!” In order to economize his voice, of which he was justly proud, Lablache-Lafont exercised his vocation only during the summer half year, which was sufficiently profitable to justify him in laying up in ordinary during the winter. An old Marquis, struck by the stentorian ring and power of his organ, interested himself to get its owner entered at the Conservatoire, in order that he might be developed in a higher sphere of art. But at the Conservatoire, Lafont-Lablache either could not or would not do anything at all; and as he had a hankering after the snowy cloth and the table round, he returned to his occupation at the Café de la Rotonde. This ornament of his race survived his intellect, what-

ever that may have been in quality or quantity, and died demented.

When the wanderer would leave Old Paris, by the ancient barrier Montparnasse, to enter the New, he would find himself in a long, noisy, rambling street, fringed with *guinguettes* and *cabarets* of all sorts, called the Rue de la Gaîté. The street is well named, moralizes M. Delvan, in so far that, from morn to dewy eve, people drink and keep holiday, sing, dance, and enjoy themselves; but not so well named if it be considered for a moment that just behind the clustering houses of entertainment there is the immense cemetery du Sud, where arrive every hour a pressing crowd of guests who never return, and who are, in fact, in a condition to enjoy only the last long rest of the dead.

What matter! civilized people are not supposed to be anxious about such trifling contrasts. The neighborhood of the dead gives an edge to the joys of the living—it is the sauce to their ragoûts. If they die, let us be lively; if they sleep, let us be wakeful; if they weep, it is all the more imperative that we should laugh.

Fond Bohemian memories cling to the very names of the Cabarets of the Rue de la Gaîté: the Cabarets de Richelieu and des Deux Edmond, the Café des Mille Colonnes, the Californie; and chiefly and above all, to the Cabaret des Vrais Amis, kept by *la Mère Cadet*, the *personnel* of whose establishment consisted of herself, her husband, of a diminutive female help, and two enormous dogs of different sexes. The *cuisine* here is, or was, of the simplest order—*Bifteck aux pommes*, *potage*, *bœuf aux choux ragoût aux pommes*, are its *ne plus ultra* delicacies; and potatoes play a grand part in the rôle of *Mère Cadet's* culinary achievements. In the memory of man, such a thing as a partridge, a quail, a truffle, or an oyster, has not invaded its sacred precincts: and it is a tradition of the house that once, once only, a superb but unwitting wayfarer startled the establishment from roof to basement by ordering a slice of chicken and a bottle of Bourdeaux. To ask for a fowl here were to ask for a sphinx; and in fact the latter might be rather more easily supplied: and Bourdeaux might as well have been Lacryma-

Christi, so far as the cellars of the Vrais Amis are concerned.

Mère Cadet's is the great resort of the younger theatrical world, before public favor and high remuneration have called its members out of their chrysalis Bohemian state, to social dignity and responsibility. Ah! to what ecstasies have not these abodes of bliss, the gardens of the Vrais Amis, been witnesses! The air is still languid with the accumulated weight of vows and sighs, of promises and tears, of the eternal constancies of a moment.

Shutting our eyes to the gallantries and the pleasantries of the Vrais Amis, we open them upon the picturesque sordidness of the Californie, an immense eating-house, set apart to the refectory of MM. and Mesdames the tag-rag and bobtail of Paris, and situated between the Boulevard de Vanves and the Chaussée du Maine. The principal refectory is a long and spacious *salle* on the ground floor, and is celebrated rather for the robustness than the delicacy of its fare. Consumption here is pretty rapid, being at the rate of over five thousand *portions* of beef, veal, and mutton daily, washed down with eight *pieces* of wine—haricots and potatoes in proportion. The prime necessities at La Californie are an empty stomach, a craving appetite, and a stout digestion. With these, and a little money—not much, some eight sous—you have all that is necessary to open up the hospitality of La Californie to the extent of a copious dinner.

Assemble here the choicest ragamufins of Paris—*malandrins*, *francs-mitoux*, *truands*, *mercelots*, *argotiers*, *saboulex*, and other *pratiques* of the nineteenth century. Honest poverty jostles with the scoundrel; the hard-working laborer fraternizes with the vagabond pilferer; the soldier hob-a-nobs with the chiffonier, the invalid with the drummer of the National Guard, the petty rentier with the cadger, and the vagrant with the lodge-keeper. It is a perfect chaos which can not recognize itself—a hurly-burly and bluster which cannot hear itself—a vapor that cannot detect itself.

The countenances are as difficult to classify as the costumes; and the language that they speak is of the same level as the "fricot" which they swallow.

Here, among other picturesque eccentricities of speech, one may hear a dozen different ways in which the death of any one is announced—"Il a cassé sa pipe;" "ill a claqué;" "il a fui;" "il a perdu le goût du pain;" "il a avalé sa langue;" "il s'est habillé de sapin;" "ill a glissé;" "il a decollé le billard;" "il a craché son âme," and so on, *ad libitum*. Montaigne would have delighted in sounds and idioms so racy; liking, as he did, speech that was not too choice and refined, but vehement and brusque, irregular, bold, and soldier-like, rather than pedantic. Montaigne, we say, would have liked the unadorned simplicity of La Californie—or he would not; for ourselves, we see a deal of wisdom in the remark of M. Delvaux, that the picturesque has its charms—at a distance.

Nearly allied to La Californie is the Cabaret de Chiffonniers, in the Rue Neuve Saint Médard, in the odoriferous Quartier Mauffetard, a street of the sixteenth century, winding, sordid, wretched, of which all the houses reek with damp and squalor, where all the doors are *borgnes*, and all the windows are stuffed with rags.

Le Café de Foy is one of the most ancient and most illustrious of the Palais Royal. It is historic in its associations and peculiar in its history. It was opened in 1749, by a retired officer named De Foy, on the first floor of one of the houses that abut upon the garden, next to the Rue Richelieu. The house, under M. de Foy, had been refused a license for the sale of refreshments; but the beauty of the wife of his successor, Jousseureau, was sufficient to obtain what the interest of the *ancien officier* could not accomplish. The fame of this beauty was so great, that she was known all over Paris as "La Belle Limonadiere." This was about the year 1775; and Louis-Philippe-Joseph, Duke of Orleans, having heard of Madame Jousseureau, was naturally inspired with the wish to behold her for himself. He repaired, accordingly to the Café de Foy, for the ostensible purpose of indulging in the luxury of an ice. Soon he contracted a habit of taking his ices there; not so much as an ultimate object, but as a means to give him the frequent sight of the Patroune and the opportunity of

conversing with her. The license which allowed her husband the sale of refreshments in the Grande Allée de Marronniers was not long in coming, and therewith the café descended from its more elevated quarters to the ground floor.

It is extremely modest, quite quiet, without show or parade. Yet from this pacific retreat stalked forth, armed at all points, like Pallas from the brain of Jove, the Revolution of 1789. This was the manner of it. On the 12th of July in that year, a young man of some seven-and-twenty years of age, a native of Guise, near Vervins, a fellow-pupil with Robespierre at the College Louis-le-Grand, set out from the Café de Foy, in order to harangue the mob which had for some days been assembled tumultuously in the garden planted by the Cardinal Richelieu. The young man's name was Camille Desmoulins. "It was half-past two o'clock," says Camille, recording the event, "and I had just been feeling the pulse of the people. My wrath had given way to despair; for I could not see that the crowds, deeply moved and alarmed as they were, were sufficiently ripe for action. But there were three young men who appeared animated with the most vehement courage; they held each other by the hand, and I divined that they had sought the Palais Royal for the same purpose as myself. A number of citizens followed them, but without demonstration. "Gentlemen," said I, addressing them, "this is the beginning of an insurrection: one of us must run the risk of mounting on a table to harangue the people." "Do you mount it?" "Agreed." Immediately I was rather lifted on to the table than mounted it myself, and no sooner was I there than I was inclosed and surrounded by a dense crowd. I spoke to them, shortly, after this fashion: "Citizens! not a moment is to be lost! I am just arrived from Versailles: M. Neckar is dismissed. This dismissal is the tocsin of a St. Bartholomew of patriots. This very evening all the Swiss and German battalions will march out from the Champ de Mars to devour us! There remains but one resource—to fly to arms, and to adopt cockades by which we may recognise each other."

"I spoke with tears in my eyes, and

with an energy and action that it would be impossible for me either to describe or to recall. My motion was received with infinite tokens of applause. I went on. "What color do you adopt?" One cried, "Choose for us." "Will you have green, the color of hope; or blue, the color of American liberty and of democracy?" Voices arose: "Green, the color of hope." Thereupon I shouted, "Friends, the signal is given. Here are spies and emissaries of the police even now looking me in the face. At least I will not fall into their hands alive." With these words I drew a couple of pistols from my pocket, and with the words, "Let every citizen follow my example," I got down from the table, to be stifled with embraces. While some pressed me to their hearts, others bathed me with their tears. One citizen of Toulouse, fearful for my safety, would by no means have me out of his sight. They brought me a length of green ribbon; I took first a piece for my own hat, and then distributed it to the people who surrounded me."

Two days after the Bastille was taken.

La Brasserie des Martyrs is famous for its *Bûcher de la Bavière, et de Strasbourg*, and for the good taste of its appointments. It ruined its first occupant Schœn, and made the fortune of M. Bourgeois, his successor: not an unknown circumstance in commercial history for one to sow and another to reap. It is the common meeting ground of artists and authors, among whom there seems to exist a feud as bitter as between the Capulets and the Montagues. As there is nobody so thoroughly anthropophagous as your thoroughly civilized man, it is a blessing that, so far, these two classes have not devoured each other. - The roll of the frequenters of the Brasserie, in both kinds, is long and illustrious. As M. Courbel was the great central figure at the Andler-Keller, so here the man who contrived, some seven or eight years ago, most to impress his individuality was M. Fernand Desnoyers, a critic who discovered that Lamartine was an idiot, Alfred de Musset a bungler, Auguste Barbier an epileptic, Victor Hugo a madman; and that in all France, in all Europe, in all the universe, the only poets were Pierre Dupont, G. Mathieu and himself. A fur-

ther and severer eclecticism would leave himself alone as the proper and unique contemporary representative of the Muses. He is entitled to give himself this prominence, being the author of a farce entitled "*Bras-noir*," and of two or three pieces in verse, upon which he has the happiness of being able to put a singular value.

The literary glories of La Brasserie des Martyrs have somewhat faded, and its splendor is now too much dependent upon certain female martyrs to the evil habits of a not too proper society. The full title of the Brasserie is that of *de la Rue des Martyrs*, a name which suffices also to indicate its locality.

Le Café de Bruxelles is situated at the corner of the Rue Molière and of the Place de l'Odéon, a situation which gives it favor in the eyes of the *habitués* of that theatre, and the bachelors of the neighboring *hôtels garnis*. Here used to come Jean Journet, an apostle of the Phalanstery, who died a few years ago, and had the happiness of receiving a generous eulogium in *Figaro*, from the pen of M. Nadar, novelist, photographer, and balloonist. When in the full swing of his philanthropic labors, Journet might be seen in the billiard room of the Café de Bruxelles with a bundle of *brochures* under his arm, which were destined to effect the salvation of the world. Even now he enters, places his bundle on a chair, stretches his hands towards us—very white hands, indeed, they are, and he knows it—and commences to preach. Had he lived at the time of St. John of Constantinople, this man would certainly have contested with the Patriarch the surname of Chrysostom. We are powerfully affected, and the orator, stopping his discourse, advances towards us. "Will we"—and he offers us a list of names—"will we kindly inscribe ourselves as *beinfaiteurs de l'humanité*?" We are overcome by his condescension and our own insignificance. "What good can we do, atoms lost in a world of atoms, without interest, without money?" No matter. "Only sign;" and his voice is unctuous and irresistible. Our signature is added to his roll; and thus it happens that, without wishing it, almost without knowing it, we become one of the fifty or sixty *beinfaiteurs de l'humanité* whose

names appear at the head of a *brochure* which advocates the doctrines of the venerable M. Fourier. We ask, with M. Delvau, pardon of an outraged world; and ask, besides, pardon for such an apology, of the illustrious M. Maurice Vigneur, whom we take to be the greatest living luminary and advocate of the Phalanstery. We shall not repeat either offence.

Among a dozen *cabarets des Halles* of inferior pretensions there used to be known, five or six years ago, till they attracted the envy of the police, the establishments of MM. Bordier, Baratte, and Paul Niquet. Ostensibly these were for the convenience of the frequenters of the *Halles*, and of people who came in from the country with supplies; and for their benefit they were allowed to be open all night. It was discovered, however, that they were not used exclusively by the persons for whom they were designed; and one particular night of a ball at the opera, it was stated by *La Droite* that out of six hundred persons who visited these cabarets, they were only about half a dozen who had anything to do professionally with the *Halls*. Hereupon they were closed; and it is charitably hoped that the police were right in doing a cruel thing—cruel, because the general and international public found their facilities of intoxication bitterly curtailed thereby. Paul Niquet had inscribed on his sign the following appetizing bit of “brandevinier Anglais”—“On promet à tous les messieurs et autres (gentlemen and others) qui entrèrent ici, de les rendre morts-ivres (dead drunk) pour deux pence (four sous). Ils sont prévenus qu’il y a de la paille toute fraîche dans les caves.” Drunkenness and street disorderliness are together reckoned scandalous in our police courts to the extent of five shillings, and perhaps justly so; but drunkenness and the sleep of the just upon straw warranted perfectly clean and fresh—there is a vast difference! When the authorities of Paris, restored to a better frame of mind, rescind the edict that closed the cabaret of M. Paul Niquet, our own countrymen, among others, whether dwellers or visitors in Paris, may again become victorious o’er all the ills of life for the moderate charge of two-pence sterling. Baron Haussman, *redde diem!*

Wherever there is a theatre, in Paris as elsewhere, there is pretty sure to be a café or a hotel named after it. The Bouvelard du Temple abounds—as indeed what Parisian neighborhood does not?—with cafés, and among and above others is that known as the Café du Cirque, frequented by the actors of all the neighboring theatres—Folies-Dramatiques, Gaieté, Théâtre-Lyrique, Délassements-Comiques, Folies-Nouvelle, Funambules, Petit-Lazari et Cirque. Of the actors we single out one for mention—him whose career was sketched in the June number of *London Society*, now an old man and a comparatively feeble performer. We mean Frédéric Lemaitre, once the star of the Paris stage, “le seul comédien de notre siècle,” who imparted, equally and indifferently, terror to “Richard D’Arlington,” poetry to “Ruy Blas,” and pleasantry to “Robert Macaire.”

There is a tradition of domestic unhappiness of a very pathetic kind connected with one of the cafés of the Boulevard du Temple. The keeper of one of them was cursed with a fair wife and a handsome garçon. One miserable day he had unmistakable proof that the faithfulness of his wife was anything rather than “above suspicion,” and his estimate of the loyal character of his servant was at the same moment destroyed. His rage and fury knew no bounds; and too much overcome to murder the rascally garçon on the spot, he gasped out, with all the symptoms of a last, great, concentrated agony, “Victor, this day week you leave my service!” *Quot mariti, tot sententiæ*. In how many ways may not the Nemesis of blighted household bliss be appeased!

The Café Momus in the Rue des Prêtres-Saint-Germain l’Auxerrois is a café which, some four or five years ago, passed into the hands of a dealer in colors. It was gay and jovial in its café days, and famous as having been the place where the meetings of the geniuses who invented the terms Bohemia and Bohemian came off. Henry Murger, the Murger of *Banville’s* verses on the “*Divan le Peletier*,” was at the head of these choice spirits, to whose fellowship he has consecrated a picturesque and feeling poem. Then came Champfleury, who has dedicated

several pages of his *Confessions de Sylvius* to their sayings and doings; Jean Walon, a philosopher, who so thoroughly betrayed himself as to be familiarly known by that name, and who is the Colline of Henry Murger's romance; Schann, a painter and musician, better known by the name of Schaunard; Privat d'Aulemont; Adrien Lelioux; Antoine Fauchery; Hippolyte Boillot, the painter; Joannis Guigard, and two or three others.

These illustrious young people are named because to them belong the honor of "stamping out" the Café Momus. It happened in this wise. They were all poor, and during the severity of winter it became a matter of anxious debate how they were to keep themselves warm. Heavy expenses were out of the question; but by a systematic movement they contrived to get shelter and the semblance of refreshment at the Café Momus, without expending more among them all—five or six at a time—than a sum varying from twenty-five centimes to a franc. The disbursements did not satisfy the *café-tier*; but, being an easy-going man, he had not the pluck to remonstrate with customers so ingenious and so formidable. He feared their wit and mischief.

The Bohemians were naturally rather disputatious, given to wrangling and argument, so that the old stagers, quiet frequenters of the house, complained of the annoyance they experienced. Thereupon the Bohemians mounted a story higher, hoping, on their part to be alone and free to carry on their discussions. Here, however, a sort of society of lawyers' clerks had established themselves, and these soon found all chance of pursuing their stock amusements destroyed by the invaders. Now, the lawyers' clerks spent freely, and the host was obliged, in self-defence, to give orders that the Bohemians should never be served with anything in his house again. The latter took a slight revenge at the moment, and left the house accordingly. They forbore to show themselves for so long a time that Momus was already rejoicing in the happy solution of the difficulty, and in his pacified clientèle of lawyers' clerks. He rejoiced premature-

ly: for one day M. Champfleury, who tells the story, and was himself a chief character in it, narrates how Momus was paralyzed by the sight of half a score of his old customers entering his estaminet as if nothing had happened. The *philosopher* also appeared at the same juncture, bringing with him six monthly nurses. "Allow me to present to you six friends of mine," said he to the *café-tier*, who was growing more and more uneasy. "Six nurses!" exclaimed the poor man, stupefied. "Mesdames have the goodness to be seated," said the philosopher.

Some minutes after, Sylvius arrived, followed by six *croque-morts* (men employed as corpse-bearers at funerals). "Allow me, Momus, to present to you half a dozen of my friends." "Six *croque-morts*! Surely you wish to compromise my establishment," says Momus. Then Sylvius: "Messieurs les Employés des Pompes Funèbres, have the goodness to sit down. Mesdames the nurses, allow us to arrange ourselves so that a nurse and a *croque-mort* may be seated alternately. Momus will preside. It is for his benefit that I have organized this fête. What will you take, my friends? "Wine," was the unanimous response. "And you, Mesdames the nurses?" "Wine," as before. "Very good. Momus, I have believed you would be rejoiced to entertain these amiable guests. You have had some reason to complain of myself and my friends, and I wish to make it up to you. Will you partake with us?" The *café-tier*, ready to sink into the earth, was speechless. "Momus," resumed Sylvius, "I have brought you a living antithesis. Mesdames les nourrices, that is life; Messieurs les employés des pompes, that is death. The first assist at the début of man, the second at his exit." He went on further, till both *croque-morts* and nurses lifted up their voices and cried for wine. "Messieurs les *croque-morts*," continued Sylvius—"we do not approve of being called *croque-morts*—" "I recognize your reasonable objections. Messieurs les employés des pompes, do the nurses displease you? Mesdames les nourrices, have you not an affection for these gentlemen?" "He, he, oh, oh, ho!"

from nurses and *croque-morts*, respectively. Sylvius moralized for a couple of minutes, when he was again interrupted by demands for wine. "Wine," said the *croque-morts*; "we want to drink. You are fooling us." "Wine!" shrieked the nurses.

"My friends," gravely remonstrated Sylvius, "you ask for wine. It is a bad thing for you; it stupefies you, and makes you quarrelsome. We have work to do; it is necessary to keep our heads cool and clear. I propose that you partake of the two beverages proper to your profession, beer and milk; but by way of agreeable change, the *croque-morts* shall drink the milk, and the nurses the beer." "No," responded all alike, "it is wine we want."

"Momus," said Sylvius, "bring twenty-four bottles of beer and a dozen of milk." "We have no milk here, gentlemen." "It can be fetched from the dairy round the corner. But before you go down to get it, Momus, give us all the kiss of peace." The *cafétier* almost swooned back in his chair. Meanwhile the language of the nurses and the *croque-morts* was loud and coarse. "Those of you," said Sylvius, anxious to oblige them in any way but their own — "those of you who do not like milk and beer alone had better have them mixed."

At this moment the *garçon* appeared with the refreshments that had been ordered. "Garçon, is the milk warm?" "Oui, Monsieur." "Is the beer warm?" The *garçon* seemed to dream. "Heat the milk and beer together in the same vessel," directed Sylvius. But the *croque-morts* and the nurses threw themselves upon him as one man. His friends hastened to the rescue. A fearful *mêlée* ensued. The *cafétier* vanished, his hair beginning to show signs of whiteness. Nurses, *croque-morts*, Bohemians, all were mingled in one heaving and involved mass, shrieking, swearing, kicking, scratching, striking. The guard came up to stop the disorder; they arrested Schann, Sylvius, and the *philosopher*. These spent the night in confinement; but next day Momus sold his *estaminet*.

A. H. G.

Leisure Hour.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

III.

IN a recent debate in the House of Commons one of the principal speakers dwelt on the effect of the wonderful external beauty, the great history, and the glorious associations of the University of Oxford upon an ordinarily sensitive mind, and said that he did not much envy the temper or sentiments of a person who could walk unmoved among the memories of the illustrious dead of the University, who might be said to

"Pass

Through the same gateways, sleep where they have slept,
Wake where they waked, range that inclosure old—

That garden of great intellects."

This feeling will especially be present in the mind of the traveller who, after lingering for a while on the beautiful bridge arched over the Cherwell, and admiring the prospect of lawns and waters, prepares to visit Magdalen. Before entering its precincts, he will notice the beautiful school, designed by Pugin, at its threshold, which the college has built for its choristers, and of which the late venerable President, Dr. Routh, laid the foundation when in his ninety-fifth year. This last President of Magdalen, and one of its most illustrious members, survived to his hundredth year, and, as he knew in his youth Dr. Theophilus Leigh, Master of Balliol, who also survived to the same age, he was able to speak from personal information concerning events of the time of the Stuarts. A few sentences from Lord Macaulay's *History of England* will appropriately introduce our mention of Magdalen College:

"Magdalen College, founded by William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor, is one of the most remarkable of our academical institutions. A graceful tower, on the summit of which a Latin hymn is annually chanted by choristers at the dawn of May Day, caught, far off, the eye of the traveller who came from London. As he approached he found that this tower arose from an embattled pile, low and irregular,

yet singularly venerable, which, embowered in verdure, overhung the sluggish waters of the Cherwell. He passed through a gateway overhung by a noble oriel, and found himself in a spacious cloister, adorned with emblems of virtues and vices rudely carved in graystone by the masons of the fifteenth century. The table of the Society was plentifully spread in a stately refectory, hung with paintings, and rich with fantastic carving. The services of the church were performed morning and evening in a chapel which had suffered much violence from the Reformers, and much from the Puritans; but which was, under every disadvantage, a building of eminent beauty and which has in our own time been restored with rare taste and skill. The spacious gardens along the river-side were remarkable for the size of the trees, among which towered conspicuous one of the vegetable wonders of the island, a gigantic oak, older by a century, men said, than the oldest college in the University.

"The statutes of the Society ordained that the Kings of England and Princes of Wales should belodged in their house. Edward IV. had inhabited the building while it was still unfinished. Richard III. had held his court there, and heard disputations in the hall, had feasted there royally, and had rewarded the cheer of his hosts by a present of fat bucks from his forests. Two heirs-apparent of the Crown, who had been prematurely snatched away—Arthur, the elder brother of Henry VIII.; and Henry, the elder brother of Charles I.—had been members of the college. Another prince of the blood, the last and best of the Roman Catholic archbishops, the gentle Reginald Pole, had studied there. In the time of the Civil Wars Magdalen had been true to the cause of the Crown: there Rupert had fixed his quarters, and before some of his most daring enterprises his trumpets had been heard sounding to horse through those quiet cloisters."

Formerly, on the site of the present college, there was an ancient hospital, dedicated to St. John the Baptist: this was placed outside the old city walls, to guard the ferry across the river, and to serve as a hospital to the pilgrims who should visit the shrine of St. Frideswide. The "pilgrims' wicket" is still

discernible in the old walls. Some remains of this hospital are still to be seen in the low embattled buildings towards the street. When the Duke of Wellington was Chancellor of Oxford, an office in which he has been succeeded by the Earl of Derby, entering the city, he asked Mr. Croker what the structure on his right hand was. "That is the wall which James II. ran his head against," was the answer. This was an allusion to the most memorable occasion in which Magdalen figures in English history, when James II. violated the privileges of the body and ejected their chosen President, John Hough, in favor of one of his own Roman Catholic minions. This was, perhaps, the proximate cause of the English Revolution and the expulsion of the Stuart dynasty,

Henry VI. granted to William of Waynflete (so called from the name of his birthplace in Lincolnshire) the royal license to found this college; but, from the troubles of the time, or from the fact that he was busy about the royal buildings at Windsor and Eton, the great quadrangle was not begun till the ensuing reign. In 1481 the founder visited the college, bringing with him many books and manuscripts. We enter the college through a stately gateway designed by Mr. Pugin, with niched statues of Mary Magdalen and John the Baptist, to whom the old hospital was dedicated, and William of Waynflete, the founder. Entering the quadrangle, you are probably first struck by a stone pulpit called St. John's Pulpit, where a sermon used always to be preached on St. John's Day. The ground and surrounding buildings were then decked out with boughs and rushes in commemoration of the preaching in the wilderness. The custom has now been altogether discontinued. "The last time that a sermon was preached here was by one Bacon on a wet day." "The rain hath spoiled both the greens and the bacon" was a joke made at the time by a Magdalen wag; and this, combined with the fact that the then President died of a cold caught on the occasion, overthrew the custom (*Murray's Handbook**). On the left are the

* Mr. Murray's *Handbook for Travellers in Berks, Bucks, and Oxfordshire*, contains a very careful and excellent account of the University

president's lodgings. It was here that the pious Bishop Horne wrote his Commentary on the Psalms. Through the president's house we gain access to the founder's chamber, with its noble oriel over the farther gate, where many princes of the royal blood have been entertained. This and the two adjacent rooms have been beautifully fitted up with carving, tapestry, and painted glass.

We now direct attention to some of the details of the college, which James I. called "the most absolute thing in Oxford." We will first notice the chapel. We will suppose that the visitor has armed himself with an order from some member of the Society, as, from the general pressure for admission, this regulation has been found necessary. The vocal music at Magdalen Chapel is always exceedingly good, helped by a splendid organ, large enough for a cathedral. It is to be observed that the general magnificence of the present chapel is almost entirely attributable to the modern restorations. The large west window, in chiaro-oscuro, represents the Last Judgment: the east window, representing Christ bearing the cross, has been attributed, not with much reason, to Murillo. The stalls of oak and the organ-screen of stone harmonize well with the "dim religious light" of the painted glass. Next we look at the tower. It is said Wolsey, as bursar, was concerned with building the tower, and exceeded his resources, in consequence of which he was obliged to leave Oxford, and this apparent failure proved the origin of his subsequent fortunes. The writer remembers mounting this beautiful tower at five o'clock one morning of the 1st of May, to hear the Latin hymn, of which Lord Macaulay makes mention—

"Te Deum Patrem colimus,
Te laudibus prosequimur."

On the summit of the tower we felt the massive structure very perceptibly sway to and fro; but we were told that

and City of Oxford. Messrs. J. H. Parker and Sons, the well-known Oxford publishers, have issued several valuable books on the colleges and churches of Oxford. Reference may also be permitted to two articles in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by the present writer. Other works referred to are named in their place.

this was rather a proof of the stability of the building than of any insecurity attaching to it. The whole of the bells, which Anthony Wood calls "most tunable and melodious," were probably being rung at the time. We now pass through the Gothic cloistered quadrangle. The entrance is beneath the gateway to which we have before alluded, surmounted by a beautiful tower, with canopied statues, and a fine groined vault. We then enter the "venerable" cloisters, as we instinctively feel them to be, although much of the fine effect has been produced by modern restorations. It may be said that the President and Fellows of Magdalen, "a pious, learned, and most charitable body," as they have been called, spare no pains or expense in everything that may promote the use and beauty of their edifices and grounds. The interior of the quadrangle is ornamented with a series of grotesque figures, which have occasioned much speculation and amusement. One of the Fellows of the college, at the request of a President, wrote an amusing little thesis in Latin, which is carefully preserved in the library, in which he ingeniously argues that those grotesque figures are all emblematical, and designed to furnish a learned and religious society with many great moral lessons. Thus he takes the figures of the lion and the pelican: "The former is the emblem of courage and vigilance, the latter of parental tenderness and affection. Both together express the complete character of a good college governor, and accordingly are placed under the windows of the President's lodgings." The following moral is drawn from the hippopotamus with his young one upon his shoulders: "This is the emblem of a good tutor, or Fellow of a college, who is set to watch over the youth of the Society, and by whose prudence they are to be led through the dangers of their first entrance into the world." On the western side of the quadrangle is the restored library. Gibbon, in his interesting autobiography, in which, however, he does not speak with much reverence of Magdalen College, has an interesting reference to the contents of the library. "The shelves of the library groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios, of the

editions of the Fathers, and the collections of the Middle Ages, which have issued from the single library of St. Germain des Pres at Paris." The books are now arranged in large handsome stalls of finest oak, and on the panels of the cases are copies of the Buccleuch Vandykes, the only copies that have been permitted by their owner. The library appropriately contains the portrait of the founder, and, at the sides of the bay window, marble busts of Lock and Bacon. At the southeastern corner of the quadrangle a flight of low steps beneath an elliptical arch conducts to the old oaken wall. This wainscoted wall contains nine illustrative carvings, chiefly relating to the history of Mary Magdalen, with scrolls of Scripture texts in Latin. The room is hung round with portraits of benefactors and members of the foundation. Among these is the portrait of Henry Prince of Wales, and elsewhere are the ostrich plumes, as Prince Henry matriculated as a member of the college. Other portraits are those of the founder, the famous cardinals Pole and Wolsey, Prince Rupert, Addison, Dr. Sacheverell, Archbishop Boulter, Bishops Fox, Hough, Horne, Phillpotts, Dean Colet, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Butler, Dr. Routh, etc. The college has produced two cardinals, four archbishops, nearly forty bishops, and many other eminent men. At the end of the hall is a music gallery, and beneath it a passage technically called the greens, preserving the mediæval arrangement of three doorways, to the kitchen, pantry, and buttery. In the collection of college plate is the founder's cup, with a statue of Mary Magdalen in flowing hair on the cover. In the hall the illegal commission appointed by James II. used to sit, to subject the college to visitation, and deprive the Fellows of their rights. "The porter of the college threw down his keys. The butler refused to scratch Hough's name out of the buttery-book, and was instantly dismissed. No blacksmith could be found in the whole city who would force the lock of the President's lodgings."

We now pass out of the quadrangle into "Maudlin's learned grove," leaving on the left a range of new buildings, which, though spacious and comfortable, is sadly incongruous with the older edi-

fice. It can hardly be credited that, with the same debased taste which produced these buildings, it had been intended to pull down the old building, and upon its ruins erect a new one according to this style. Magdalen Grove or deer-park lies behind these buildings, crowded with fine old trees, and surrounded by an embattled wall. The sight of the deer from the water-walk is very pretty, as they tamely come up to the gate. The rushing sound of the Holywell mill-stream is mixed up with the murmur of the woods and the varied notes of birds. The famous Magdalen walk surrounds an irregularly-shaped meadow, and is more than half a mile long. One portion of it, a long, direct line of avenue, forming in summer time a leafy natural cloister, where the refreshing vista seems indefinitely prolonged, is known by the name of Addison's Walk. Among the Magdalen trees there are two venerable wych-elsms, which alone are left from the trees cut down in the time of Charles I. Seats are placed along the walk by the side of the Cherwell, where the visitor may leisurely enjoy the glimpses of city and grove, interrupted perhaps at times by the plash of oars. The river Cherwell farther on in its course furnishes an excellent bathing place. This is called Parson's Pleasure, "which name is supposed to have been originally 'Parisians' Pleasure,' from being the resort of the French students." Standing in Magdalen Walk, on the other side of the Cherwell you see the modern church of St. Clement's, which has replaced a very old foundation. Properly speaking, it is divided from Oxford by the Cherwell, but for all municipal purposes it now makes part of the city.

Returning from Magdalen, it is only just a step over the way to look at the Botanical Garden. It was founded through the munificence of Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby, and has been augmented by royal and private liberality. The professor of botany is Dr. Daubeney, the senior Fellow of Magdalen. Dr. Daubeney has bestowed the utmost care and pains on the garden, and has chiefly made it the valuable and important domain which it is, and to him the garden is indebted for the interesting buildings

which it possesses. The site was once occupied by the Jews as a burial-place : many of them were settled in Oxford before the conclusion of the thirteenth century. The gateway was designed by Inigo Jones, and its western side has figures of the two Charleses. The gardens fringe the borders of the river Cherwell, and give a fine view of the Merton Meadows. The two yew-trees at the entrance are supposed to represent, in Dutch fashion, giants on guard. The plants are laid out according to the systems of Linnæus and Jussieu, and have a considerable scientific value ; but certainly the most popular feature in the gardens consists of a collection of monkeys, which are sometimes regaled by the undergraduates with nuts, and sometimes with cigar lights. A portion of the ornamentation of the gardens, the statues just mentioned, was defrayed out of a fine inflicted upon Anthony Wood for a libel upon the great Earl of Clarendon, for which he was prosecuted by the second earl. We are sorry that poor Wood got into this trouble, for he was a writer on Oxford and its colleges to whom all subsequent writers are under the greatest obligations. If he offended, he appears to have acted in honesty, and was persecuted with severe and ill-becoming rancor.

It is old Wood's college to which we are now going—Merton College. The voluminous life of Wood prefixed to his works exhibits the very vivid contrast between ancient and modern Oxford. Wood was born in Oxford, and spent nearly all his life in the city and country, and his memoirs abound with graphic notices of the state of things during the Civil Wars. He was "a postmaster" at Merton (the old odd name given to those who held scholarships), and afterwards was bible clerk. The ridiculous things he mentions belonging to the time when he was undergraduate exceed any possible absurdities of modern freshmen. When the parliamentary commissioners visited Oxford, he says, in humble phrase, that, his mother having a powerful friend, "he was conniv'd and kept in his place, otherwise he had infallibly gon to the pot." He very early addicted himself to studies of the Dryasdust order, but he had also "a natural and insatiable

genie" for music; his most passionate love, however, was for history and heraldry. He perambulated Oxfordshire, copying inscriptions, studying various county histories, and describing his life between music and books as a perfect Elysium. He speaks of the "ravishment" and "great delight" with which he had gathered up antiquarian lore. One of his most cherished acquisitions was a pair of Selden's spectacles. The great scholar and statesman seems to have had the habit of putting spectacles in different books, and of quite forgetting where he had placed them. Wood had his griefs, however, when some old brasses at Merton were taken up by Commonwealthmen, and old pictures spoiled, "to the sorrow of curious men that were admirers of antient painting." He records "the first day that the flying coach went from Oxon to London in one day." He was one of its six passengers, going up to town to consult the Cottonian Library : they started at six in the morning, and arrived in London at seven in the evening. He tells us that the Society of Merton would not let him live in the college, lest he should pluck it down to search after antiquities. Nevertheless, we find him going with the subwarden of Merton about some affair belonging to St. Peter-in-the-East. Later we find the warden of the college denouncing him as a disturber of the peace; and we dare say the old antiquary could make himself very troublesome and disagreeable. At the time of the Popish plot he came under some undeserved suspicion of being a Papist. He tells us that, when the news of the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth came, Merton College made a bonfire, as also did Christ Church, and there was one at Carfax as well. By and by King James came down on his memorable visit to Oxford, in which the King was sumptuously banqueted, and roundly lectured his entertainers. Wood survived till 1695. Dealing, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, with men the memories of many of whom were yet fresh, he occasionally incurred the severe resentment of their representatives; and there is even some reason to believe that, if a man offended him, he revenged himself by writing his life. It is remarkable that the unfavorable stric-

tures on Lord Clarendon which brought him into so much trouble were not written by himself, but he had them from Aubrey, whose character he has summed up in coarse, but quaint and forcible language: "He was a shiftless person, roving, and magotie-headed, and sometimes little better than crased, and, being exceedingly credulous, would stuff his many letters sent to A. W. with folleries and misinformations, which sometimes would guid him into the paths of error." We are told that "his behavior was very well during his illness, was very patient and quiet, especially towards the latter end. He asked pardon of all that he had injured, and desired the prayers of all the public congregations." According to his own request, he was buried in Merton Chapel. He had once designed to write an account of the history and antiquities of Merton.

Wood lies in the ante-chapel, near the north door. His home used to be just opposite Merton, in a little stone house where he was born. Two other memorable monuments are close to his: that of Sir Thomas Bodley, the illustrious founder of the great library; and that of Sir Henry Savile, the wise and gentle provost of Eton, who issued a most magnificent edition of Chrysostom, and other valuable works, from the short-lived Eton press which he instituted. Had Wood perfected his design of writing a work on Merton, he would have found the subject peculiarly appropriate, as Merton is generally supposed to have given the origin and first example of the Oxford system. The students, instead of living in lodgings, without an effective discipline, as is still the case in Scottish and Continental universities, were now gathered within a common building under the superintendence of a head or master. It was intended that, without taking religious vows, they should live in a religious manner (*qui, non religiosi, religiose viverent.*) Walter de Merton was Chancellor and Bishop of Rochester (A.D. 1260), and, as he especially venerated John the Baptist, he took the parish church of St. John the Baptist as the chapel to his college, enlarging it for the purpose. Walter's statue is over the gateway in front of the tower. He is represented in full pontificals, as listening to the preaching

of John the Baptist in the wilderness, the wilderness being crowded with grotesque animals, asses, unicorns, birds, and rabbits. The chapel, or church, is almost of cathedral-like proportions; it has been lavishly adorned with rich gifts, and presents many points worthy of examination. The windows are very remarkable, resembling those at Cologne, with which Walter de Merton was probably acquainted. The windows are fourteen in number, seven on either side: the original stained glass is of the same age as the stonework. The east window is called a Catharine-wheel window; a splendid example, filled with tracery and armorial bearings. A great deal of "restoration" has been effected by the eminent architect Mr. Butterfield; but the original design, which appears to have contemplated nave and side-aisles, has never been completed. The tower is very grand, and the piers which support it are beautifully proportioned. The edifice is used as a parish church, where the services, according to the writer's recollections, are very hearty, and the attendance exceedingly good.

New things and old meet in Merton. Some of the latest University improvements, and unquestionably many of the oldest Oxford relics, are also associated with this college. The Library quadrangle has probably undergone the minimum of change since the time of Richard III. The library itself has been justly designated as "one of the earliest, and perhaps now the most genuine ancient library in this kingdom." It was built, indeed, before printing was invented, and, besides some curious manuscripts, has some of the earliest printed works and is especially rich in Bibles. Almost to the close of the last century the books used to be chained to their places. The library has a quaint oriel window, with curious Dutch painted glass, with figures of Virtues and Vices. There is a noble archway between the two quadrangles, whose vaulted roof has zodiac signs around the arms of Henry VII., which occupy the place of the sun. The hall has been modernized by Wyatt, but the doorway and old oak floor are here still. So also have the warden's lodgings: they contain a superb malachite vase which the Emperor Alexander presented to the

Society, who hospitably entertained him in 1814. The building called the Treasury is one of the earliest examples of English domestic architecture, with a high-pitched ashlar roof belonging to the thirteenth century. A morass once stretched on the western side of the college, where is now a nursery garden. "People rowed up to Merton College buttery to refresh themselves. Most part of the wall on this side was formerly built on arches, because the ground was so low and plashy. In Stephen's time this wall was inaccessible, by reason of deep water encompassing it on every side." There is a curious old custom at Merton, which corresponds with one at Pembroke. When dinner is over, the senior Fellow strikes the table three times with a trencher. The sound brings up the butler, who then enters on his book what each Fellow has received from the buttery. Then the grace-cup is handed round, and, the trencher being struck once more, the bible clerk says grace. A time used to be observed at this college called Merton Black Night. The men used to break open the buttery and kitchen, and help themselves to whatever came handiest. A curious and remote origin is ascribed to this extraordinary custom. When the famous Duns Scotus was Dean, one of the collegians, Ockham, afterwards the celebrated schoolman and logician, asked him, "Master, what are we to do now?" The Dean unguardedly answered, "Go and do whatever you like." Ockham and his friends took the permission in its strictest liberality, and bounded away to devour the contents of kitchen and buttery. So at least, runs the Merton legend.

Chambers's Journal.

UNCLE INGOT.

"If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, Madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word." So spoke Mr. Ingot Beardmore, drysalter and common-councilman of the city of London, to Dorothea Elizabeth, his widowed sister-in-law, who had applied to him for pecuniary succor about three months after the death of his younger brother

Isaac, her husband. There were harshness and stubborn determination enough in his reply, but there was no niggard cruelty. Mrs. Isaac wanted money, it is true, but only in the sense in which we all want it. She was only poor in comparison with the great wealth of this relative by marriage. Her income was large enough for any ordinary—Mr. Ingot said "legitimate"—purpose, but not sufficient for sending her boy to Eton, and finishing him off at the universities, as it was the maternal wish to do. Mr. Ingot hated such genteel intentions; Christ's Hospital had been a fashionable enough school for him, and he had "finished off" as a clerk at forty pounds a year in that very respectable house of which he was now the senior partner. With the results of that education, as exemplified in himself, he was perfectly satisfied, and if his nephews only turned out half as well, their mother, he thought, might think herself uncommonly lucky. Her family had given themselves airs upon the occasion of her marrying Isaac—"allying herself with commerce," some of them called it—and Ingot had never forgiven them. He gloried in his own profession, although government had never seen fit to ennoble any member of it, and perhaps all the more upon that account; for he was one of those Radicals who are not "snobs" at heart, but rather aristocrats. He honestly believed that noblemen and gentlemen were the lower orders, and those who toiled and strove, the upper crust of the human pie. When he has told that the former classes often toiled and strove in their own way as much as the others, he made a gesture of contempt, and "blew" like an exasperated whale. It was a vulgar sort of retort, of course, but so eminently expressive that his opponent rarely pursued the subject.

He rather liked his sister-in-law, in spite of her good birth, and would have, doubtless, largely assisted her had she consented to bring up her children according to his views; but since she preferred to take her own way, he withdrew himself more and more from her society, until they saw nothing at all of one another. He had no intention of leaving his money away from his brother's children; he had much too strong a sense

of duty for that; and as for marriage, that was an idea that never entered into his hard old head. He had not made a fool of himself by falling in love in middle age, as Isaac had done (in youth, he had not time for such follies), and it was not likely that at sixty-five he should commit any such imprudence. So his nephews and nieces felt confident of being provided for in the future. In the present, however, as time went on, and the education of both girls and boys grew more expensive, Mrs. Isaac's income became greatly straitened. Her own family very much applauded the expensive way in which she was bringing up her children, and especially her independence of spirit with relation to her tradesman brother-in-law, but they never assisted her with a penny. The young gentleman at Cambridge was therefore kept upon very short allowance; and the young ladies, whose beauty was something remarkable, affected white muslin, and wore no meretricious jewelry. Their pin-money was very limited, poor things, and they made their own clothes at home by the help of a sewing-machine. If Uncle Ingot could have seen them thus diligently employed, his heart would perhaps have softened towards them, but, as I have said, they now never got that chance. Julia, the elder, had been but six years old when he had last called at their highly-rented but diminutive habitation in Mayfair, and now she was eighteen, and had never seen him since. Although she had of course grown out of the old man's recollection, she remembered his figure-head, as she wickedly called his rigid features, uncommonly well; and, indeed, nobody who had ever seen it was likely to forget it. His countenance was not so much human as ligneous; and his profile, Nephew Jack had actually seen upon a certain nobbly tree in the lime-walk of Clare Hall at Cambridge—much more like than any silhouette ever cut out of black paper. They had laughed at the old gentleman in early days, and snapped their fingers at his churlishness, but it had become no laughing matter now.

That remark of Uncle Ingot's, "If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me Madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a

man of my word," had become a very serious sentence, condemning all the family to, if not Poverty, at least very urgent Want. What it meant of course was, that he was resolutely determined to give them nothing. In vain the young ladies worked for Uncle Ingot slippers and book-markers for his birthday, and sent to him their best wishes at Christmas in Rimmel's highly-scented envelopes; in vain Jack sent him a pound of the most excellent snuff that *Bacon's* emporium could furnish, at the beginning of every term. He always wrote back a civil letter of thanks, in a clear and clerkly letter, but there was never any inclosure. When Mrs. Isaac asked him to dinner, he declined in a caustic manner—avowing that he did not feel himself comfortable at the aristocratic tables of the West End—and sent her a pineapple for the dessert, of his own growing. He had really no ill-feeling towards his relatives, although he kept himself so estranged from them; but I think this sort of conduct tickled the old gentleman's grim sense of humor. If he could have found some legitimate excuse for "making it up" with his sister-in-law, within the first year or two of their falling out, perhaps he would have been glad to do so; but time had now so widened the breach that it was not to be easily repaired. What he had satirically written when he declined her invitation, had grown to be true: he rarely went into society, and almost never into the company of ladies, the elder portion of whom he considered frivolous and vexatious, and the younger positively dangerous. He had a few old-bachelor friends, however, with whom he kept up a cordial intercourse, and spent with them various festivals of the year as regularly as they came round.

On the 31st of December, for instance, he never omitted to go down to Reading, and "see the old year out, and the new year in," in the company of Tom Whaffles, with whom he had worn the yellow stockings in these school-days that had passed away more than half a century ago. Tom and Isaac had been even greater cronies as boys than Tom and Ingot, but the latter did not like Tom the less upon that account: secretly, I think he esteemed him the more highly

as a link between himself and that luckless family whose very existence he yet chose to ignore. Mr. Whaffles had intimate relations with them still; they came down to stay with him whenever his sister paid him a visit, and could act as their hostess; but this never happened in the last week of the year. Tom was never to speak of them to his old friend—that was not only tacitly understood, but had even been laid down in writing, as the basis of their intimacy.

On the 31st of December last, Mr. Ingot Beardmore found himself, as usual, at the Paddington station, looking for an empty compartment, for his own company had got to be very pleasing to him. Having attained his object, and rolled himself up in the corner of the carriage in several greatcoats, with his feet upon a hot tin, and his hands clothed in thick mittens, and looking altogether like a polar bear who liked to make himself comfortable—when everything was arranged, I say, to the old gentleman's complete satisfaction, who should invade his privacy, just as the train was about to start, and the whistle had sounded, but one of the most bewitching young ladies you ever set eyes on!

"Madam, this carriage is engaged," growled he, pointing to the umbrella, carpet-bag, and books, which he had distributed upon all the seats, in order to give it that appearance.

"Only engaged to *you*, I think, sir," replied the charmer flippantly. "Happy carriage! I wish I was. Isn't that pretty?"

Mr. Beardmore had never had anything half so shocking said to him in all his life, and if the train had not been already set in motion, he would have called upon the guard for help, and left the carriage forthwith. As it was, he could only look at this shameless young person with an expression of the severest reprobation. At the same time, his heart sank within him at the reflection, that the train was not to stop till he reached his destination—Reading. What indignities might he not have to suffer before he could obtain protection! She was a modest-looking young lady, too, very simply dressed, and her voice was particularly sweet and prepossessing, notwithstanding the very dreadful remarks in which she had indulged. Per-

haps she was out of her mind—and at this idea Mr. Ingot Beardmore broke out, notwithstanding the low temperature, into a very profuse perspiration.

"Now, what will you give me for a kiss, you old—you old polar bear?" asked the fair stranger playfully as the train flew by Ealing.

"Nothing, Madam, nothing; I am astonished at you," answered Mr. Beardmore, looking anxiously round the carriage in the desperate hope of finding one of those newly-patented inventions for affording communication with the guard.

"Well, then, I'll take one, and leave it to your honor," continued the young lady with a peal of silver laughter; and with that she lightly rose, and before the old gentleman could free himself from his wraps, or ward her off with his muff-etees, she had imprinted a kiss upon his horny cheek. Mr. Beardmore's breath was so utterly taken away by this assault, that he remained speechless, but his countenance was probably more full of expression than it had ever been in his life. "Oh no, I am not mad," laughed she in reply to it; "although I have taken a fancy to such a wonderful old creature. Now, come, if I kiss you again, what will you give me?"

"I shall give you in charge to the police, Madam, the instant that I arrive at Reading."

"Give me in charge! What for, you curious piece of antiquity?"

"For an assault, Madam; yes, for an assault. Don't you know that you have no right to kiss people without their consent in this manner?"

Here the young lady laughed so violently that the tears came into her eyes.

"Do you suppose, you poor old doting creature, that anybody will ever believe such a story as that? Do you ever use such a thing as a looking-glass, you poor dear? Are you aware how very unprepossessing your appearance is, even when you don't frown, as you are doing now in a manner that is enough to frighten one? You have, of course, a perfect right to your own opinion, but if you suppose the police will agree with you, you will find yourself much mistaken. The idea of anybody wanting to kiss you will reasonably enough appear to them preposterous."

"What is it you require of me, you wicked creature?" cried the old bachelor in an agony of shame and rage.

"I want payment for my kiss. To a gentleman at your time of life, who scarcely could expect to be so favored, surely it is worth—what shall I say?—five pounds? What! not so much? Well, then, here's another for your other cheek." Like a flash of lightning, she suited the action to her words. "There, then, five pounds for the two, and I won't take a shilling less. You will have to give it to the poor's-box at the police station, if not to me. For I intend, in case you are obstinate, to complain of *your* disgraceful conduct to the guard at the first opportunity. I shall give you into custody, sir, as sure as you are alive. You will be put upon your oath, you know, and all you will dare to say will be that *I* kissed you, and not you *me*. What 'roars of laughter' there will be in court, and how funny it will all look in the papers!" Here the young lady began to laugh again, as though she had already read it there. Mr. Beardmore's grim sense of humor was, as usual, accompanied by a keen dislike of appearing ridiculous. True, he hated to be imposed upon; still, of the two evils, was it not better to pay five pounds than to be made the laughing-stock of his bachelor friends, who are not the sort of people to commiserate one in a misfortune of this kind?

In short, Mr. Ingot Beardmore paid the money. Mr. Thomas Whaffles found his guest that evening anything but talkative. There was a select party of the male sex invited to meet him, by whom the rich old drysalter was accustomed to be regarded as an oracle; but upon this occasion he had nothing to say; the consciousness of having been "done" oppressed him. His lips were tightly sealed; his cheeks were still glowing from the audacious insult that had been put upon them; his fingers clutched the pocket-book in which there was a five-pound note less than there ought to be. But when his host and himself were left alone that night, "seeing the old year out, and the new year in, his heart began to thaw under the genial influence of friendship and gin punch, and he told his late adventure to Tom Whaffles, not

without some enjoyment of his own mischance.

"I could really almost forgive the jade," said he, "for having taken me in so cleverly. I dare say, however, she makes quite a profession of it; and that half a score of old gentlemen have been coerced before now into ransoming their good name as I did. And yet she was as modest and ladylike looking a girl as ever you saw."

"Was she anything like *this*?" inquired Mr. Whaffles, producing a photograph.

"Why, that's the very girl!" exclaimed the guest—"Ha, ha! Tom; so *you*, too, have been one of her victims, have you? Well, now, this is most extraordinary."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. I know her very well; and her sister, and her mother, and her brother too. I can introduce you to her if you like. There's not the least harm in her; bless you, she only kissed you for a bit of fun."

"A bit of fun!" cried Mr. Beardmore. "Why, she got a five-pound note out of me!"

"But she does not mean to keep it, I am very sure. Would you like to see her again? Come, 'Yes' or 'No!'"

"If she will give me back my money, 'Yes.'"

"Very well," returned the host; "mind, you asked for her yourself; and he rang the bell pretty sharply twice.

"Here she is: it's your niece, Miss Julia. Her mother and sister are now staying under this very roof."

"Yes, Uncle," said the young lady, demurely. "Here is your five-pound note: please to give me that five thousand which you promised mamma *if ever she or hers got five pounds out of you*; for you are a man of your word, I know. But what would be better still would be, to let me kiss you once more, in the character of your dutiful niece; and let us all love you as we want to do. It was an audacious stratagem, I admit, but I think you will forgive me—come."

"There go the church bells!" cried Tom Whaffles. "It is the new year, and a fitting time to forget old enmities. Give your Uncle a kiss, child."

Uncle Ingot made no resistance this time, but avowed himself fairly conquer-

ed; and between ourselves, although he made no "favorites" among his newly-reconciled relatives, but treated them with equal kindness, I think he always liked Niece Julia best, who had been the cause of healing a quarrel which no one perhaps had regretted more at heart than Uncle Ingot himself.

Temple Bar.

"TWENTY PER CENT."

A BANKING TALE OF THE PRESENT TIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BUBBLES OF FINANCE."

It is not to be wondered at if the Anglo-Indian who returns home after a sojourn of a quarter of a century in the East, should, above all things, wish to "rest and be thankful" for the remainder of his days. Such, at any rate, was the principal thought that occupied my mind when, some six years ago, I made up my mind to resign my appointment of judge at Beesapoor, and retire upon my pension of £1000 a year, which is the sum allowed to all those who have spent a quarter of a century and upwards in the Indian Civil Service when they leave India for good and all. During my career in that country I had neither been extremely fortunate nor very much the reverse. Besides my pension aforesaid, I had saved some money, and having "turned it over" judiciously, and never dabbled in speculative shares or hazardous undertakings, I had, from the very first that I commenced to put by from my pay and allowances, steadily increased my store, so that the day I took my passage on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer at Calcutta to return to England, I could write myself down as the master and owner of some £20,000; which being invested in the Indian Government Five-per-Cent. paper, gave me about £1000 a year, in addition to the like sum which I would for the future receive from the India House. Now, with £2000 a year, a man of moderate habits and inexpensive tastes may look forward to comfort, if not to what he terms luxuries, for the rest of his days. It was not needful for me to put by anything for my widow; for, according to the rules of the Indian Civil Service, she would have

£300 a year at my death, which would be about equal to a marriage settlement of £12,000. My children, by the regulations of the same Civil Service Fund, were also provided for, each one that survived me being entitled to £100 a year—the girls until they married, the boys until they were twenty-one years of age. My income of £2000 I was therefore, so to speak, free to spend how and where I liked, without in the least hazarding the future comforts of those I left behind me. Not that I looked forward either to a life of indolence or to letting what talents I brought home with me in the way of capital be hid behind a bushel. The Italian proverb says: "*Chi a beruta lavora*"—"he that has drank will drink again"—and this no doubt holds good with those who have led an active life during their best years. Unless a man be of a hopelessly indolent disposition—and nothing is more unlikely than that such an individual should get on in the Indian Civil Service—his past life of work only gives him a keener zest for future labor. I was yet in the prime of life, being some three years on the right side of fifty. My health had suffered little or nothing by my long residence in the East. There could have been no greater punishment to me than being condemned to lead an idle life for the remainder of my days. And, therefore, with all my anticipations of home and home enjoyment, there was mixed up the anticipation of having some employment which would fully take up my time, and, although not obliged to do so, enable me to add a few thousand pounds to what I had already saved.

Farming, and the various occupations of a country gentleman who farms his own land, had always great charms for me. My native county was Herefordshire, a province where from childhood upwards every man hears much and must learn something of the art of cultivating land, buying and selling "beasts," sheep, and pigs, as well as fattening the same. Neither when a young magistrate in the Upper Provinces of India, nor even when condemned in after life to sit for six hours every day upon the bench as judge of Beesapoor, had this taste ever left me. During the whole of my Indian career I had the field by every overland mail, I read it far more

regularly than I did the *Calcutta Englishman* or the *Lahore Chronicle*. From the day I first went out to India I had set an object before me, and this was to return to Herefordshire with money enough to rent or buy a small estate, which I could farm myself, and thus add pleasure to profit, and a healthy occupation to both, and so soon as I landed at home I commenced to carry out my intentions.

But it is not easy to settle down quickly in England. In the first place, I had many relations to see and visit, and many of my wife's friends to become acquainted with. We had married in India, to which country she, then the only unmarried girl out of seven daughters, had accompanied her father, the Colonel of a Queen's Regiment. To meet and mix with various persons who live in different parts of the kingdom, it is absolutely necessary to reside in London, at any rate for a time, and we therefore agreed that we would put off for a year our settling down definitely in the country, although in the mean time we determined to be on the look-out for any place that would suit us, in or near my native county, to which, as I said before, I wanted so much to return. To live at a London hotel for twelve months, is a luxury only allowable to millionaires or foreign diplomats, and to reside in lodgings is a misery which the poorest man would hardly submit to if he could do otherwise. A furnished house—that is to hire a habitation of this description—means to pay double rent for the use of very bad beds, chairs, and tables, and when you leave the place to be mulct in the full value of these articles themselves under the head of "breakages," without the privilege of taking possession of the same. Taking these facts into consideration we determined to take a house of our own for the year we were to remain in London, and to transport the furniture we should purchase down to the country when we took our departure from the Metropolis. So far from giving up my intentions of farming land on my own account, I determined that the delayment in following out my schemes should merely give me more time to carry them out. I advertised in the *Times*, the *Field*, and the Herefordshire and Gloucestershire papers, for a residence of a certain

size, which I could rent or buy, but to which must be attached not less than a certain amount of land, with shooting to be had in the neighborhood. The answers I received to my advertisements were innumerable, and I am afraid to say what I must have paid the Great Western Railway Company for first-class fares to Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, Monmouth, and all the stations adjacent to these towns. Still I could find nothing that exactly suited me. One place had an excellent house, but little or no land worth the trouble of farming attached to it. At another the land was all I could desire, but the house was badly situated, and very inconvenient inside. A third was desirable in every way both as to house and land; the owner would only sell, not rent, it; and the price he asked was much more than I could afford to give. In short, there was some objection or other to every place I looked at, and by degrees I began to despair of ever getting suited as I wished. In the mean time we were daily taking deeper and deeper root in the soil of London. Good schools were to be had for the children, occupation and amusement for ourselves, and the society of old Indians, which is so large in the capital, became more and more necessary to our everyday existence. At the club in St. James's-square I met everybody worth knowing who had ever been in the East, and was certain of seeing my former colleagues, friends, and acquaintances, whenever I chose to look them up. Thus it was that by degrees, and as it were without intending it, we began to give up, or at any rate to postpone, our settlement in the country, and to consider ourselves as almost regular Londoners. I have mentioned these circumstances not merely as an instance of the truth that man proposes but God disposes, but also to show how that, with intentions and disposition to take to quite a different kind of life, I was insensibly led into what I have had good reason to lament most deeply.

There was one thing wanting to my comfort in town life, and that was occupation. I felt that an idle existence was doing me harm, and that either some business, some office, or something that would force me to work at any rate a few hours every day, was an absolute

necessity. It was not even now our intention to remain always in London; we had resolved to wait until some good opportunity of renting or buying a place in the country should occur. But this might be in a month, a year, or three years, and in the mean time I felt that a totally idle life was injuring me very much in mind and body, and so determined I would do a little of what every one was just then running mad about, namely, dabbling in shares of public companies.

At the time at which I write, the idea of finance and credit companies was almost new in England. One or two of them had sprung into existence, and were looked upon as most successful speculations. The directors of these undertakings were known as most respectable, although some of them were rather "go-ahead" in their monetary ideas and notions. Some of these gentlemen I was well acquainted with, having known them—a few personally, others by repute—in India. They were by no means men of straw, their means being ample, and their characters for caution in money matters beyond dispute. They were not looked upon as wild speculators, but as men who, having discovered a new method of making money quickly, had introduced the art into England from foreign countries. At the club there was little save finance and credit companies talked about. One of these institutions had declared a dividend, which, even for the first six months of its existence, was at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum. I became fairly bitten with the mania, and calculated that if I could thus invest but half of the £20,000 I had made in India—which at this rate would give me exactly £4000 per annum—a very few years would enable me, not merely to rent, but even to buy out and out, some good-sized estate, with a comfortable mansion attached. And if I chose to lay out all my £20,000, I could, at a very moderate calculation, in five years have £100,000, which I could call my own.

Mixing with other men in the world works evil as well as good. The hermits of old who wished to avoid temptation of every sort, were wise in their generation when they elected to live each one by himself. Certain it was that in my case talking over the "finance"

movement at the club confirmed me in my speculative notions. By degrees I began to think of nothing but shares, dividends, and high interest for investments. Commencing with £1000, I soon disposed of nearly half of my old Indian securities, and laid out the money thus realized in the shares of one or other of these new concerns, and soon became known as a man who "went in" for any "good thing" that offered.

Nothing could be more prosperous to all outward appearances at the period of which I write than the English money market, and never were such ample means forthcoming for every purpose of speculation. The American civil war had given a new impetus to the Indian cotton trade, for the staple which could not be produced in the west had to be brought from the east. With increased imports from, came much larger exports to, India; and with a greatly enlarged commerce more banking facilities were required for that country. It was suggested to me one day at the club that I should become a director in a new establishment of this kind. "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" was about to be established, on principles which combined the utmost security for all shareholders, with the greatest possible accommodation for all customers. "Thing's as simple as possible," said Watson to me when I lunched with him at the "Junior" one day (Watson had been for thirty years of his life a dragoon officer in India, and had only just returned from an up-country station in that country, where there was neither bank nor trade of any kind; he was, therefore, an excellent judge of the requirements of the mercantile world). "Thing's as simple as possible. Fellows out in India got lots of cotton; Manchester fellows want cotton. Indian fellows send cotton to England, draw on Manchester fellows, bank cashes their bills, keeps cotton until bills are paid, gets ten or twelve per cent. for doing so, and there you are." This gallant soldier had certain fixed notions on money matters in general, which he was accustomed to explain in a terse and sententious manner, but which carried with them the conviction of his hearers, or, at any rate, of his hearers in the military clubs. Be that as it may,

I consented to become a director of "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED," and when the prospectus of that establishment appeared in the columns of the *Times*, I flatter myself that the name of Joseph Stronarm, Esq., late Bengal Civil Service, looked as well as that of any of his colleagues in the same list, although it was universally allowed in the city that we had "a very strong direction," so much so, that we were quoted at two and a half to three premium the day after the bank came out, and by the time we had allotted the shares they had risen to five and a half to six premium.

It may be asked what opportunities had I, either as assistant magistrate at Meerut, as joint magistrate at Agra, as assistant commissioner in Oude, as collector at Seetapore, as commissioner in Sewarie, as acting judge in Lahore, or finally, as judge of Beefapooore, to learn anything about banking? I reply, that I had quite as good a chance of learning the trade as any of my brother directors. The chairman of our board was an ex-Indian civil servant, who had formerly been auditor-general, or accountant-general, at one of the Presidencies. Having had for many years to deal with the pay accounts of a vast country, and to check any errors which may have crept into the various collectors' accounts, must have proved an excellent training for the board of a London bank, whose chief business it was to deal with transactions in raw cotton sent from, or Manchester goods sent to, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. Next to our chairman, on the list of our directors, came Colonel Watson, who having for thirty years of his life done nothing but attend "orderly room," drill his men at "field days," look after the riding school of his corps, and blow up the officers at "stables," was equally suited for the duties of a bank director. There were certainly two—and only two out of the twelve that composed the board—of our directors who were mercantile men; but as one of these had spent all his business life in the interior of the Cape Colony, and as the other had brought the firm of which he was a partner to unmistakable and undeniable grief in the Calcutta Insolvent Court, the less we say of them

the better. The list of our directors may be briefly classed as follows: four ex-civil servants of the Indian establishments—ex-judges, ex-collectors, and the like—one ex-colonel of cavalry; one ex-major of infantry; one half-pay naval captain; the two ex-merchants aforesaid; a gentleman who could boast of no trade or calling except that he was a member of Parliament, and two individuals who were nothing, and never had been anything in particular, save that they had handles to their names, the one being the brother of an earl and therefore an honorable, and the other a baronet. It is true we had this much good among us; we appointed an excellent general manager. He was a gentleman of great Indian banking experience, and not only did we give him a liberal salary, but we were wise enough to leave in his hands the appointment of all the local agents and managers, although we certainly did not let him have his own way in managing the affairs of the bank.

No sooner had my name gone forth as a director of "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED," than I was beset on every side to join the boards of all kinds and sorts of companies, not a few of them the most impossible undertakings that the mind of man could conceive. Not a day passed but I received letters from "promoters" of concerns, to which Martin Chuzzlewit's famous Anglo-Bengalee Company was as the Bank of England to the latest joint-stock undertaking out. Every one I saw or mixed with, asked me, as a particular favor, to join this, that, or the other company. It became known somehow or other, that I had twenty (report soon magnified it into a hundred) thousand pounds, which I could invest as I liked, without touching my pension of one thousand pounds a year. I was reported to be a knowing hand, a capital man of business, a long-headed fellow, until at last I really began to believe that my mercantile and banking knowledge only began to show itself, like my gray hair, as I approached the age of fifty; and when I was last persuaded to join the direction of a newly formed finance company, the shares of the concern immediately rose two pounds each on the Stock Exchange.

The directors of "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED," were neither dishonest nor needy men. As times went they discharged their duties conscientiously, and without any after-thought of individual gain. They took it in regular turns to attend the bank every day in addition to the board meetings, which were of course held every week. Nothing was done, no draft accepted or paid—excepting, of course, the current accounts of customers that had balances to their credit—without being signed by a director and countersigned by the manager. If bills were brought for discount, and the bills of lading, invoices and insurances of the goods which those bills represented were deposited at the bank, we made an advance upon them, always leaving a wide margin in our own favor to provide for any possible losses. In short, nothing could be safer or more sure than the business we were doing, and yet at the end of the first half year, although our expenses had been very great on account of what are called preliminary expenses, we were able to declare a dividend at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, and to put by some five thousand pounds towards the formation of a reserve fund. At the same meeting our chairman declared to the assembled shareholders that he would never rest contented until he was able to declare a dividend at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum, and to put by at least ten thousand pounds every half year to the reserve fund. As a matter of course the first general meeting of the bank passed over pleasantly enough, and in consequence of our extremely favorable balance-sheet, the shares of "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA" rose from three to six and a half per cent. premium in a single week. But as there are many of my readers who will not understand by the foregoing what is the nature of the business done in an Anglo-Indian Bank, I will explain for their satisfaction what it chiefly consists of, and how the profits are made.

Let us suppose that the London firm of Jones & Co. receives from their Bombay correspondents, Messrs. Hormasjee, Damasjee, Cursetjee & Co., an order to ship to the latter sundry Manchester, Glasgow, Sheffield, or fancy goods, to

the amount of £10,000. Now, although the house has a fair amount of working capital, it would certainly not suit Messrs. Jones to pay £10,000 down, and be that sum out of pocket until the good ship Alice Black arrives at Bombay—which, as she is a sailing vessel, and proceeds round the Cape of Good Hope, will not be less than four months—until the goods are delivered to Messrs. Hormasjee, and until the last-named firm can remit them the amount due for such goods. What is then to be done? If Jones & Co. were to ask Messrs. Hormasjee to remit the amount of the invoice before they shipped the goods, that illustrious Parsee firm would in all probability cease then and there from ordering anything more from them. And yet Messrs. Jones & Co., having four or five similar orders on hand every month, have certainly not the capital wherewith to pay such immense sums of money, and be out of their funds for so considerable a time. They therefore manage in this wise—and note that the transaction is deemed perfectly legitimate in trade, both in England, in India, and all over the commercial world.

Messrs. Jones & Co., being a firm on good credit, purchase the goods they want upon short credit, say from fourteen days to a month. When bought these goods are at once shipped, and when shipped bills of lading are given by the captain of the ship, without producing which the goods would not be delivered up at the place of the vessel's destination. These bills of lading are then taken by Messrs. Jones to the bank, and bills for three fourths, or two thirds, or perhaps four fifths of the value of the shipment are drawn upon Messrs. Hormasjee, of Bombay, the bank retaining the bills of lading as security, and sending them out to their branch bank at Bombay, with orders not to deliver them up—and consequently not to deliver up the goods—until the bills which are drawn against the bills of lading are paid. The arrangement suits every one, and may be termed the real oil by which the wheels of trade are kept in motion. It suits Messrs. Jones & Co., because they at once obtain from the bank two thirds, or three fourths, of the amount of money they have to pay, and are therefore able to meet their engagements while only

out of pocket a comparatively very small sum. It suits the bank, for that establishment has in hand more than security enough to cover any probable loss by depreciation of the value of the goods, and at the same time charges interest, commission, and goodness know what besides, for the advance, or rather for discounting the bill. It suits the Parsee merchant, out in Bombay, for the bill upon them is drawn at three, four, or six months after sight, and as the goods will be all that time in getting out to India *via* the Cape of Good Hope, they, Messrs. Hormasjee, will only be obliged to pay for them about the time they arrive at Bombay. In short no banking transaction could be more legitimate, more profitable to the bank, and at the same time more secure, than those of a like nature. It is by similar advances, thus secured, that Indian banks make the enormous fortunes they do, and, until lately, pay their shareholders such very large dividends.

It would have been well for "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED," if we had stuck to this line of business. But like all boards of directors at the time I write of—some two years ago, or rather more—we were bitten with the mania of making large profits in a short space of time. Our chairman had said that he would never rest contented until we could declare a dividend of twenty per cent. per annum, and twenty per cent. we were bound to make, even if—as an American would say—we "cracked up" in our endeavors to do so.

At the present day, when the storm which over-speculation caused has burst over our heads, it is easy enough for shareholders to turn round and abuse directors for mismanagement of their funds, but if the truth had to be told, were not the former equally to blame with the latter? If at a general meeting of the company—of any company, whether bank or other—the directors declared a small, or even a comparatively small dividend, did not the wrath of the shareholders fall on their devoted heads? I am quite sure that both at our own and other board rooms of joint-stock banks, whenever cautious measures or careful dealing was advocated, it was overruled purely from fear of what the

shareholders would say if a large dividend was not forthcoming at the end of the half year. And therefore it was that banks whose legitimate business would probably have carried through almost any amount of trouble, were led into transactions which, although perfectly lawful in themselves, were not such as they had either the capital or the connection to carry on, and which ended as we all know more or less by their ruin.

I need hardly say that by the time "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" had been six or seven months in existence, I was so entirely absorbed by business, that I had altogether banished the idea of going to live in the country, at any rate for the present. During all my official career (not even when getting up the native languages in Calcutta for my examination before I could be appointed to any post in India) did I work as hard as at present. Although we lived in the far west of Bayswater, I was up, dressed, breakfasted, and in the city by eleven o'clock, even if it was not my turn to be on duty as director in attendance for the week. To get business for the bank, to hear of more business being obtained, to know how our shares were on the Stock Exchange, to learn the last news and the latest telegrams from India, formed the whole and sole end of my existence. At our second half-yearly meeting the dividend was declared to be at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum, but this did not satisfy either shareholders or directors. We who belonged to the board had made it almost a point of honor that the dividends should be brought up to twenty per cent., and to effect that we determined to spare neither labor nor time.

I have already explained the nature of the business done by an Indian bank, that is, the regular banking transactions which are carried on, and with considerable profit, between London and our shipping ports in India. As a matter of course, the various branch banks of any such establishment in India will always keep current accounts of customers, and discount good local bills, thereby adding not a little to the profits of the concern. To carry this business on in India, where the banking facilities offered to the public do not yet equal the demand, is easy

enough. But not so in London. Here the banks are so many and the competition for profit is so keen, that any new establishment can only expect to have the refuse of bills which other banks will not look at. With caution, and in time, this difficulty, like many others, can no doubt be overcome. But to do so, the manager of a bank must not have English and Indian business on his hands at the same time. This was the first mistake we made, and through it we were led into several other blunders which we might otherwise perhaps have avoided. At any rate, the turning our bank into a London as well as an Indian establishment, and not sticking closely to the work for which we were first instituted, helped not a little to bring us into trouble, and this is how we managed to make mistake number one.

A banker, or a bank—as every one who read the leaders of the *Times* during the late panic must have learned pretty well—is, or ought to be, an individual, or an establishment, that borrows money without interest and lends it, charging for the use of it; and as the very life and soul of a bank is credit, it is able to have as much almost as it wants of other persons' money, for which it is answerable, and which it lends upon security to those who have good security to offer, while both parties are satisfied with their respective shares of the bargain. Thus it suits Mr. A., Mr. B., and Mr. C. to keep their money at a bank, and to make all payments by checks on that establishment. The bank takes charge of their money and is responsible to them for the same. These parties are, as it were, the lenders to the bank. They get—or they used to get in olden days, when banking was conducted on a more legitimate footing than at present—no interest for the money they deposit, but what they pay into the bank is kept in safety, and—to say nothing of the conventional respectability of having "an account with a bank"—they can pay their money by checks, and have their accounts kept for them gratis. These, as I said before, are the lenders to the bank. But there are also borrowers from the same establishment. Mr. D., Mr. E., Mr. F. want to discount their trade bills or to borrow money upon other security. If that se-

curity is good, the banker lends them the amounts they require, and the interest charged forms the profit of the bank. When a business like this is well established, and when it is worked with ordinary caution, banking cannot be otherwise than very profitable. But this must take time, and those who manage it must go very carefully at first. Moreover, banks established for foreign business ought never to enter upon a line which cannot possibly be managed at the same time as that they have already in hand. We did so, and in time found out the mistake we had made.

Nothing is more easy than to get custom for a London bank, but the difficulty is to obtain accounts worth having. When we commenced doing English as well as Indian banking business, there were plenty of clients came to us, and such as brought anything like a respectable introduction we could hardly refuse to take. But, with few exceptions, the histories of all such banking accounts were the same, and one example will serve for fifty. An individual would bring a letter of introduction to the manager, and would open an account with a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds—perhaps more. He would ask and obtain a check book and pass book; but hardly would the ink with which the necessary entries were made be dry, than the checks drawn against the account would come tumbling in, so that in perhaps three days not only was all the money deposited drawn out, but the balance was five, ten, or twenty pounds on the wrong side. A young bank, being as it were afraid of disgusting customers, seldom or never sends back a check because there are no funds to meet it. This is so well known that in London there are numerous adventurers who make it a point to open accounts with new establishments, knowing full well that they will make a few pounds by each such speculation. How they obtain letters of introduction to managers is one of the many wonders of London business life, but that they do so is certain, as is also the fact that they manage to deposit a respectable sum, draw out and pay in money for a time, and then make a final shot at the establishment by a check which draws out all the balance they have, and some pounds

beyond it. This done they are never more heard of, and in vain are they written to and requested to pay in the amount they have overdrawn. They know better than that, and so betake themselves and their sham accounts somewhere else, to serve, in due time, some other establishment as they did that from which they have withdrawn their patronage.

Of accounts like this we got several—many more than we wanted—but of real *bonâ fide* customers who always kept a balance of three or four hundred pounds to their credit, we had not a dozen, and of these the majority were directors. In banking it is well known, unless a customer leaves a certain amount to his credit and never draws below that, his account is not worth having, and it is only young banks that refrain from requesting individuals who do not keep such balances, to withdraw their accounts altogether. This then was our case, and thus began trouble number two of our bank. We had all the risk, all the trouble, and all the work of keeping a number of current accounts, from which, as so few balances were left in our hands, we derived no profit whatever. The reason was obvious. There is so much competition for custom among the London banks, and there are so many well established concerns of the kind, that customers worth having will not go to new establishments; and why should they?

It was the same thing with the bills brought to us for discount. We had either to put up with paper which other banks would not look at, or else to do nothing. Here the same competition for profits told against us. Although the bills we accepted were selected with the utmost care, and quantities of rubbish were rejected, they were worth but little, and if we did not renew or make some arrangement at maturity, we generally found ourselves minus the amount of cash advanced. Of course there were exceptions to the rule, but still our losses were considerable, taking into consideration the comparative small amount of business we did in this particular line. And this, be it remembered with a board of directors as honest and honorable as could be found in England, not one of whom ever thought of obtaining a loan or of discounting on his own account.

Had it been otherwise—had we been given to help each other, or of making advances to each other's friends—the losses of the bank would have been tenfold what they were. We were in fact like so many Colonel Newcomes. With the best of intentions, and the utmost honesty of purpose, we made a terrible mess of London banking business, simply because we knew nothing whatever about it. It was much the same as if we had commenced the trade of coach-making or house-building, or iron foundering, without having ever learned one or other of these callings.

So long as our regular Indian banking flourished, we were able to make a good show in our half-yearly accounts, for what we lost by different customers and bad bills we made up by the profits upon legitimate advances, which were secured by bills of lading, as I have already explained. Thus the one branch of our business was more than balanced by the other. Cotton from India was in great demand, the prices ranging higher and higher; and as the trade in the staple increased in the East so larger and and larger shipments were made, and bills drawn through our Bombay branch were sent to us, amply covered by the produce these bills represented. We were in hopes that while our regular Indian business continued to prosper, our London banking would get better and better, and that in time we should see it established on a firm basis.

But, unfortunately, great prosperity cannot last for ever, and if when it fails in a banking establishment, there have not been prudence and caution in the mode of doing business, the most serious trouble is likely to ensue. We had all but reached the desired goal of a twenty per cent. dividend—our last one being at the rate of eighteen—when, as the prospect of peace in America began to get brighter and brighter, cotton trade in India commenced to look dull, in consequence of the prices on this side getting lower every day. Here we commenced to suffer—not much at first, but after a time our losses got serious. Cotton had, perhaps, been shipped in India, at a supposed value of a shilling a pound, and bills to the value of, perhaps, ninepence a pound had been drawn against it, the

countervalue being paid by one of our Indian branches, and the bill sent home to us. But by the time it reached England the cotton which it had represented had, perhaps, fallen to seven or eight pence a pound, the market having what is called a downward tendency. Sometimes the parties upon whom the bills were drawn would not accept them, and thus the cotton was left on our hands to be sold, almost always at a great loss. In many instances the bills were accepted, but before they arrived at maturity the parties who ought to have paid them failed, and again we were left with cotton on our hands to be sold at a ruinous price. On the other side—in India—things got blacker and blacker. Goods sent from India were sold at less than a fourth of their value, and our branches lost much in the same way (only in greater proportions) that the head establishment in London suffered. To make matters worse a temporary insanity seemed to have seized upon the managers of our Indian branches. They had—as we afterwards found out when too late—advanced large sums of money upon utterly worthless Indian shares, as well as upon buildings, lands, and other kinds of securities which a bank ought never to touch. The consequence of this folly was, that when we expected remittances from India to provide for bad bills and failures in London, we found that our funds were locked up in the East for a considerable time to come, and that even when they became available, the securities would not probably realize a tenth of the money that had been advanced upon them. For this new trouble we directors could hardly be blamed, for it was as impossible for us to be in London and India at the same time, as it would have been to work a bank of this kind and not leave the different managers abroad power to act to the best of their judgment. It is an axiom, and a very proper one, in commerce, that every principal is bound by the acts of his acknowledged agent, and consequently we, the directors of the board at the head office in London, were obliged to confirm the doings of our managers in the East, no matter how much we disapproved of those acts. Against this kind of misfortune there

is no positive or certain guarantee. The directors of company can always, or in a great measure at any rate, insure their shareholders against the dishonest acts of a subordinate, and in all cases insist upon persons so employed finding a proper guarantee for a considerable sum. But to guard against disobedience of orders is impossible, and if no actual fraud can be discovered, the utmost punishment they can inflict on the subordinate who slights their directions, is to dismiss him from their service.

But the British shareholder is the last man to listen to reason if he believes his pocket is to be touched, and in most cases, he, by his own yelling, brings down the house upon his own head. Our next meeting was by no means a pleasant one. All kinds of Indian securities were getting lower and lower, and our shares, being those of a young bank, fell very considerably. The board of directors were accused of all sort of negligence, and some of the intelligent individuals present went so far as to hint that we, no doubt, "stood in to win" something considerable by the depreciation of these same shares. It was in vain that we offered to prove by the books of the bank that we were all large shareholders in the concern, and that some of us who had bought in when the shares were at a premium were very heavy losers indeed. In my own case I had purchased no less than fifteen hundred shares when they were quoted at one pound premium, and now they were at three pounds discount, being a loss of four pounds per share, or of £6000 upon the transaction. In place of the twenty per cent. interest, and the few years' work in London, by which I hoped to purchase my estate, the money I had brought home from India was reduced by more than a fourth. So much for amateur banking by those who, however good their intentions may be, do not understand the science.

By some means or other—chiefly by turning deaf ears to the insults passed upon us by many of the shareholders—we managed to get over this meeting, and determined to do or to die during the next six months, so as to present a better balance-sheet and to raise the price of our shares. There was but one way of effecting this change, and in

adopting the method we did but follow the example set us by many of the banks and other monetary institutions around us. I allude to the system of "financing" which had become so very common with a number, not only of "finance" companies, but also with numerous banks, discounting establishments, and the like. To "finance"—so far as the art is understood in England, where it has been but partially developed as yet—is to charge high interest and commission, for accepting, or becoming responsible for pecuniary liabilities, which, if only from the long date of the securities, can hardly be termed good. Thus, among many other instances: a builder that was erecting a new square, or street, was in want of money to complete his work. He came to us, and gave us a mortgage upon these houses which, as yet, were but half finished, and in return we accepted the bills he drew upon us, which bills he got discounted elsewhere, and for which transaction we charged him at the rate of thirty, forty, or fifty per cent., without having parted with any cash, and holding in our hands mortgages of double the amount of the bills we had accepted. To the uninitiated this may seem a most profitable business, and so it is so long as there is no panic in the money market. But the moment that there is any difficulty about discounting bills, the builder, as a matter of course, fails, and those who have given their acceptances are left to provide for the same, with nothing to fall back on except a mortgage which cannot be turned into money for, perhaps, many months.

As a matter of course, we, the directors of "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED," did not give out publicly that we were "financing"—no bank ever does. But we worked the newly discovered mine, which we believed to be inexhaustible, and as the money market was once pretty easy, we managed to make up—on paper—for the losses we had incurred during the previous half year. At the first general meeting held after the "financing" system had been commenced, we were able to declare a dividend at the rate of fifteen per cent. per annum, and the value of our shares rose in a few days from three discount to three premium. As a matter of course

nothing could be more cordial than the reception which we directors received at that meeting from our shareholders. Whether they would have greeted us so well had they known the serious risks we were running, is another question. But this much I will say, which is, that the board of directors, one and all, believed firmly that the ultimate results of the "financing" scheme would be of immense benefit to the bank. We were all bitten with the mania of making money upon the security of documents which were really not available in any way for converting into cash, and as the scheme appeared to work well enough for the present, we did not care for—or did not think of—the future. That we believed our operations to be for the benefit of the shareholders, may be inferred from the fact that although our shares rose in value every day, there was not one of the directors that sold a single share, while there were many of us that purchased more and more of our scrip. Of the latter I was one, so much so that after a short time, had I been called upon to pay up the full amount for which I was liable on my shares, it would have absorbed nearly the whole of my £20,000 of savings which I had brought home from India. But I had no fear for the ultimate result of our operations. A new creed had been preached in the City of London, and among its apostles were to be found some of the most "respectable" of our commercial men. According to this belief, boldness and courage were all that were wanted to make money. No matter how long dated, or how utterly unavailable to turn into cash was the security offered, the new school of "finance" believed that it would all come right some day. Who was I that I should set my experience and my Indian wisdom against the ideas of the great men of Lombard and Threadneedle streets? And so I, like the rest of my brother directors, went with the crowd, and followed to the very utmost the "go-ahead" principle that had lately been imported into the country from abroad.

It is fair to say that in its "financing" operations "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" succeeded very much better than it had during the rather short career of London banking

which it had tried, and failed to make anything of except a large crop of bad debts. Some projects we "financed" were magnificent in conception and wonderful in idea. Thus a short line of railway had to be constructed, but the capital was not subscribed for by the public. Now the chief person interested in getting up this railway was the contractor who was to make it. Not only did he hope and expect that the contract would be a most profitable one, but he and certain friends had purchased for a mere song some iron and coal mines, the value of which would be increased a hundredfold if a railway could be brought to the mouths of the pits. But the British public did not seem to see this; and so, in spite of advertisement after advertisement in all the public papers, there were but thirty or forty thousand pounds worth of *bona fide* applications for shares in a line which required a capital of at least £500,000. In his distress the contractor came to us, and offered us any interest we liked to name on the security of paid-up shares of the line, as well as mortgages on the mines, if we would advance him the money in bills which he could get discounted. The affair took a very long time to negotiate, for even we directors of the "advanced" commercial school thought it somewhat too large an undertaking for our establishment to engage in alone. But, to make a long story short, the business was settled, and it was in this way we arranged it.

A Paris bank—French bankers will engage in "financing" to any amount, in fact they consider it a part of their legitimate business—was to draw on us at three months' date in sets of bills of £500 each, to the amount of £500,000. These bills—which, being drawn by one bank and accepted by another, would be very easily discounted—were to be made over to the contractor, who, in return, gave us paid-up shares and debentures upon the future line, to the amount of £1,000,000 sterling, as security for his bond, payable in three equal instalments in one, two, and three years, besides a mortgage of £250,000 upon his iron and coal mines, which was also payable in three years. We—that is, the two banks—took upon ourselves the keeping up the bills, that is, of renewing them again and again, in

various forms and in different ways, until the three years were over, and we had realized the shares, debentures, and mortgages. Thus, for an advance upon paper of £500,000, we were in three years to get £1,250,000.* Moreover, "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK" charged the contractor two per cent. for negotiating the transaction, and the French bank charged him ten per cent. for discounting the bills, which it immediately rediscounted at six per cent. This commission cost our customer £10,000, and the discount £50,000, for which—having little or no available funds of his own—he had to give his bill, backed by sundry friends and partners in the transaction.

As a matter of course nothing could look better on paper than this immense profit as it appeared in our accounts for the current half year. We did not enter into any details, but simply carried out gains to the right side of the profit and loss account. In order to put ourselves in funds for the purpose of paying dividends, we discounted some of the paper we held, and thus were able not only to declare but to pay a dividend at the rate of no less than thirty per cent. per annum. No wonder our twenty-five pound shares, but on which only ten pounds had been paid up, were quoted at £30, or £20 premium.

Still less surprising were the bland and contented looks of our shareholders, and the cordial manner with which they agreed to all our chairman said, and the unanimous vote of thanks to him and the board with which the proceedings ended. For my own part, I felt so certain that the wherewithal to purchase an estate in my own county was almost within my grasp, that I once more set about consulting all the advertisements I could find respecting properties for sale. And so confident was I that the prosperity of our bank must go on increasing, that I not only laid out every shilling I had on shares, but actually borrowed money, by mortgaging my pension, in order to buy more and more of our scrip.

A second and a third profitable half year brought us to the zenith of our

* This story may be deemed imaginary, but, with alterations of names and circumstances, it is strictly true.

prosperity. We had many large undertakings on hand, and many more knocking at our door. It was perfectly fabulous how we made money. The British public were always ready to deposit cash with us at six or seven per cent., and to borrow our acceptances at fifteen. So numerous were the contracts, loans, and general "financing" business we had at work, that we really lost sight of many of them. We issued new shares, and men of birth, of means, of standing, as well as education, in the world, were ready to kiss our feet in order to get even a small portion of these promises of future wealth. We got three or four new directors, two of them M.P.'s, with great city respectability; but, alas! for us all, and for me in particular, the day of reverses came, and almost before the storm was at its worst, our good ship was wrecked on the shoals of discredit.

Who can tell what first causes one of those panics which brings on a commercial crisis? To describe one of these financial storms would be a work of supererogation, considering how lately we have witnessed the hurricane which swept over the City of London during the month of May. The tempest in which our good ship "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" was destroyed, differed in no material degree from other monetary bad weather. It began with a very slight gale, which after a time fell away again, leaving behind it a calm during which no vessel could make any way. Then the wind rose again: from a stiff breeze it increased to a gale, from a gale to a storm, a storm to a hurricane, from which all the vessels indifferently commanded suffered more or less. But my object is to relate how it was that the ship in which I and all my property had embarked became a helpless wreck.

For some days past things had been "looking queer in the City," and (as is invariably the case, although I never could see any reason for it, except to increase distrust, and make people believe that things must get worse before they are better) the directors of the Bank of England raised the rates of discount. Another week passed over, and they increased the rate a further one per cent. By this time it was difficult to discount

any but the very best paper, and, following the example set them by the Bank of England, the larger discount houses refused any but the most unexceptionable bills. Believing the pressure to be but temporary, and hoping we should tide over the difficulty, we endeavored to place ourselves in funds sufficient to meet any minor engagements. For this purpose our manager posted over to Paris, and after a "financial operation" with some of our friends in that capital, he returned with about £500,000 of bills, drawn by us, accepted by a very good French financial company, and indorsed by a first-class bank. What we paid for this little "accommodation," it is not for me to say; in fact, misfortunes came so thickly upon us about this time, that I can hardly recollect the details of events as they happened. To the best of my belief the operation was conducted upon the good old Scotch system, of "scratch me and I'll scratch you." In any case, it was a purely "accommodation" piece of business; but was not any temporary scheme better than allowing a concern of such magnitude to go to utter ruin? Our object in getting these bills was to try and stop the leaks in the vessel until the storm went down, when we believed we should be able to save all the cargo; but it was destined to be otherwise.

The first set of these bills which we got discounted amounted to £50,000, and this we effected without much trouble at the Bank of England. With the proceeds we paid off several comparatively small acceptances rather than renew them, and thus so far established confidence that even during the panic our shares, which had fallen from twenty to five premium, recovered one and a half during a single forenoon, and this in the middle of the panic. A day or two later, and we discounted at one of the Lombard-street establishments a further batch of £25,000 of bills, and as we set this money in circulation directly, it was firmly believed that, although houses around us were falling in every direction, we should be able to weather the storm. Moreover, by this time everybody believed the worst of the panic to be over, and that we should all see fine weather again. A third batch of bills for £25,000 which we discounted with our regular

bankers, made on the whole £100,000 of the £500,000 which we had thrown on the market, and we thought that with a very small additional help, we should be able to pull through; of the ultimate results we had not up to this time the slightest mistrust. It was an anxious time for us all. For seventeen or eighteen days nearly every director of our board was in the office by nine o'clock, and no one left the City until the very last of the latest telegrams had been received from abroad. We had all a very large stake in the concern, and for our own sakes, as well as for that of the shareholders, we were determined if possible to save the ship from destruction.

The worst of the panic had begun to subside, and there was a much easier feeling everywhere in the City, although all banks and financial shares were nearly unsalable. In the Board Room of "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" we began to breathe again, and our faces were not quite so long and careworn as they had been. It was our regular board day, and the manager had just reported that he would require about £10,000 to carry him over the week, as there were a few small acceptances becoming due. He was directed to send that amount of bills to the Bank of England for discount, and proceeded to carry out his instructions. Later in the afternoon we were not a little surprised to learn that the Bank had declined to take the paper, and we had accordingly to seek elsewhere for the accommodation we required. We did not like the look of the thing, but as there was no particular hurry, we delayed until next day seeking what we wanted at any of the discount houses. But somehow or other the story had got abroad, and by the following morning every chattering member of the Stock Exchange had his own story to tell as to how "THE MALABAR" had tried to discount twenty, thirty, forty, a hundred thousand pounds—any amount you like, in fact—and had failed in so doing. Then came the fables invented partly for the mere sake of appearing to know something of our affairs, and partly for the sake of "bearing" our shares. By some it had been reported that we had lost £50,000 by the Torres Vedras bank; that we owed Messrs.

Sillibeer of Berlin 4,000,000 of francs, or £160,000, and that we held dishonored acceptances of the "Patent Iron Ship Building Company Limited" for nearly as much more. In short there was no story too absurd, or too improbable, for the monetary world to believe concerning us. Our shares that morning fell from par to three discount, and what was still worse, when we took the £10,000 which we wanted to discount to our banker, he declined to touch the paper. It was in vain that we proved to this gentleman that as we had already weathered the worst of the storm we should now, if only helped on a little, get over all our difficulties and face all our liabilities. Not even the still stronger argument that what between us and various persons who did business with us, the banker would infallibly lose upwards of £100,000 if we stopped, had any effect with this gentleman or his partners: he had made up his mind not to go further, and like a true British man of business, mistook obstinacy for firmness, and pig-headedness for determination. The rest of that day and the next was spent in fruitless endeavors to obtain the £10,000 we wanted, and which I really believe would have enabled us to get over the crisis. But it was of no use. Story after story about us, the most improbable and absurd, was invented, circulated, and believed. We went so far as to offer to deposit £100,000 of bills accepted by the French bank as security for a loan of ten or fifteen thousand pounds. The depositors in shoals gave notice that they would withdraw their deposits in seven or fourteen days, according to the notice to which we were entitled; and many of them asked to be allowed to take their money at once, minus a discount at a very high rate of interest. Of course such a state of things could not last long. For a day or two we put the best face possible upon the state of affairs, but matters gradually got worse and worse, and so in less than a week the money articles of the various papers announced that "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" had suspended payment, and that the shareholders were going to petition the Court of Chancery for a compulsory winding up of the concern. I was now a beggar, or little better.

Having been behind the scenes, I knew well enough that the bank would never pay half a crown in the pound, for that our fall must bring down many of the firms and establishments which owed, or were supposed to owe, us money. Not only were my entire savings of £20,000 swallowed up in this concern, but so certain had I been of success that I had mortgaged my pension of £1000 to the amount of nine tenths, so that I had now but £100 a year to live upon, and even at this rate, it would take nearly ten years to pay off what I had borrowed.

"THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" is now being wound up by a firm of accountants, who, with the solicitor for the liquidation and a host of other individuals, seem to make an uncommonly good thing of it; and I am living upon my pittance in a fourth-rate French country town, barely able to pay my way, and only of use in serving as an example to other retired Indians not to dabble in finance companies, banks, or any other City business, which is pretty certain, sooner or later, to bring them to grief. But, poor as I am, I would not exchange even my present difficulties for the incessant worry and anxiety of my life when I formed one of the board of "THE MALABAR BANK," during the last three months of its existence. And yet how many "old Indians" are there whose history, since they returned to England, has been but a counterpart of my own! If such men would but remember that it is almost impossible for retired magistrates or colonels, who have passed the best part of their lives away from England, to make good directors of public companies, and that a high rate of interest is but another name for bad security, there would be much less misery of the kind I have endeavored to depict than exists at present. But I fear that these are matters on which it is hopeless to try and make men wise.

Wady Yabis is a wide valley, and not pretty. We were intent upon finding the site of Pella, but were not quite successful. We were no doubt close to it, but our Souf guides were most troublesome, trying to dodge the right road, and go by paths which they did not know, in order to escape meeting enemies, and they perplexed us and misled us, till at last we had to take a man from a village we passed through, as it was clear that the Souf men were not to be trusted. We met two Bedouins in one unfrequented valley, riding splendid mares, evidently of the greatest value. But all the villagers about here have fine mares, whom they would not part with for almost any money. In the middle of the day we stopped for luncheon in a sandy wady leading down straight into the Jordan valley. Michael sent the mules on with the villager for guide; we kept the untrustworthy Soufites with us. One of them had disappeared, which we thought suspicious. On our way down to the Jordan we scrambled up one or two little hills in our search for Pella, and were struck with the beauty of the view. Right across the river was the embouchure of the great plain of Esdraelon, with the ruins of Bethshan in the middle distance. Far away on the opposite horizon was the long dark ridge of Carmel. To the left of the plain were the mountains of Gilboa, on the right Little Hermon and Tabor, and the hills between us and Nazareth. Far away northwards was the magnificent ridge of Hermon, snow-capped; and to the right again the blue spurs of hills south of Damascus. Between Hermon and Tabor, the tops of the Lebanon range where the cedars grow were just visible; the Sea of Tiberias, too, was beautifully apparent. The hills we were descending, are the last spurs of the mountains of Bashan, melting away into the Ghor. The wady by which we entered it was the Wady Seklab. Pella is further south, and, thanks to the stupidity of our guides, we missed visiting the actual spot. All down the lower slopes of the valley the grass was being burned to destroy locusts, of which there are legions this year. It was so curious to see the fire running along the ground, licking up grass and locusts, and before it a whole

Bentley's Miscellany.

A FORTNIGHT'S RIDE EAST OF JORDAN.

APRIL 22D.—Our ride to-day was for the most part uninteresting; we had got out of the tract of forest land, and the

army of the insects were retreating, hopping and scrambling up the flower-stalks and grass blades; they watched with solemn faces the approach of the destroyer, falling with their last fortress as the flame caught it right into the fire. It is quite distressing to see the ravages of the locusts this year. In some places they blacken the ground under your feet, and are literally *inches deep* on the grass. And the trees they attack are so covered with the swarms that you cannot see leaf or twig! Whole tracts of country have to be burned to destroy them. As we emerged into the Jordan valley, we caught sight of a formidable party of Bedouins on a little rising ground about a mile from us. Michael took alarm, as he always does, and the guides were terrified. We were not left long in doubt as to their intentions, for they instantly detached two horsemen, who came at a swift gallop across the low scrub, with their long lances in rest. Our guides rode on. We four turned to meet them. And, as I anticipated, they were the right sort, well affected to government. They took Michael for a Bashi-Bazouk, and asked for Aghile and the Adwân, and, after a short parley, they turned their handsome mares towards the Jordan and cantered away. It was a picturesque little episode, and worth anything to see the pace they came along to cut off our retreat, if we had meditated anything of the sort. We reached the bridge at five o'clock, and are now close to a camp of Turkish soldiers on the banks of the river. We dismissed our rascally Souf guides to-night, firmly declining to give any *bakshish*. The present Scheik, Achmet by name, has a collection of testimonials from English travellers, which belonged to his father, Scheik Yussuf, lately deceased. These he shows with great pride, perfectly unaware that they are more truthful than complimentary, and convey to the reader the forcibly-expressed opinion, that Yussuf was the greatest rascal and liar going! He asked for our testimonial, which E. wrote to the following effect: "That Achmet inherited all the virtues of his late father." The name of the bridge over the Jordan here is Jisr Meyamia. It is not in ruins, as Porter states.

APRIL 23D.—Sunday. Our people and mules were glad of a rest. E. and I, accompanied by Michael and a local guide, rode leisurely down the banks of the Jordan to Bethshan, about seven miles from here—a place full of interest, as a site; the ruins that now remain are, I confess, disappointing; the most interesting bit of ruin is the Khan, now turned into a residence for the villagers. It has a very handsome Saracenic arched entrance; the arch is composed of alternate blocks of black basalt and limestone, which has a very excellent effect. The remains of the theatre are nothing worth looking at after Amman and Jerash, and the fort is also a complete ruin. There is the site of the Acropolis, which is, however, interesting. No doubt the ruined foundations of the wall belonged to the ancient Bethshan. The bodies of Saul and Jonathan were fastened to these walls after the fatal battle of Gilboa, and from there they were taken down by the grateful Jabesh Gileadites. The Acropolis is one of those round, curious-looking mounds, which are so very plentiful in the Ghor. It commands a fine view across the valley, and from it you see Pella most distinctly, or rather the site of Pella, on its long low terrace. Er Rubad is also visible, crowning the distant hill-top. We made out clearly the debouchure of Wady Yabis into the Ghor. We found two American gentlemen encamped close to the Khan; one is the consul at Beyrouth, the other a resident there—Dr. Thompson. I ought to mention that from the Acropolis the view is very pretty looking westwards. Gilboa looks quite close on one's left, and the beautiful plain of Esdraelon stretches out before you past the fountain of Ain Jalud, to the very walls of Jezreel. On our return we remarked especially the pretty glimpse we got of the Jordan between its reedy banks, here particularly distinguished by the broad belt of tropical foliage. As we neared the camp, the fine double head of snowy Hermon came in view. To-morrow we are going back to Pella. Close to the bridge here is such a curious patch of black basalt cropping out of the bank. It is used in the construction of the bridge. Bethshan is almost entirely built of it.

APRIL 24TH.—At last we have made out our visit to Pella. Making an early

start, we retraced our steps along the Jordan valley, to the mouth of Wady Seklab; a short half hour beyond that brought us to the little Tell, upon which are situated the ruined remains of Pella. A good many broken columns and pieces of pediment lie at the foot of the Tell, close by the fountain. I observed, also, a large stone sarcophagus near the ruins. The view is similar to the view I described from the hills above, which we admired on our way from Ba-oun. Shortly after leaving the ruins, on our return to the camp, we fell in with a strong party of Bashi-Bazouks, about a hundred of as disreputable looking gentlemen as I ever saw. They rode up to us, and instantly inquired if we had seen a number of Bedouins with cattle and horses passing by. We had not, and said so. They did not believe us, evidently. At last, they rode away up a wady, and we rode home. It was *very* hot, and on reaching the tent we were not surprised to find the thermometer had been 123 deg. at mid-day. Not long after our return, the Bashi-Bazouks came triumphantly into the Turkish camp announcing that they had captured the train of animals which were with the Bedouins; news also came from Tiberias that Aghile Agha's men, with a party of Adwân, had swept down early this morning and carried off cattle and horses from Semakh, killing four men. *These were the Bedouins that we just missed falling in with.* I am sorry, for it would have been quite an adventure to meet a regular Bedouin marauding party returning with their spoil to the mountains of Bashan. Before sunset this evening I had a most charming dip in the Jordan. The river is swift and deep even here. We found, however, a delightful little nook, where there was a break in the beds of bamboo-cane and oleander, and where a willow hung over the river. One yard from the bank the water was up to my waist, and even there I felt the current. It was most refreshing to dip right under the water on such a hot afternoon.

APRIL 25TH.—Before starting this morning, I made a little sketch of the bridge. The river is very pretty just by the bridge. There is a little island below it, with oleander growing on it, covered at present with flowers. We heard from

Michael, as we were riding away, the real version of the Adwân raid on Semakh. Goblan himself led the party; they crossed the Jordan by a ford below the bridge, near Beisan, came up under the hills, close past the Turkish camp in the night, harried Semakh, and returned by the same route early in the morning. They must have preceded us by a bare hour, turning up one of the wadys north of the Wady Seklab. They made good their retreat. The Bashi-Bazouks never came up with them at all; but finding some peaceful Bedouins of the Ghor feeding a flock of goats close to where we had our meeting with them, they carried off these goats, and returned to Tabor, whence they had come in the morning. The officer in command of the Turkish troops was aware of the whole transaction, but he said he could not interfere, having no cavalry. We took a guide to Umkeis from the camp, but he lost his way on leaving the Jordan valley, which made us longer than we need have been. As we wound our way along the low ridge of hills, we came suddenly upon a couple of wild boars, accompanied by a numerous family of young ones. They went off at their best pace, grunting melodiously. We had nothing but small shot in the guns, unfortunately, or else the pair would not have got away scot free as they did. Soon after, two lovely gazelles started up, really close to us, and went away. I never had so good a look at wild gazelles before. Eagles we saw two or three times in the course of the day. Two hours' ride brought us to Umkeis, the ancient Gadara, most beautifully situated on the crest of a rounded hill, having a splendid view over the sea of Tiberias and all its surrounding mountains. This hill is a spur of the north-western extremity of the mountains of Gilead. To the north of the ruins and some three miles distant is the deep bed of the Sheri-at-el-Mandhur, the ancient Jarmuk, which is a pretty stream winding down to join the Jordan, between beds of oleander. The ruins of Gadara, the capital of Perea, are extensive, but except the two theatres, none are recognizable to the ordinary traveller. One of these theatres facing west is in tolerable preservation, the other is a complete ruin. The city boasted of a street of

columns, similar to the one at Gerasa, but now these columns are all prostrate. The paved street, however, is in many places quite perfect, and it is most interesting to trace the deep wheel-ruts which are distinctly visible in several parts of it. Some ten minutes' ride beyond the ruins are the celebrated tombs which were inhabited in our Saviour's time by maniacs. We passed immense numbers of sarcophagi, some of them adorned with rude sculpture of figures, and faces, and garlands, "gods and genii," Mr. Porter says. The tombs are most interesting. They are excavated in the limestone rock, and many of them have doors, which open and shut, cut out of solid blocks of basalt. They are fitted most ingeniously, having projecting pieces of stone at the top and bottom, rounded and made to fit into corresponding sockets in the door-sill and the lintel. They are ornamented in some instances with *bands and nails* cut in the stone to resemble iron-work; in one I found something like a *knocker*, with a hole cut through, doubtless to insert the finger, in order to pull the heavy door to. Among the ruins I gathered a lovely large iris, purple, with delicate brown pencilling on the leaves; it smelt deliciously sweet. We found Bedouins of the Ghor camped here. An hour's ride down the steep descent brought us to the Sheri-at-el-Mandhur, where we rested and lunched under the shade of the thickets of oleander which cover the banks. I never saw such a profusion of flowers on the oleander anywhere. The spring was surrounded with invalids, who come here from various parts of Syria for their health's sake. It was considered only second to the hot springs of Baia, in the days of the Romans. We rode for some way down the western bank of the Mandhur, here a precipitous cliff—the haunt of eagles. It is a wild, beautiful place. We turned down (for the last time) into the Jordan valley, and rode past Semakh, the valley which had just suffered from the Bedouin raid. It is deserted, the inhabitants having fled in all directions. At the ford across the Jordan we found a boat, which is an unusual luxury. It is here that the river issues from the lake of Tiberias a clear, broad, and swift stream. We swam the

horses over, and they were speedily resaddled. Our way to Tiberias lay along the shores of the lake, a beautiful ride of an hour and a half.

Saturday Review.

MISS ROSSETTI'S POEMS.*

MISS ROSSETTI'S poems are of the kind which recalls Shelley's definition of poetry as "the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." As an account of all poetry—of poetry in the abstract—this is too visibly inadequate, unless "best" is used in a sense which begs the question; but it describes with a peculiar nicety the temper and quality of compositions which are full of tenderness and susceptibility and grace, though lacking the size and energy which are the distinctive marks of all high and enduring sorts of poetry. There is a lightly tuneful meditateness about most of Miss Rossetti's verses which in a manner stamps them thus, as records of the best moments of one of the happiest minds. They have the delicious and truly poetic effect of striking us as things overheard, as if they were the unconscious outcome of the most harmonious moods, in which a hearer is neither suspected nor wished. They are like the piping of a bird on a spray in the sunshine, or the quaint singing with which a child amuses itself when it forgets that anybody is listening. There is not much thinking in them, not much high or deep feeling, no passion, and no sense of the vast blank space which a great poet always finds encompassing the ideas of life and nature and human circumstance. But they are melodious and sweet, and marked with that peculiar calm which lay at the root of Shelley's notion of happiness as an essential condition of poetry. Praise is so extravagantly lavished on people who are very naturally more than content to be judged as minor poets, that when one comes to describe a person who is really a poet, but still only with comparatively slender powers of flight, the right words have ceased to be available because all

* *The Prince's Progress; and other Poems.* By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

the sap has been taken out of them by repeated misapplications. Versifiers are often called melodious with as much title as blue milk has to be called savory. They are called sweet with as much title as a last year's fir-cone has to be called succulent. And they are praised for a poetic calm when in truth they are only dull with a dulness that is much worse than prosaic. If the name of minor poets is used up by those who are not poets at all, or who at least ought to descend to the lowest place and be called "minimous" poets, there is no class left in which writers like Miss Rossetti, and perhaps four others now living, can be ranged with justice and distinctness.

Neither the *Prince's Progress* nor the shorter poems that follow can be said to open up veins of thought and feeling that are new, but there is a certain quaint originality both in the versification and in the concrete style in which the writer delights to treat all her fancies. Her mind works not through abstract ideas, but through embodied images. For analysis, for the metaphysical style which so pleases a rather morbid and self-conscious generation, for exploring the niceties of mind, she has not much more taste than the writer of *Æsop's Fables* can have had. All her visions of social and moral truths seem to come to her through pictures, and to stay in her mind in the pictorial shape. Instead of analyzing her ideas, she embodies and dramatizes them. Concrete form and color and action are the modes to which she seems naturally and invariably to turn, and by which alone her poetic sensibilities are quickened or satisfied. And if we reflect that the balance of modern poetic feeling inclines hugely to all sorts of analogies and introspection and ponderings meant to be profound, it is at once a sign of originality in the poet, and a recommendation to the lover of poetry, to follow a totally different fashion and produce verses of a quaint and unwonted type. It is this vivid and picturesque way of moulding her subjects which compensates to some extent for Miss Rossetti's want of strong grasp and expansiveness. Nearly every stanza presents a picture full of color and movement. Even death seems only to suggest the cessation of things that are visible and palpable :

"Life is not sweet. One day it will be sweet

To shut our eyes and die :

Nor feel the wild flowers blow nor birds dart by

With fitting butterfly,

Nor grass grow long above our heads and feet,

Nor hear the happy lark that soars sky-high,

Nor sigh that spring is fleet and summer fleet,

Nor mark the waxing wheat,

Nor know who sits in our accustomed seat.

Life is not good. One day it will be good

To die, then live again ;

To sleep meanwhile ; so not to feel the wane

Of shrunk leaves dropping in the wood,

Nor hear the foamy lashing of the main,

Nor mark the blackened bean-fields, nor where stood

Rich ranks of golden grain

Only dead refuse stubble clothe the plain ;

Asleep from risk, asleep from pain."

The Seasons, that to most modern poets suggest reflections on men's lives and lot, or on the curious inner forces of earth and sun and winds, or on the unfathomable mysteries of nature in her deeper workings, are to the authoress only as beautiful everchanging paintings. For example, under the title of "A Year's Windfalls," she goes through the twelve months of the year in as many short stanzas. Thus :

"In the parching August wind

Cornfields bow the head,

Sheltered in round valley depths,

On low hills outspread.

Early leaves drop loitering down

Weightless on the breeze,

First fruits of the year's decay

From the withering trees."

There is no great strength or force in this or in any other detached stanza ; but a poem, unlike a chain, may be stronger than its weakest part, and the general effect here is very far from commonplace. Miss Rossetti has a gift of handling even commonplace ideas in so vivid and concrete a way as almost to rescue them from their own character. Nothing is more ordinary than the notion, nothing certainly more fallacious, that gentle, soft, half-characterless things are more faithful in adversity than those of stronger nature. Yet Miss Rossetti has reproduced it in an odd conceit which is more than tolerable :

"Did any bird come flying
After Adam and Eve,
When the door was shut against them,
And they sat down to grieve?

"I think not Eve's peacock
Splendid to see,
And I think not Adam's eagle,
But a dove may be.

"Did any beast come pushing
Through the thorny hedge,
Into the thorny, thistly world,
Out from Eden's edge?

"I think not a lion,
Though his strength is such,
But an innocent loving lamb
May have done as much."

There is a fifth stanza, but it scarcely adds much force or significance of any kind. Indeed, this is not the only place in which the labor of the file would have been useful. A good many tame and rather slovenly verses have been left which ought either to have been cut out or polished into something more shapely. It is all very well to resist the temptation to substitute mere artificial emphasis instead of an idea, but a dull, pointless cadence, such as now and again occurs in these verses, is almost as bad as if it were the sheerest artifice. And there is so much genuine and charming melody in Miss Rossetti's verse that these occasional slips jar more than enough. We cannot help looking upon the song to the swallow, for instance, as a too audacious attempt to be simple. One stanza will show the nature of the endeavor, and also, we fancy, how jarring and unmelodious is the result:

"There goes the swallow—
Could we but follow!
Hasty swallow, stay,
Point us out the way;
Look back swallow, turn back swallow, stop
swallow."

Two other stanzas, constructed on the same pattern, do not by any means mend matters. And the last lines leave one almost angry:

"Only we must stay,
Must not follow; good-by, swallow, good
swallow."

This unsuccessful piece of affected jingle contrasts strongly with a very pretty and musical song on the next page:

"Deeper than the hail can smite,
Deeper than the frost can bite,
Deep asleep through day and night,
Our delight.

"Now thy sleep no pang can break,
No to-morrow bid thee wake,
Not our sobs who sit and ache
For thy sake.

"Is it dark or light below?
Oh, but is it cold like snow?
Dost thou feel the green things grow
Fast or slow?

"Is it warm or cold beneath?
Oh, but is it cold like death?
Cold like death without a breath,
Cold like death."

As is natural in a poet whose mind always turns to concrete realizations of her ideas, Miss Rossetti seldom or never indulges in one of the common vices of modern writers—a deliberate distortion and involution of language for the sake of presenting a superficial thought as if it were something dark and subtle. It is not so clear that she does not almost run into an opposite extreme, drawing her pictures with too little shade, and leaving too little for the imagination of the onlooker. The effect is like that of a mediæval picture, with its high horizons and stiff lines and general effect of *newness*. The true lover of poetry seeks places where "the hidden waters lie." Downright obscurity is an offence in all cases, but there is a very wide difference between this and the occasional interposition of a line or a stanza suggesting distance and remote space. An uninterrupted succession of sensuous pictures, however pure in conception and clear in execution, is in danger of palling. The *Prince's Progress*, for example, abounds in the most exquisitely-colored stanzas. Thus:

"By willow courses he took his path,
Spied what a nest the kingfisher hath,
Marked the fields green to aftermath,
Marked where the red-brown field-mouse
ran,
Loitered awhile for a deep-stream bath,
Yearned for a fellow-man."

Or again:

"Oh, a moon-face in a shadowy place,
And a light touch and a winsome grace,
And a thrilling tender voice that says:

'Safe from waters that seek the sea—
Cold waters by rugged ways—
Safe with me.'"

But this profusion of figure and color and movement, charming as it is, makes us alive to the want of a dim and suggestive background. It may be said that the whole poem is a sustained piece of suggestive allegory, and it is true that each picture may stand for some moral counterpart. Even in this case there still remains an absence of shadow. But as everybody with a thin tiny surface of poetic sensibility tries to imitate Mr. Tennyson's language, and throws out nothing but shadow, the projection of feeble passion and superficial introspection, it is unreasonable to complain that Miss Rossetti has chosen a better path of her own.

London Society.

BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

THE books of the season are as much a part of the season as the operas or the Royal Academy. It is true that they are not so exactly defined within limitations of time and subject, but there is a great deal more method about the production of books than might be supposed; there is a certain order and rule of procedure, although, appealing to all varieties of minds and interests, they are with difficulty grouped and classified. The book season begins earlier and ends later than the ordinary season, and the best time of the season is hardly the best time for books. And yet what would the season be if it were not for books and the discussion of books? Beyond this there are certain books which are especially books of the season; which spring from the season, belong to it, and are nothing without it. Now we propose in this paper to chat a little about books which people have been chatting a great deal about during the season, and in addition we shall examine the peculiar literary phenomena of what in a narrower sense are books of the season.

It is about Christmas, or a little before, that the first shower of books alights, numerous as the snow-flakes. As a rule this does not consist of the lightest of

light literature, easily read and speedily forgotten. That gay efflorescence comes out with the blooms and blossoms of the spring and early summer. The books which will be reviewed, quoted, criticised, sensationalized, come out before the commencement of the parliamentary session. You may be sure that there is a reason for this. Publishers of books are astute people who make their publications after long acquaintance with the ways of the world. They select for their big books and their important ventures the only time of the year in which busy people have much time to attend to anything that demands much intellectual exertion. In the season itself people are too busily and agreeably occupied to study. After the season they are too tired to do much except to turn over the leaves of *London Society* to the sweet music of the summer waves. But to come into the library on a winter morning when the snow is lying deep on the lawn and the winds are shrilly screaming through the grove — this hot weather the very recollection is cool and delightful — most pleasant it is, the *Times* being glanced at and put away, to open up that noble parcel which has come down from Mr. Murray's, or the less ambitious quota from some less distinguished bibliopole. The ladies dive into the pages of the thickest books and qualify themselves for an examination of their contents. The days are passed when it is enough for clever girls to lisp Tennyson and to talk about the characters in the last new novel. They will read for themselves and think for themselves, and the young woman who will not be in the least degree suspected of being *blue*, who plays croquet and rides to hounds, and knows all Gounod's music, will also spend some stiff hours in the morning in mastering literature not better known and appreciated by "countrymen and lovers."

I remember meeting Dr. Livingstone at one of Lady's F——'s charming dinners last autumn. It was just before his book came out, and just before he himself went off to Bombay on his route to attempt the east coast of Africa. I especially recall it, as I put down the book on the very first of the 1865-66 season, and because I thought the Doctor him-

self so very much more amusing than his voluminous publication. And yet that is very well worth reading. There are some books which ought to be read carefully; when people should not be content with the account in the *Athenæum*, which almost anticipates the publication of the book, and the labored reviews in the *Quarterlies*, which appear when the book itself is well-nigh forgotten. There is a certain art, which can be cultivated until it attains a marvellous delicacy and precision, whereby a man in the course of a couple of pages or a couple of minutes can obtain a very fair notion of the nature of a book. The point which I insist on is this, that if a book is a good book, it is worth while doing it thoroughly, and leaving other books alone. I know so many clever people who try and make intellect their speciality, who have never the moral courage to say of a subject that they don't understand it, or of a book that they have not seen it. Dr. Livingstone's is a good book, inasmuch as *bonâ fide* he has a great deal to tell us. This is the general difference between his books and those of that other African traveller, Captain Burton. Mr. Burton has left off writing for posterity, and now only writes for the season. He has found out that his writings possess a certain conventional value, and so he goes on producing them, but in every case with a marked deterioration in their value. Dr. Livingstone writes in a cumbrous way; his hard, unpliant style very much resembles his own broken English; but there is real substance in what he says. One great difference between Burton and Livingstone is, that Burton advocates Mohammedanism and Livingstone advocates Christianity as the great panacea for the evils of Africa. The wholesome airs of faith, hope, and love pervade Dr. Livingstone's work, but there is a thoroughly unhealthy, miasmatic atmosphere about Mr. Burton's. The only thing which we really regard in Livingstone's work is his depreciation of Bishop Tozer's conduct to the Oxford and Cambridge mission. If his criticisms are substantially true, it will not be too late for Dr. Tozer and his friends to alter their line of conduct in accordance with it. Dr. Livingstone points out what is the true answer

to Mr. John Stuart Mill, and whoever else indorses the philosophy of Malthus, that there are immense tracts of land enjoying a temperate climate, and overflowing with beauty and abundance, which for many centuries will amply provide for the overflows of the populations of Europe. But the ordinary reader will like Dr. Livingstone's book not so much for its political economy as for that genuine exploring spirit, that love of enterprise and adventure, that remarkable personal experience which are always freshly cropping up beneath the geographical science and the missionary statistics.

But the great work complementary of Dr. Livingstone's will be Mr. Baker on the *Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources*. Mr. Baker's new work has been published so very recently that it is difficult to form an exact estimate of its precise value. The geographical value of his exploits can hardly be underrated, although on many points our information is very incomplete; and it must still be many years before the great enigma of geography is quite cleared up. Speke and Grant had discovered the Victoria Nyanza, and had been informed that another great lake lay to the west. It was Mr. Baker's anxious desire to discover that "great reservoir of equatorial waters," and, although the natives told him it was six months' journey, and although difficulties sufficient to daunt the highest courage stared him in the face, he gained a height from which he looked down upon the wide waters of the lake with its mountainous western shore still unexplored. Here he found the point of outlet for the White Nile, which pursues its unchecked career into the Mediterranean. The work has the advantage of possessing a heroine, in the heroic young wife of the explorer, who proves a true helpmeet for her husband in the terrific emergencies which arose, and who very nearly fell a victim to the sunstroke and the rank vegetation. How she was carried about insensible from place to place; how her forest grave was dug; how her husband refused to give up hope when all seemed hopeless; how she eventually crowned the happiness of the expedition

by her recovery, is the most affecting part of a narrative where the intense human interest is kept up unflaggingly. The year's detention in the Kamrasi country alone affords a rare experience, and would alone furnish materials for an interesting work. Mr. Baker holds that the institution of slavery is "indigenous to the soil of Africa, and that it has not been taught to the African by the white man, as is currently reported, but that it has ever been the peculiar characteristic of the African tribes."

Other books of travel issued by Mr. Murray are those by Dr. Rennie, an able and intelligent staff medical officer. One of these is essentially a book of the season, using the expression in its less favorable sense, I mean the one about "Bhotan." It will be recollected that in the early part of the season people were talking a great deal about Bhotan. It was generally expected that we were in for what would prove a very long and expensive war. The Hon. Ashley Eden, whose name is so peculiarly known in social circles at Calcutta, did what was exceedingly imprudent for any civilian to undertake, in attempting a political mission into the heart of the Bhotanese territory. I imagine that Indian authorities are now pretty well agreed that such a mission would best be left to some military man, supported by a tolerably decent military force. It will be remembered how the native fiends of the Bhotan council board pulled the Honorable Ashley Eden's whiskers, and daubed the Honorable Ashley Eden's face, operations equally painful and dishonorable, and so offered to a diplomatist what constituted as fair a *casus belli* as any diplomatist might desire. Troops were sent beyond the frontier, and for a time, they achieved the kind of traditional success which is always associated with the encounters of British troops against Oriental races. But there came a break in the stereotyped narrative. Not to put too fine a point on it, the British troops were surprised, repulsed, defeated. Two English guns were thrown down a ravine with the expressed object of saving them from the enemy's hands, but with the specific effect that then they did fall into the enemy's hands. On these two guns the fate of matters subsequently hinges.

Dr. Rennie found himself in medical charge of a detachment of the Eightieth regiment, and in that capacity he marched up several hills and marched down several hills, but performed nothing worthy of fame during these operations. He was, in fact, sent homewards before the British preparations for war were made on such a scale that the Bhotanese were driven to desire peace. The two guns were the obstacle. The Bhotanese declared that the two guns were not to be found. Just as the British public had made up their public mind that, after all, it was hardly perhaps worth while to go to war on account of the guns, the Bhotanese made up their minds in exactly the same direction, and accordingly gave up the guns about which they had so freely lied. Dr. Rennie, however, had seen enough of Bhotan to justify him in writing a book about it, as books are now written. If the war had gone on the book would have been a book of the season; but as the war has collapsed, we do not feel much interest about Bhotan until the war breaks out again. When that event—probably not far distant—takes place, we shall again take down Dr. Rennie's book from the shelf. About one half of it is made up from public documents, and betrays the mustiness of old newspapers; but the Doctor enlivens this department by keeping up a running fire on the proceedings of the Honorable Ashley Eden; and as Mr. Eden has held up one Tongso Penlow as the very villain and vulture of Bhotan, Dr. Rennie naturally devotes his attention to whitewashing and "rehabilitating" him, and presenting him in the aspect of an agreeable and merry-hearted old gentleman.

A certain faculty of close, accurate observation, and a vein of homely good sense throughout distinguish Dr. Rennie's Journals. He was for some time attached to the embassy at Peking, and when the embassy people thought it fully worth while that some one should keep a journal of events that were happening during the residence of the first European diplomatists who had ever resided at Peking, it transpired that Dr. Rennie had already commenced such a journal, and made some progress. There is, however, on the very threshold, a serious objection to be taken. Dr. Ren-

nie is manifestly afraid that his insular prejudices might cause him to represent the Chinese altogether *en laid*, and so he has fallen into the error of representing them altogether *en bon*. At present we have not "done China," and are waiting till Mr. Cooke gets up a cheap excursion there and back in the summer. But in the mean time we take the representations of the people who know the countries, and who say that a very hideous and dirty picture of the Chinese has to be drawn, and that Dr. Rennie has given us nothing but the remotest glimpses of the dreadful realities of things. It is also to be said that Dr. Rennie has not so much given us a book as the materials out of which a good book might be easily constructed. As Dr. Rennie had resolved to keep a diary, he made it his diurnal practice to say something, whether he had something to say or not. This is the unhappy lot of the newspapers, which must equally make their appearance every morning, whether they record a revolution or have really nothing beyond the police news. Some of Dr. Rennie's entries are, therefore, exceedingly trivial; for example: "It was so very hot that nobody could sleep till daybreak;" which, considering that the locality was Peking and the time midsummer, is not very surprising. Although the work is too desultory and ill-constructed to render a continuous perusal pleasant or even possible, there is in it a large and important collection of facts which will greatly assist the reader in forming a conception of the Chinese.

A very beautiful book was issued early in the season by Mr. Bertram, a well-known authority on fisheries, especially Scottish fisheries, entitled *The Harvest of the Sea*. In addition to much splendid illustration, and very interesting letterpress, the book aimed at some important practical results. Mr. Bertram argued that we were injuring ourselves by over-fishing; that our supplies of fish, so far from being inexhaustible, were really suffering; and that, in point of fact, it is only a popular delusion to suppose that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. He says that we are very improvident in the item of fish, and are ruining ourselves by our improvidence. Curiously enough a Parliamen-

tary Report on the subject of the Deep-Sea Fisheries was issued directly after the publication of Mr. Bertram's work, and this Report arrived at a diametrically opposite conclusion. It strongly urged that renewed and more vigorous attention should be given to the fisheries, and held out glowing expectations of the results that might be realized. Mr. Bertram has not succumbed before the parliamentary report. He will not allow the reputation of his book and his own professional reputation to be damaged by this parliamentary criticism. He returns to the charge, vindicates his conclusions, and impugns that of the commission of inquiry. Other things being equal, we should rather be inclined to vote on the side of special authority than to yield blind credence to senatorial wisdom. Fish legislation has, in some respects, been singularly unsuccessful. Sir Henry Rawlinson, at the dinner of the Royal Geographical Society, mentioned that when the Fenian raid across the Bay of Fundy, in Canada, was first spoken of, he did not believe that there were more than half a dozen members in the House who knew where the Bay of Fundy was. When our members legislated for salmon they must have known just as much, or as little, about the natural history of the salmon. In Cornwall, for instance, they prohibit salmon fishing when salmon is in season, and allow it in the spawning season. In the beautiful Fowey river, both stream and estuary, where Mr. Tennyson has poetized, and where lovers of rural sports may resort, perfect shoals of fine salmon escape the poor fishermen, which for them means the loss of bread, meat, and clothing, and when the legal leave comes, it comes too late to be of any service. Mr. Bertram's knowledge of Scotch fisheries is most thorough, but his information in several respects appears to be defective in respect to British seas and streams. Moreover, fishing with him is too much a matter of business; he lacks the serene philosophy and the keen sense of natural beauty which ought to distinguish the Piscator of the Isaac Walton stamp. But the book is good reading, and highly suggestive of good feeding.

A really very splendid work is the new volume, the third, of Crowe and

Cavalcaselle's *The History of Painting in Italy*. Mr. Crowe is, I believe, one of the pleasant society of Anglo-Parisians; a society which has just lost one of its brightest and most eccentric stars in the Irish gentleman best known as Father Prout. Many a reader used to seize the *Globe* for its French intelligence, because poor Mahoney used to contribute this, and the chances were that there would be something racy. If I remember aright, Mr. Crowe is the author of an unpretending, but useful and accurate *History of France*. Encouraged by the success of their *Early Flemish Painters*, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, under the auspices of Mr. Murray, are persevering in their costly and elaborate work, which is drawn up from fresh materials and recent researches in the archives of Italy, as well as from personal inspection of the works of art scattered throughout Europe. In great measure the work is for an esoteric circle, but every one would find it useful as a work of reference, and the magnificent illustrations with which it is thronged impart to it a high artistic value. But even the most enthusiastic art student will be oppressed by the minuteness of the criticism and the multiplicity of the details. The strongest interest of this work, as with Dr. Wagner's *Art Treasures of Great Britain*, will be felt by the proprietors of the pictures criticised. Indeed such works as these must sometimes create a very strong and unpleasant sensation among the collectors. Sometimes, indeed, the sensation may be a pleasant one, when a picture which has been remanded *au quatrième*, or has been placed behind a staircase, is declared by the authorities to be a very precious example of some distinguished master. But generally the decision is the other way. Thus the Butler-Johnstone supposed Andrea del Sarto is declared "not done in the master's style nor according to his habits." Another one, belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, at Hamilton Palace, is said to be "more truly a slovenly thing by Bacchiacco." Another one belonging to Mr. Ashburnham, near Tunbridge Wells, is "weak and washy." It is likely that a pupil worked this up from Del Sarto's original, possible that it had been left unfinished at his death, and was completed by

another." The criticism is not always so unfavorable. Of the Panshanger portrait (Earl Cowper's) they say: "The painting is clearly Del Sarto's, and finely touched." Mr. Holford's is declared to be only a school copy of a picture at Madrid. These are samples of the home criticism. The literary work is done in a very careful and conscientious manner. Every one will now be able to give intelligent praises to the works of Pietro Perugino. The work is a modern Vasari.

Whatever Lord Macaulay may say about the Boswelliana lues, the Shakespearian lues is a still more destructive disorder. A more fatal disease can hardly occur to any human being. It is a disease which requires the severest antiphlogistic regimen. If it passes from an acute into a chronic state the results are truly pitiable and appalling. Every scrap of Elizabethan literature ought to be labelled "Poison;" but perhaps the speediest and most efficacious way would be to transfer the sufferer to a private lunatic asylum. These are strong words, but they are supported by strong facts. I know an intelligent, religious, and estimable gentleman: in an evil hour he plunged into the Shakespearian vortex. He ought to be a prosperous man. But he himself is unknown, his children uneducated, his very house uncarpeted. The whole of his time, and his little stock of available hundreds have been lavished away in the search after Shakespearian discoveries. He possesses an admirable Shakespearian library, and the ordinary reader little suspects of how many volumes Shakespearian literature consists. He is waiting for the triumphant demonstration of a theory which will utterly confound all previous editions. Amid the ruin of his household gods he is waiting still, and fishing for the one-eyed perch. This sorrowful recollection is suggested to me by the handsome, bulky volume lying on my table, by Mr. Gerald Massey—*Shakespeare's Sonnets never before Interpreted: his Private Friends Identified, together with a Recovered Likeness of himself*. There, take it away; the title is quite enough. The poor man evidently thinks that he has caught the one-eyed perch. I do not expect that Mr. Massey has ruined himself, for I observe a dedication to Lord Brownlow

—who is extremely solvent—"in poor acknowledgment of princely kindness." But Shakespearianism may be too much for any peer or commoner, however solvent. To think that Gerald Massey, who once showed symptoms of being a real poet, should have descended to become a commentator on Shakespeare! Those Sonnets have been the source of much grief. Even the powerful mind of the late Lord Campbell succumbed to them. He thought that Shakespeare must need have been a lawyer, because he wrote, *inter alia*,

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of the past."

The only sessions of which Lord Campbell could conceive were lawyers' sessions—petty or quarterly. I dare say Mr. Massey's book contains some precious grains of gold. Possibly, also, it is utterly baseless. To explain the whole of those wonderful Sonnets on the simple Southampton theory, is to my mind eminently unsatisfactory. I hope I have been misinformed in hearing that Mr. Massey had dedicated many years of his life to the composition of this work.

Something ought to be said about the poetry of the season, which, in the absence of any new poem by the Laureate, is not especially marked. The thorough Greek spirit and the splendid mastery of metre exhibited by Mr. Algernon Swinburne in his *Atalanta in Calydon*, naturally interested people in Chastelard. But the interest is gone off. Chastelard, in fact, is not a very agreeable subject. There is an account sufficiently graphic in the last volume of Mr. Froude's History. That Mr. Swinburne shows every promise of being a magnificent poet is true, but none the less he appears to be deplorably destitute of anything like a moral sense. Perhaps, however, the poet has dived more deeply than any historian into the complex secret of the real character of Mary Queen of Scots. But Mr. Swinburne must be called a very fleshly poet. Perhaps Mr. Buchanan is the writer who is rising most steadily and equably to public estimation as a poet. Sir Bulwer Lytton's *Lost Tales of Miletus*, is a remarkable work, both on account of its ingenious literary experiments and the real poetry and eloquence

with which it abounds. As metrical efforts, the book will meet with only limited applause; but it bears all the vigorous marks of the consummate literary skill possessed by its distinguished author. A keen regret was expressed in the House of Commons that Sir Bulwer Lytton should speak so seldom, and it is equally to be regretted that he should now write so little. We wonder why Sir Bulwer Lytton and Mr. Home do not produce a work conjointly. It is said that Sir Bulwer's last novel, *A Strange Story*, really indicates deliberate theories and convictions of his own respecting the supernatural. But unquestionably one of the greatest of Sir Edward's literary achievements was his remarkable speech on the second reading of the bill for lowering the suffrage. That speech ought to be carefully studied by those who would comprehend the breadth, keenness, and versatility of that wonderful mind. He was answered by Mr. Mill, the member for Westminster, and these two speeches form the literary element of this historical debate. I believe the great master of emotion had the superiority over the great master of logic, and this is generally the case in the long run. Plato is greater than Aristotle, Shakespeare than Bacon. Mr. Mill has mentioned in his place that the attacks made upon him in Parliament have quite relieved his publishers from the necessity of advertising his publications. I suppose, then, five thousand people have read Mr. Mill's speeches to one who has mastered that remarkable article on Comte in the seldom-read *Westminster Review*, which constitutes Mr. Mill's latest contribution to the literature of hard thinking. We extremely deprecate that servile idolatry with which many men seem to regard the writings of Mr. Mill. But the practical success which Mr. Mill has obtained in Parliament is of an astonishing kind, and no mean tribute to this great writer's powers. It was thought a wonderful thing in the career of Macaulay that he should twice have turned a division by a speech. But Mr. Mill, in the course of this single session, has diverted a large amount of the compensation intended to be granted to farmers on account of the Cattle Plague; and by his speeches on the failure of coal and the National Debt.

he has gone far to make a change in our financial policy. Mr. Mill's legislative career may not be a long one; but, to use a logical phrase, it will make up in intensity what it lacks in extension.

Lord Derby's noble version of the *Iliad* has lent a new impetus to Greek translation. Since the lamented death of Mr. Worsley, of whom all men spoke golden words, the great earl ranks first in this important province of literature. To that province Dean Milman has just added an important contribution, in his version of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, and a valuable Anthology of other translations. The Dean won his earliest laurels as a poet, and having devoted his meridian powers to church history, he has now returned to his first love, and his latest efforts will also be the same as the first. It is thought that the author of *Latin Christianity* grew rather weary before he had finished with the General Councils. By the way, the *History of Latin Christianity* being finished, when will some very reverend Dean favor us with a history of Teutonic Christianity? Many of these translations of the Dean were read before a youthful auditory, of whom, by an obvious allusion, Mr. Gladstone was one. The Dean was encouraged to publish them by those who retained a vivid impression of the delight with which they once heard them—"one especially, by whose brilliant and busy life such reminiscences, I should have supposed, would have been long utterly effaced." So far as Æschylus is concerned, the Dean has been surpassed by a lady, Miss Swanwick, who with singular learning and ability has recently translated the whole of the Orestean trilogy. The days of Lady Jane Grey are reviving. Another lady, Mrs. Webster, has translated the *Prometheus* very nicely. However repellent Greek literature may be to the ordinary reader, the engravings from the antique in this volume are so good that it will be difficult to find a handsomer volume for the drawing-room table. The lighter pieces were imbedded in the Latin lectures which the then Professor Milman delivered from the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. The translations from the Tragedians appear to be the recent accomplishment of youthful attempts.

The Dean's work will probably have the effect of rescuing from oblivion many almost forgotten names of those who wrote what the Dean is so good as to consider poetry in the declining age of the Greek language and eloquence. But, though Nonnus and Aratus may not be poets, Milman is certainly a poet, and his first-rate rendering of their fourth-rate compositions is always graceful and ingenious. We should like to give a specimen of the Dean's power as a translator, although we know that to do so by culling a single specimen is very much like judging a house by a brick or a statue by a finger. Here is a very short passage from *The Clouds*, in which the Dean has well caught that lofty poetry and eloquence which Aristophanes knew so well how to commingle with broad farce and scathing satire:

"THE CLOUDS.

"We come! we come!

The eternal clouds to mortal sight,
Our dewy forms are floating light,
From father Ocean's ever-sounding home,
Up to the loftiest mountain's woodcapped
brow;

Whence on the beaconing watch-tower
bright

Down we cast our ranging sight;
Where the rich champaign spreads below,
And where the murmuring rivers pour,
And the deep endless seas for ever roar.

"For lo! the unwearied eye,
Of heaven is blazing high,
Bathing all nature in its glittering beams;
Our dipping mists we shake away,
In our immortal forms survey
Where to the expanding ken the world of
glory gleams."

The great extent to which classical translations have prevailed of late is very remarkable, intimating that although there may be many unsatisfactory features in the education of the present day, the highest forms of intellectual culture are still carefully adhered to among ourselves. Besides these translations from Greek and Latin into English, there have been of late many admirable translations from English into Greek and Latin. There is a very fair account of them in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*. Sir Bulwer Lytton's new volume, both in form and substance, may be considered of the classic type. It is an

ingenious attempt to introduce into English metres a kind of Sapphic and Alcaic, unrhymed. Each of the poems consists of a striking narrative drawn from Greek sources of some length, and for this the metre is not unsuited; but we hold that it is ill adapted for the purposes of the ode, which shows in itself that the original metre is radically different from the present remote and debased shape. The volume perorates, not unworthily, with the prettystory of Cydippe, or the Apple, told with those touches of humor which are always lambent in this distinguished author's writing. Cydippe is betrothed to a rich old merchant, but the goddess has destined her for the huntsman Acontius, and so thrown the maiden into a deep trance. The merchant does not relish a wife who falls into trances, and proposes to cancel the arrangement:

"Proudly the Archon smiled, and tore the contract,
Chremes soon found a bride *with fits less quiet*;
Then from her trance, fresh as from wonted slumber,
Bloomed out the maid and stood amid the flowers.

"Megacles now, sore-smarting at the insult
Put on his child by the coarse-thoughted merchant,
Out from her suitors chose a grave Eupatrid,
Grace as an Ephor schooling Spartan kings."

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has also joined the poets. We now require a new edition of the *Royal and Noble Authors*. The great diplomatist's book is entitled *Shadows of the Past*, and he tells us in the preface that for many years past poetical composition had been his relief amid the toils of office. It requires an effort to imagine the great ambassador, the terrible Effendi, whom Mr. Kinglake portrays, as engaged in the mild, quiet pursuits of poetry. Here, too, we will quote just a few lines—lines that rise into a solemn, devotional strain, though the cast of the entire poem rather resembles Pope's Universal Prayer:

"While here we breathe, ten thousand forms
Of grace and radiance charm our eyes;
But heaven's fair vault is swept by storms,
And nature fades and beauty dies.

"For one brief burning hour of youth,
In life, in love, in joy we trust;
Another tells th' o'erwhelming truth,
That all we doat on is but dust."

We now come to those books which, in an esoteric sense, may be called books of the season, inasmuch as they chiefly appeal to readers of the present season as reminiscences of past seasons. Three different works come under this category namely, Captain's Gronow's *Last Recollections*, the last two volumes of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's *My Life and Recollections*, and *Draughts on my Memory*, by Lord William Lennox. The first little book is the last of an interesting series interrupted by the author's death. We say interrupted; for if his life had been spared there would have been very little to prevent a succession of them. As a Guardsman and a Member of Parliament, Captain Gronow had seen a great deal of the world, when it was not such a busy world as it is now—much more light-hearted and gay, franker and pleasanter altogether. His last entry relates to the Derby of 1865, in which he dwells on the fact that the pedigree of Gladiateur runs through the purest English race-horses; and long before the Derby of 1866 he was taken away. Old Captain Gronow—for he exceeded the threescore years and ten—was one of the strongly-marked race of Anglo-Parisians. Who is not acquainted with that race which, scattered all over Paris, gather to Galignani's as their centre? No man knew Paris better in the days that were brilliant days for the Anglo-Parisians; but in these degenerate days when the English Ambassador has become a sort of confidential clerk to the Foreign Office, and the great English hôtel is by far the dullest in the Faubourg St. Honoré, Captain Gronow had little else to do than stop at home with his family and write out his *Reminiscences*. The aged veteran lived the past over again; once more he became the careless Eton schoolboy, telling how Dr. Keats flogged the boys and Mr. Sumner spared them. Again he fought the great fight of Waterloo, which its few survivors can not fight over again too often; and, as we are particularly glad to see, he tells his stories with good sense, good feeling, and good principles. There is always a

charm in hearing about the Peninsular war, about the Waterloo campaign, about the occupation of Paris; and we readily hear, from a man who can tell us about all this, a good deal of gossip which would be rather contemptible on the lips of other men: the sayings of the Prince Regent, and of the great Beau; how a Guardsman carried on an intrigue with Lady Betty Charteris, in the disguise of an Italian organ-grinder; how a French marquis got invited to one of Mr. William Hope's parties by threatening to call him out if he was not asked; the scandals and escapades of Albanley and Waterford; the loves and the debts of the Royal dukes; the old stories of the Palais Royal, and the scandals of the Café Tortoni. Captain Gronow's French anecdotes have more authenticity than most of those anecdotes. Here is one about the Emperor—one of many such which we derive not only from the writings of Queen Hortense, but from many sources which attest the amiability of his character:

"Another anecdote, showing the good nature of Louis Napoleon, was related to me by the late M. Mocquard, with whom I was well acquainted. After leaving the Malmaison, Queen Hortense settled by the Lake of Constance, where the young Prince was constantly in the habit of relieving poor people by giving away his pocket money. One day he observed a family in the greatest distress, but having no money to give them he took off his coat and boots and gave them to these poor people, saying he was sorry he had not any money for them, as he had given away the allowance his mother made him to some other poor persons who had just passed by the house; but he hoped they would dispose of his clothes to relieve their wants. The weather at this time was very cold and the ground covered with snow; the Prince, nevertheless, trudged through it towards home, and when near the house was met by Mocquard, who expressed his surprise at seeing him in that state. The little fellow, then ten years old, replied, 'I have given away my clothes to some poor people to prevent them from starving.' Mocquard added that 'the Emperor is never so happy as when he can relieve the distressed.'"

The Emperor knows the keen luxury of doing a good action; but, unfortunately, it is often those who possess this sensibility, who love to make individuals happy, who are ignorant of the great principles which secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Captain Gronow tells with some pardonable indignation the story of an *English* gentleman who, having known the Emperor of Rome, supplicated for employment in the imperial stables, and was named extra equerry. One of these stories appears, however, to be very improbable. Count D—— told Captain Gronow that one summer day, after dining with them at Chantilly, the Duc de Nemours proposed a stroll, and taking out of his pocket his false wig and whiskers said: "You, sir, have no occasion to disguise yourself; but as it fell to my lot to be the son of a king, I am obliged to have recourse to disguise and strategy from morning to night." Now the present writer knows Chantilly well, and has spent pleasant hours in wandering, time after time, among the glades and gardens, temples and streams, which once belonged to the great Condé, and now to the Messrs. Coutts. If the Duke went into the little village of Chantilly, at any other time than the races, we will venture to say that, despite the wig and whiskers, his people would recognize the illustrious master of the château; or if he only wanted a stroll, he might go a dozen miles into the forest and hardly meet a solitary peasant, against whom he would scarcely need articles of disguise. Several tales are told about embassy parties. There was rather a good story going about Paris a little while before this book was published, which its author would probably have included, save for the fact that he lived more in the past than the present. Indeed it would be surprising, if it were not so common, to contrast the accuracy and minuteness of Captain Gronow's earlier recollections with the long blank which the present reign presented to him. It was stated at the time that the personage of the following story was Lord Cowley, but that statement was inaccurate. At an embassy ball an exquisite in a great state of prostration found his way into a vacant room, and internally bemoaned the exceeding slow-

ness of the whole affair. To him enters an individual, whom for the second we will call Mysterious Stranger.

Prostrate Swell.—"Precious slow here. The worst of these embassy parties is that they always are so slow."

Mysterious Stranger.—"You are better off than I am. If you don't like it you had better go. As the master of the house, I am unfortunately obliged to stay."

Captain Gronow's story about Bishop Porteus and George III., although he says "my readers will be interested in hearing the following," is a very old one: we could mention two or three places where it has appeared. Here are a brace of very short stories which we should like to see verified, but, as a rule, Captain Gronow is praiseworthily accurate.

(a.) When the Grenadier Guards returned to London from Cambrai, where they had been quartered some considerable time, the first thing that was proposed by the officers was to invite their colonel, the Duke of York, to a banquet at the Thatched House, St. James-street. His Royal Highness, in a letter full of feeling and good taste, in which he alluded to the gallantries of the regiment he commanded, accepted the invitation, and, as was the custom upon such occasions, the army agents of the regiment were also invited. After dinner, Colonel Townshend, commonly called the Bull, addressed the Duke, stating that, as he was then in command of the old battalion, he hoped H.R.H. would permit him to propose a toast. The Duke bowed assent, when the Bull bellowed out: "I propose the health of Mr. Greenwood, to whom we are all of us so much indebted." This toast was ill-chosen, for the Duke of York owed his army agents at that moment nearly fifty thousand pounds; but Townshend considered it a good joke, for he used frequently to boast of having astonished the Duke with his witty toast. Townshend was the brother of Lord Sidney. He was considered by the officers and men of the regiment to be intrepid and brave: he was unfortunately a slave to good cookery, which was the principal cause of his death.

(b.) At the commencement of 1817, the Duke of Clarence, bent upon improving his pecuniary means, decided on

marrying a rich heiress. The report was circulated all over England (where it produced the most intense sensation) that the Duke had, with the consent of his brother, the Prince Regent, actually proposed to Miss Wykeham, whose estates in Oxfordshire were large and of immense value. When the event was communicated to Queen Charlotte, his royal mother was outrageous. She flew into a violent rage, and with vehement asseverations (either in English or German) declared that her consent should never be given to the match. The law officers of the Crown were consulted, cabinet councils met daily, and after much discussion ministers determined on opposing the Duke's project, notwithstanding the opinion of one of the best lawyers, that "a prince of the blood royal being of age, and notifying his intended marriage previous to its taking place, was at liberty to marry without the consent of the king, unless the two Houses of Parliament should address the Crown against it."

The excitement among all classes was at its height, when the *Morning Post* informed the world one morning that the Duke's intended marriage was entirely "off," H.R.H. having been prevailed upon by the Queen to forego his intentions. In this course Queen Charlotte was evidently supported by the rest of the royal family; and it was whispered that, as an inducement to the Prince to behave as a good boy, the Queen, Prince Regent, and his royal sisters had subscribed a sufficient sum among themselves to pay off all H.R.H.'s debts, and to provide him with an increase of income for the future. Much amusement was caused at the clubs by a caricature of an old sailor, called "the love-sick youth."

Mr. Grantley Berkeley has just published volumes three and four of his *Life and Recollections*, a very poor and imperfect sort of life and recollections, which cannot give much pleasure in the recollecting. The present volumes are incongruous and made up, a mere manufacture for the market. Last year Mr. Berkeley published two volumes of his *Life and Recollections*. The work was not an unpleasant sort of literature. It was a kind of after-dinner talk. Men will gratefully listen to any one who will

enliven the conversation as they sit round the mahogany, and are not very careful about the quality of the wit, if it only elicits the laugh that helps digestion. The misfortune is that these laughs are becoming less frequent than they used to be. The clever conversationalists are discovering that it is better to talk to the public than to talk to their friends. "Would you believe it, sir," said a distinguished friend of the writer, "I spent an evening with G——, who is the cleverest man out just now, and he never opened his lips. He was taking it all in and saving it all up for his next article. When I was a young man, sir, gentlemen would talk freely over their wine, and never took thought of reserving themselves for print." There can be no doubt but Mr. Grantley Berkeley has told many of these stories over his wine. His veracity has been strongly impugned in several particulars; but he has probably told these particular stories over so often that he firmly believes that they are true. The disgraceful story about L.E.L. in the first series has been very sharply commented on by Mr. S. C. Hall in the *Art Journal*; nor will Mr. Berkeley's rejoinder in the present volumes be looked upon, in all probability, as very satisfactory. Mr. Berkeley has quite forgotten the homely proverbs which tell how it is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, and advises that it is best to wash dirty linen at home. Those few persons who care much for the Berkeley nest and the Berkeley family linen, after reading this book should look at a well-known pamphlet, which is a reply to it by the other surviving sons of the late Earl and Countess of Berkeley. In the first series Mr. Grantley Berkeley brought down the simple story of his useful and honored career to the state of his health "as leaves him at present"; when having objugated Bournemouth on account of its excessive addition to divine service, he found himself Sir Ivor Guest's tenant of a little shooting lodge, with plenty of shooting and fishing, and two miles from the pioneer of civilization, the nearest postman. Mr. Berkeley knows a good deal about shooting and fishing; he is also an authority upon prize-fighting, being personally acquainted with the illustrious Heenan, and having committed

a spirited assault on Mr. Fraser, the original publisher of *Fraser's Magazine*. Moreover, Mr. Berkeley has a facile pen, concerning which his brothers, with fraternal frankness, quote the words: "There are many people whose intellect and judgment would stand much higher in the world if they had never been taught to write. A whole swarm of absurd impulses cluster round the pen, which leave them alone at other times." The public having tolerated Mr. G. Berkeley's previous volumes, or at all events having bought an encouraging number of copies, Mr. Berkeley has ingeniously spun out two more volumes about himself, with the help of reprinting some third-rate contributions to some third-rate periodicals.

So here we have no less than four big volumes about Mr. Grantley Berkeley and his belongings, the value of the whole being about that of Captain Gro-nov's last thin publication. We are very far from saying that they do not contain several good things; but it becomes an open question with us, as with the young gentleman in "Pickwick" in his studies over the alphabet, whether it be worth while going through so much to get so little. Of several events here recorded it was worth while having a contemporary account. Such was the Eglinton Tournament, got up by the last lord, a frank, kindly-hearted man, almost idolized by many Scotchmen—and, what was quite as dear to his heart, for so testifies a letter he wrote me during his vice-royalty—equally beloved by Irishmen, among whom he was the most popular of Conservative Lord Lieutenants. Mr. Grantley Berkeley did not take part in the costly revival of chivalry at Eglinton Castle, for he avows himself, if not a disinherited, at least a poor knight, and of course the frankness of this avowal must conciliate sympathy for him. There is a good deal of sense in the following remarks, and we wish he had acted up to them:

"Supposing the affair to have been so arranged that there had been a chance of remuneration, as of old, I would have risked the upshot of it, and run my chance. I had entertained a fancy for going to the tournament in disguise, with no heraldic device or banner announcing

my name, and to have pitched my tent as an obscure knight, desirous of entering the lists. Supposing that I were successful in the contest, then to have denied the chosen Queen of Beauty, and have claimed my right to substitute one of my own selection."

Again, there is something interesting in the personal mention of Dr. Jenner, who used to live at Berkeley, and we only wish that Mr. Grantley Berkeley had told us more :

"Dr. Jenner's house was on one side of the old town churchyard, and the high palings of the grove on the banks of the castle moat were on the other. His garden and our grove almost met at respective corners abutting on the graveyard, where it opens out by a stile on an orchard called the Little Park, which was the scene of the destruction of "ye game of red deere," when Queen Elizabeth and her favorite Leicester made their unconscionable raid upon my ancestor's castle and domain to which I have already alluded." Dr. Jenner often visited Cheltenham. "When that celebrated physician first went there, Cheltenham consisted of but one street, and the bright little trout stream, the Chelt, whence the town takes its name, meandered across the road, glistened in the sun, and, haunted by the emerald-hued kingfisher, lost itself in bosky wilds. Kingfisher, trout, and glittering pebbly strand, alike are gone." The curious thing is that, having quoted with great triumph an approving note from Lady Blessington to himself in the past, he attacks her repeatedly and savagely in the present. One serious objection to this work is that he introduces us to a good deal of hard swearing; another serious objection is that we are too much thrown into the company of demireps and coryphées. It is true that Mr. Grantley Berkeley gravely shakes his head and propounds his moral platitudes; but this hardly impairs the gusto with which he tells stories which will hardly bear repetition. Mr. Grantley Berkeley, in a high state of morality, if not very edifying, is at all events exceedingly amusing. But to see him in his highest perfection, we should read him when he is discussing theological topics. He very gravely discusses the subject of preternatural agency, apropos of spiritualism, and intro-

duces that well-known personage, the Cock-lane Ghost. He comes to the conclusion that spiritual manifestations "are quite as nearly allied to the supernatural as Puseyism is to Apostolical Christianity." This, to an ordinary understanding, would quite leave the question open as to the reality of spiritualism; but Mr. Grantley Berkeley hastens to explain that, however bad spiritualism may be, it is far superior to Puseyism, and is "the more worthy of the two." Now, in spite of the bad opinion which his brethren entertain of him, we really believe that Mr. Grantley Berkeley is inclined to be cleverish, and can sometimes write not ill, and therefore we would earnestly recommend him not to commit himself by talking on subjects of which he is profoundly ignorant. About the turf, and gambling, and intrigues, and assault and battery, he is probably a very good authority; but we hardly think people will care to listen to him on the subject of Apostolical Christianity.

Lord William Lennox has also something to tell us about himself. There is something psychologically interesting in these curious self-recollections. These gentlemen autobiographers have no notion of anything like reticence. They betray their follies and weaknesses with the most amiable frankness, and so unconsciously mirror the nature of society around them. Lord William Lennox is rather a veteran in the literary way—that is, in a certain sort of literary way. Mr. Grantley Berkeley has some remarks to offer respecting his comrade in letters and arms: "It used to be a great joke among us speculating why William Lennox, who was in the Blues, never came out, and why he never seemed to join in any sports of the field. We knew that, in the regiment, he did not shine on horseback, and that on one field-day he had to hang on with both hands to the sheepskin, or shabrack, over a portion of Wormwood Scrubs, either to prevent or to ease his descent to the ground. Our inclinations to question on the subject increased when, in later years, he came out strong in magazines and reviews on sporting adventures, as a sporting writer." This is a much milder book than Mr. Berkeley's. Mr. Berkeley's book is rather a wicked book; Lord William's is only weak and

silly. Compared with G. B. he is chivalry itself to Lady Blessington. Moreover, no one can deny him the merit of his share in the Battle of Waterloo. At Lady Blessington's he made the acquaintance of the present Emperor of the French, at a party where he met Madame Guiccioli. "While conversing with the Guiccioli, Count D'Orsay approached us, and, apologizing for his intrusion, said that Prince Louis Napoleon was anxious to be introduced to me, with a view of thanking me for my kind advice. Accordingly, I took leave of Madame, but not before I had received her permission to call upon her at Sabloniere's Hotel, in what the ordinary frequenters of Leicesters-square call 'Ce plus beau quartier de Londres.' The Prince received me most graciously, and thanked me for the interest I had taken in his welfare. The service was so trifling that it had nearly escaped my memory until brought back to me by D'Orsay and the future ruler of France. Trifling as it was, I clearly saw that it had created a favorable impression on the mind of the Prince, who requested that I would call upon him in Carlton Gardens. . . . To this slight cause I was indebted for an acquaintance of a most friendly nature, which brought about many social meetings; and since this was written, I have to acknowledge a further result of our acquaintance, in the shape of a presentation copy of the *Histoire de Jules César*." Another distinguished foreigner whom he tells us of was Carl Maria von Weber. He was present at Tom Cook's, where for the first time the grand-maestro played the music of "Oberon." This visit of Weber to London probably occasioned his death. The excitement of his triumph, and of acting as conductor at his own benefit concert, was too much for him; he was found lifeless in his bed. The following is one of the best of Lord William's stories, if for no other reason than that it is the shortest. A certain set of men, including Theodore Hook, Barham, and Cannon, had agreed to dine at Twickenham. Cannon being, as he irreverently termed himself, indisposed, dinner was ordered in an arbor at the celebrated F. R. B. and at 10 o'clock on a bright summer's evening we were all across the water.

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"'What fish have you waiter?' was the Dean's first question.

"'Soles and heels,' responded the attendant.

"'Can't dine off shoe-leather,' he responded. 'Is the sherry-cobbler well iced?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Hook'ems,' continued Cannon, 'Dryden must have had a prescient idea of the American drink, for he remarks, 'Straws may be made the instruments of happiness.'"

But he tells a painfully long story about an adventure with the actress Maria Foote, afterwards the Countess of Harrington, at the expense of the late distinguished diplomatist, Sir Henry Ellis. When a young officer, Ellis was stage-struck with Miss Foote, and ensconcing himself in an old lumbering hackney, he used to watch near her house or the theatre, for the chance of finding her alone. Hearing the lady exclaim, "I insist upon your not persecuting me," Lord William offered his protection, frustrated the innamorato's attempt at an introduction, and obtained an introduction for himself. For many hours he was in great trepidation of a challenge, but Ellis took it for granted that it was a relative who had interposed. A quarter of a century afterwards the two men, probably much quieter people, discussed the matter together. It was a good joke for a mess dinner, but, perhaps, hardly worth while for an aged man to record it among events of his biography.

We leave these gay old boys to tell their own stories, and turn to other literature of the same description, but of a higher kind. Only we must say that this new feature of the literature of our time—a man's publishing his own history, making capital out of his own individuality, unbarring the secret portals of his life that all may peer in, strikes us to be very questionable taste. In the same way, *magno intervallo*, Mr. Thackeray gave his lectures and Mr. Dickens gives his readings. It is a very different thing when memoirs have been published long after their writers have passed away and those affected by the public mention of their names have ceased to rejoice and grieve. Two estimable persons, Lady

Theresa Lewis and Mrs. Henry Baring, have recently presented the public with such memoirs. It was last autumn that Lady Theresa Lewis issued the three bulky volumes of the Berry Correspondence, a perfect repertory of facts relating to the brilliant vanished age to which the venerable sisters belonged in the fullness and freshness of their powers. It was the last of several simple, massive services rendered to literature; and now the worthy editress is gone over to those who, in the tender Latin phrase, are called the majority. We wonder if Lady Theresa was in the habit of writing careful journals in the same sort of way as her friend Miss Berry. As the wife of the lamented statesman who would have been the best possible leader for the great Whig party; as the sister of the distinguished clergyman who led the van of the Palmerstonian bishops; as the sister also of our Foreign Secretary, her diary, if she kept such, will be of inestimable importance to a future generation, as interesting as the diary which, for a long time at least was kept by the late Lord Macaulay. It is curious to reflect that the small-talk and gossip of this generation will furnish materials for the history of the generation after the next. We suppose that at the present day there are Miss Berrys and Captain Gronows somewhere, who are recording their experiences. I suppose that when their books come out, say in 1966, there will be passages of this sort: "Went to the Royal Academy. Saw Mr. MacIise himself looking at his great picture. Few recognized the painter, but I whispered my congratulations. Dined at Lord C——'s. Mr. Disraeli more amusing than ever. I thought, however, that he was too severe in some of his remarks on the conduct of the Reform bill. They all say that he knows more about reform than the whole of the Cabinet put together. Lord C—— thinks that the country is going to the dogs. Afterwards to the Opera. A good thing that poor Grisi saw her mistake, and retired while it was possible to do so with passably good grace. Strange stories about Prince Christian. At the House, but Lord Romeo was too much for me. Looked up some fellows at the Garrick the very last thing. Fixed to

dine with our set at Greenwich. The dinner is to cost three guineas a head. Mem.: Might it not be wiser to have three dinners at one guinea a head?" Such memoranda appear very trivial, but a great number of these, reflecting the many moods of many minds, will not be without value to the future historian, and of great interest when the personages of the day become the characters of history. The Bishops dining at Lambeth; the Literary Club meeting in a grand social rather than a literary way; artists and *littérateurs*' talk in rooms; the clerical social meetings at the West-end, will all be better for the Boswell or the Berry who describes town talk; the lack of long, familiar letters will be the great obstacle to our descendants knowing as much about us as we ourselves know about our ancestors.

The *Wyndham Diary* ought to be a great political book, but it is nothing of the sort; yet it is an interesting book, both for those scanty gleams of social life of which we have just given an estimate, and also on account of the curious psychological study which these autobiographical fragments afford. They relate to a period in our history with which most people have only a kind of fallacious familiarity. The vast scattered materials have never yet been marshalled into due order and informed by a guiding and impartial mind. The frank, chivalrous character of Wyndham, although we perceive in it shades and flaws hitherto unsuspected, is still elevating and attractive. One reads regretfully of the noble woods of Felbrigge Hall, where the great statesman delighted to wander and meditate, which the unworthy representative of his name and estates, but not his race, ruthlessly cut down. But as the poor lunatic has passed away, we can do nothing more but only regret that fatal eloquence of Sir Hugh Cairns which persuaded a British jury into the insane verdict that poor young Wyndham possessed a sane mind.

Another memoir of a very interesting kind, intermediate between the two classes we have just discussed, is the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Field Marshal Viscount Combermere*, by his widow Viscountess Combermere and Captain Knollys. In such volumes as these pri-

vate and public life. The work traces the career of the renowned Stapleton Co from the days when he was the audacious Westminster boy to the time when he was nearly a centenarian, the most renowned of the great Duke's retainers after Lord Raglan was gone. It is nowadays reading for dated history to follow the warrior in his campaign with Wellesley against Seringapatam and in the Peninsula, and it also seems only the other day when Lord Combermere was one of the leading social influences of our modern society, so prolonged was that life and so vast the stride of events. These pages glitter with some very characteristic letters by Lady Hester Stanhope, where we see her Syrian adventures anticipated in her remarkable girlhood. Georgina Townshend appears, however, to be a still more remarkable young woman. It is a proof of the strong fascination which the Emperor of the French has over modern life, that the most trivial anecdotes respecting him are carefully collected. Thus it is recorded in these pages, that, having to dine with Lord Combermere, Louis Napoleon did not appear till both soup and fish had been removed. Lord Combermere was one of the very few persons who formed a correct estimate of the great qualities of the exile, and used to be greatly annoyed when his friends underrated him. But we must dismiss the work with its mere mention in our catalogue raisonnée.]

Now for a brief glance at French literature. The three most remarkable volumes which have been published of late are unquestionably the second volume of the Emperor's *Jules César*, *Les Apôtres*, by M. Renan, and Victor Hugo's *Travaux de la Mer*. But the first two are continuations, and the interest of continuations is always inferior to that which originally belongs to the first appearance of a work. The Emperor's work will chiefly interest two very different classes of people. The first, the scholars, who, whether the Emperor's con-

to elucidate any doubtful points and add to our knowledge of historical facts; and statesmen and diplomatists, who will study the work as we study a curious puzzle, to see if it will fling any information on a possible reconstruction of the map of Europe. But for the general reader this book will have little attraction. It is very seldom that a French author writes in so dull a way as the Emperor. As a rule, the bright, polished, diamond-like language of France breaks into wit as readily as the Italian language does into rhyme and rhythm. But Louis Napoleon was always a heavy writer. Even the famous *Napoleonic Ideas* reads more like the production of an obfuscated Englishman than of the cleverest Frenchman of the day. I suspect that not very many persons whom one meets will be able to give a lucid account of Caius Julius Cæsar. Mr. Merivale, the accomplished chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons, in his well-known work gives them all the information they want in a much more interesting and intelligible manner. I understand that the Messrs. Levy are very much disappointed with the limited circulation of M. Renan's new work. The rush for the famous *Vie* was enormous; I expect that more copies were sold of it over the counter of the shop in the Rue Vivienne than of all the new plays. But until the book is violently denounced and formally placed under an ecclesiastical ban it will make no great stir. When good Catholics understand that it is a sin to read it, of course they will begin to read it, but hardly till then. Victor Hugo's work, although it falls infinitely behind that masterpiece *Les Misérables*, is still a greater work of genius than any contemporary fiction of the present year. But the book will not greatly please English readers, although the scenery and personages may be considered English; and Victor Hugo has honestly handled both without that unfairness and caricature which generally belongs to French treatment of English subjects. Only those who are intimate with French literature—especially Victor Hugo literature—will fully enjoy it; and these will prefer the French—hard and queer as the vocabulary is at times—to the English version, which is, however, quite praise-

worthy. I hear, with regret, that Victor Hugo has just lost a little fortune among those eccentric people east of Temple Bar, Bulls and Bears as they are called, who get up joint-stock companies, panics, and failures. "Light come, light go," says the writer who makes mention of the great Frenchman's misfortune. I do not know how wealth can be more meritoriously earned than by elaborate and lasting writings.

The mention of M. Renan's books recalls to my mind the undoubted fact that several theological works have unquestionably been among the books of the season. The tone of society is becoming more real and earnest, without the miserable affectation of reality and earnestness. Few books have been more talked about than Mr. Brooks's *Life of Robertson of Brighton*. The interest perhaps became a little livelier when Mr. Brooks was invited to Windsor Castle, and preached before the Queen. Mr. Robertson used to be well known to that section of society which belongs equally to London and to London-super-Mare. He was well known in his rides on the Parade, and all the fashionables fluttered about his chapel. Again, a man so deservedly conspicuous in society, and so general a favorite as Dean Stanley, could not produce any book without a buzz of comment and praise. But Dean Stanley's merits are always of that commanding order that, if he were ever so obscure, he would become famous. A royal favorite and premier dean speaks from a fine pedestal; but speak where and what he might there would be no lack of listeners. So his last volume on biblical history has received an amount of attention seldom accorded to secular history. Then again, the remarkable work, *Ecce Homo*, is affording a regular topic of conversation. It is perhaps a humiliating fact, but none the less a fact, I believe, that the secret of the authorship, and the attempts made to unveil the anonymous writer, are at the bottom of the greater part of the excitement about the work. A man is frequently told, confidentially, who the author of the book is; sometimes it is the great Gladstone himself, and sometimes it is some humble college don, but hitherto the secret has been well kept. As in the case of *Essays and Reviews*, it

was an article in the *Quarterly* which blew the languid fires of criticism into a blaze. It is a remarkable fact, that each of the three books mentioned—which are, I believe, the only works of the kind which have become really popular—exhibits a suspected and impugned orthodoxy. The old axiom has received a strong confirmation, that a book ought to be abused to make it sell. But the fact is, that the minds of men are very much unsettled in those notions where it is most desirable that their minds should be settled. From causes which it is not within our province to estimate and argue out, there is a very large section of society which eagerly welcomes any attacks on the old orthodox systems, though perhaps not the soundest in core, either of heart or understanding.

It is not to be supposed that these books represent anything more than that vast theological literature which is constantly outpouring from the press, representing the fact that in reality we English are substantially a thoughtful and sober-minded people. Clever women will pass an examination in the Bampton lectures, and be able to report to you the results of the labors of the Rawlinsons. By the way, we ought to report the advent of the third volume of the *Ancient Monarchies*, a real addition to the literature of ancient history. The inherent dryness of the subject is very well represented by the literary dryness of the author, in spite of some spasmodic attempts to give a lively and pictorial air to things in general. The advent of a really great pulpit orator is so rare an event in the Church of England, that it ought not to be passed over in silence, nor yet any sudden making of splendid names. We believe that Mr. Liddon spent a considerable space of time in travelling over the Continent, listening to pulpit addresses in Roman Catholic countries, and endeavoring to penetrate the secret whereby foreign ecclesiastical orators are enabled to hold enthralled the congregations of wide cathedrals. So wide has Mr. Liddon acquired that art, that men will listen to him at Oxford for nearly two hours at a time, and his sermon at St. Paul's was perhaps the most remarkable of the whole series delivered there. Mr. Liddon is brought

within the range of books of the season by the fact that he has issued a volume of University sermons which, if not read by ordinary readers, is at least diligently studied by those who act intermediately between the multitude and great thinkers, those intellectual middlemen who bring home the thoughts of the few to the comprehension of the many.

We gladly turn aside from the pile of books. That unconscionable east wind which has been raging with unparalleled violence and persistency into these opening days of June, has kept us longer over them than we could have wished, and has been loath to let us free into the liberal air to shake off the *ennui* of over-much reading. For among many of us there is a great deal of this over-much reading; we are veritable slaves of type, and blindly accept our thoughts and facts from the dictation of those who are good enough to furnish us with them. Truly says a poet of our own, "Knowledge comes but Wisdom lingers." Knowledge comes—she comes in whole sheets of literature, in the enormous accumulation of facts, in multitudinous reams of comment; but Wisdom lingers; she lingers late, and comes slowly and comes sadly, and the facts on which she mainly relies are those which are wrung from our own experience, and the thoughts those which are the slowly matured life-fruits of the mind. Lay aside your books, my friends, and while the short-lived zephyrs invite you and the hard earth is still enamelled with flowers, read the fair page written in the leafy covert of bosky dells and engraven on the rocks that front the much resounding sea. That open volume is the best teacher both of knowledge and wisdom. Grow familiar, then, with the beauties of animated nature, with other beauties of animated nature whereof honest Goldsmith was not taking count when he coined the phrase. The books of the season are best discussed by the *belles* of the season when the season is over, and clear, concise, and quick thoughts will evoke meanings and sidelights of which the authors little dreamed, and prove the freshest and rarest of criticism. For it is by such ways that the ultimate value of a work is fixed, and the fact decided whether the books shall only last for the

season, or take their lasting place in the affections and recollection.

Popular Science Review.

ON THE EXHAUSTION OF OUR COAL.

BY LEONARD LEMORAN, M.E.

THE impulsive way in which sometimes one, and then another, kind of question is seized upon by the public, is a very unfavorable illustration of the amount of thinking power which moves the masses. It is not, perhaps, quite right to lay this charge of impulsive action upon the large section of society generally comprehended within the term, the masses, as though they alone were guilty of those feverish manifestations of unguided energy, seeing that the educated members of the Legislature are no less liable to the disease. Of late we have had a striking example of this in the way in which "The Coal Question" has suddenly claimed the attention of the People, the Senate, and the Government. From time to time thinking men have asked themselves the question, "How long will our coal last?" and they have occasionally put the question before the public. Usually the reply which they have received has been a pitying smile, that any one should trouble his head with so absurd a problem. At length the question is put in a new form. It is consequently considered from an unusual point of view, and a certain degree of alarm is manifested, on all sides, lest, on some cold winter's morning, at no very remote period, we should awake to the fact that the coal-cellar of Great Britain was empty.

Feeling that the subject is one of great national importance, we are not surprised that there is a stir at the present time about it. We are rather disposed to examine into the causes of that manifest indifference which has prevailed so long, notwithstanding that the question has been several times very forcibly put forward, by men whose standing among the thinkers of their day would, we should have thought, have commanded attention. It will be instructive to select a few examples in confirmation of this. In 1789, John Williams, in his *Natural His-*

tory of the Mineral Kingdom, deals very fully and fairly — according to the amount of his knowledge — with the question of the “*Limited quantity of coal in Britain* : ”

“I have no doubt that the generality of the inhabitants of Great Britain believe that our coal-mines are inexhaustible ; and the general conduct of the nation, so far as relates to this subject, seems to imply that this is held as an established fact. If it was not a generally received opinion, would the rage for exporting coals be allowed to go on without limitation or remorse ? * But it is full time that the public were undeceived in a matter which so nearly concerns the welfare of this flourishing island ” (p.184). Again : “When our coal mines are exhausted, the prosperity and glory of this flourishing and fortunate island are at an end. Our cities and great towns must then become ruinous heaps for want of fuel, and our mines and manufactories must fail from the same cause, and then, consequently, our commerce must vanish. In short, the commerce, wealth, importance, glory, and happiness of Great Britain will decay and gradually dwindle away to nothing, in proportion as our coal and other mines fail ; and the future inhabitants of this island must live, like its first inhabitants, by fishing and hunting ” (p. 195).

These words, written eighty years since, are curious and instructive, especially when placed in juxtaposition with remarks which are the birth of yesterday. In 1863 Sir William Armstrong addresses the British Association in these words : “The greatness of England much depends upon the superiority of her coal, in cheapness and quality, over that of other nations ; but we have already drawn from our choicest mines a far larger quantity of coal than has been raised in all other parts of the world put together ; and the time is not remote when we shall have to en-

counter the disadvantages of increased cost of working and diminished value of produce. . . . The entire quantity of available coal existing in these islands has been calculated to amount to eighty thousand millions of tons, which, at the present (1863†) rate of consumption, would be exhausted in nine hundred and thirty years ; but with a continued yearly increase of two and three quarter millions of tons would only last two hundred and twelve years.”

When Mr. John Williams wrote, the quantity of coal raised annually in the United Kingdom must have been very small, as compared with our present “output.” He has furnished us with the means of roughly estimating the relation which the production of the two periods bear to each other, especially so far as the Newcastle coal-field is concerned.

	Chaldrons.
The consumption of coal in London.....	900,000
Sent coastwise (for consumption in other towns).....	700,000
Sent for Foreign consumption...	250,000
Consumed at Newcastle, Shields, and Sunderland.....	450,000
Total consumption of coal from the rivers Tyne and Wear..	2,300,000

The number of tons in the above quantity, taking the chaldron at twenty-seven hundred, is three million one hundred thousand.

In 1864 the gross produce sold from, and used at, the collieries of Northumberland and Durham, was twenty-three million two hundred and eighty four thousand three hundred and sixty-seven tons, or nearly *eight times* the quantity given as the produce of those collieries when Williams wrote. But a more reliable return given by Dr. Millar in the edition of this work published in 1810, shows that William's estimate was in excess of the truth. From this table we learn, that in each of the four years from 1802 to 1805, both inclusive, not more than eight hundred thousand tons were sent “coastwise, over sea,” and to “plantations” (our colonies). Whereas in 1864, the Great Northern coal field sent

* In the edition of the *Mineral Kingdom* for 1810, the editor, Dr. James Millar, of Edinburgh, says : “This ground of complaint of the waste of coal is now removed. The French, during the revolutionary war, were led to examine their own resources, which were soon found so abundant as to be equal to the increasing demand of many new, extensive, and flourishing manufactures.”

† 88,292,515 tons. — *Mineral Statistics*.

	Tons.
Coals to foreign countries.....	4,104,484
Coke (<i>estimated as coal</i>) to foreign countries.....	448,862
Coals sent coastwise.....	6,188,026
Coke (<i>estimated as coal</i>) sent coastwise.....	46,082
	<hr/> 10,782,904
To make our comparison correctly, we must deduct the quantity brought within the London district—as the quantities sent to London are not included in the eight hundred thousand tons.....	<hr/> 2,927,176
	<hr/> 7,855,728

Thus we learn that the increase has been more than *ninefold* in the exportation of coal from the Northern coal ports in *sixty years*, and this has been considerably exceeded in several other of our large coal-fields.

When Williams expressed his fears that the coal fields of Great Britain were being rapidly exhausted, they were not producing more than nine millions and a half tons of coals per annum. In the year when Sir William Armstrong spoke, our collieries were yielding very nearly ninety million tons. Mr. W. Stanley Jevons says, as if he felt it necessary to offer some excuse for Williams's fears, "When no statistics had been collected, and a geological map was not thought of, accurate ideas were not to be expected."^{*}

We have both statistical returns and geological maps; are the notions now entertained in the least degree more accurate than they were then? We fear not. When we examine the statements which have been made within these last few years, we cannot come to any other conclusion than this. We find Sir William Armstrong limiting our supply of coal, at our present rate of consumption, to a duration of two hundred and twelve years.[†] Mr. R. C. Taylor,[‡] who has been ever regarded as a competent authority

on all that relates to coal, extends it to seventeen hundred years. Mr. Edward Hull,[§] who is, we should suppose, from his position, as well qualified as any man to make a just computation, says, with an increase of one million and a half of tons per annum, our coals will only be sufficient for a little upwards of three hundred years. Then we have Mr. H. Hussey Vivian, in his place in the House of Commons,^{||} declaring that South Wales could supply "her own consumption for five thousand years," and "all England for five hundred years." This certainly does not indicate any very *accurate notions* on the subject of the duration of our coal-fields, even among those men who, from their connection with them, either directly or indirectly, may have been expected to possess the requisite knowledge for making a fair approximate estimate thereof. To this wretched uncertainty we must attribute the indifference to the question shown by the public.

It is certainly a very severe reflection on this great commercial and manufacturing nation, that it should be, with the strangest want of thought, wastefully using, in enormous quantities, that natural production upon which its commerce and its manufactures depend, without having made any endeavor to ascertain, by a full and fair examination of the whole question, how long its coal-beds will bear the present drain upon them.

Many guesses have been made; but although one may be a little more ingenious than the other, they must, every one of them, be received as *guesses* and nothing more. In considering this important problem, several questions must receive the best possible answers which can be obtained.

1. What is the area of the British coal-fields, within their known limits?
2. Can the quantities of coal which have been removed from the several fields be ascertained?
3. What is the total quantity of *workable* coal?

[§] *The Coal-Fields of Great Britain—their History, Structure, Duration, etc.*; by Edward Hull, B.A., of the Geological Survey of Great Britain.

^{||} Speech on the Debate which arose in the House of Commons upon the Coal Clause, by H. Hussey Vivian, Esq., M. P. (Ridgway.)

^{*} *The Coal Question—an inquiry concerning the Progress of the Nation, and the Probable Exhaustion of our Coal Mines*; by W. Stanley Jevons, M.A.

[†] Report of the *Twenty-third Meeting* of the British Association, September, 1863.

[‡] *Statistics of Coal*, F.G.S.

ble coal remaining in the collieries now at work?

4. What is the present rate of exhaustion?

5. What are the prospects, as regards the annual increase of the "output" (the quantity raised from each colliery)?

6. Do any of our large coal-fields probably extend far beyond their known limits, under the Permian and New Red Sandstone rocks?

7. What seams of coal exist at greater depths than those now worked?

8. What are the difficulties in the way of carrying our mining operations to a depth much greater than the deepest workings now in progress?

With the last three questions I do not propose dealing, beyond the remark that we know our coal-fields do extend under the Permian and New Red Sandstone rocks, and that coal-seams do exist at much greater depths than any now worked. The extension of workings either horizontally or vertically will only take place as an increase of price stimulates the collier to make new trials. The difficulties, likewise, in the way of deep mining are mere questions of cost. It is important to notice that the assumption of four thousand feet as the greatest depth to which coal can be worked, on account of the increase of temperature, is purely voluntary. The increase has been calculated at a rate for which there is no authority; and while we are saying our coal-beds cannot be worked below four thousand feet, a colliery in Belgium has

nearly approached that depth, and no inconvenience is experienced by the miners.

It is not my intention, indeed, to attempt to find answers to any of the above questions. My purpose is, seriously to show that answers cannot be given to most of them, without an examination of the most searching character, which examination is beset with difficulties of no common order. I desire, however, to convey to the readers of this article a very general idea of the conditions under which our beds of coal have probably been formed, and of the disturbances to which they have been subjected after they have been formed, since this geological problem bears on the questions of working the coal, and of extending those workings both horizontally and vertically.

1. Geological investigation has shown us that coal belongs to a special group of rocks, which has been named the Carboniferous group. This formation assumes, even in different parts of these islands, several peculiar variations, which clearly prove that they do not belong to the same age; that although the same general conditions of moisture and heat necessary for coal formation have prevailed, the mechanical phenomena of the transportation and deposition of carbonaceous and earthy matter have greatly varied. For example, in Western England and South Wales we find three well-defined divisions in the Carboniferous group:

- | | |
|-------------------------|---|
| 1. COAL MEASURES,..... | { Strata of shale, sandstone, and grit, from 600 to 12,000 feet thick with occasional seams of coal. |
| 2. MILLSTONE GRIT,..... | { A quartzose sandstone, often a conglomerate, with beds of shale, altogether more than 600 feet thick. |
| 3. MOUNTAIN LIMESTONE, | { A calcareous rock, of marine origin, sometimes 900 feet thick, devoid of coal. |

In the North of England, beds of limestone are found in the Millstone Grit, and even a few seams of coal, and in some parts of the Scotch coal-field we find an intercalation of the marine limestones, with sandstones and shale, containing coal.

That coal has been formed from vegetable matter, no longer admits of any doubt. The processes by which the ancient forests, the peat-like formations of semi-tropical swamps, or the plants of

marine growth have been converted into coal, cannot be said to be clearly determined. This much, however, must be admitted. That there must have been extensive tracts of undrained land upon which the vegetation found in the coal measures must have grown. That lakes, seas, or lakes, or waters, under some conditions compelling repose, must have existed, or the shales, the clays, and the coal, could not have been deposited. The Mountain Limestone indicates marine

conditions, analogous to those which now prevail among the Coral Islands of the Pacific Ocean. Desiring to avoid every controversial point, I am with intention especially general; the only conditions which concern the question under consideration being that the coal epoch proper was from the termination of that period which we distinguish as the Old Red Sandstone age and the commencement of that which belongs to the New Red Sandstone time. In other words, no coal must be expected below or in the Old Red Sandstone rocks, nor must we imagine that *true* old coal can be found in or above those rocks which we now distinguish as Permian and New Red Sandstone proper.

The coal-fields of Great Britain may be grouped into,

1. The South Wales, Gloucestershire, and Somersetshire fields.
2. The South and North Staffordshire and Shropshire fields.
3. The Midland, including the Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire coal-fields.
4. The Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales coal-fields.
5. The Northumberland and Durham coal-field.
6. The coal-fields of Scotland.

These are unquestionably isolated deposits of fossil fuel. Within those divisions there may be, there probably are, connections. The Staffordshire and the Shropshire beds may be found to be in union and those grouped as the Midland—although there are now wide gaps of country unexplored—are possibly one field. From the Lancashire coal-field, it is not improbable that an extension of beds may be discovered, passing under Liverpool, and the Mersey, uniting the Lancashire with Cheshire and Flintshire fields. Some have supposed that the coal-beds were at one time extended over the whole area of the British isles, and that they have been removed, from the now vacant portions, by denudation. Such a condition is physically impossible, seeing that immense tracts of land must have been required to produce the vast vegetable growth, and quiet waters, to accelerate the necessary chemical changes in that vegetable matter upon which the production of coal depends. Such a con-

dition is geologically improbable, the Carboniferous Limestone requiring insular masses, around which the marine animals, upon which its formation chiefly depended, did their vast work, slowly, in shallow waters, while the Millstone Grit, and all the shales and sandstones, indicate large tracts of country from which the matter forming those rocks had been removed. This signifies, however, but little in the present inquiry. Some few persons, indeed, may be found who believe that coal may extend under the eastern and southern counties; but such a vague hypothesis cannot be entertained. We have only to deal with the coal-fields proper which are known, and their probable extension beyond the limits at present explored by the colliery operators.

The difficulty, the uncertainty, which surrounds the "Coal Question" meets us at the first step. The area occupied by coal within the Carboniferous deposits has never yet been determined with that accuracy which is necessary for computing the quantity of coal now, or at any time, existing. If we examine all that has been written on the subject, we shall find a strange want of agreement between the writers on this, the simplest element in the problem they pretend to solve. The beautiful maps of the Geological Survey give the Coal Measures with great accuracy, and in remarkable detail trace out the outcrops of the beds of coal; thus furnishing a considerable amount of exact knowledge upon which an inquiry might be based; but this has not hitherto been done. On those maps, also, we have numerous "faults" carefully laid down, showing the disturbances which have dislocated the coal-beds; removing some so far below the surface that they are never likely to be reached, and lifting others so that they have been brought within the range of water action, and thus worn down, and removed for ever.

2. In reply to the second question, it will be admitted on all hands, that we have no means of arriving at any correct knowledge of the quantities of coal which have been removed. Until a very recent period, scarcely any plans of the subterranean works were kept; and, indeed, until after the passing of the Inspection act, there was nothing approaching to a

regular system of recording the work done. Consequently, there are large tracts of country of which we know nothing, except that they have been worked by the old miners, in which coal may still exist, but which is lost to us for ever. This, however, is not so all-important.

3. What is the total quantity of workable coal remaining in the collieries now at work? is the great question of which we have to seek a solution.

This may be determined within very small limits of error; but it will require a large expenditure of time, and consequently of money. There are in the British isles thirty-two hundred and sixty-eight collieries. Nearly all of those must be visited, and at each the quantity of coal remaining must be determined. A very large number of the coal proprietors would offer no objection to this; they would, indeed, render every possible assistance. But there are many who would very strongly object to this

inquisition. Few men, indeed, would like it to be published that they had but two or three years' supply of coal left in their mines. This, however, is a difficulty which may be overcome by judicious management. Although there would be very sufficient reasons for refusing to furnish the information from individual collieries, there could be none if the collieries were taken in groups. In most cases, the coal trade associations would undertake to furnish the required data respecting all the collieries within their jurisdiction.

Having stated the difficulties, and expressed my opinion that there are none which could not be overcome, it only remains for me to show that no reliance can be placed upon any statement which has hitherto been published. Instead of making the inquiry in the way indicated, which is the only method by which we can arrive at anything approaching to correctness, we find the estimates made after this manner.

Estimate of the Mineral Resources of the South Wales Coal Basin.

1. Superficial area	906 square miles.
2. Greatest thickness of Coal Measures with coal	10,000 feet.
3. Number of coal-seams from two feet and upwards, twenty-five, giving a thickness of	84 feet of workable coal.
4. Total quantity of coal (corrected for denudation)	48,000 millions of tons.
5. Deduct one half for quantity below four thousand feet, leaving	24,000 millions of tons.
6. Deduct one third for waste, and quantity already extracted, leaving for future supply	16,000 millions of tons.
7. Divide this by eight millions of tons, the average annual produce, we find that the supply will last at the present rate of consumption two thousand years.	

Now, Mr. F. Foster, in his communication to the Natural History Society of Newcastle, gives an area to the South Wales coal-field of nine hundred and thirty-five square miles, but he estimates the total quantity of coal ever held within that basin as only sixteen thousand millions of tons; whereas, Mr. H. Hussey Vivian, in his place in the House of Commons, advanced it to fifty-four thousand millions, and yet more recently Mr. Joshua Richardson, of Neath, and Mr. Martin, gave this coal-field an area of ten hundred and fifty-five square miles, with sixty-four millions tons of coals in each square mile, and they tell us that it

will take ten thousand years to exhaust the coal in South Wales.

Surely this is a sad reflection upon our way of looking at a very vital question.

It is quite unworthy of the science of the country, and still more is it unworthy of that exactness which distinguishes our commercial transactions.

4. The rate of exhaustion is satisfactorily determined, and we have every year returns given in the *Mineral Statistics*, issued from the Mining Record Office, upon which we believe reliance may be placed. From these returns and some other sources I have compiled the following tables:

COAL RAISED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM IN EACH YEAR SINCE 1854.

Year.	England.	Wales.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Total.
1854....	47,421,651	9,643,000	7,448,000	148,750	64,661,401
1855....	47,305,189	9,677,270	7,325,000	145,620	64,453,079
1856....	49,043,215	9,965,600	7,500,000	136,635	66,645,450
1857....	48,883,800	8,178,804	8,211,473	120,630	65,394,707
1858....	47,443,861	8,517,789	8,926,249	120,750	65,008,649
1859....	52,297,115	9,262,350	10,300,000	120,300	71,979,765
1860....	61,071,460	8,005,313	10,900,500	119,425	80,042,698
1861....	63,870,123	8,561,021	11,081,000	123,070	83,635,214
1862....	62,025,383	8,409,455	11,076,000	127,500	81,638,338
1863....	68,419,884	8,645,081	11,100,500	127,050	88,292,515
1864....	71,327,813	8,935,060	12,400,000	125,000	92,787,873
1865....	72,500,255	9,560,260	12,450,500	120,500	94,631,515

PORTS OF COAL FOR THE SAME PERIOD, QUANTITY RETAINED FOR HOME CONSUMPTION AND RELATION OF THAT QUANTITY TO THE POPULATION.

Year.	Exports.	Retained for Home Consumption.	Population of Great Britain.
1854.....	4,309,255	60,352,146	—
1855.....	4,976,902	59,477,177	21,792,872
1856.....	5,879,779	60,765,671	22,080,449
1857.....	6,737,718	58,656,989	22,369,463
1858.....	6,529,483	58,479,166	22,616,839
1859.....	7,006,949	64,971,816	22,810,069
1860.....	7,412,575	72,630,123	22,946,988
1861.....	7,934,832	75,700,382	23,181,790
1862.....	8,330,673	73,307,665	23,416,264
1863.....	8,275,212	80,017,303	23,655,482
1864.....	8,800,420	83,987,453	23,891,009
1865.....	9,170,477	85,461,038	24,127,003

It will be seen that our production of coal received a sudden acceleration in 60, which was the year when the new *encl* Tariff came into operation. That commercial arrangement, and the consequent development of our trade—which is greatly assisted by the International Exhibition of 1862—has led to a steady increase in the home consumption of coal. As it is shown is not dependent upon an increase of population: it is evident—due to the activity of all our manufacturing industries.

5. May we expect that this annual increase will continue in some such ratio as that observed during the last five years? Let us consider for a moment what is the rate of increase at present. Mr. W. Stanley Jevons, in his excellent book on *the Coal Question*, who has examined this point with great care, says: "We of course regard not the average annual arithmetical increase of coal consumption between 1854 and 1863, which is

two million four hundred and three thousand four hundred and twenty-four tons, but the average ratio or rate per cent. of increase, which is found by logarithmic calculations to be 3.26 per cent. That is to say, the consumption of each year, one with another, exceeds that of the previous as 103.26 exceeds 100." Assuming this rate of increase, $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum, to continue, we should in the year 1900 draw from our rocks, more than three hundred millions of tons, and in 1950 nearly two thousand millions. About three hundred thousand miners are now employed in raising rather more than ninety-two millions of coals; therefore more than eight million miners would be necessary to raise the quantity estimated as the produce of 1950. One third of the present population of Great Britain would be coal-miners. "If our consumption of coal continue to multiply for one hundred and ten years at the same rate as hitherto, the total amount of coal con-

sumed in the interval will be one hundred thousand millions of tons" (*Jevons*). Mr. Hull tells us that he estimates the available coal in Britain at eighty-three thousand millions of tons, within a depth of four thousand feet; therefore in one century from the present time we shall, according to this, exhaust all the coal in our present workings, and all the coal-seams which may be found at a depth of fifteen hundred feet below the deepest working in the kingdom. The assumption upon which this estimate is based is absurd from every point of view. Such a continued increase as that which has taken place during the last five years cannot continue for the succeeding ten years.

The increase in our exportation of coal has been during that period but very trifling. The price of coal is advancing, and with higher prices we must expect our exports to fall off. Although there is an extension of our pig-iron manufacture, there does not appear to be a corresponding enlargement of the trade in merchant iron, or of such manufactures as are required by the engineer. Large pumping-engines for use in Northumberland, are now being made in Belgium, and the same country is now supplying engineers in London with such ornamental castings as they require, because, I am informed, the designs and the castings are better, and, beyond all, they are cheaper than they can be obtained from the English founders. Locomotive engines for English railways are being made in France, and the great iron ship-building yards of the Seine and Marseilles are seriously entering into competition with our own. During the last six years, immense quantities of railway iron have been made to supply the requirements of the world. This demand is gradually subsiding, the simple cause being that there is a lull in the railway atmosphere, the current of speculation is running less rapidly, and the extension of lines of iron road is more gradual than it was. Did space admit of it, it could be shown that on every side there are evidences of the most decided character which warrant the supposition that the annual exhaustion of our coal-fields will not at any period much exceed the one hundred million tons which it has nearly reached.

The price of coal has been, and is steadily increasing, and it must continue to do so. Our mines are worked at a greater depth from the surface than formerly, and the workings are every day extending further from the shaft, through which the coal is raised to the surface. Many of our large collieries draw an acre of coal, several feet thick, through one shaft, to the surface, every week. The cost of obtaining the coal is therefore steadily increasing. With an increase of price, a more general economy in the use of coal will arise. A rise of two or three shillings a ton on coal in London will lessen the brilliancy of the parlor fire, and check the waste in the kitchen, of many a household. Many of our large manufactories use five hundred thousand tons of coal a year: increase the cost by a few shillings the ton, and the same quantity of heat will be obtained by more careful stoking, from a less quantity of coal. As an example of this, the pumping-engines of the coal districts are worked with coal costing five or six shillings the ton; the pumping-engines of Cornwall are worked with coal costing fifteen or sixteen shillings the ton. Yet the Cornish engines perform a higher duty than the colliery engines do, and at less cost, because coal is wasted in the one case and economized in the other. In the colliery districts, boilers are exposed to every wind that blows, and all the rain which falls; in Cornwall they are not only housed, but they are most carefully clothed, to prevent any loss of heat. *The increase of price which is going on, is the natural check upon any greatly increased consumption of coal.*

I think it cannot but be understood, that the writer of this article regards the present excitement on the "Coal Question" as giving an undue importance to it. At the same time he hopes that it may lead to such an examination as will, approximately, determine the question already propounded. There is considerable uneasiness among the coal proprietors, lest this inquiry should be instigated by the Government, and vigorous efforts are being made to persuade the public that our coal is virtually inexhaustible. Trade interests of various kinds, many of them of the most short-sighted description, will interfere to check inquiry—and

to lead it astray, if persisted in. The existing uncertainty is regarded most favorably by the interested few, but the removal of that uncertainty would greatly benefit the great mass of coal consumers, and certainly introduce a far more healthful condition among the coal owners, than that state of intermittent fever which, ever and anon, prevails.

Our coal-fields may be sufficient to supply all our wants for many centuries; but within one century it may be found that we are beaten in our manufactures by America, because with the Americans coal will be cheap, whereas with us it will be dear. For several years there has been a slow but steady advance in the price of coal in the very centres of production. To determine if this increase of price is legitimate, and if it must continue to increase—to suggest, by the aid of the physical and mechanical sciences, means by which the required amount of heat may be obtained with the consumption of less coal, and to introduce engineering appliances by which the coal-seams, at great depths, may be worked without any greatly increased cost—are the true objects of any inquiry which may be instituted into the EXHAUSTION OF OUR COAL-FIELDS.

While these pages have been passing through the press, Mr. Hussey Vivian has moved, in the House of Commons, "That an humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that she would be graciously pleased to issue a Royal Commission to investigate the probable quantity of coal contained in the coal-fields of Great Britain; and to report on the quantity of such coal which may be reasonably expected to be available for use—whether it is probable that coal exists at workable depths under the Permian, New Red Sandstone, and other superincumbent strata; and whether they would recommend that bore-holes should be sunk in any and what localities; to ascertain and report on the quantity of coal at present consumed in the various branches of manufacture, for steam navigation, and for domestic purposes, as well as the quantity exported; and how far, and to what extent, such consumption and export may be expected to increase; how far the increase of population may

necessarily accord with the increased consumption of coal, and the relations which one is likely to bear to the other; and whether there is reason to believe that coal is wasted, either by bad working, or by carelessness or neglect of proper appliances for its economical consumption; and whether they would recommend legislation with a view to avoid such waste."

Sir George Gray, in reply, stated that "the conclusion to which the Government had come to was to accede to the motion of his honorable friend (Mr. Vivian), and to nominate upon the commission eminent members of the geological department, and in association with them, gentlemen practically acquainted with mining and manufacturing operations."

Fraser's Magazine,

SUPERSTITION.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, APRIL 24TH, 1866.

BY THE REV. C. KINGSLEY.

HAVING accepted the very great honor of being allowed to deliver here two lectures, I have chosen as my subject Superstition and Science. It is with Superstition that this first lecture will deal.

The subject seems to me especially fit for a clergyman; for he should, more than other men, be able to avoid teaching on two subjects rightly excluded from this Institution, namely, Theology—that is, the knowledge of God; and Religion—that is, the knowledge of Duty. If he knows, as he should, what is Theology, and what is Religion, he should best know what is not Theology, and what is not Religion.

For my own part, I entreat you at the outset to keep in mind that these lectures treat of matters entirely physical, which have in reality, and ought to have on our mind, no more to do with Theology and Religion than the proposition that theft is wrong has to do with that that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

It is necessary to premise this, because many are of opinion that superstition is a corruption of religion; and though they would agree that as such, *corruptio*

optimi pessima, and that it is pernicious, yet they would look on religion as the state of spiritual health, and superstition as one of spiritual disease.

Others, again, holding the same notion but not considering that *corruptio optima pessima*, have been in all ages somewhat inclined to be merciful to superstition, as a child of reverence—as a mere accidental misdirection of one of the noblest and most wholesome faculties of man.

This is not the place wherein to argue with either of these parties; and I shall simply say superstition seems to me altogether a physical affection, as thoroughly material and corporeal as those of eating or sleeping, remembering or dreaming.

After this, it will be necessary to define superstition, in order to have some tolerably clear understanding of what we are talking about. I beg leave to define it as—Fear of the unknown.

Johnson, who was no dialectician, and moreover, superstitious enough himself, gives eight different definitions of the word; which is equivalent to confessing his inability to define it at all:

“1st. Unnecessary fear or scruples in religion; observance of unnecessary and uncommanded rites or practices; religion without morality.

“2d. False religion; reverence of beings not proper objects of reverence; false worship.

“3d. Over nicety; exactness too scrupulous.”

Eight meanings, which, on the principle that eight eighths, or indeed eight hundred, do not make one whole, may be considered as no definition. His first thought, as often happens, is the best—“Unnecessary fear.” But after that he wanders. The root-meaning of the word is still to seek. But, indeed, the popular meaning, thanks to popular common sense, will generally be found to contain in itself the root-meaning.

Let us go back to the Latin word *Superstitio*. Cicero says that the superstitious element consists in “a certain empty dread of the gods”—a purely physical affection, if you will remember three things:

1st. That dread is in itself a physical affection.

2d. That the gods who were dreaded were merely (with the vulgar who alone

dreaded them) impersonations of the powers of nature.

3d. That it was physical injury which these gods were expected to inflict.

But he himself agrees with this theory of mine; for he says shortly after, that not only philosophers, but even the ancient Romans, had separated superstition from religion, and that the word was first applied to those who prayed all day *ut liberi sui sibi superstitibus essent*—might survive them. On the etymology no one will depend who knows the remarkable absence of any etymological instinct in the ancients, in consequence of their weak grasp of that sound inductive method which has created modern criticism. But if it be correct, it is a natural and pathetic form for superstition to take in the minds of men who saw their children fade and die—probably the greater number of them—beneath diseases which they could neither comprehend nor cure.

The best exemplification of what the ancients meant by superstition is to be found in the lively and dramatic work of Aristotle's great pupil, Theophrastus.

The superstitious man, according to him, after having washed his hands with lustral water—that is, water in which a torch from the altar had been quenched—goes about with a laurel leaf in his mouth to keep off evil influences, as the pigs in Devonshire used, in my youth, to go about with a withe of mountain ash round their necks to keep off the evil eye. If a weasel crosses his path, he stops, and either throws three pebbles into the road, or (with the innate selfishness of fear) lets some one else go before him, and attract to himself the harm which may ensue. He has a similar dread of a screech-owl, whom he compliments in the name of its mistress, Pallas Athene. If he finds a serpent in his house, he sets up an altar to it. If he pass at a four-cross-way an ancient stone, he pours oil on it, kneels down, and adores it. If a rat has nibbled one of his sacks he takes it for a fearful portent—a superstition which Cicero also mentions. He dare not sit on a tomb because it would be assisting at his own funeral. He purifies endlessly his house, saying that Hecate (that is, the moon) has exercised some malignant influence on it, and many other purifications he ob-

serves, of which I shall only say that they are by their nature plainly (like the last) meant as preservatives against unseen malarias or contagions—possible or impossible. He assists every month with his children at the mysteries of the Orphic priests; and finally, whenever he sees an epileptic patient he spits in his own bosom to avert the evil omen.

I have quoted, I believe, every fact given by Theophrastus; and you will agree, I am sure, that the moving and inspiring element of such a character is mere bodily fear of unknown evil. The only superstition attributed to him which does not at first sight seem to have its root in dread is that of the Orphic mysteries. But of them Müller says that the Dionysos whom they worshipped "was an infernal deity, connected with Hades, and was the personification, not merely of rapturous pleasure, but of a deep sorrow for the miseries of human life." The Orphic societies of Greece seem to have been peculiarly ascetic, taking no animal food save raw flesh from the sacrificed ox of Dionysos. And Plato speaks of a lower grade of Orphic priests, Orpheotelestai, "who used to come before the doors of the rich, and promise, by sacrifices and expiatory songs, to release them from their own sins and those of their forefathers"—and such would be but too likely to get a hearing from the man who was afraid of a weasel or an owl.

Now this same bodily fear, I verily believe, will be found at the root of all superstition whatsoever.

But be it so. Fear is a natural passion, and a wholesome one. Without the instinct of self-preservation which causes the sea-anemone to contract its tentacles, or the fish to dash into its hover, species would be exterminated wholesale by involuntary suicide.

Yes; fear is wholesome enough, like all other faculties, as long as it is controlled by reason. But what if the fear be not rational, but irrational? What if it be, in plain homely English, blind fear—fear of the unknown, simply because it is unknown? Is it not likely then to be afraid of the wrong object, to be hurtful, ruinous to animals as well as to man? Any one will confess that, who has ever seen a horse inflict on himself mortal injuries, in his frantic attempts to escape

from quite imaginary danger. I have good reasons for believing that not only animals here and there, but whole flocks and swarms of them, are often destroyed, even in the wild state, by mistaken fear; by such panics, for instance, as cause a whole herd of buffaloes to rush over a bluff, and be dashed to pieces. And remark that this capacity of panic, fear—of superstition, as I should call it—is greatest in those animals, the dog and the horse for instance, which have the most rapid and vivid fancy. Does not the unlettered Highlander say all that I want to say, when he attributes to his dog and his horse, on the strength of these very manifestations of fear, the capacity of seeing ghosts and fairies, before he can see them himself?

But blind fear not only causes evil to the coward himself, it makes him a source of evil to others; for it is the cruellest of all human states. It transforms the man into the likeness of the cat, who, when she is caught in a trap, or shut up in a room, has too low an intellect to understand that you wish to release her; and in the madness of terror, bites and tears at the hand which tries to do her good. Yes; very cruel is blind fear. When a man dreads he knows not what, he will do he cares not what. When he dreads desperately, he will act desperately. When he dreads beyond all reason, he will behave beyond all reason. He has no law of guidance left, save the lowest selfishness. No law of guidance: and yet his intellect, left unguided, may be rapid and acute enough to lead him into terrible follies. Infinitely more imaginative than the lowest animals, he is for that very reason capable of being infinitely more foolish, more cowardly, more superstitious. He can, what the lower animals (happily for them) cannot—organize his folly; erect his superstitions into a science; and create a whole mythology out of his blind fear of the unknown. And when he has done that—Woe to the weak! For when he has reduced his superstition to a science, then he will reduce his cruelty to a science likewise; and write books like the *Mal-lous Maleficarum*, and the rest of the witch-literature of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; of which Mr. Lecky has of late told the world so much,

and told it most faithfully and most fairly.

But fear of the unknown? Is not that fear of the unseen world? and is not that fear of the spiritual world? Pardon me: a great deal of that fear, all of it indeed which is superstition, is simply not fear of the spiritual, but of the material; and of nothing else.

The spiritual world—I beg you to fix this in your minds—is not merely an invisible world which may become visible; but an invisible world which is by its essence invisible—a moral world, a world of right and wrong. And spiritual fear—which is one of the noblest of all affections, as bodily fear is one of the basest—is, if properly defined, nothing less or more than the fear of doing wrong; of becoming a worse man.

But what has that to do with mere fear of the unseen? The fancy which conceives the fear is physical, not spiritual. Think for yourselves. What difference is there between a savage's fear of a demon, and a hunter's fear of a fall? The hunter sees a fence. He does not know what is on the other side: but he has seen fences like it with a great ditch the other side, and suspects one here likewise; he has seen horses fall at them, and men hurt thereby. He pictures to himself his horse falling at that fence, himself rolling in the ditch, with possibly a broken limb; and he recoils from the picture he himself has made; and perhaps with very good reason. His picture may have its counterpart in fact, and he may break his leg. But his picture, like the previous pictures from which it was compounded, is simply a physical impression on the brain, just as much as those in dreams.

Now, does the fact of the ditch, the fall, and the broken leg, being unseen and unknown, make them a spiritual ditch, a spiritual fall, a spiritual broken leg? And does the fact of the demon and his doings being as yet unseen and unknown, make them spiritual; or the harm that he may do, a spiritual harm? What does the savage fear? Lest the demon should appear; that is, become obvious to his physical senses, and produce an unpleasant physical effect on them. He fears lest the fiend should entice him into the bog, break the hand-

bridge over the brook, turn into a horse and ride away with him, or jump out from behind a tree and wring his neck—tolerably hard physical facts, all of them; the children of physical fancy, regarded with physical dread. Even if the superstition proved true; even if the demon did appear; even if he wrung the traveler's neck in sound earnest, there would be no more spiritual agency or phenomenon in the whole tragedy than there is in the parlor table, where spiritual somethings made spiritual raps upon spiritual wood, and human beings, who are really spirits—and would to heaven they would remember that fact and what it means—believe that anything has happened beyond a clumsy juggler's trick.

It may seem to some that I have founded my theory on a very narrow basis; that I am building up an inverted pyramid; or that, considering the numberless, complex, fantastic shapes which superstition has assumed, bodily fear is too simple a cause to explain them all.

But if those persons will think a second time, they must agree that my base is as broad as the phenomena which it explains, for every man is capable of fear. And they will see, too, that the cause of superstition must be something like fear, which is common to all men; for all, at least as children, are capable of superstition: and that it must be something which, like fear, is of a most simple, rudimentary, barbaric kind; for the lowest savage, of whatever he is not capable, is still superstitious, often to a very high degree. Superstition seems, indeed, to be, next to the making of stone-weapons, the earliest method of asserting his superiority to the brutes which has occurred to that utterly abnormal and fantastic *lusus naturæ* called man.

Now let us put ourselves awhile, as far as we can, in the place of that same savage, and try whether my theory will not justify itself; whether or not superstition, with all its vagaries, may have been, indeed must have been, the result of that ignorance and fear which he carried about with him, every time he prowled for food through the primeval forest.

A savage's first division of nature would be, I should say, into things which he can eat, and things which

eat him; including, of course, his most formidable enemy, and most savory food—his fellow man. In finding it what he can eat, we must remember he will have gone through much experience which will have inspired him with serious respect for the hidden wrath of nature; like those Himalayan folk, of whom Hooker says, that, as they know every poisonous plant, they must have tried them all—not always with impunity.

So he gets at a third class of objects—things which he cannot eat, and which will not eat him, but only do him harm, it seems to him, out of pure malice, the poisonous plants and serpents. There are natural accidents, too, which fall into the same category—stones, floods, fires, avalanches. They hurt him, or kill him, surely for ends of their own. If a rock falls from the cliff above, what more natural than to suppose that there is some giant up there who threw it at him? If he had been up there, and strong enough, and had seen a man walking underneath, he could certainly have thrown the stone at him, and killed him. For first, he might have eaten the man after; and even if he were not hungry, the man might have done him a mischief; and it is prudent to prevent that by doing him a mischief first. Besides, the man might have a wife; and if he killed the man, then the wife would, by a very ancient law common to man and animals, become the prize of the victor. Such is the natural man, the carnal man, the selfish man, the *ἀνθρώπος ψυχικός* of St. Paul, with five tolerably acute senses, which are ruled by five very acute animal passions—hunger, sex, rage, vanity, fear. It is with the working of the last passion, fear, that this lecture has to do. So the savage concludes that there must be a giant living in the cliff, who threw stones at him, with evil intent; and he concludes in likewise concerning every other natural phenomena. There is something in them which will hurt him, and therefore likes to hurt him; and if he cannot destroy them, and so deliver himself, his fear of them grows into the boundless. The same is true of natural objects on which he looks with the same eyes as boys

of Teneriffe look on the useless and poisonous *Euphorbia canariensis*. It is to them (according to Mr. Piazza Smith) a demon who would kill them, if he could only run after them; but as it cannot, they shout Spanish curses at it, and pelt it with volleys of stones, "screeching with elfin joy, and using worse names than ever, when the poisonous milk spurts out from its bruised stalks."

And if such be the attitude of the uneducated man towards the permanent terrors of nature, what will it be towards those which are sudden and seemingly capricious?—towards storms, earthquakes, floods, blights, pestilences? We know too well what it has been—one of blind and therefore often cruel fear. How could it be otherwise? Was Theophrastus's superstitious man so very foolish for pouring oil on every round stone? I think there is a great deal to be said for him. This worship of Bætyli was rational enough. They were aerolites, fallen from heaven. Was it not as well to be civil to such messengers from above?—to testify by homage to them due awe of the being who had thrown them at man, and who, though he had missed his shot that time, might not miss it the next? I think, if we, knowing nothing of either gunpowder, astronomy, or Christianity, saw an Armstrong bolt fall within five miles of London, we should be inclined to be very respectful to it indeed. So the aerolites (or glacial boulders, which looked like aerolites) were the children of Ouranos the heaven, and had souls in them. One of them became, by one of those strange transformations in which the logic of unreason indulges, the image of Diana of the Ephesians, which fell down from Jupiter; another was the Ancile, the holy shield which fell from the same place in the days of Numa Pompilius; and was the guardian genius of Rome; and several more became notable for ages.

Why not? The uneducated man, unacquainted alike with metaphysics and with biology, sees, like a child, a personality in every strange and sharply defined object. A cloud like an angel may be an angel; a bit of crooked root like a man may be a man turned into wood—perhaps to be turned back again of its

own will. An erratic block has arrived where it is by strange unknown means. Is not that an evidence of its personality? Either it has flown hither itself, or some one has thrown it. In the former case, it has life, and is proportionally formidable; in the latter, he who had thrown it is formidable.

I know two erratic blocks—I believe there are three—in Cornwall, porphyry, lying one on serpentine, one, I think, on slate, which (so I was always informed as a boy) were the stones which St. Kevern threw after St. Just, when the latter stole his host's chalice and paten, and ran away with them to the Land's End. Why not? Before we knew anything about the action of icebergs and glaciers—until the last eighty years—that was as good a story as any other; while how lifelike these boulders are, let a great poet testify; for the fact has not escaped the delicate eye of Wordsworth:

"As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and
whence,
So that it seems a thing endued with
sense;
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a
shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun it-
self."

To the civilized poet, the fancy becomes a beautiful simile; to a savage poet, it would have become a material and a very formidable fact. He stands in the valley, and looks up at the boulder on the far-off fells. He is puzzled by it; he fears it. At last he makes up his mind. It is alive. As the shadows move over it he sees it move. May it not sleep there all day and prowl for prey all night? He had been always afraid of going up those fells; now he will never go. There is a monster there.

Childish enough, no doubt. But remember that the savage is always a child. So, indeed, are millions, as well clothed, housed, and policed as ourselves—children from the cradle to the grave. But of them I do not talk; because, happily for the world, their childishness is so overlaid by the result of other men's manhood, by an atmosphere of civilization and Christianity which they have

accepted at second-hand as the conclusions of minds wiser than their own, that they do all manner of reasonable things for bad reasons, or for no reason at all, save the passion of imitation. Not in them, but in the savage, can we see man as he is by nature, the puppet of his senses and his passions, the natural slave of his own fears.

But has the savage no other faculties, save his five senses and five passions? I do not say that. I should be most unphilosophical if I said it; for the history of mankind proves that he has infinitely more in him than that. Yes; but in him, that infinite more, which is not only the noblest part of humanity, but, it may be, humanity itself, is not to be counted as one of the roots of superstition. For in the savage man, in whom superstition certainly originates, that infinite more is still merely in him; inside him; a faculty; but not yet a fact. It has not come out of him into consciousness, purpose, and act, and is to be treated as non-existent: while what has come out, his passions and senses, is enough to explain all the vagaries of superstition; a *vera causa* for all its phenomena. And if we seem to have found a sufficient explanation already, it is unphilosophical to look further, at least till we have tried whether our explanation fits the facts.

Nevertheless, there is another faculty in the savage, to which I have already alluded, common to him and to at least the higher vertebrates—fancy: the power of reproducing internal images of external objects, whether in its waking form of physical memory (if indeed all memory be not physical) or in its sleeping form of dreaming. Upon this last, which has played so very important a part in superstition in all ages, I beg you to think a moment. Recollect your own dreams during childhood; and recollect again that the savage is always a child. Recollect how difficult it was for you in childhood, how difficult it must be always for the savage, to decide whether dreams are phantasms or realities. To the savage, I doubt not, the food he eats, the foes he grapples with, in dreams, are as real as any waking impressions. But, moreover, these dreams will be very often, as children's dreams are wont to be, of a painful and terrible kind. For

haps they will
 haps his dull
 save under the
 or hunger, or an uncomfortable
 And so, in addition to his waking
 rience of the terrors of nature, he
 have a whole dream-experience
 of a still more terrific kind. He
 by day past a black cavern mouth
 thinks, with a shudder—Something ugly
 may live in that ugly hole: what if it
 jumped out upon me? He broods over
 the thought with the stupid intensity
 of a narrow and unoccupied mind;
 and a few nights after, he has eaten—
 but let us draw a veil before the larder of
 a savage—his chin is pinned down on
 his chest, a slight congestion of the
 brain comes on; and behold, he finds
 himself again at that cavern's mouth, and
 something ugly does jump out upon him:
 and the cavern is a haunted spot hence-
 forth, to him and to all his tribe. It is
 in vain that his family tell him that he
 has been lying asleep at home all the
 while. He has the evidence of his senses
 to prove the contrary. He must have
 got out of himself, and gone into the
 woods. When we remember that cer-
 tain wise Greek philosophers could find
 no better explanation of dreaming than
 that the soul left the body and was
 free, we cannot condemn the savage for
 his theory.

Now, I submit that in these simple
 facts we have a group of "true causes"
 which are the roots of all the super-
 stitions of the world.

And if any one shall complain that I
 am talking materialism, I shall answer
 that I am doing exactly the opposite. I
 am trying to eliminate and get rid of
 that which is material, animal, and base,
 in order that that which is truly spiritual
 may stand out, distinct and clear, in its
 divine and eternal beauty.

To explain, and at the same time
 think, to verify my hypothesis, I
 give you an example—fictitious, it is
 but probable fact nevertheless, because
 it is patched up of many fragments of
 actual fact: as
 ing it out, we
 every possible

Suppose a
 the formidable
 built for ages.

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The awful shade of the great tree,
 added to his terror of the wasps, weighs
 on him, excites his dull brain. Perhaps,
 too, he has had a wife or a child stung to
 death by these same wasps. These wasps,
 so small, yet so wise, far wiser than he:
 they fly, and they sting. Ah, if he could
 fly and sting; how he would kill and eat,
 and live right merrily! They build great
 towns; they rob far and wide; they
 never quarrel with each other: they
 must have some one to teach them, to
 lead them—they must have a king. And
 so he gets the fancy of a Wasp-King—
 as the western Irish still believe in the
 Master Otter; as the Red men believe
 in the King of the Buffaloes, and find
 the bones of his ancestors in the mam-
 moth remains of Big-bone Lick; as the
 Philistines of Ekron—to quote a notori-
 ous instance—actually worshipped Baal-
 ze-bub, lord of the flies.

If they have a king, he must be inside
 that tree, of course. If he (the savage)
 were a king, he would not work for his
 bread, but sit at home and make others
 feed him; and so no doubt, does the
 wasp-king.

And when he goes home, he will brood
 over this wonderful discovery of the
 wasp-king; till, like a child, he can think
 of nothing else. He will go to the tree,
 and watch for him to come out. The
 wasp will get accustomed to his motion-
 less figure, and leave him unhurt; till
 the new fancy will raise in his mind that
 he is a favorite of this wasp-king: and
 at last he will find himself grovelling
 before the tree, saying, "Oh! great
 wasp-king, pity me, and tell your children
 not to sting me, and I will bring you
 honey, and fruit, and flowers to eat, and
 I will flatter you, and worship you, and
 you shall be my king."

And then he would gradually boast of
 his discovery—of the new mysterious
 bond between him and the wasp-king;
 and his tribe would believe him, and fear
 him; and fear him still more, when he
 began to say, as he surely would, not

merely, "I can ask the wasp-king, and he will tell his children not to sting you," but, "I can ask the wasp-king, and he will send his children, and sting you all to death." Vanity and ambition will have prompted the threat: but it will not be altogether a lie. The man will more than half believe his own words; he will quite believe them when he has repeated them a dozen times.

And so he will become a great man, and a king, under the protection of the king of the wasps; and he will become, and it may be his children after him, priests of the wasp-king, who will be their fetish, and the fetish of their tribe.

And they will prosper, under the protection of the wasp-king. The wasp will become their moral ideal, whose virtues they may copy. The new chief will preach to them wild, eloquent words. They must sting like wasps, revenge like wasps, hold all together like wasps, build like wasps, work hard like wasps, rob like wasps; then, like the wasps, they will be the terror of all around, and kill and eat all their enemies. Soon they will call themselves *The Wasps*. They will boast that their king's father or grandfather, and soon that the ancestor of the whole tribe, was an actual wasp; and the wasp will become at once their eponym hero, their deity, their ideal, their civilizer; who has taught them to build a kraal of huts, as he taught his children to build a hive.

Now, if there should come to any thinking man of this tribe, at this epoch, the new thought, *Who made the world?* he will be sorely puzzled. The conception of a world has never crossed his mind before. He never pictured to himself anything beyond the nearest ridge of mountains; and as for a *Maker*, that will be a greater puzzle still. What makers or builders more cunning than those wasps of whom his foolish head is full? Of course: he sees it now. A Wasp made the world; which to him entirely new guess might become an integral part of his tribe's creed. That would be their cosmogony. And if, a generation or two after, another savage genius should guess that the world was a globe hanging in the heavens, he would, if he had imagination enough to take the thought in at all, put it to himself in a form suited

to his previous knowledge and conceptions. It would seem to him that *The Wasp* flew about the skies with the world in his mouth, as he carries a blue-bottle fly; and that would be the astronomy of his tribe henceforth. Absurd enough; but (as every man who is acquainted with old mythical cosmogonies must know) no more absurd than twenty similar guesses on record. Try to imagine the gradual genesis of such myths as the Egyptian scarabæus and egg, or the Hindoo theory that the world stood on an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise, the tortoise on that infinite note of interrogation which, as some one expresses it, underlies all physical speculations; and judge: must they not have arisen in some such fashion as that which I have pointed out?

This, I say, would be the culminating point of the wasp-worship, which had sprung up out of bodily fear of being stung.

But times might come for it in which it would go through various changes, through which every superstition in the world, I suppose, has passed or will pass.

The wasp-men might be conquered, and possibly eaten, by a stronger tribe than themselves. What would be the result? They would fight valiantly at first, like wasps. But what if they began to fail? Was not the wasp-king angry with them? Had not he deserted them? He must be appeased; he must have his revenge. They would take a captive, and offer him to the wasps. So did a North American tribe, in their need, some forty years ago, when, because their maize crops failed, they roasted alive a captive girl, cut her to pieces, and sowed her with their corn. I would not tell the story (for the horror of it) did it not bear with such fearful force on my argument. What were those *Red Men* thinking of? What chain of misreasoning had they in their heads when they hit on that as a device for making the crops grow? Who can tell? Who can make the crooked straight, or number that which is wanting? As said Solomon of old, so must we—"The foolishness of fools is folly." One thing only we can say of them: that they were horribly afraid of famine, and took that means of ridding themselves of their fear.

But what if captives? What if the a did not appease the wasps: they would offer their fairest, their dearest, sons and their daughters, to the w as the Carthaginians, in like strait, in one day two hundred noble boys Moloch, the volcano-god whose worship they had brought out of Syria; whose original meaning they had probably forgotten; of whom they only knew that he was a dark and devouring being, who must be appeased with the burning bodies of their sons and daughters. And so the veil of fancy would be lifted again, and the whole superstition stand forth revealed as the mere offspring of bodily fear.

But more; the survivors of the conquest might, perhaps, escape, and their wasp-fetish into a new land. If they became poor and weakly, their brains and imagination, degenerating with their bodies, would degrade their wasp-worship till they knew not what it meant. Away from the sacred tree, in a country the wasps of which were not so large or formidable, they would require a remembrancer of the wasp-king; and they would make one—a wasp of wood, or what not. After a while, according to that strange law of fancy, the root of all idolatry, which you may see at work in every child who plays with a doll, the symbol would become identified with the thing symbolized; they would invest the wooden wasp with all the terrible attributes which had belonged to the live wasps of the tree; and after a few centuries, when all remembrance of the tree, the wasp-prophet and chieftain, and his descent from the divine wasp—aye, even of their defeat and flight—had vanished from their songs and legends, they would be found bowing down in fear and trembling to a little ancient wooden wasp, which came from they knew not whence, and meant they knew not save that it was a very “old formula for exorcism and dread to savage natives, women of Kende — unless Buddhists like

the same scraps of rag on the bushes round just the same holy wells, as do the negroes of Central Africa upon their “Devil’s Trees;” they know not why, save that their ancestors did it, and it is a charm against ill-luck and danger.

And the sacred tree? That, too, might undergo a metamorphosis in the minds of men. The conquerors would see their aboriginal slaves of the old race still haunting the tree, making stealthy offerings to it by night; and they would ask the reason. But they would not be told. The secret would be guarded—such secrets were guarded, in Greece, in Italy, in mediæval France, by the superstitious awe, the cunning, even the hidden self-conceit, of the conquered race. Then the conquerors would wish to imitate their own slaves. They might be in the right. There might be something magical, uncanny, in the hollow tree, which might hurt them; might be jealous of them as intruders. They, too, would invest the place with sacred awe. If they were gloomy, like the Teutonic conquerors of Europe and the Arabian conquerors of the East, they would invest it with unseen terrors. They would say, like them, a devil lives in the tree. If they were of a sunny temper, like the Hellenes, they would invest it with unseen graces. What a noble tree! what a fair fountain hard by its roots! Surely some fair and graceful being must dwell therein, and come out to bathe by night in that clear wave. What meant the fruit, the flowers, the honey, which the slaves left there by night? Pure food for some pure nymph. The wasp-gods would be forgotten—probably smoked out as sacrilegious intruders. The lucky seer or poet who struck out the fancy would soon find imitators; and it would become, after a while, a common and popular superstition that Hamadryads haunted the hollow forest trees, Naiads the wells, and Oreads the lawns. Somewhat thus, I presume, did the more cheerful Hellenic myths displace the darker superstitions of the Pelasgi, and those rude Arcadian tribes who offered, even as late as the Roman Empire, human sacrifices to gods whose original names were forgotten.

But even the cultus of nymphs would be defiled after a while by a darker element. However fair, they might be ca-

precious and revengeful, like other women. Why not? And soon, men going out into the forest would be missed for a while; they had eaten narcotic berries, got sunstrokes, wandered till they lost their wits. At all events, their wits were gone. Who had done it? Who but the nymphs? The men had seen something they should not have seen, done something they would not have done; and the nymphs had punished the unconscious rudeness by that frenzy. Fear, everywhere fear, of Nature—the spotted panther, as some one calls her, as fair as cruel, as playful as treacherous. Always fear of Nature, till a Divine light arise, and show men that they are not the puppets of Nature, but her lords; and that they are to fear God, and fear naught else.

And so ends my true myth of the wasp-tree. No, it need not end there; it may develop into a yet darker and more hideous form of superstition, which Europe has often seen, which is common now among the Negroes,* which, we may hope, will be soon exterminated.

This might happen. For it, or something like it, has happened too many times already.

That to the ancient women who still kept up the irrational remnant of the wasp-worship, beneath the sacred tree, other women might resort; not merely from curiosity, or an excited imagination, but from jealousy and revenge. Oppressed, as woman has always been under the reign of brute force; beaten, outraged, deserted, at best married against her will, she has too often gone for comfort and help—and those of the very darkest kind—to the works of darkness; and there never were wanting—there are not wanting, even now, in remote parts of these isles—wicked old women who would, by help of the old superstitions, do for her what she wished. Soon would follow mysterious deaths of rivals, of husbands, of babes; then rumors of dark rites connected with the sacred tree, with poison, with the wasp and his sting, with human sacrifices; lies mingled with truth, more and more confused and frantic, the

more they were misinvestigated by men mad with fear: till there would arise one of those witch-manias, which are too common still among the African Negroes, which were too common of old among the men of our race.

I say, among the men. To comprehend a witch-mania, you must look at it as (what the witch literature confesses it unblushingly to be) man's dread of Nature excited to its highest form, as dread of woman.

She is to the barbarous man—she should be more and more to the civilized man—not only the most beautiful and mysterious of all natural objects, if it be only as the author of his physical being. She is to the savage a miracle to be alternately adored and dreaded. He dreads her more delicate nervous organization, which often takes shapes to him demoniacal and miraculous; her quicker instincts, her readier wit, which seem to him to have in them somewhat prophetic and superhuman; which entangle him as in an invisible net, and rule him against his will. He dreads her very tongue, more crushing than his heaviest club, more keen than his poisoned arrows. He dreads those habits of secrecy and falsehood, the weapons of the weak, to which savage and degraded woman always has recourse. He dreads the very medicinal skill which she has learned to exercise, as nurse, comforter, and slave. He dreads those secret ceremonies, those mysterious initiations which no man may witness, which he has permitted to her in all ages, in so many—if not all—barbarous and semi-barbarous races, whether Negro, American, Syrian, Greek, or Roman, as a homage to the mysterious importance of her who brings him into the world. If she turn against him—she, with all her unknown powers, she who is the sharer of his deepest secrets, who prepares his very food day by day—what harm can she not, may she not do? And that she has good reason to turn against him, he knows too well. What deliverance is there from this mysterious house-fend, save brute force? Terror, torture, murder, must be the order of the day. Woman must be crushed, at all prices, by the blind fear of the man.

I shall say no more. I shall draw a veil, for very pity and shame, over the

* For an account of Sorcery and Fetichism among the African Negroes, see Burton's *Lake Regions of Central Africa*, vol. ii., pp. 341-360.

most important and most significant facts of this—the most hideous of all human follies. I have, I think, given you hints enough to show that it, like all other superstitions, is the child—the last born and the ugliest child—of blind dread of the unknown.

Macmillan's Magazine.

BAKER'S EXPLORATION OF THE NILE SOURCES.*

Who does not remember that, when the thrilling news ran through this country of the reappearance at Gondokoro of Speke and Grant, bringing with them, as the result of their bold East-African expedition, the solution of the great Nile mystery, it seemed an item of subordinate interest in this news that they had met at Gondokoro a certain Mr. Baker, who had gallantly gone so far up the Nile from the Mediterranean on the chance of falling in with them and being of use to them? We are much mistaken if it was not in consequence of the rush then made upon maps of Africa that people in general first learned what Gondokoro was—a trading station on the Nile in lat. $4^{\circ} 55'$ N., and the extreme point to which, by any ordinary means of boats or the like, the most persevering European travellers had yet penetrated in ascending the river. And who was Mr. Baker? He was by no means an unknown man in the geographical world. He had already distinguished himself as a sportsman and explorer in Ceylon, and was an old friend of Speke's. By the general public, however, he was now heard of for the first time. But the circumstances in which he was heard of were such as to invest his name all at once with real interest. It was not by mere accident that he had met Speke and Grant, but in pursuance of a definite plan. His being at Gondokoro at all when they arrived there was, in itself, a kind of feat. For though, as we have said, Gondokoro was not inaccessible, and had been reached

by Europeans before, Mr. Baker was the first *Englishman* that had pushed so far up the Nile. But a still stronger interest attached itself to Mr. Baker's name by what was announced almost simultaneously with the news of his receiving Speke and Grant at Gondokoro. It was announced that he did not consider his service then ended, but had resolved to remain in Africa, and undertake an independent exploration back into the region of the interior through which Speke and Grant had just made their way—the object of this exploration being to act on information which Speke and Grant had given him, and, if possible, to settle some important points respecting the Nile sources which they had been obliged to leave in doubt. When to all this was added the intelligence that Mrs. Baker was at Gondokoro with her husband, and that she was to be his companion through all the hardships and perils of the expedition he had undertaken, little wonder that, even amid the applause with which Speke and Grant were welcomed by their countrymen, there were heard incidental words in honor of the heroic traveller who had pledged himself to the completion of their great discovery.

Before any special recognition of his brave intention could have reached Mr. Baker, he had set about its fulfilment. On the 26th of March, 1863, or exactly a month after he had seen Speke and Grant safe on their way home, he and his little caravan of camels, donkeys, and native attendants had left Gondokoro on their reverse direction into the African interior. The conditions in which he made this start were the most desperate conceivable. The news which, in fact, did reach this country was that Mr. Baker's intended expedition had broken down at the outset, through the mutiny of his men and the hostility of the slave-traders. When the subsequent news came that his determination had overcome these difficulties, and that he had actually disappeared into the jaws of that African savagedom from which Speke and Grant had just escaped, those most interested in his success, and most able to judge of its probabilities, hardly knew what to think. Would he be swallowed up, or should he ever return to tell his tale? From time to time, during the years 1863

* *The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources.* By SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, M.A., F.R.G.S., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

and 1864, this question may have been discussed in particular circles. The Royal Geographical Society, at all events, had not forgotten the absent traveller. At a time when they did not know even that he was still alive, and much less with what results he would return, they awarded him the honor of their Victoria Gold Medal, in testimony of their appreciation of his former services in combination with this new attempt. Meanwhile, the non-geographical public, occupied with a thousand other things, had all but forgotten Mr. Baker. The solution of the great Nile mystery had had its day as a subject of mere gossip; Speke and Grant had worn their laurels, and had retired into more private life, leaving their books to tell the tale of their labors more gravely and more at length; and, these books having been widely read, other "sensations" were having their turn.

But the world was again to hear of Mr. Baker. On the 23d of March, 1865, or exactly two years after the date of his departure from Gondokoro, he and his devoted wife reappeared at that place—their wanderings happily finished, and with results far more momentous than could have been anticipated. The rumors of these results preceded them into Europe. On the 13th of November, Mr. Baker was present at the opening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society for the session of 1865-6, to hear his expedition made the chief topic in the annual address of the president, Sir Rodrick Murchison, and to read a paper giving a summary account of the expedition in his own name. And now, in a work of two handsome volumes, dedicated to her Majesty, and with a title at once modestly and carefully chosen, and all needed illustrations, he puts his countrymen in possession of the more perfect and detailed account which they have been expecting.

If only from the admirable manner in which Mr. Baker tells his story, these two volumes would deserve a place of no ordinary mark in our total library of British books of Travel and Adventure. We remember nothing in the shape of a British book of travel more graphic, more lucid, more perfectly proportioned, or having more of that art which keeps a reader spell-bound from first to last, and

does not permit him to lay aside the book for a single available moment, or to think of anything else, till he has finished it. And yet, in Mr. Baker's case, it can hardly be called *art*. He has put no strain upon himself, and has nothing of the manner of a professional *littérateur*. He writes plainly, simply, straightforwardly, and sometimes roughly; and the unusually fascinating effect arises partly from the intense interest of the matter itself—the scenes, incidents, situations, and adventures, in ever-varying succession—and partly from the vividness with which the writer recollects and re-feels each scene and incident as he tells it, and the judicious self-denial with which he suppresses all that might be irrelevant or cumbersome to the reader in following the story connectedly and grasping it as a whole. In this respect Mr. Baker's volumes are in contrast with the works of some other eminent African travellers. Through some such works the reader has had to wade laboriously, almost irritated at finding that men who had been such heroes in action and in endurance were such inefficient penmen, and had to tell the story of their deeds in such a lumbering manner. Mr. Baker, on the other hand, can not only travel, but he can come back and write the story of his travels in a book fit to be a model of excellence in this kind of literature.

The admirable narrative, however, is but a happy accident, securing popular attention to one of the most daring and best-organized feats of enterprise of which there is record even in the annals of African exploration.

Mr. Baker, we learn, had been in Africa, engaged in preparations for his expedition, during two entire years before his meeting with Speke and Grant at Gondokoro—so that four years, and not two, are the measure of his recent labors. It was in March, 1861, that he set out from England, a private English gentleman, with a fixed idea in his mind, which actuated him not the less powerfully because he had not had the "presumption" to publish it. Government had sent out Speke and Grant on an expedition in search of the sources of the Nile; and these travellers, having entered the African continent on its east side, via Zanzibar, were boring their

y, it was hoped, by that supposed
 urther cut to the great river's origin.
 t why should not somebody attempt
 e more the direct ascent of the river
 its entire course from the Mediterra-
 in, so as perhaps to come upon Speke
 l Grant at or near its source, and be
 assistance to them or partake in their
 ors? This is what Mr. Baker thought;
 l, being, as he tells us, of "somewhat
 gh constitution," already inured to a
 pical climate, "in perfect indepen-
 ence," and with "both time and means"
 ich he was prepared to devote "with-
 limit" to any object that thoroughly
 etermined him, he had appropriated the
 erprise to himself. The risk would be
 own, and, if he failed, why, except
 one consideration, it would be of no
 at consequence! "Had I been alone,"
 says, "it would have been no hard
 to die upon the untrodden path before
 ; but there was one who, although
 greatest comfort, was also my great-
 care—one whose life yet dawned at so
 ly an age that womanhood was still a
 are. I shuddered at the prospect for
 , should she be left alone in savage
 ds at my death; and gladly would
 ave left her in the luxuries of home in-
 ad of exposing her to the miseries of
 ica." The young wife, however, with
 pirit to match her husband's, would
 be persuaded, by any arguments he
 ld use, to give up the resolution to
 ompany him; and on the 15th of
 ril, 1861, they sailed up the Nile from
 ro. All this having been simply told
 the first few pages of the first chapter,
 rest of that chapter takes us rapidly,
 with wonderful distinctness, over the
 o-and-twenty months which elapsed
 ween the departure from Cairo and the
 ival at Gondokoro. Two-and-twenty
 nths nominally only of preliminaries to
 main enterprise, but of preliminaries
 ich would have had a great independent
 de even had the main enterprise not
 n afterwards prosecuted. It having
 urred to Mr. Baker, for example, that
 ch of his future success might depend
 his acquiring such a knowledge of
 abic as would make him independent
 nterpreters, and that there were other
 pects in which he might qualify him-
 , what course of qualification does the
 der think he devised? Nothing less

than a complete year of independent ex-
 ertion devoted to the exploration of the
 great eastern affluents to the Nile from
 the mountains of Abyssinia—more espe-
 cially the Atbara and the Bahr-el-Azrek
 or Blue Nile. He had sailed up the Nile
 in the ordinary way for twenty-six days,
 and had then, in order to avoid the great
 westward bend of the river above Koros-
 ko, made a fatiguing march of fifteen
 days across the Nubian desert, arriving at
 Berber in lat. $17^{\circ} 58'$, when this thought
 struck him. At Berber he made his
 plans; and from June, 1861, to June,
 1862, he was engaged in learning his
 Arabic and at the same time mastering,
 by a series of laborious journeys, the
 whole system of those eastern tributaries
 to the Nile that reinforce it at this stage
 with the vast independent drainage of
 Abyssinia. "It is not my intention in
 the present work," he says, "to enter
 into the details of my first year's explo-
 ration on the Abyssinian frontier—that
 being so extensive and so completely
 isolated from the grand White Nile Ex-
 pedition that an amalgamation of the two
 would create confusion." Accordingly,
 "reserving the exploration of the Abys-
 sinian tributaries for a future publica-
 tion," he gives only a brief summary of
 the results—a summary, however, which
 the reader does well to take along with
 him even in the present work. Then,
 dismissing his year on and about the
 Atbara, the Blue Nile, etc., as a mere
 episode or interlude, he brings us back, in
 June, 1862, to Khartoum, the capital of
 the Soudan provinces, and the junction
 of the Blue Nile with the White. At
 Khartoum we see him busy, for the next
 six months, in all sorts of arrangements
 for his farther expedition—collecting his
 escort, buying camels and donkeys, etc.,
 etc.—and at the same time forming his
 impressions of the Turkish Government
 in those parts, and foreseeing the ob-
 stacles through which he would have
 to fight in advancing into the region
 which the far-ramified trade in slaves,
 encouraged by that Government, had
 prepossessed with a murderous fear of
 all strangers, and converted into a mesh-
 work of mutually-suspicious tribes dehu-
 manized and stupefied by every imagin-
 able abomination. The knowledge which
 Mr. Baker thus acquired of the system

and methods of the slave-commerce of which Khartoum is the *dépôt* is succinctly conveyed to the reader, and explains much in the sequel. But, except to convey this important information, Mr. Baker does not think it necessary to detain the reader over his six months at Khartoum. He devotes far more space to the account of his voyage up the Nile from Khartoum to Gondokoro, which occupied him more than six weeks, or from December 18th, 1862, to February 2d, 1863. The dreariness and desolation of this voyage, as well as its difficulties, are described with peculiar impressiveness.

The incidents of the two months at Gondokoro (February 2d to March 26th, 1863) are related in two chapters. Chief of them was the sudden appearance of Speke and Grant—an event which, while it gave a joyful fulfilment to one of Mr. Baker's hopes from his expedition, necessarily gave a new determination to his remaining plans. It had not been permitted him, as he had flattered himself might be the case, to meet Speke and Grant, and join forces with them, at those mysterious Nile sources which were the object of their common search—his direct ascent to them fitting, at an opportune juncture, into their well-calculated flank approach. It had been given to his old friend Speke and that friend's comrade to be the first of civilized men to stand face to face with the great secret; and here they were returning to the world with the news of what they had done. Did nothing, then, remain for him? If at first he had doubts on this point, and supposed his African expedition might now end, they were soon removed. He had just congratulated Speke and Grant, he says, on the honor they had so nobly earned, when, "with characteristic candor and generosity," they gave him a map of their route, "showing that they had been unable to complete the actual exploration of the Nile, and that a most important portion still remained to be determined."

What Speke and Grant had done was substantially this: Turning northward, after their long and weary advance into the interior from the east coast, they had come at last upon the western shore of the great lake to which they gave the

name of Victoria Nyanza, and which they ascertained to be a vast reservoir of waters connected with the Nile. From the northern extremity of this lake they traced a river flowing northwards for a considerable distance; they again, after leaving it, came upon what was undoubtedly the same stream at a point called Karuma Falls, in lat. $2^{\circ} 17' N.$; at this point they crossed, and did not again see the Nile till they arrived in lat. $3^{\circ} 32' N.$ Beyond this last latitude all was clear; but the gap between the two points named was a serious one. The difference of latitude between Karuma Falls and the point at which Speke and Grant again saw the Nile, is $1^{\circ} 15'$, or nearly ninety miles; and what might be the behavior of the river between these two points? Was it, in fact, the same river which had been crossed at Karuma Falls that was again seen in lat. $3^{\circ} 32'$ —the same river unmodified by any agency in the interval more important than the casual reception of tributaries? There were certain circumstances which led Speke and Grant to question this, and to suspect a very singular behavior of the Nile between their observation of it at Karuma Falls and their re-observation of it in lat. $3^{\circ} 32'$. In the first place, whereas the course of the river from its exit from the Victoria Lake had been in the main northerly, it was seen at Karuma Falls taking a sudden bend due west. Then again they were distinctly informed by the natives of the country, and by Kamrasi, the King of Unyore, that the western course of the river was continued for several days' journey, and that then the river emptied itself into a great lake called Luta N'zige, which came far from the south—emptied itself into this lake near its northern end, and almost immediately came out again at the same end in a new stream which was navigable, and which flowed continuously north as the Nile. Here was a puzzle. How would Speke and Grant have solved the puzzle by following their Victoria Lake river—wholly their own property, as they might proudly consider it—from its exit from the Victoria Lake on to Karuma Falls—following it along its provoking bend to the west from these falls, and on, if it so happened, to the lake Luta N'zige, which was said to re-

ceive it. Fain would we have seen the shores of the lake, as to study its character, with their own Victoria Lake; and would they have seen with their eyes the strange phenomenon of a river debouching into this lake, and almost immediately making its exit in a new northerly channel. They perceived what a defect the non-accomplishment of these things would leave to their scheme of the Nile sources, and they foresaw with what complacency "stay-at-home geographers" would ask why they had not made their work perfect by merely going to this place or that place. But when a country is blocked by swarming hosts of black fiends all at war with Kamrasi, it may be impossible even for a Speke and a Grant to take the route they would wish. All that they could do they did most honestly. They laid down in their map the second lake, Luta N'zige, in its probable position, according to the best information they had derived from the natives, and they represented their own Victoria Lake river, in accordance with that information, as both influent into this lake and effluent from it.

Such was the map which Speke and Grant placed in Mr. Baker's hands at Gondokoro, accompanied by various explanations, and with some useful suggestions written by Speke in Mr. Baker's journal. From this moment Mr. Baker had a clear conception of the work cut out for him. Speke and Grant had discovered the Victoria Lake, and made it their own; it remained for him to bestow his attention on the other and yet unvisited lake, and to determine, if possible, the exact functions of both lakes, severally or conjointly, as sources of the Nile.

Two whole years were consumed in this work. Two years! A very pretty picking, as the reader may conceive, out of any man's life, however they may be spent! Two years decomposed into moments may be defined generally as being, for each person, an infinite number of small advances and retreats, of different persons of the medium, consists of but a few, sold out into

ly, and re-saturated of climate, in a couple of years, it is a trade, it is us to realize such a mean may be. Yet this is the life of the African explorer, and it was at the price of two years of such a life that Mr. Baker did his splendid service to geography.

When he left Gondokoro, and made his first plunge into the country he had resolved to explore, it was an act of sheer audacity. He had then but seventeen rascals adhering to him out of his original full escort; and he knew that these had conspired to mutiny and desert him at a certain spot ahead. He was in the wake also of a large Turkish slave-trading party, with whom these rascals were in league, and who had sent him word that they would fire upon him if he followed in their route, and would raise the tribes against him. His sole trust was that, somehow or other, once he was fairly started, he should be able to bend both his own rascals and the Turkish slave-trading party to his will. How he succeeded is one of the most interesting stories of the book. Suffice it to say that, coming to a conference with the leader of the Turkish party, he persuaded that gentleman that it would be worth his while, in the most material sense, to be on good terms with him, and that thenceforth we see the Turks while pursuing their own ends as an independent party and often guilty of horrible atrocities on their march, yet utilized by him as his pioneers and instruments, checked by him in their atrocities, and coming gradually, whenever he is personally present, to recognize him as their master. This once understood, we are able the more easily to imagine his progress through the successive stages of his route. We see him halting here, or delayed there—the motley trading party of Turks and negroes sometimes close to his little party, and sometimes separated from it; and, whether on the halt or on the march, we have descriptions of the scenery passed through, accounts of striking natural phenomena, sketches of negro life and manners, recollections of days of sport among elephants, giraffes, and what not, and character-portraits

of eminent individual negroes with whom as kings or chiefs of their tribes Mr. Baker was brought into close contact. These descriptions are so lively, and Mr. Baker is so heartily English amid all his difficulties, and has such a relish for the fun of any oddity he encounters, that we accompany him with rare pleasure. We come to love, as he did himself, his pet little rifle "Fletcher," with which he had vowed never to part; and we listen, with glee not less than his own, to the scream on rare occasions of his bigger gun, "Baby," always effective, but of such dreadful rebound. Sometimes, as we have to stay with him in one place for weeks, we are beguiled amid the riches around us soliciting our observation—riches geological, botanical, zoölogical, and anthropological of the black type—into temporary oblivion of the purpose of our journey. But, again, this purpose, always stirring in the minds of the two human beings in whom we are chiefly interested—this speck of white motive-power through the dense negro medium—regains the ascendancy in us through sympathy. It is the lake Luta N'zige, and the basin of the Nile sources, that we are bound for; and every intermediate delay becomes more and more vexatious.

Mr. Baker had been obliged by the refractoriness of his men to begin by a *détour* to the east. This brought him at first into the valley of Illyria, and thence into the rich regions of Latooka—the finest country he has seen in Africa. Here he stayed a considerable time. The Latookas are a nation of negroes who go quite naked, with extraordinary helmets made of their own hair; but they are among the most favorable specimens of negro humanity, both for intelligence and industry. For this reason, and also because among them Mr. Baker had his first opportunity of studying intimately the negro character, he devotes a pretty large space to his account of them and their country. On the 2d of May, 1863, he left Latooka; and, having given his route thence its proper direction to the southwest, he arrived at Obbo—a country the general level of which is thirty-six hundred feet above the sea. It is also very fertile, though cattle cannot live in it, owing to the torment of a fly called

the *tsetse*. The natives of Obbo are much inferior to those of Latooka; but Mr. Baker found among them a character of some comic interest in their old chief Katchiba, who has one hundred and sixteen children living, and unites the kingly functions with those of a sorcerer and rain-maker general to his subjects by means of a magic whistle. In Obbo Mr. Baker was delayed many months—rendered helpless by the death of all his transport animals, the difficulty of finding substitutes, and other causes. Worst of all, here his quinine was exhausted, so that the rest of his journey had to be performed in a state of failing health through the want of that essential drug. Not till January, 1864, was he able to resume his southward march, and then only with baggage reduced to the merest necessities. Crossing the Asua, an eastern tributary of the Nile, and pushing on through all sorts of obstacles caused by the unwillingness of the natives of those parts to guide a stranger to the territories of the great Kamrasi, he found himself at length (Jan. 23d) on the confines of the dominions of this dreaded African despot, at the very spot of his long-cherished dreams. He found himself, in fact, at those Karuma Falls, in lat. $2^{\circ} 17'$, at which Speke and Grant had been obliged to leave the river which they had traced from the Victoria Nyanza.

Now it is that Mr. Baker's story reaches the climax of interest and that all his powers of perseverance, of resistance, and of stratagem, are called forth. Kamrasi, the great African despot of Unyoro, the dread of whom among the negro populations round had more than anything else impeded Mr. Baker's advance so far—this magnificent personage of Central Africa (not an imposing looking specimen of negro majesty, either, in physical appearance), whom history will represent as sitting squat at the entrance to the Nile basin and daring all white approach to the mystic sources—this Kamrasi, we are sorry to say, turns out, in Mr. Baker's experience of him, the most ardent swindler, beggar, and poltroon that ever had the name of a king, and the corresponding power of inflicting misery even among the poor Africans. Never was such a collapse. For a while, indeed,

Kamrasi skulks from observation, palming off a bolder brother of his as the real Kamrasi, but taking reckoning of all the presents intended for him, and opposing and harassing the strangers through his convenient brother. How Mr. Baker, enfeebled with fever, so as sometimes to be unable to walk, and with his wife also for a time prostrate and at death's door, contrived, in spite of this brute in power, to achieve the object of his enterprise, can be adequately gathered only from his own narrative. While as yet the real Kamrasi was not seen, and only the sham Kamrasi had come to the front, these objects were substantially achieved. The direct way down the river from the Karuma Falls being debarred, Mr. Baker, after crossing the river at these falls, persisted in a route taking him in a southerly direction to 'Mrooli, Kamrasi's capital, and thence again in a southwest direction for eighteen days' journey, through a park-like country, so as ultimately (March 14th, 1864) to reach the great lake of his search at a place called Vacovia. Here is his description of the first sight of the lake, and of his sensations on reaching it :

"*The 14th March*—The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me ! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noonday sun ; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level.

"It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment ; here was the reward of all our labor—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile ! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honor of the discovery ; but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery when so many greater than I

had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about fifteen hundred feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon these welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind ; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings ; and, as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen, and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake 'the Albert Nyanza.'

"We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife in extreme weakness tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain above the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach : I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the Sources of the Nile."

It was not enough, however, to have merely found the lake, and to have given it that name of "Albert Nyanza" by which it will henceforth be fittingly known, in association with Speke and Grant's twin-lake, the Victoria Nyanza, pre-discovered more to the south and east. Various important matters had to be determined to make Mr. Baker's discovery complete. Some idea had to be formed of the extent of the new Albert Lake, and its importance, in respect of extent, relative to the Victoria Lake. Then the lake must not be left till it had been determined beyond doubt that the river of Speke and Grant left behind at the Karuma Falls, did actually, as was alleged, empty itself into it near its northern end, and till the alleged exit again of another river from the lake in the same neighborhood, flowing north and forming the true White Nile, had been distinctly investigated.

As regards the southern stretch of the Albert Lake from the point at which he had struck it, Mr. Baker was obliged to be content with the unanimous reports of

the natives—which were to the effect that the lake came so far from the south that its extreme limits in that direction were unknown, but were probably not less southerly than the southern shores of the Victoria Nyanza itself. But, where he stood, he could himself appreciate the vast breadth of the lake, with its distant mountain barrier on the opposite shore, down which he could see, with the aid of the glass, the threads of several great waterfalls. Then, starting from Vacovia, he sailed northwards on the lake in canoes, skirting its eastern shore for thirteen days, and experiencing its sea-like tempestuousness at certain times of the day—observing also that the lake gradually narrowed as he sailed north, till, at a place called Magungo, where his voyage stopped, its breadth seemed about sixteen or twenty miles. This Magungo was an important spot in respect of the two remaining verifications he was anxious to accomplish—that of the alleged reception by the lake of the river coming from Karuma Falls, and that of the alleged exit of the other northerly river forming the continuous White Nile. The latter verification was the easier. Ascending an eminence near Magungo, he saw the lake bending away at its northern extremity towards the west, beyond his power of following it to its end in that direction. But at its most northerly point, about eighteen miles distant from where he stood, he discerned a distinct gap, opening to his view, due north and northeast, a dead flat country, through which he could watch for miles the course of a great river flowing steadily north, and made definite to the eye as a broad persistent track of bright green reeds. It was as if the great Albert Lake ceased at this point to be a lake, and ended in a long river-like tail, or continuation, due north. In short, what he saw was the exit from Albert Nyanza of the great river flowing thence to the Mediterranean continuously as the Nile. The natives told him that canoes from the lake could navigate the river for a great way without coming upon cataracts, but that the current was so strong that the re-ascent to the lake could not be made without many rowers. Mr. Baker was prepared to test this for himself by actually sailing to the exit and going down

the river. But the natives positively refused to take him thither, explaining that the hostility of the Madi and Koshi, two nations that commanded the Nile at and after its exit from the lake, made the attempt impossible. Forced to be satisfied, in the mean time, therefore, with his ocular inspection of the Nile's actual exit from the Albert Lake at a point north of Magungo, he turned his attention to the other matter requiring verification—to wit, the alleged reception by the Albert Lake of Speke's Victoria River, last seen at the Karuma Falls. He had, in fact, stopped at Magungo because he was assured that a broad channel of water which there sluggishly joined the lake was the embouchure of this very river. Appearances were against the truth of this supposition. The channel of water into which his boat had turned was about half a mile broad, but it had no current, was choked with reeds, and looked more like a dead marshy arm of the lake than the embouchure of the powerful river which had been seen at Karuma boiling and tearing along its rocky course. In order to settle the question for himself, Mr. Baker ascended the channel—and with a superb result. After a while he became convinced by the sight of floating herbage that there was a current in the seemingly dead river, and lo! at length, pre-announced by a sound heard far off, the sight of the whole mass of waters precipitated towards him in a fall of one hundred and twenty feet of perpendicular height through a rocky gorge or cleft, not more than fifty yards wide. After the sight of this fall (called by Mr. Baker the Murchison Falls) there was no longer any doubt that the sluggish reedy channel at Magungo on the Albert Lake was the embouchure into that lake of the river which Speke and Grant traced to Karuma Falls from the Victoria Nyanza. The two great lakes were connected by this river, and such phenomena of the river as the Karuma Falls and Murchison Falls were significant of the fact that the level of the Victoria Nyanza was much higher than that of the Albert Nyanza. The course of Speke and Grant's river from Karuma to its embouchure in the Albert Lake was calculated at about eighty miles, and Mr. Baker's ascent

he lake to the Murchison Falls and for about a third of this course.

Murchison Falls he had to leave navigation of the river, and resume the toilsome journeying by land.

As now April, 1864, and Mr. Baker having accomplished all he expected to accomplish, would have been glad to return on his return route. But it is not a matter to leave a Central African as it is to leave London from Addington terminus. For seven months more Mr. Baker had opportunities of studying the character of the king, and the state of Kamrasi's kingdom of Unyoro. During a portion of the period he was in such hard case, that Kamrasi's schemes for his detention to be in danger of actual starvation and one of the most ludicrously-imagined passages of the book is his account of the unutterable longing which seized him for the enjoyment once of an English beefsteak, and its acquisition of pale ale, before he died. At length, Kamrasi is made to change tactics, and to cultivate the alliance of a white visitor. But what is Mr. Baker's astonishment on discovering that the white visitor, though the real Kamrasi has been deceived, he has never seen the real Kamrasi! The convenient brother had deceived his majesty in the previous interviews—the real Kamrasi managing to keep his back ground. Now, however, the real Kamrasi turns out far worse than the substitute. It is in vain that Mr. Baker, informed of the deception that had been played off upon him, puts on, as a last resource, in his interview with the real Kamrasi, a full-dress High-land kilt, with kilt and sporran complete, which he had reserved, in faith of its intimidating effect, for whatever crucial emergency might betide him in Central Africa.

The savage monarch was a little disappointed, but recovered himself, and proceeded to beg and to lie with the same pertinacity than if his visitor had been an ordinary English cosh-boy.

Again and again Mr. Baker saw the king, and, the more he saw of him, the more he was disgusted. Not only this great African despot the most capable of beggars, he proved himself most pusillanimous of cowards. The tribes round had invaded his king-

dom, and the only thought of the great man was how he might run away and hide in safety till the invasion had blown over. By no effort of Kamrasi, but chiefly in consequence of the presence in Kamrasi's territory of the Turkish trading party that had pioneered the way for our traveller, it did blow over; after which, this Turkish trading party having collected their ivory, and being ready to start on their return to Gondokoro, Mr. Baker—whose proceedings had been for a long while independent of theirs—was free to accompany them. It was with a glad heart that he did so. The date was November, 1864. When he last saw Kamrasi, his majesty was still begging—begging for this and that, and, above all things, for Mr. Baker's little Fletcher rifle, which was almost the last piece of property he had left. It is a comfort to think that Mr. Baker not only refused this gift, but was frank enough to impart to his mendicant majesty before he left him the wretched estimate of his character which he had been obliged to form, and which it would be his duty to communicate to Europe.

The return to Gondokoro occupied four months, or from November, 1864, to March, 1865. The only incident in it which it is necessary to note here is the coming upon the Nile in the country of the Madi. Mr. Baker, who had seen the Nile flowing so distinctly out of the Albert Nyanza, was, of course, exceedingly anxious for his next sight of the great river in its course to the Mediterranean from that lake; and this was how he was gratified:

"We shortly ascended a rocky mountain by a stony and difficult pass, and upon arrival at the summit, about eight hundred feet above the Nile, which lay in front at about two miles' distance, we halted to enjoy the magnificent view. 'Hurrah for the old Nile!' I exclaimed, as I revelled in the scene before me: here it was, fresh from its great parent, the Albert Lake, in all the grandeur of Africa's mightiest river. From our elevated point we looked down upon a broad sheet of unbroken water, winding through marshy ground, flowing from W.S.W. The actual breadth of clear water, independent of the marsh and reedy banks, was about four hundred yards, but, as usual in the deep and flat portions of the White Nile, the great extent of reeds growing in deep water rendered any estimate of the positive width extremely vague. We could

discern the course of this great river for about twenty miles, and distinctly trace the line of mountains on the west bank that we had seen at about sixty miles' distance when on the route from Karuma to Shooa—the commencement of this chain we had seen when at Magungo, forming the Koshi frontier of the Nile. The country opposite to the point on which we now stood was Koshi, which, forming the west bank of the Nile, extended the entire way to the Albert Lake. The country that we occupied was Madi, which extended as the east bank of the Nile to the angle of the Victoria Nile (or Somerset) junction opposite Magungo. These two countries, Koshi and Madi, we had seen from Magungo when we had viewed the exit of the Nile from the lake, as though a tail-like continuation of the water, until lost in the distance of the interminable valley of high reeds. Having, from Magungo, in lat. $2^{\circ} 16'$, looked upon the course of the river far to the north, from the high pass, our present point, in lat. $3^{\circ} 24' N.$, we now comprised an extensive view of the river to the south; the extremities of the limits of view from north and south would almost meet, and leave a mere trifle of a few miles not actually inspected."

From this point to Gondokoro, Mr. Baker's route lay actually along the course of the Nile the whole way. Arrived at Gondokoro on the 23d of March, 1863, he could look back on his two year's expedition as a *juit accompli*. Preceded into Europe by the fame of his discoveries, he came, by due stages, into that part of Europe where the cordial welcome of his countrymen awaited him, but where it is doubtful whether he enjoyed this welcome most, or the accessibility of the beefsteaks and pale ale for which he had longed when starving in Unyoro.

The leading *geographical* conclusions from Mr. Baker's book, we may say, by way of summary, arrange themselves under two heads:

1. *As to the origin of the Nile.* On this point we have already indicated Mr. Baker's conclusions; but they may be here resumed and generalized. The Nile, he concludes—that great river which flows continuously north, under the name of the White Nile, or the Nile *par excellence*—originates distinctly from the great Central African lake, Albert Nyanza, at its northern extremity. It is from this great lake, or fresh-water sea—covering an area, as Sir Roderick Murchison has calculated, as large as that of Scotland, and describable as a vast reservoir of all

the waters collected from a rainy region of mountain ranges so high that the level of the lake itself is twenty-four hundred and forty-eight feet above that of the ocean—it is from this lake that that river which men in all generations have looked at and wondered at as the Nubian and Egyptian Nile, undoubtedly issues. If it is asked, beyond this, what is the true source of the Nile, the answer must dissipate itself up the thousand streams and cataracts, known and unknown, which feed this lake on all sides. To pass the lake, and fasten on any one stream flowing into it, as the ultimate source of the Nile, is impossible. No one fountain-head, as in the case of other rivers, can be ascended to. The sources may be innumerable, but the lake itself is the collective reservoir in which all are aggregated and confounded. The only question at present is, whether one particular stream flowing into the lake may not, from its importance, be voted to be the prior Nile, by way of honorary distinction, and be designated by the name. This is the river which Speke and Grant traced from the other great lake, the Victoria Nyanza, as far as the Karuma Falls, and which, according to their information, subsequently verified by Mr. Baker, does discharge itself into the Albert Nyanza, at a point not far distant from the outflow from that lake of the Nile universally so called. Is this influent to the Albert Nyanza entitled, rather than any other influent, known or unknown, to retain and carry back with it into the country through which it flows the illustrious name given to the lake's great effluent? On this point nothing can be more magnanimous than the verdict of Mr. Baker. All through his volumes he is most generous and generous in his recognition of the achievements of Speke and Grant, accounting it his own chief honor to have succeeded them, and verified their theory. Now even in the matter of the name now to be given to their river flowing from the Victoria Lake, will he be a party to the slightest diminution of the popular fame of his friends. Although Speke himself, in the map which he gave to Mr. Baker at Gondokoro, had named this river "the Somerset"—thus hesitating, on account of its reported loss of its identity in

intermediate lake, to call it the Nile—Baker, in his map, prefixed to his present volumes, designates the river by alternative names of “the Somerset” “Victoria Nile.” He does this on ground that the river is certainly source of the Nile, and a source of eminent importance, inasmuch as it delivers into the Albert Lake the outflow from that other vast and independent one which Speke and Grant had discovered. In truth, however, the permanent fame of Speke and Grant rests on their discovery of the Victoria Lake, and their having brought home such additional information as enabled them to establish, for the first time, the true theory that the Nile is derived from the enormous mass of water accumulated in its lake-reservoirs of a high level, bosomed amid the mountain ranges of an equatorial region where the annual rainfall is enormous. Mr. Baker, by his discovery of the Albert Lake, and his observations in connection with it, has confirmed this theory, and enabled us to express it more exactly and definitely. Here are, we now know, at least two great lake-reservoirs in Central Africa, collecting its waters at a high level. With one of these, the Albert Nyanza, the Nile is connected *immediately*; for every river which has borne the name of the Nile from time immemorial may be seen flowing out of it at a great gap at its northern end. So vast is this lake-reservoir that it must be fed, not from one, but a thousand sources—rivers, torrents, etc.—from the higher levels all round its shores. Through one such river, however, falling into it sleepily and with scarcely a current, not far from the mouth of the Nile's outflow, it receives the waters of another lake-reservoir, of superficial extent hardly less than its own. This is the Victoria Nyanza, lying more to the north and east, and at much higher elevation—its level being more than a thousand feet above that of the Albert Nyanza. As this Victoria Nyanza yields, through an interconnecting river, all its spare waters towards the mouth of the Albert Nyanza, whence the Nile comes, there is a connection between the Nile and the Victoria Nyanza. But it is an *ultimate* connection only—a connection through the Albert Nyanza.

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Whether this ultimate connection should be signalized by carrying back the name “Nile” through the Albert Lake, and affixing it also to the collateral river that brings to that lake, *via* the Murchison Falls and the Karuma Falls, the contribution from the Victoria Lake, is a question of geographical etiquette.

2. *As to the cause of the annual inundation of Egypt by the Nile.* It is here that those preliminary explorations of Mr. Baker among the Abyssinian tributaries to the Nile, the details of which he has yet to publish, are of interest even in his present work. Mighty river as the main or White Nile is, and proceeding as it does from so vast a lake-reservoir, the evaporation and absorption to which it is subject in its long course towards the Mediterranean would work a huge diminution in its volume but for the reinforcement it receives from tributaries. Indeed, it is at points in its upper course that the Nile proper is to be seen in its full bulk. Were the Nile left to itself, no increases of its upper stream by periodical increases of rainfall in the mountainous region whence it is derived—though there are such increases of rainfall, showing themselves in the rise of the level of the lake-reservoirs—would suffice for the production of that phenomenon which the ancients reckoned among the wonders of the world, the annual inundation of the Nile. The agency mainly concerned in this effect is that of the great Abyssinian tributaries—the Atbara, the Blue Nile, etc.—comparatively poor streams, or mere water-tracks and chains of pools, at certain seasons of the year, but regularly, at other seasons, swollen into brimming floods by the rainfall in the Abyssinian highlands. It is the regularity of this immense influx from the east into the White Nile that produces the beneficial phenomenon to which Egypt owes its existence. The observations adduced by Mr. Baker in support of this view are extremely interesting. He notes particularly the coincidence of the phenomenon of the Nile's rising with the rainy season in Abyssinia, rather than with the somewhat different rainy season known in the equatorial region of the Nile's sources.

Mr. Baker's book contains a great deal of matter possessing an interest quite

separable from that which is purely or specially geographical. We can but glance at two of these more general bearings of a book so rich both in facts and in suggestions.

The volumes both actually propound, and, to a still greater extent, imply and suggest, some curious speculations as to the anthropology of Africa. Mr. Baker has evidently a kindly feeling for the negro; and, whenever he comes either on an individual negro exhibiting in any conspicuous degree any of the qualities that rank high in our reckoning of character, or on a tribe of negroes of any considerable bravery in fight or skill in handicraft, he takes pleasure in bringing the fact prominently forward. As evidently, however, his general estimate of negro humanity in its native state is the lowest possible. A lusty and exuberant brutality—an animalism so robust as to prove that the fate of the negro race can never be that of the American Indians, but must be one of more weight and persistence in the modern world—this is the best of what he found. Though he, doubtless, suppresses much that would have been too revolting for the British reader, the general effect of his pictures of native life in Central Africa may be summed up by saying that they leave the impression that, if by any means all the offscourings of British or any other European society—all the convicts, all the pickpockets, all the prize-fighters, all the billiard-sharpers, all the ticket-of-leave men—could be transported up the Nile, and set down to shift for themselves in the basin of the Nile sources, they would be kings and priests among the native populations there, and a leaven of intelligence and comparative righteousness. In respect of religion, Mr. Baker reports that the universal state of the native negro mind is one of unmitigated and obstinate secularism. God, the soul, immortality, are ideas that seem never to have dawned upon it. "It apprehends no further than this world." Nor, has it, as such extreme secularism of mood might hastily be expected to have, any historical sense, any memory of the secular past related to itself. The great king Kamraai could tell nothing of his own ancestry two generations back,

nothing of the history of his nation. All this has been told, in substance, before; and the usual theory in explanation has been that the negro in his African home is Man in his low stage of development—Man in the Fetichistic stage, as respects religious ideas, and exhibiting, intellectually and morally, all the moral correspondences to that stage of religion. Mr. Baker, however, inclines to a hypothesis which, while it would accredit the negro with a higher physical respectability, would remove him from ourselves by a more abrupt interval. He inclines to the hypothesis that negro humanity is an older organism than the European or Asiatic humanity which we account normal, or, if not an older organism, at least a distinct organism—a separate spurt of creation in peculiar physical conditions, though not so different from other or later spurts as to be irreconcilable with them. And, curiously enough, this view of negro anthropology fits in—though it is by no means necessary that it should—with certain views which Sir Roderick Murchison, partly in consequence of the information derived from Speke's book and this book by Mr. Baker, has been led to propound respecting African geology. Sir Roderick Murchison has for some time been of opinion that "from the absence of all marine deposits of the tertiary and detrital age, it is to be inferred that Central Africa has not been submerged in any of those geological epochs during which we have such visible and clear proof of great subsidence, elevations, and denudations in other quarters of the globe." He has also been of opinion that it is still more out of the question "to seek in the existence of former glaciers" an excavative power sufficient to produce such vast depressions as the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza. Hence he concludes that "the discoveries of Mr. Baker, which show that the deep and vast lake of Albert Nyanza lies in a hollow subtended by hills and mountains of hornblende gneiss, quartz, and porphyry, are an admirable datum" for geologists who may be inclined to argue that the peculiar structure of Central Africa be referred to some remote primary agency.

Less dubious is Mr. Baker's view

concerning native negro anthropology are his views on a political question of more immediate practical importance—the question of the duty of the civilized world, and of Britain in particular, as respects the present custody and stewardship of the negro. Those negro populations of the Nile and its sources which Mr. Baker visited, are, at present—so far as they are under any stewardship at all—under that of the Egyptian Government, a branch of that Turkish power which grasps also so many of the fairer lands of the East. The Egyptian Government is the agency at present deputed by the sufferance of Europe to manage the negro savagery accessible from the Nile; and only by the permission or assent of this agency can the haunts of this savagery be reached. According to Mr. Baker, this state of things is a monstrosity and a crime. The Egyptian Government have done nothing for interior Africa, do nothing at this moment for interior Africa, but infiltrate into it the virus of the slave trade. If Africa is ever to be made a partaker in the civilization of the world, the beginning of the work must be the abolition of the slave trade; and, so long as the Egyptian Government sits at the gate, this is impossible. Sooner or later the Nile negroes must be under another stewardship than that of the Egyptian Government, or of any Turks whatsoever. In this we cordially agree with Mr. Baker. Not the least merit of his book, to our mind, is, that it is likely to give a powerful specific stimulus to two convictions already making way in the British mind, but the furtherance of which is most desirable—the conviction, in the first place, that the Turkish dominion, wherever it exists, is an anachronism, and that all attempts to bolster it up are bad policy; and the conviction, in the second place, that our great national doctrine of non-interference, though kept in honor of late by the hosannas of public meetings, and perhaps provisionally useful for many practical purposes, is essentially a doctrine so base, so inconsistent with either the sound instinctive sense or the proper scientific theory of human duty, that the soul of Britain cannot long rest in it and live.

COUNT VON BISMARCK.

For some time past the eyes of all Europe seem to have been turned upon Count Bismarck as the foremost man of Prussia and the leading statesman of Germany. In the present bloody conflict on the Continent, the hand of Count Bismarck has been widely felt, directing and wielding powerful armaments with colossal energy and forecast. Henceforth he will have a large chapter in German history. The important results to all Europe now at issue in the quarrel of the rival powers, render the chief directing statesman in Prussia a centre of interest. Bismarck is no ordinary man, and plays no common part in the affairs of Europe. Self-contained, strong-willed, determined even to obstinacy, he is not careful to conceal his sentiments, nor slow to support his words by trial of strength. An elaborate comparison was made the other day between Count Bismarck and Count Cavour; Bismarck has, indeed, been called the Cavour of Prussia, but in objects and policy there is a complete difference. The resemblance exists chiefly between the personal qualities which the two men brought to their work—the same fixed resolve, the same steady perseverance, the same self-devotion—but it fails altogether when we consider their aims, and the forces on which they relied. "Count Cavour," says a contemporary, "called Italy to political life after an entombment of centuries; Count Bismarck would strike down all northern Germany in order to build up and aggrandize his own government, which he places before all other considerations. As the portrait of so remarkable a man cannot fail of being an object of general interest, we have had it carefully engraved from a photograph obtained in London as a guarantee of its accuracy. We call to mind no face or portrait among the living or the dead, which reveals the whole character of the man in the lineaments of his face as this of Count Bismarck. It is almost a biography in itself, which a scrutinizing eye can easily read. It will be sufficient to offer the following brief sketch:

Otho, Count Von Bismarck, was born in 1814, at Brandenburg, in the castle of Schönhausen, on the Elbe, about the time

of the downfall of Napoleon I., at the great and decisive battle of Waterloo, which gave rest to Europe for forty years. His early life was passed amid the localities made memorable by some of the most striking incidents in the "Thirty Years' War." The family of Count Bismarck claims lineal descent from one of the ancient chiefs of a powerful Slavonic tribe. He attended the college at Berlin, and subsequently went to Göttingen, the National University of Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Nassau, and Hanover. Göttingen is a famous place for fighting; duels take place often. The students are more self-willed and daring than any students to be found in Germany or elsewhere. It has been found necessary to erect a prison specially for the confinement of the reckless scholars, who are liable to ten days' incarceration on the sentence of the Pro-rector and Senatus Academicus. There is a story still told at Göttingen of the manner in which young Bismarck conducted himself in his days of pupilage. Being invited to a ball, he ordered a new pair of boots; but on the day before the ball took place he received notice that his boots would not be ready. Instead of submitting to his fate, going to the ball in old boots, or staying away altogether, Bismarck went down to the shoemaker, taking with him two enormous and ferocious dogs, which he assured the unfortunate Crispin should inevitably tear him to pieces if the boots were not ready by the following morning. Not satisfied with this threat, he hired a man who paraded the two dogs before the shoemaker all through the day, and occasionally reminded the luckless man of his perplexing predicament—"Unfortunate shoemaker! thou art doomed to death by the dogs unless the boots be finished." With a sigh, the poor shoemaker told his wife he must work all night, and so Bismarck obtained his boots in time for the dance.

This anecdote of Bismarck, now that he occupies so distinguished a place in the State, is related with great gusto by the students of Göttingen, among whom the memory of Bismarck's college days is warmly cherished.

At the age of twenty-one, Bismarck—having taken degrees both at Berlin and

Göttingen—entered the army, and served in the infantry.

After the usual term of service, Bismarck entered on diplomatic life, and a characteristic anecdote is related of his first essay in patronage. He had been promised some assistance by a minister of state, upon whom he waited by appointment, and by whom he was kept waiting for an hour and a half. When the minister appeared, the young man responded to his inquiry as to what he required by saying: "One hour and a half ago I wanted an audience; now I decline it." He did not forget the insult thus offered to his dignity; but when, by other channels he had risen to power, and the minister who had intentionally or unintentionally wounded his honor was himself in a subordinate position, he readily forgave the old grudge, and took no advantage of their altered circumstances.

M. Von Bismarck, was made member of the Diet of Saxony in 1846, and of the general Diet in the following year. The singular vivacity of his language, and his irrepressible tendency to start some bold and audacious paradox, which he then maintained with remarkable vigor and ability, quickly fixed the attention of political people. One of the theories which he expounded in this fashion was to the effect that large cities were centres of all that was mischievous and wrong—that they were obnoxious in the highest degree to the general welfare of nations, and ought to be destroyed as hotbeds of evil principles. The Revolution of 1848 had the effect of completely confirming M. Bismarck in his absolute tendencies. The King had attentively watched the career of the young statesman whose political views were so eminently acceptable to him, and in 1851 M. Bismarck was invited to enter the diplomatic service. His talents were, it would appear, quite understood from the first; for soon afterward the post of Prussian representative in Frankfurt was vacant; it was certain that difficult and delicate questions would then require to be discussed and settled, and Bismarck was appointed. Whether anything occurred here to wound his susceptibilities or irritate his dogmatic and overbearing temper, cannot be actually ascertained; but, undoubtedly—

ly, from that period may be dated his constant manifestations of enmity toward Austria. He never lost any opportunity of declaring, in season and out of season, that Austria was not only the hereditary foe of Prussia, but was a common source of danger to Germany, and disquiet and uneasiness to the whole of Europe. Though, in point of fact, Austria always has been, and in the nature of things always must be, a conservative power rather than otherwise, sluggish in commencing war, and more often condemned to defend herself than to attack others, by continual reiterations these accusations received a certain amount of credit. The Prussian Liberals did, indeed, dislike M. Bismarck, but not with that bitterness with which a man is said to regard the enemies in his own household. At any rate, they detested Austria more; and when, in 1862, M. Bismarck was sent to Vienna, and contributed largely to the exclusion of Austria from the Zollverein, organizing a systematic opposition to Count Rechberg and all propositions which emanated from him, the hatred of Liberal and Constitutional principles which has always distinguished the Prussian Minister was apparently forgiven, if not forgotten. It will be remembered that in 1858 a remarkable *brochure* appeared, entitled, *La Prusse et la Question Italienne*, in which an alliance of Prussia, Russia, and France was advocated as the sure means of establishing a German unity which should be at once safe and honorable. Of course, it was to be under the guardian care of Prussia. There is hardly any doubt that M. Bismarck, if he did not actually write this pamphlet, inspired it, and superintended its introduction into the world; and this fact gives a light whereby to read its character, for it would seem that he is not only despotic in theory and daring in action, but that, contrary to the generally accepted idea, he has patience and can "bide his time."

In 1859 M. Bismarck was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg, and remained for three years at the Court of the Czar. Whatever influence he may have acquired there will probably remain barren, except under certain circumstances which are not very likely to arise. When M. Bismarck left St. Petersburg, he was, for about six months, ambassador at

Paris, and was summoned thence to Berlin to officiate in the double capacity of Minister of Foreign Affairs and Master of the King's Household. This was in 1862. At this time Prussia was a prey to internal conflict, carried on, however, with a phlegmatic calm and cumbrous slowness which were both incomprehensible and vexatious to English politicians. The Lower Chamber steadily and resolutely resisted the military reorganization, which tended to weaken the landwehr as much as it would strengthen the standing army. That in this matter the members were guided by a wise instinct, is shown by the reluctance of the landwehr to commence hostilities in the present unjust quarrel, whereas M. Bismarck's strength lies in the readiness of professional soldiers to engage in any quarrel. The Budget was then condemned by an immense majority, but the Upper House approved it, and the session was abruptly closed by Royal mandate. Mr. Bismarck continued in power, and his administration was distinguished by extreme rigor toward the press. In 1863 an address was presented by the Deputies to the King, in which the Minister was straightly charged with having violated the Constitution.

Soon after the Polish Revolution broke out, and contributed not a little to the difficulties of the Government. A secret treaty was concluded with Russia on the 8th of February, in 1863, and as soon as the Chamber was cognizant of the fact, a vote of censure was passed against the Ministry. M. Bismarck was nothing daunted thereby, and his conduct at that time may indicate what we are to expect of him generally. He became more than ever inflexible and headstrong. His apparent success in the Danish question did not, however, materially alter the hostile attitude of the Liberal party toward him, and in June, 1865, a storm broke in which constitutional rights and principles were effectually trampled on by the audacious Minister. It would appear that his abilities are by no means unappreciated at the Tuileries, since, when he left the Embassy at Paris, his Imperial Majesty conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. Count Bismarck has been not inaptly named by his disaffected countrymen, *Der Maan von*

Blut und Eisen, (the man of blood and iron.) His portrait shows it. A large head, capacious forehead, firm, resolute mouth, and soldierlike bearing. Brilliant and singularly restless eyes rather t from the otherwise thoroughly Germ character of his features.

P O E T R Y .

FIRST LOVE.

TURNING over papers—
Dead-leaf drift of years—
In the midst a letter
Stain'd and dim with tears!

Face of any dead one
Scarce had moved me so :
There my First Love lying,
Buried long ago.

Darling love of boyhood,
What glad hours we knew—
Tears so sweet in shedding,
Vows that were so true!

Dear face round and dimpled,
Voice of chirping bird,
Hardly then, for heart-throb,
Any word I heard.

But to know she loved me,
Know her kind as fair,
Was in joy to revel,
Was to walk on air.

Happy, happy love-time,
Over-budded spring,
Never came the summer
With its blossoming.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

—*Shilling Magazine*.

[ENGLAND has lost much in the death of Keble, author of the *Christian Year*, etc. The following lines, by Rev. J. Gregory Smith, were sent to us by a friend in England:]

JOHN KEBLE, DIED MAUNDAY THURSDAY, 1866.

Is slow procession, one by one,
The mourners to thy grave are gone,
Bearing their chaplets. I the last
Here on thy mound my offering cast;
Nor, slight and simple though it be,
Is it for that disdained by thee.
Lowly, methinks, may be the line
Which speaks of lowliness like thine.
For thou wert lowly. Though thy place,
So far as eye of man may trace,
Where mortal gaze enraptured feints,
Is high among the highest saints;
Though it was thine undazed to climb
The cloud-girt peaks of song sublime,
Yet thou wert lowly, as the flower
That folds itself when tempests lower.

I may not call thee Friend. My hand
Met thine but once. Yet they who stand
Remotest hail and bless the star
Which guides them onward from afar.
Let thousand others, as they may,
Extol the glory of its ray;
I here the while on bended knee
Give thanks for what it is to me.
In youth, beside the cloistered walls
Where the gray sunlight softened falls;
In manhood, where sweet nameless rills
Wander among the western hills;
In work or rest, in joy or woe,
In peril from the viewless foe,
The heavenly music of thy lay
Wove its bright spell around my way.

O! Poet, whose seraphic lyre
Ne'er quivered to a base desire,
Nor to the wild discordant cry
Of passion's frantic ecstasy,
But ever shed abroad a sense
Of truth and peace and innocence,
Training the restless heart to twine
Its tendrils round the life divine;
O! Sage, whose wisdom calm and clear
Whispered to all who paused to hear,
"On through the glimmering twilight gray,
Onward, where duty points the way;"
Still to thy Church and country true,
Nor veering as the breezes blew;
By patience schooled to lead—for they
Can best command, who best obey;

O! Christian, not austere good,
Nor soured by pharisaic mood;
Stern to thyself, to others mild,
With children sportive as a child;
Abhorring sin, yet not the less
Compassionating sin's distress;
Taught by the Cross, what wonders lie
In love's mysterious harmony;
The May-thorn dons her bridal wreath,
May-winds their freshening odors breathe;
Thrilled with new life all things upraise
Their swelling symphony of praise;
We miss the voice from which to learn
How blest to welcome spring's return;
But who shall say what strains arise
Amid the choirs of Paradise?

TEDSTONE DELAMERE.

I. G. S.

TO-MORROW.

'Tis late at night, and in the realm of sleep
My little lambs are folded like the flocks;
From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks

Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep
 Their solitary watch on tower and steep ;
 Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
 And through the opening door that Time unlocks
 Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep.
 To-morrow ! the mysterious, unknown guest,
 Who cries aloud : " Remember Barmecide,
 And tremble to be happy with the rest."
 And I make answer : " I am satisfied ;
 I dare not ask ; I know not what is best ;
 God hath already said what shall betide."

—H. W. Longfellow.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Royal Truths. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1866. Mr. Beecher, in the preface, gives an amusing account of the history of this little work. On a visit to England, he was complimented for the work. He denied ever having written such a book. But upon the production of the work he had to father it. "The book is therefore mine, and not mine. I furnished the contents, but neither selected them, nor gave them a name." It appears some admirer had taken down from week to week extracts from his sermons, and had them published there under this title, and many editions of it had at that time been circulated.

The work is of the same general character of some which have originated on this side of the water. Very few preachers can bear such a process. The beauty or tone of many of these thoughts can be fully appreciated only when read or heard in their connection. Still there are many brilliant and striking passages in the book.

Spare Hours. By JOHN BROWN, M.D. Second series. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. This volume embraces fifteen sketches of various persons and subjects, among them John Leech and Thackeray. The book is a scholarly performance, and will interest the reader.

Pictorial History of the Civil War in the United States of America. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated by many hundred engravings on wood, by Lossing & Barrett, from sketches by the author and others. Vol. 1. Philadelphia: George W. Childs, publisher. 1866. pp. 608. In the preparation and publication of this most interesting historic volume of the great war of the age, Mr. Lossing is justly entitled to the thanks and gratitude of his countrymen and of future historians. Few men have the literary and artistic ability, talents, industry, research, and indomitable perseverance to perform such a work as this. Mr. Lossing has thus erected a historic monument for himself, enduring as marble, and as lasting as the memorial records of the terrible war in which this country has been engaged. Mr. Lossing's accuracy and fidelity in the detail of all important and material facts, so needful to the reader and to the future historian, will render this volume of sterling value as a great storehouse of facts. The numerous portraits, and other artistic sketches, add very much to the interest and value of the book. The young men and young

women of the rising generation should read and study this book, and enrich their minds with its treasures. It should find a place in every village library in the land. Mr. Childs has added fresh honor to his publishing house by this attractive volume. For sale by Joseph Wilson, general agent, No. 21 John-street, New-York.

A Biographical Sketch of the Class of 1826, Yale College. Compiled at the request of the Committee. By REV. SELDEN HAINES. Rome, N. Y. 1866. pp. 100. Mr. Haines deserves the thanks of all his class-mates who survive, for the admirable manner in which he has performed this biographical labor of love. Within one hundred pages he has arranged one hundred biographical sketches—brief, clear, condensed, personal—of parents, wives, children, professions in life, births, deaths, achievements in public life, in the pulpit, at the bar, on the bench, and in the medical profession and as authors. The biography of a hundred educated men, in a hundred pages, with all the influence which they have exerted on the community and the country for the forty years since the class graduated at Yale College, possesses a rare interest to all who knew them, and especially to us of the next class. The venerable ex-president Day, who conferred the degrees on this class, still survives, and was present at the recent commencement, and entered on his ninety-fourth year a few days since, as he informed us.

The Albert Nyanza. Great Basin of the Nile and Exploration of the Nile Source. By SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, A.M., F.R.G.S., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Harper & Brothers. In its combination of the characteristics that make a good book of travels we have no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Baker's the best that for some years has come into our hands. He has travelled in unknown countries; he has made great discoveries which both gratify the curiosity and solve the problems of centuries; he has undergone greater hardships and met with more exciting adventures than any previous African traveller, Bruce perhaps excepted; the romance of his own adventures is enhanced by the companionship of a brave-hearted wife; and he has told his story with consummate literary art. His book is as interesting as *Herodotus*, as exciting as a sensation novel, and as skilfully, if not as eloquently, written as *Macaulay's Essays*. The materials are admirably worked up; the journal is sparingly quoted, and the more important incidents are told with an effect that is quite dramatic. At the same time the reader cannot for a moment doubt that he is reading the narrative of a manly, straightforward, and honest explorer, whose estimate of his competitors in discovery is as generous as the account of his own achievements is modest. With the characteristic pluck and pertinacity of Englishmen, the great African mystery has been persistently attacked, and, within a few years, extorted. All that now remains is to perfect the detail of the great geographical facts established. To our own countrymen the honor of the discovery belongs; and

we are justly proud of their achievements. No people, no literature, in the history of the world, can, within the same space of time, boast such contributions to geographical knowledge, as the works of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, and Baker. Nor should we omit the illustrious President of the Geographical Society, whose sagacious scientific hypotheses have contributed as much to African discovery as the actual travels of any one of its explorers. Each claims his own share of the glory; and it is no more necessary to institute invidious comparison than, happily, it is to decide rival claims, or appease personal jealousies. It is enough to say that Livingstone has achieved the unique enterprise of crossing equatorial Africa, and of exploring the great Zambesi and the Shire, south of the Nile sources; and that he has been anticipated in the discovery of the latter only because he could not do every thing at once. He conjectured their locality and general nature, and intended to put his conjecture to a positive test. Burton also surmised the existence of the great equatorial lakes whence the Nile springs, and began the search for them. Speke and Grant discovered the Victoria Nyanza, the highest source or reservoir of the Nile, and Baker has discovered the Albert Nyanza, in which vast body of water all the separate sources of the Nile are gathered, and from which they issue in the mighty volume of the White Nile.

It is not our purpose to give a *précis* of Mr. Baker's fascinating narrative; this would be scarcely fair to the author, whose book claims the perusal of every one for whom heroic enterprise and thrilling adventure have any claim; nor would it be fair to the reader inasmuch as it might blunt the edge of his curiosity, while it could not fully satisfy it. We will refer our readers to the volumes themselves, confident that their perusal will amply justify the eulogy upon them that we feel constrained to pronounce.

Mr. Baker is not like Dr. Livingstone, a missionary, nor is he like Burton, Speke, and Grant, a soldier. He is a private gentleman, apparently of ample means, who prefers the excitement and enterprise of African travel, that he may do his part in fulfilling "those duties by which the earth's history is carried on," to the enjoyment of clubs and Parliamentary honors, and country life at home. He does not formally describe his personal qualifications as an African explorer, but his book abundantly indicates them; these are so many and so great that he must be a kind of admirable Crichton among travellers. In the first place he is physically strong, so that he can stretch a refractory Arab senseless with as much ease and skill as Tom Sayers could have shown; and survive as many African fevers as Dr. Livingstone, although without quinine for months. He possesses undaunted courage; with imperturbable calmness he waits the charge of an infuriated elephant, or the spring of a tiger, when his only chances for life are the certainty of his aim and the infallibility of his rifle; trusting to his tact and pluck, and to what may turn up, he follows an inimical trading party into the desert, although they have sworn to murder him, and although he knows that his own men have conspired to desert him and to aid them. He quells

a mutiny by his fist, rolling the leader over in a heap, and resists an attack of armed Arabs by thrusting his umbrella down the throat of one of them. He is, moreover, very determined; no danger nor difficulty can divert him from his purpose; his enthusiasm is fired by it, and his patience waits upon his enthusiasm. His resolute will, combined with his inflexible justice, gave him an extraordinary ascendancy over the Arabs, so that friends and foes came to regard him as a kind of demi-god. He is, moreover, a man fertile in resources, a self-helping man, ready to do himself every thing that others will not do for him; and unflinching in the ingenuity with which he can overcome difficulties. He is a sportsman of the first water—hippopotami, crocodiles, elephants, hartebeestes, nothing comes him amiss; he speaks of his rifles as if they were his children, and very affectionately they served him. He had moreover, the advantage of singleness of council; his noble wife, in every way as brave and patient and wise as himself, being his only European companion. Her companionship gives a touch of beautiful romance and tenderness to the narrative. In more than one crisis Mrs. Baker's womanly tact saved the expedition. When we add to all this a very high degree of literary art—simplicity and beauty of language, power, reticence, and suggestiveness of descriptions, with a dramatic skill of so putting things that they produce the effect of a tableau or of a surprise, as the case may be—we get the conception of a heaven-born traveller—*nascitur cum fit*—born not only to supply the materials of books, but to write them.

To Speke and Grant the honor of discovering the sources of the Nile belongs. Starting from Zanzibar 7° S. latitude, and proceeding N.W., they discovered the Victoria Nyanza, stretching from 2° S. latitude to the equator, and from 33° to 35° E. longitude. This is the eastern side of the great basin of the Nile sources. Out of the north end of this lake the White Nile issues. It was traced by Speke in a N.W. direction to the Karuma Falls, 2° 16' north of the equator, where it made a sudden bend to the west; but hostilities among the tribes prevented him from tracing it further. He was told by the natives, of a little lake, the Luta Nzigé, to the west, into which the river ran; he was compelled, however, to proceed north, and struck the Nile again at Miani's tree, 3° 32'; the farthest point south reached by the Venetian whose name it bears, four hundred and fifty miles from the Victoria Nyanza, and sixty or seventy miles from Gondokoro. At Gondokoro he met Mr. and Mrs. Baker on their way to his assistance; a very graphic account of the interview is given by Mr. Baker. Captain Speke told Mr. Baker what he had done, and what remained to be done, generously gave him maps, and all the instruction and assistance that he could. Mr. Baker proceeded to the Karuma Falls, thence in a southwesterly direction until he came upon the Albert Nyanza at Vacovia, in latitude 1° N.; he found that instead of a "little lake" it was far larger than the Victoria, and probably the largest lake in the world. He ascertained that it extended from 3° N. latitude to 5° S. latitude, between which it was well known to the natives; that in the south it then turned to

the west, and its breadth at its mouth in canoes for miles. From Vac Magungo, the mouth of the river which had traced from the Victoria Lake to the Karuna Falls; the continuity of which he verified by ascending it as far as the falls; from M he clearly saw the exit of the entire volume Nile at the northern end of the lake. He demonstrated that the Victoria Nyanza discovered by Speke, was a high reservoir on the eastern side of the Nile Basin; that the river which flowed from it—the Victoria Nile or Somerset river—flowed into the Albert Nyanza, to which it falls, by a succession of cataracts, many hundreds of feet, and that the Albert Nyanza was therefore the grand reservoir into which all the waters which form the White Nile proper were collected—many affluents, doubtless, contributing to it; some of them probably of equal volume with the Victoria Nile. It receives, in fact, the drainage of the entire country. In every particular, therefore, Mr. Baker emphatically corroborates Captain Speke—Mr. Baker simply confirming and completing Captain Speke's discovery. The actual basin of the Nile thus determined, is included between 22° and 39° E. longitude, and from 3° S. to 18° N. latitude; the Nile receiving the entire drainage of the whole of this vast region. "The rivers are constant throughout the year, and the Albert Lake continues at a high level, affording a steady volume of water to the Nile." The annual overflow of the Nile is caused, not by any fluctuation in the White Nile as it emerges from Albert Nyanza, but in its great affluents, the Blue Nile, which joins the White Nile at Khartoum, and the Atbara, which joins it a few miles farther north. These are two mountain streams having their rise in the mountains of Abyssinia; they are suddenly flooded by periodical rains which fall in June, and raise the volume of the Nile so as to cause the inundation in Lower Egypt. It is remarkable that F describes the Nile as having its sources in two great lakes which receive the snows of the Ethiopian mountains, and that there are many ancient maps upon which these two lakes are marked; of course in very erroneous latitudes. Probably a general trade between Central Africa and Zanzibar had given rise to this impression, which is thus proved to have been accurate in its general facts, but erroneous in its details.

For the romantic detail of personal adventure we must refer our readers to this most fascinating book. Mr. Baker also touches on many points of great importance, which we cannot discuss—the probability of commerce with Central Africa, on its accursed slave trade, and the means of suppressing it; on missions, their failure and their probabilities; on the inferiority of the Negro race, which Mr. Baker maintains; on the pre-Adamite antiquity of both the human formations and the inhabitation of the continent; and on other questions which he throws a very interesting light upon. Mr. Baker has collected the greatest geographical knowledge of the last thousand years; his narrative is full of heroic and interesting details, and his wife will be im-

sources of the Nile; and his book will in future ages be read, as we now read *Herodotus*—a classic in literature, a romance in adventure, and a high authority in geographical history.—*British Quarterly*.

The Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart, including numerous original and unpublished documents.

By ELIZABETH COOPER. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Blackett. The history of Arabella Stuart is one of those tragedies of real life which fiction can only feebly counterfeit. Miss Cooper, therefore, is infinitely more pathetic than Mr. G. P. R. James; and would be more pathetic than she is, were not her narrative somewhat overlaid with documents and broken with episodes. Documentary evidence is indispensable to the writer of history as distinguished from historical romance; and ordinary students of history are under great obligations to writers like Miss Cooper for printing the documents upon which history is based; but the artistic effect would be greater if they were relegated to the Appendix, and if the biographer would simply and in a straightforward way tell the story and leave off when it is told. Monographs like this have a very great value if conscientiously done. They are episodes worth narrating at full length, which the proportions of history do not permit to be so narrated. They furnish reading which may compete with the encroaching novel, and instruct while they interest. Every such work ought, therefore, to be heartily welcomed to our homes. Arabella Stuart was the representative of the younger branch of the family of Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII., just as James I. of England was the representative of the elder branch. Her maternal grandmother was the famous "Bess of Hardwick," the founder of the fortunes of the Devonshire family. Arabella was by many regarded as the heiress to the throne, and excited in the jealous heart of Elizabeth the suspicions attaching to all who had, or seemed to have, a personal interest in the succession; hence her clandestine attempt to marry William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson of the unhappy Katherine Grey; hence Elizabeth's outburst of rage thereat, and her despotic imprisonment of the unhappy pair. On the accession of James I. she was restored to Court favor, which continued until her secret marriage with Seymour in 1610, whereupon the husband and wife were both imprisoned by the ruthless and—we must say—brutal pedant and tyrant. An attempt to escape proved a failure; and, after five years' imprisonment, she died of a broken heart. Miss Cooper devotes three chapters to the similar history of Katherine Grey, the most tragic and pathetic part of the book. One's very blood boils at the lawless cruelty of both Elizabeth and James; and we heartily accord with Miss Cooper's verdict in her comparison of those "good old times" with our own. Our shame for the nobles and judges and people of England, and especially for the obsequious Bishop of Durham, Arabella's jailer, equals our indignation of the cold-blooded tyranny of the monarch.

Miss Cooper has bestowed great labor and much patient research upon her work. Her investigations make it a new and valuable contribution to

history. It has the interest of Miss Strickland's biographies without the discolourment of her prejudices.—*British Quarterly*.

Twelve Months with Frederica Bremer in Sweden. By MARGARET HOWITT. Published by Jackson & Walford, London. Another of this gifted family has come before the public, to render homage to the revered friend with whom she spent nearly the last months of a very valuable life. Miss Howitt's mother, known all over the world as "Mary Howitt," has prefaced these interesting volumes. She says: "Miss Bremer's home-life appeared to her young inmate as singularly perfect, in so far that it has governed by one prevailing sentiment, that of 'undeviating love,' every action, important or trivial; all her intercourse with others, from the crowned head to the poor orphan of the streets was in this divine spirit." We are able to bear testimony—were testimony needed—to the truth of this, as when Frederica Bremer was last in England, she passed sometime beneath our roof, making sunshine wherever she went, by the unflagging cheerfulness of her disposition, gathering the young around her, sympathizing in their feelings and amusements. Ministering to the enjoyment of the old, she had the happy faculty, while maintaining her own individuality, of so mingling herself with others that her superiority was never oppressive. She was known to the world, but was loved and honored by her country, where her earnestness as a reformer and philanthropist were even more highly valued than her mere authorship. She was emphatically a woman for women, the helper of her own sex where they especially required help, and the women of Sweden owe her a large debt of gratitude.

One of the chief merits of these volumes is their integrity. This journal would not have been published, we are assured, during Miss Bremer's life; but now "the sacredness and solemnity of death" having separated the past from the present, the familiar and affectionate intercourse of a whole year, and the tender friendship which continued between the two to the last, has rendered it rather a duty than otherwise for her to contribute her share towards a more full biography, and to do honor to some of those admirable men and women of Sweden, who have made, and are making, that northern land, both philanthropically and intellectually, great. We believe the writer of this book is the youngest of the Howitt family, and we congratulate her on having planted her first step so firmly on the literary ladder where her honored parents still enjoy a highest place."—*Art Journal*.

Garibaldi at Home: Notes of a Visit to Caprera. By SIR C. E. MACGREGOR, Bart. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1866. A short time since some English admirers of Garibaldi sent him a yacht, and Sir Charles MacGregor carried to the General certain addresses which were to accompany the present. He went across France and Piedmont to Caprera, spent a few days with Garibaldi—part of the time being occupied with a cruise in the yacht—and returned to England by the way he went. Of the great Italian's hospitality and kindness Sir Charles writes warmly, and it is

almost impossible to read without some pleasure any account of Garibaldi, his family, and his island home. We cannot fail to gain some glimpses of the simple greatness and self-sacrifices which have excited the wonder and love of the world. But it must be said that there are very few. The author tells us that Garibaldi expressed his preference of Scott's novels to those of Dumas—that he thought cotton might be successfully grown in Sardinia—and that he recommended Sir Charles to read Tasso. We learn little else of the hero. What his host "might have" said on matters of political importance, the author remarks mysteriously, but no doubt properly, it would be wrong to divulge. But whether Garibaldi said anything on such topics is discreetly left uncertain. Notwithstanding this reticence a volume of three hundred pages has been constructed. It is a triumph of book-making. By anybody who cares to know what were the reflections of the author as he travelled, or what he conceives to be the tenets of the Waldenses, the book may be found interesting. To those who do not care to know the former, and would not trust the latter, we cannot recommend it, although its absurdity both in matter and style makes it almost amusing.—*British Quarterly*.

The Resources and Prospects of America. Ascertained during a Visit to the States in the Autumn of 1865. By SIR S. MORTON PETO, Bart., M.P. London and New-York: Strahan & Co. Sir Morton Peto has written a very useful and compendious book on the resources and prospects of the United States of America. It does not affect to be profound, and leaves untouched many of the deeper problems which yet remain for solution; but it may be fairly said to represent the views of an intelligent practical politician, well acquainted with the springs of national wealth, as to the present state and future prospects of that country with regard to its material well-being. A most friendly tone pervades the book, as it most meet when writing of a country allied to us by so many ties; but still Sir Morton does not hesitate to point out the wasteful misapplication of the remarkable skill and enterprise of the American people, which is caused by the protective policy to which they cling with such fatal ignorance. Probably no errors in policy can stop the progress of the United States, but it is certainly somewhat mortifying to the friends of popular government to see so well-educated a people conducting their affairs on the basis of theories which have become exploded fallacies; and it is not a little perplexing to find in the *New-York Tribune*, and other honest and able journals, arguments in favor of protection which have been refuted by both reasoning and result.

It is no uncommon thing in life to find men very proud of the supposed possession of some endowment in which they are really very deficient, while, on the other hand, they are comparatively modest and insensible to their true merits. As with men, so it sometimes seems to be with nations; for we learn from Sir Morton's book that the Americans are only anxious to magnify the importance of their manufactures, while they are less sensible of that wonderful command of the great necessities of life which

constitutes their great official documents, manufactured articles of value of four hundred millions, including not only the beer they brew, and the boots and shoes that they make and wear, but even the fish that are caught in their rivers and seas. By the European standard indeed this enormous amount would be reduced to about forty million pounds, which Sir Morton Peto thinks would include all the textile fabrics usually classed by us as manufactures. This may seem a matter of little consequence, but it appears to be one means by which this usually acute people persuade themselves of the duty of "protecting" their manufactures, and supporting a sickly growth of occupations which are unable to endure the free winds of healthy competition.

The American people are happily so rich both in opportunities and the capacity to use them, that they can afford, without much suffering, to make many errors in their progress to economic truth. That the great truths of which Cobden and Bright, the warmest friends of the United States, have here been the champions, can remain long unlearned by so intelligent a nation, it is almost impossible to believe. In addition to its full description of the resources of the people and country, Sir Morton's book has the merit of pointing out with great force and clearness the way in which these resources should be used to produce the greatest and most beneficial results.—*British Quarterly*.

The Crown of Wild Olives. Three Lectures on Work, Traffic, and War. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. London: Smith, Elder & Co. New-York: John Wiley & Son. We must, we suppose, accept Mr. Ruskin's rare eloquence, his superb rhetoric, his magnificent pictures, and his separated bits of fine moral teaching and impulse, and disregard his wild political economy and his paradoxical social ethics. The little volume before us is occupied with the latter. It professes to lay down great principles of work, of commerce, and of war; and Mr. Ruskin propounds them with the fervor of an old Hebrew prophet, and sometimes with almost the shriek of a Solomon Eagle. We confess ourselves utterly unable to determine what Mr. Ruskin would have us to do. We have a general impression that he regards society as given up to false principles and bad practices, and that his Utopia is the exact reverse of everything that is; but then he descends to no particulars, formulates no decalogue, helps neither our repentance nor our reformation, by any specific teachings. Some things are said which charm us by their beauty, and some which amaze us by their extravagance—such as that all the wars and woes of Europe are owing to the selfishness and thoughtlessness of women, and that if every lady would but wear black while war was raging with "no jewel, no ornament into prettiness, especially if, "in houses, and raven broke the china tables." But this does not mean the case of that popu-

lecturers, especially can, however. and therefore, in skin's character and as to his sentences, ing what eloquence so grand, and moral feel. so noble, should be expended upon wild. We wonder what of would understand by his and what the cadets of Woolwich would think of his wild talk about war. For the life of us we cannot make out his meaning. He seems to mean not one but many things, some of them contradictory. His lectures, indeed, are a promiscuous assemblage of grand sentiments, wild paradoxes, and indiscriminate abuse. It is, therefore, impossible to deal with them critically. And yet no one can read them without being charmed by their beauty, moved by their earnestness, and made better by their goodness. Every page teems with golden sentences and high aspirations. There are passages in this little volume almost ethereal in their beauty and sublime in their goodness. The book will be read with delight; and it will suggest meanings of great and precious worth, even although its theories excite our laughter, and at the same time move our pity to arrest it.—*British Quarterly*.

The Dove in the Eagle's Nest: By the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. London: Macmillan & Co. The authoress of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, has deserted our English homes and country sides, our village tattle and clerical friendships, "our noble liturgy," and "venerable church," and has floated up the stream of time until she has reached the dividing line between the Middle Ages and Modern History. She helps us to climb the steep ascent to the robber's fortress, and makes us familiar with the blood feuds and barbarism of his wild eyrie, with the magnificence of Maximilian's imperial train, and with the pompous amenities and proud independence of burgher life, then first successfully contending with hereditary and elective despotisms. Savage indeed is the Schloss Adlerstein, but suiting well its rugged inmates—hardly distinguishable from the swine in their court-yard, or the wolves that howl round their desolate crags—living on the proceeds of plunder and cruelty, and yet proud of their hereditary nobility, and looking down with superb disdain on the wealthiest, wisest, and perhaps noblest men, then living on the earth. Into this eagle's eyrie, this wolf's den, out of a species of animal compassion for a dying daughter on the part of the Baron, a burgher maiden, a sweet pure, dove-like creature, is inveigled; and we presume the moral of the tale, if it have one, may be found in our Saviour's words, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth." The story shows "how awful goodness is, and in herself, how lovely." Christina Sorel does not slay her adversaries with the point of an invincible lance, nor does she transform them from eagles into doves; but one by one the evils and the evildoers disappear before her. We will not spoil the reader's pleasure in

the volumes, by saying how she becomes eventually the Frau Freiherrinn Von Adlerstein, the widowed mother of two noble sons, whose profound affection for each other, intense enthusiasm for her, and remarkable diversity of character, create the principal charms of the narrative. We can scarcely overpraise the wonderful pathos and thrilling interest attached to many of the scenes. If the authoress here and there verges on the sensational, such as at the moment when Christina resolves to spare the life of Sir Kasimir at the imminent risk of the lives of her new-born infants, or when young Eberhard saves the life of the Emperor Maximilian, by an almost preternatural bravery: still, the circumstances of the times, so admirably depicted, are a sufficient vindication of these and other scenes. We are not brought actually face to face, except on rare occasions, with the terrible suffering, injustice and wrong, of which we hear the echoes; we have not presented to us the attraction of a love-story, yet there is an affluence of love, ever flowing from the Dove in the Eagle's Nest. There is none of the sentimentality of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, there is no preaching, no advocacy of peculiar views of church polity, dogmatic faith, or household management. No Nemesis pursues, as in *The Clever Woman of the Family*, the strong-minded, well-meaning girl, who has mistaken her vocation; but Christina shines like the moon with a reflected glory, transforming the rude armor of these belted knights into helmets and corselets of silver, and the unclean bastions of the robbers' schloss into a palace of alabaster, and in that blessed light the dews fall on the crags, and they are clothed with vineyards and waving corn; and even still, so we are told, the light of that love may show how the debatable Ford has become the highway of the nations, and the consecrated resting place for domestic affection and wise, well-directed energies. We think the authoress of the *Heir of Redclyffe* has surpassed her previous efforts in this illuminated chronicle of the olden time.

Leighton Court; a Country-House Story. By HENRY KINGSLEY. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. Mr. Kingsley's novels are characterized more by vigor and smartness than by congruity and subtlety. They are bold, dashing creations, very cleverly delineating and describing men, women, and things; but they are crowded and feverish, and a little "loud." Mr. Kingsley is so far like his brother, that he aims, by careful and vivid word-painting, to make his readers familiar with the Devonshire landscapes, amid which his scenes are laid. He has, moreover, a robust sympathy with horses and dogs and field sports. His characters, therefore, are anything but of the poetical or sentimental sort—the Countess of Southmolton, friend and disciple of Hannah More, being the only example of still life in *Leighton Court*. She, however, is very admirably done. Laura, the heroine, is brought up according to the straightest Hannah Moreism: but at length openly revolts, and would rather hunt with her father than "be good" with her grandmother. Her mother, Lady Emily Secker-ton, is a clever worldly woman, drawn from life. The villain, Sir Harry Poyntz, is a somewhat

incongruous villain, explicable only by his madness. Lord Hattersleigh is one of those wise gabies one never meets with in real life. Robert Poyntz, the hero, presents himself as a disguised groom, and as such wins Laura's heart: he is great in field sports and muscular accomplishments. The moral of the whole is that there are in both men and women, strong physical instincts which Hannah More did not recognise, and for which her regime is utterly insufficient, the effect whereof is very likely to be falling in love with a superb groom as Laura did. The story is full of improbabilities, but it is told skillfully, and is fresh, dashing, and interesting.

Felix Holt, the Radical. By GEORGE ELIOT. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Son. 1866. New-York: Harper & Brothers. George Eliot has placed herself at the head of all our female novelists, if not at the head of English fiction, and that in virtue of profound and truthful conception, of transcendent tragic power with its obverse of genuine humor, and of almost perfect executive art. What Shakespeare is among dramatists, that George Eliot is, or bids fair to be, among novelists. If we think of the characteristics of Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, to say nothing of female novelists, like Miss Austen and Mrs. Gaskell, we shall feel that, while George Eliot is not inferior to any one of them in truthfulness, vividness, and perfect literary art, she successfully rules a world of tragic passions which they scarcely dealt with, and for the counterpart of which we must go to Lear and Hamlet. Her beauty of style, delicacy of touch, and exquisite finish of portraiture, are equal to anything in the literature of fiction; while her most tragic passions are exhibited with a broad harmony of character and color that only Goethe or Shakespeare displays. From the very heart of human nature, alike in its quietest and in its wildest moods, she looks outward. Without violence or spasms, and with composed masterful strength, she exhibits almost all the moods of human passion from the tragic sorrow of *Hetty*, or the massive reposeful strength of *Adam Bede*, to the sharp and inexhaustible art of *Mrs. Poyntz*. And her genius is seen as much in its lightest touches as in its most elaborate figures, in the balance and finish of her thoughts as in their conception—it can do nothing imperfectly. We must, however, reserve our general characterizations of her great genius to a future, and we hope an early, occasion, and simply welcome now her new work, which in various fertility and power will sustain, if it do not enhance, the reputation won by *Adam Bede*. It is a grand work of art as simple as it is great—a work full of great imaginative conceptions, the naturalness of which may for a moment make us forget their greatness.

Felix Holt owes nothing of its charm to the intricacy, ingenuity, and stimulating power of its plot. The story is improbable, and, in parts, extremely awkward. But the people that live and move in these pages are as real and interesting as George Eliot's creations always are. The honest, enthusiastic hero of the book; his poor weak-headed old mother; the member of the Independent Meeting in Malthouse Yard; the proud Mr.

Transome; sweet, beautiful Esther Lyon—we seem to know them all as well as though they had been neighbors of ours for the last twenty years. They are all very well worth knowing too. George Eliot never exhausts her genius upon the chief figure in her books. The drawing of the secondary characters is as pure and true, the coloring as sober and thoughtful as the drawing and coloring of the hero and heroine. It is worth watching the means by which she produces her effects. Take the Independent minister—the Rev. Rufus Lyon—the story about him, so far as it properly comes into *Felix Holt*—amounts to nothing; his challenging of the Rector to a public discussion of the claims of the Establishment and Nonconformity, is ridiculous; and yet, by innumerable slight touches, he is made to be a man whom many will love and all will respect. No doubt the effect, in this case, is produced partly by the romantic history of his relations to Annette, which lies in the background and changes the whole aspect of his common place and obscure life; but there is a most patient and painstaking effort to complete every character in its minutest details, and where another author would trust to a few rough, strong lines to indicate and to identify one of the minor actors, George Eliot works away quietly, and gives us a perfect picture. There is all the difference between Miss Braddon's stories, infinitely clever as some of them are, and George Eliot's, that there is between the "scenery" at Drury and one of Linnell's pictures. There is a certain something in the moral feeling of some parts of the story that we could wish other than it is—a falling below that high inspiration of pure thought and sympathy which is the characteristic of the noblest genius. The great lessons that George Eliot would teach and the tragedy of life that she would delineate, do not require a certain tinge and suggestiveness that are found in almost all her books.

Felix Holt is much more than a novel; it is a thoughtful study of a noble and heroic life. The genius which gave us *Adam Bede* is still unquenched, and we may hope that it will surprise and delight the world with further proofs of its power.

La Révolution. Par EDGAR QUINET. Paris: Librairie Internationale. 1865. No book has, for many years, produced a more profound sensation in the political world in France, than that now before us. It has not only excited the most legitimate admiration, but has also given rise to vehement discussions. The author is one of the most famous writers of the day; he has published works on philosophy, history, and politics. In religion, he first held, vaguely, the views of humanitarianism combined with pantheism; but he appears to have almost abandoned these, and is tending now to a theism more and more respectful to Christianity, but still retaining a certain oligism. In politics, he has advanced liberal socialism. He is present, a voluntary exile, for although the French government has been revoked to his country

there. M. Quinet is gifted with a most superb imagination, which often envelopes his thoughts as with a brilliant cloud. In his new book this cloud is dispersed, and it is with complete clearness and with masculine energy of style that he has given us a general estimate of our great Revolution. It is easy to perceive that he writes under the sinister light of the events of December, 1851, which he has never forgotten. It is not merely that he does not take the part of this *dénouement* of the revolutionary drama, he also seeks for its cause in the history of the Revolution itself, and finds it in the fatal theory of *public safety*, which played so important a part in that great hurricane. The convention wished to lay an arbitrary foundation for liberty, and the issue of its attempts was the "Terror." It proceeded by *coups-d'état*, and the natural consequence of this policy was the *coups-d'état* of the 18th *brumaire*, by which General Bonaparte followed his own method of ending the Revolution by confining the overflowing torrents within narrow banks which might moderate and limit its course. M. Quinet has shown himself justly severe to all the heroes of the days of terror; he has administered well-merited castigation to Robespierre, St. Just, and all the proconsuls who shed human blood under the direction of the committee of public safety. He denies that crime saved France, and affirms that, on the contrary, it ruined for a long time the cause of the Revolution. These opinions being new, on the part of a leader of the democratic party, are, as it were, written with a pen of iron, and all the defenders of *la Montagne* have, accordingly, crimsoned with rage. A very sharp controversy has been carried on through the press, and all the friends of the good Robespierre have exclaimed in chorus against this severe judge of the Revolution. We can thus see how the passions that belong to the old republicanism have been fermenting in the hearts of men, and how little adapted is a *régime* of public safety like that by which France is ruled, to turn the mind from these miserable theories. M. Quinet, unfortunately, leads us to suppose that there is, at least, one tyrannical measure of which he would approve—that which should condemn and banish Catholicism—the main obstacle to the foundation of liberty. He deprecates such an inference, and an explanation of his views is to appear in the next edition, which will remove all misunderstandings. We await this explanation with impatience, for if this stigma be removed from the book, we shall characterize it as one of the most eloquent works ever inspired by the love of liberty.

SCIENCE.

The Deluge Scientifically Explained.—Colonel Sir Henry James, of the Royal Engineers, Chief of the Ordnance Survey, in the outline of a "Theory of Geology," communicated to the *Athenæum*, ascribes important results to the change in the position of the axis of the earth's rotation, or, as he terms it, evagation of the poles. "If," says Sir Henry James, "the earth were of uniform density, the poles would traverse the

circle of evagation in three hundred days, and if the density increases from the surface toward the centre, in about three hundred and twenty days. These are mathematical truths. The poles, therefore, would reach their furthest distance from their original positions, and produce the greatest effects, at the end of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty days. Among the many effects which would result from an evagation of the poles, I stated that great debacles, or displacement, with more or less violence, of the waters of the seas would be produced, the continents overflowed, and nearly every living creature destroyed. Now it is a very remarkable fact, if we merely regard it as one of those curious accidental agreements we sometimes meet with, *that the above-named periods agree as near as possible, if not precisely, with the period of the greatest elevation of the waters, and with the whole period of the Deluge described in the seventh and eighth chapters of Genesis.* "In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the seventeenth day of the second month, were all the fountains of the great deep broken up," and the "waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth," "and the mountains were covered," "and all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man." "And the waters prevailed upon the earth one hundred and fifty days," "and the waters returned from off the earth continually, and after the end of the one hundred and fifty days the waters were abated." Josephus says "The water did but just begin to abate after one hundred and fifty days, it then ceasing to subside for a little while."—Ant. chap. 3. "In the six hundred and first year, in the first month, the first day of the month, the waters were dried up from off the earth." Allowing twenty-nine days to February, this would make the whole period of the Deluge exactly three hundred and twenty days."

Henry Hallam at the British Association.—Though habitually grave, the pleasant smile best became his features, and I do not think he was often guilty of audible laughter. The only occasion on which I can remember his giving way to so undignified a propensity was on a visit of the British Association to Lord Dudley's works at Dudley, from which a section of some score of members had to return on a wretchedly wet night, in the submarine hold of a huge barge illuminated by half a dozen "tallows," to their long-expectant lodgings. Of this memorable voyage Edward Forbes wrote an amusing metrical account. To beguile the time, a mock meeting of the Association was got up, and so exceedingly humorous was the discussion, that the gravity of Hallam, who took an amusing part in it, was fairly overcome, and he joined in the loud chorus of cachination extorted from the audience by the diversion of the hour. He generally enjoyed these annual parliaments of science, and enjoyed them much; and it was truly a treat to see the philosophic historian quite at home in all sorts of recreative excursions, or, especially, trudging in the train of a geological exploration with a satchel and hammer and in a workmanlike costume, as if he had been a Sedgwick, Buckland, or Murchison. He might almost have been a

"Red Lion."—*Men I Have Known.* By William Jordan. Routledge & Sons.

Malayo-Polynesian Philology.—The eminent philologist, Mr. H. N. Van der Tuuk, has lately added to the list of his numerous publications the Toba text of the Contest of Datu Dalu and Saag Maima, edited from a manuscript. A German missionary, of the name of Augustus Schreiber, has published, in the German language, a compendium of the etymology of the Batta language (Toba dialect). It is translated from a dictate of Mr. Van der Tuuk, who has already published a reading book and dictionary of the Batta language, and a part of the grammar of the same language for the use of the Dutch. We hope soon to be able to announce the publication of a Malayo-English grammar by the same distinguished scholar.

South African Philology.—We are informed that the first part of Zulu Kafir Traditions and Tales, to which reference has been made in the tenth number of our "Record," will soon appear, under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Callows, of Spring Vale, Natal. We have received Zulu Kafir Translations of the Te Deum, of Dr. Watts' Catechism, and of the Canticles and Collects. Messrs. Trübner & Co. have these translations in stock, and will soon have a supply of the Zulu Kafir Traditions also.

Perpetual Calendar.—Mr. J. Bond, one of the Keepers of the Public Records, has invented a Perpetual Calendar. It consists of two cards, one having the circle of the months; the other rotates in the centre, and on it are the seven dominical letters, A, G, F, E, D, C, B, fixed to their respective days of the week, according to the table given in the Act of Parliament 24 Geo. II., c. 23, and the Book of Common Prayer. This Perpetual Calendar will be useful to persons who have to deal with imperfectly-dated papers. If the day of the week, the day of the month, and some approximate date of any event are stated, the exact year can be fixed with certainty. To historical and general readers it will be satisfactory to have the power which is given by the Perpetual Calendar of easily fixing the day of the week to the date of any event; and, as a perpetual calendar, it is obviously useful to persons requiring an almanac for constant reference.—*Athenæum.*

In an address to the students attending his Sanskrit class at the Imperial Library in Paris, Professor J. Oppert, well known through his researches on the Assyrian Cuneiform Inscriptions, controverts the views, held by many students of comparative philology, concerning certain "Aryan" ideas pervading the whole of the so-called Indo-Germanic races. Such as "april aryan," he holds has no more real existence than the much-vaunted "idées éminentes," or Semitic monotheism: nor do, in his opinion, the Aryan and the Semitic races differ from one another in a physiological point of view, or have been subject each to different influences of climate or locality. On the other hand, he attributes to Semitic action a very considerable portion of the elements of which more especially the Greek race is composed. As he promises more fully to develop his ideas on this head in a larger work on the origin of the Greek and Latin races, it will be sufficient for us here to have drawn attention

to his very interesting and suggestive "discourse." We would only hope that, after declaiming against those who would ascribe to Aryan elements too prominent a share in the conformation of the character of the Indo-European nations, he may not be led by any Semitic predilections of his to fall into an opposite error.

British Association for the Advancement of Science.—The meeting for 1866, at Nottingham, commences on the 22d August, under the presidency of W. R. Grove, Esq., Q.C., F.R.S., etc., who will deliver the opening address in the theatre.

It is stated the French Government contemplate sending a scientific expedition to Armenia. The venerable M. Dulaurier has been offered the command of the expedition, and it is said he will accept it despite his great age, delicate health, and weak eyes, and, I may add, despite the fact that this distant and perilous voyage cost Schultz and Hommaire de Hell their lives. The expedition will be absent a year, and after exploring Russian, Turkish, and Persian Armenia, will repair to Jerusalem to study the numerous interesting mss. contained in St. James' Convent.

VARIETIES.

Mary Chaworth, Byron's Early Love.—There is a monumental figure in the church at Colwick, representing Mary Chaworth. At its base is the following inscription:

To the Memory of
MARY ANN MUSTERS,
Died 6th February, 1862. Aged 47.

For her who sleeps beneath this holy place,
This marble speaks our grief, but points to this—
Faith in God's mercies, through a Saviour's grace,
To wake in regions of eternal bliss.

Mary Ann Musters was the only daughter and heiress of George Chaworth, Esq., of Annesley, in the county of Nottingham, and wife of John Musters, Esq., of Colwick, in the said county, by whom this monument was erected.

This epitaph was written by Thomas Wrightson Vaughan, who married one of Mr. Musters's sisters. A friend, who lived long in the immediate neighborhood of Jack Musters, sent me this startling account of his wife; but for the truth of the assertions contained in it of course I do not vouch: "Bowed down by care and neglect, I have often seen Mary Chaworth—the scion of a time honoured race—kneeling in the ancestral pew in the old village church, casting her sorrows and her burden on her Saviour. And who can venture to say that there were not times in that holy place wherein were the marble effigies of the bold ancestors of him whose first and only love she had ever been, when her fancy wandered to the old hearth, an antique rectory at Annesley, well-nigh as desolate now as her own heart, and thought that, had her lot been linked with his, their destiny might not, as now, have ended—the one in madness, both in misery?" Moore visited Colwick about this time, when collecting materials for a "Memoir of Byron." He saw Mrs. Musters, and tells how "she cried" as he sang one of his lyrics. The husband was absent at the time. The neglect no doubt refers

to certain notorious irregularities of her husband. Her health was long broken down, and her death was hastened by the alarm on the house being attacked (in her husband's absence) by the Nottingham mob, during the Reform excitement of 1831.—*Recollections of the Hon. Granley Berkeley.*

British and Foreign Bible Society.—The following is the address of the Prince of Wales, on laying the foundation stone of the new house of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at Blackfriars, on the 11th of June, in the presence of the Archbishop of York, the Lord Mayor, Lord Shaftesbury, president of the Society, and a large assembly of the friends of the institution: "My Lord Archbishop, my Lords, and Gentlemen—I have to thank you for the very interesting address in which you so ably set forth the objects of this noble institution. It is now sixty-three years since Mr. Wilberforce, the father of the eminent prelate who now occupies so prominent a place in the Church of England, met with a few friends, by candle-light, in a small room in a dingy counting-house, and resolved upon the establishment of the Bible Society. Contrast with this obscure beginning the scene of this day, which, not only in England and in our Colonies, but in the United States of America, and in every nation in Europe, will awaken the keenest interest. Such a reward of perseverance is always a gratifying spectacle, much more so when the work which it commemorates is one in which all Christians can take part, and when the object is that of enabling every man in his own tongue to read the wonderful works of God. I have a hereditary claim to be here upon this occasion. My grandfather, the Duke of Kent, as you have reminded me, warmly advocated the claims of this society; and it is gratifying to me to reflect that the two modern versions of the Scriptures more widely circulated than any others—the German and the English—were both in their origin connected with my family. The translation of Martin Luther was executed under the protection of the Elector of Saxony, the collateral ancestor of my lamented father; while that of William Tyndall, the foundation of the present authorized English version, was introduced with the sanction of the Royal predecessor of my mother, the Queen, who first desired that the Bible 'should have free course through all Christendom, but especially in his own realm.' It is my hope and trust that, under the Divine guidance, the wider diffusion and a deeper study of the Scriptures will, in this as in every age, be at once the surest guarantee of the progress and liberty of mankind, and the means of multiplying in the purest form the consolations of our holy religion."

Mrs. Livingstone, the African Missionary's Wife.—In Dr. Livingstone's account of his second Zambesi journey of exploration, he thus refers, with touching pathos, to the great sorrow of his life. She died at Shupanga, on the Zambesi, April 27th, 1862: "A coffin was made during the night, a grave was dug next day, under the branches of the great baobab tree, and, with sympathizing hearts, the little band of his countrymen assisted the bereaved husband in burying his dead. At his request, the Rev. James Stew-

art read the burial service; and the seamen kindly volunteered to mount guard for some nights at the spot where her body rests in hope. Those who are not aware how this brave, good English wife made a delightful home at Kolnberg, one thousand miles inland from the cape, and as the daughter of Moffat and a Christian lady, exercised most beneficial influence over the rude tribes of the interior, may wonder that she should have braved the dangers and toils of this down-trodden land. She knew them all, and, in the disinterested and dutiful attempt to renew her labors, was called to her rest instead. '*Fiat Domine voluntas tua.*'"

Progress of Popular Literature.—In the preface to the first edition of Miss Edgeworth's *Popular Tales*, the following passages occur, which are worthy of attention as illustrating the wonderful progress in popular literature and in national education: "Burke supposes that there are eighty thousand readers in Great Britain, nearly one hundredth part of its inhabitants! Out of these we may calculate that ten thousand are nobility, clergy, or gentlemen of the learned professions. Of seventy thousand readers which remain, there are many who might be amused and instructed by books which were not professedly adapted to the classes that have been enumerated. With this view the following volumes have been composed. The title of *Popular Tales* has been chosen, not as a presumptuous and premature claim to popularity, but from the wish that they may be current beyond circles which are sometimes exclusively considered as polite. The art of printing has opened to all classes of people various new channels of entertainment and information. Among the ancients, wisdom required austere manners and a length of heard to command attention; but in our days, instruction, in the dress of innocent amusement, is not denied admittance among the wise and good of all ranks. It is therefore hoped that a succession of stories, adapted to different ages, sexes, and situations in life, will not be rejected by the public, unless they offend against morality, tire by their sameness, or disgust by their imitation of other writers."

The Scotch at Home.—Edinburgh numbers 1530 one-roomed houses, of which 825 contain each six inmates and under, while no one of the remaining 705 contains less than that number of occupants. In Glasgow the state of things is still worse; for there the number of one-roomed houses is 2212, of which number 1253 shelter seven human creatures, while each of the other 959 dwellings has more than seven inmates. There are in Scotland no fewer than 7964 houses—if they can be called houses—without windows! and 226,723 houses of only one apartment; proving that nearly one million of the people of Scotland, or nearly one third of the entire population, are living in houses—places improperly so called—in which neither the comforts nor decencies of life can be secured, and which are thus totally unfit for human habitation. What wonder that working men like to spend as much of their leisure as possible in public houses, and as little of it as possible in their homes!—*Rev. Dr. Begg.*

M. Victor Hugo's publishers. MM. Lacroix & Verboeckhoven, retire from trade the 1st July with filled pockets; it is said they have cleared, from the more recent works of M. Victor Hugo alone, no less than \$380,000. M. Poupart Davyl, the printer, has purchased their good-will and contracts with authors. He is already in negotiation with M. Victor Hugo for a novel in ten volumes, just completed, and entitled *Ninety-Three*. M. Hugo asks \$100,000 for it. Do you remember the laugh excellent Mr. G. P. Putnam raised when, among various particulars of his experience as a publisher, he told how a young fellow wished \$1000 for a poem in a few stanzas? MM. Firmin Didot & Co. complain this week of young authors' wild hopes. They frequently receive stories which are worth at most \$10, and for which the authors ask \$4000 by return mail.

The Iliad of Homer and the Rāmāyana.—In a recently published book, Mr. James Hutchinson, of Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, points out remarkable resemblances in the *Iliad* of Homer and the *Rāmāyana* of Valmiki. He contends that the rape of Helen and the siege of Troy are really but the carrying off of Sitā and the capture of Lanka done into Greek verse. He goes further and asserts his conviction that Homer not only worshipped the same deities as the Hindus, but was himself a Hindu.

Ascents of Mont Blanc.—From the year 1786 to the end of 1865 the total number of all the ascensions of Mont Blanc was 293, of which 167 were carried out by Englishmen, 39 by Frenchmen and Savoyards, 21 by Americans, 19 by Germans, and 9 by Swiss. The first ascension took place in 1786, by Jacob Balmat and Dr. Piccard; the second and third by J. L. B. de Saussure. Marie Paradis, of Chamouny, was the first female ascender, in 1809; Mdle. Henrietta d'Angleville the second, in 1838. In the year 1864 Mount Blanc was climbed by 35 persons, among whom were four ladies.—*Bulletin de la Société de Géographie de Paris.*

Printers' Mistakes.—During the Mexican war one of the English newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that General Pillow and thirty-seven of his men had been lost in a bottle (battle). Some other paper informed the public, not long ago, that a man in a brown surtout was yesterday brought before the court, on a charge of stealing a small ox (box) from a lady's work-bag. The stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket. A rat (raft), says another paper, descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat, and so serious was the injury to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it. An English paper once stated that the Russian General Bockinoffsky was found dead with a long word (sword) in his mouth. It was perhaps the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and the Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and that the enemy was repulsed with great laughter (slaughter). Again, a gentleman was recently brought up to answer the charge of having eaten (beaten) a stage driver for demanding more than his fare.





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Vol. I. to III. London, 1862, 1863.
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a sun amid the surrounding barbarism, only to set, leaving again the darkness of night behind it. Each has perished in turn, extinguished by some other tribe or nation—by some people which hated it, despised its knowledge, and sought not to profit by or perpetuate its peculiar civilization, but to destroy its monuments and obliterate its memory. In the youth of civilization, nations preferred to destroy each other's works and wisdom, rather than to preserve and profit by them.

Another and not less striking feature of those early times, so dissimilar from the present state of things, was, that each civilized community led a solitary life of its own, unknown to the rest of mankind—a fountain of civilization within its own narrow sphere, but whose light did not spread to other parts of the world. Barriers of darkness lay between them, separating each from the others. Egypt, China, India, Babylonia, were local suns, each shining brilliantly in its own narrow sphere, faintly illuminating a few surrounding satellites ; but each

* *The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World ; or, the History, Geography, and Antiquities of Chaldaea, Assyria, Babylon, Media, and Persia.* By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. Vols. I. to III. London. 1862-1865.

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them was as little known to the other as the solar systems of the bright abysses of space are known to this little orb of ours. And just as we look upon this fair planet where we dwell as if it were everything, and all else were naught—as if it were in fact (as our ancestors believed) the centre and chief end of creation, and that all the other distant orbs existed only to act as suns or moons or stars to us, things which would be meaningless and useless but for the fact of our existence : even so did each of those old nations regard the rest of the world. Each, shut in by impassable barriers, or looking disdainfully athwart the intervening darkness upon the distant glimmering lights beyond, led a hermit life, borrowing nothing from others, and developing knowledge and civilization for itself. Even when, after the collision of races began, a people succeeded by martial superiority in establishing itself in the seat of a prior civilization, it scorned the rich spoils of knowledge there laid like tribute at its feet—it would not stoop to pick them up, and preferred to destroy the mental wealth of the vanquished, rather than to preserve and inherit it.

It was in this fashion—so strange to us of modern time—that the great drama of civilization proceeded in early ages. Each nation, either from necessity or by a bigoted choice, began life anew, working out for itself the endless problems, alike in the arts and in beliefs, which existence forces upon man's regard. Just as every individual has to learn for himself the varied lessons of life, so in far greater degree did those old nations proceed. By this means a vast variety of development, in different parts of the world, was rapidly attained in the early stages of civilization. The very isolation of the nations of antiquity helped to produce the same result. The growth of humanity doubtless would have been hastened if the means of locomotion and of diffusing knowledge which we now enjoy had existed from the first ; but in such a case the career of mankind would never have been so various. A certain form or forms of civilization would have been more rapidly developed, but there would not have arisen that infinite variety of national life which the past has bequeathed as a legacy to later times.

We of the present day can best appreciate the advantage of this. Nowadays, no nation does or can lead a solitary life : it knows, and is in direct communication with, and is more or less affected by, all the others. National life, instead of necessarily developing diversity and variety as in early times, now tends more and more towards unity, similarity ; and this tendency is as truly the progress of matured life as variety is the product of healthy youth. An eclectic spirit is the special characteristic of the present age. Each nation, having grown up to maturity in its own way, now begins to look around, and to learn from others. Without abdicating its own individuality, it compares itself with others, and modifies and improves its own life by observing what is good in theirs. This tendency will continue and advance : the natural result being the gradual disappearance of many points of difference, and a greater approximation of civilized life to a common standard. Variety, almost endless, has already been established ; the special progress of the future will be in selecting whatever is good in each of those varieties, and crowning the work of ages by a fuller, freer, and grander type of national life than has yet been developed by any single people.

Professor Rawlinson startles us by observing how little modern Europe has advanced upon the civilization of one of those old and long-dead countries, Babylonia. It must be confessed that in many departments of art and knowledge, mankind have advanced little during the last two thousand years, but in the practical and general use of that knowledge we have advanced surpassingly. It is true that the germs of knowledge, upon which the greatest triumphs of modern times are based, were familiar to a favored few in one or other of the earliest civilized nations. It is also true that in some departments of human development we have actually not advanced at all. The motive power of steam, the application of which to practical use is the grandest triumph of the present century, was known to, and employed by, the ancient priesthood of Egypt. The compass, which enables our mariners to traverse the trackless wastes of ocean, was in use in at least equally remote times in China. Ec-

tricity, another great triumph of our times, was known as a fact to the Greeks and Romans. Astronomy, in Babylonia, was carried to a perfection which only in recent times has been equalled and surpassed in Europe. Printing was invented and turned to practical account in China nearly a thousand years ago. Constitutional government, another boast of our age, was recognized as the principle of administration in China before the Christian era; and even the last phase of that system, namely, competitive examination as the means of selecting the *employés* of the State, was adopted in China a thousand years ago, before William the Conqueror had set foot in England. In mental philosophy, the sages of India, and in a lesser degree of China, long ago anticipated all the really notable phases of that science in modern Europe. The same may be said of the doctrines of morality (as apart from religion). And in fine art, no country, it is allowed on all hands, has yet surpassed the wondrous development of the beautiful which arose in the narrow peninsula of Greece, at a time when all the rest of Europe lay in the darkness of barbarism. Even as regards the department of fine art in which modern times have most excelled—namely, poetry—we put more knowledge into our verses, but not more beauty.

The special and really grand triumph of modern times has been to carry the *vas* of knowledge to an infinitely further development than ever before; and also to extend that knowledge, and its practical appliances, to the general mass of the community. Learning, instead of being confined to a few, sometimes to an exclusive sect, has been made the portion of the community at large; and the knowledge of the properties of matter—for example steam-power, the compass, and electricity—has been turned on the widest scale to practical use. The immense outburst of human power, the amazing development of human faculties, which so remarkably characterize recent times, are due to the two great agencies of the printing-press and the steam engine. The former, combined with a knowledge of languages, enables the student, without stirring from his arm chair, to behold the world, both past and present: it makes

him acquainted with the best thoughts of the best men, in all ages and countries; it enables him, as it were, to live in distant countries and remote times, and to see their people and places, almost as if he were actually there. The steam engine, while increasing a hundredfold the productive power of man, and thereby greatly adding to human well-being, has attained its most marvellous results in its twin offspring, steam navigation and railways, which have thrown the whole world open, carrying thousands of men daily into all corners of the earth, and drawing all nations into mutual acquaintance and incipient brotherhood. And the knowledge which steam locomotion enables us to acquire, the printing press preserves and diffuses. The knowledge acquired by travel, instead of being confined to a few, almost to travellers themselves, is spread about like a common property; it is published, as it were, on the house-tops and in the highways, so that every one who has an ear to hear can hearken and understand.

With this vast and sudden expansion of the means of knowledge, which have virtually rendered each educated man a cosmopolite, an equally notable change has taken place in the spirit and desires of mankind. In the products of the printing press, the literature of long-past times has become the property and inheritance of the cultivated classes in Europe. We not only have the means of knowing the past in literature, and of seeing the distant by means of improved locomotion, but our desire to see and to know has been proportionally increased. We have lost the bigotry and intolerance natural to early times. Instead of despising, we desire earnestly to know the past history of our race, however diverse from our own; we have come to view it in an impartial spirit, willing to do justice to every form of civilization which has arisen in the Divine drama of humanity. Hence our numerous translations of ancient literature; hence our explorations of the globe, and most of all, of those parts where civilization and power once had their mighty seats. We make a study of distant China and India, alike in their present condition and in their more famous past. We resuscitate the records, and investigate the relics, of ancient

Mexico and Peru. We translate and comment upon the old books of Confucius, Zoroaster, and Mohammed. We study the hieroglyphics and photograph the temples of ancient Egypt; artists make a pilgrimage to the pillared beauties of desolate and desert-girdled Palmyra; and we explore the sites, and arduously seek to reconstruct the history, of vanished Persepolis, and of mound-buried Nineveh and Babylon.

A wide chasm separates nearly all of those old civilizations from the comparatively modern civilization of Europe. Rome, the connecting link between the old times and the new, and the true mother of civilized Europe, was but a village upon the Palatine Hill when some of those old civilizations were crumbling into the dust. Rome embraced the transition from Paganism to Christianity; she introduced to civilized Europe the arts of short-lived Greece; she gave a conscious existence by her conquests, to the present nationalities of our continent; and died at last, slowly and grandly, beneath the united pressure of the new states and nations which she had called into being. But in pre-Roman times, in that earlier period of which we have been speaking, there were three distinct centres of grand civilization (apart from the isolated worlds of India and China), all remarkable in this, that they arose in narrow localities. These localities were, the narrow valley of the Nile, the not much wider valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, and the bare and rocky peninsula of Greece. Greece, severed into little rival States, no bigger than the republics of mediæval Italy, never combined into one power, and each finding full vent for its energies in contests of arms or in art with its fellows, never became a great political power—never threw its chain as a conqueror over other countries. It sent out colonies indeed, but these remained severed like the states in the mother country. The vast energies of the Greeks never coalesced in building a solid commonwealth, much less in creating an empire. Save in the expedition of Alexander, the last grand triumph of Greek life—the solitary effort of an exceptional man—the Greeks contented themselves with their narrow peninsula, girdled by the blue seas, and fringed with

the rocky islets of the *Ægean*. Egypt led a life of equal political quiescence, and much more isolated morally from the surrounding countries. Stable and colossal, like her own pyramids, she lived politically alone in the world, rarely overpassing the desert frontiers of her narrow valley, and maintained to the last the calm immutable aspect of her own Sphinx, undisturbed in her power and idiosyncrasy by foreign influence and invasion, until the sword of the Persian Cambyses pierced her god, and let out the life of Egypt. Unity of power characterized Egypt, as diversity and disunion characterized the political condition of Greece. But there were no aspiring forces in Egypt, no ambitious nationality, to convert that centralization of power into a means of foreign conquest. The expeditions of Rameses and Sesostri were as exceptional phases of Egyptian life as the conquests of Alexander were in the history of Greece.

Very different was the history of the Mesopotamian valley, and of the States which there grew up into power. Unlike Greece and Egypt, the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris was from the earliest times the scene of a hurdling of rival nationalities—of a series of great conflicts and changes, one power rising in succession upon the ruins of another; and, at the same time, each was inspired by a spirit of ambition and conquest, which made it a great political power. This, at least, is true of every one of the ancient Mesopotamian powers after the early Chaldæans. Assyria succeeded to Chaldæa; the Mede and Babylonian to the Assyrian; and the Persian to all. And after that, the Greek, the Parthian, and the Arab follow each other in successive developments of civilization, power, and religion. Babylon and Nineveh perished, only to give place to Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and Bagdad. Until at last, with the advent of the barbarous Mongols, followed by the rude Turks, the fabric of empire, the reign of civilization ended, and barrenness and depopulation overspread the region—until nowadays the once famous valley, the most famous of its time in the world, presents nearly the same aspect as it did to the first Chaldæan settlers—a land of barrenness and desolation; as if the power and science of civilized man

had never raised it from its primitive sterility into a region blooming as the rose, a garden-land of fertility, and forever famous as the seat of ancient power, and in many respects the fountain of subsequent western civilization.

In the infancy of mankind, and when the lower portion of the valley still lay in the chaotic state natural to the embouchure of great rivers, half land, half water, a Hamitic population first appears on the scene, navigating in reed skiffs the mouths of the rivers and the shallows of the Persian Gulf, and doubtless living to a great extent upon the produce of the rivers and sea. By and by the process of reclaiming the land from the loosely wandering and ever overflowing waters begins. The rivers are confined to their main channels by embankments, and in the alluvial soil thus reclaimed the population find abundant harvests. The colossal figure of Nimrod suddenly rises as a great monarch on the scene, and, temporarily welding together the various tribes of the locality, becomes a militant king of so exceptionally great power for those early times as to leave behind him a name and fame which, even at the present day, live in the memory and imagination of the wandering Arabs who now pasture their flocks upon the ruins of Assyrian and Babylonian greatness. It was a great but transient outburst of power, the creation of one man, and in the main perishing with him. A long historical blank follows; but still, as the recent explorations show, the Hamitic populations, now mingled to some extent with other blood, and assuming the name of Chaldeans, steadily work their way inland, raising town after town in the lower part of the valley. First Ur (in early times on the shores of the Persian Gulf), then Larsa and Erech, then Wipur, and at last Babylon, arise on the alluvial flats. Navigation expands, trade is developed, and the industrial arts, notably those of textile fabrics, are prosecuted with success. Babylon, and all the other cities of the new state, arose, like London, out of the soil in which it was built. It was built out of the clay on which it afterwards stood. Just as at the present day, in the suburbs of London, we see first the clay-surface of the ground scarped off and converted into bricks, and then

the bricks converted into rows of houses upon the place from which the clay had been taken, even so was it with the cities of Babylonia. They arose out of the ground on which they stood. And mighty indeed were many of the edifices so reared "by the waters of Babylon." After Nimrod, Chedor-laomer is the next great name which appears in Chaldean history. Like his greater predecessor, temporarily uniting the various peoples of the region—not only of the valley, but also of the adjoining region to the east—he turned the energies of his people into the channels of war, and carried his arms not only up the whole length of the valley, but also into Syria, down past Damascus, to the shores of the Dead sea. This also, like Nimrod's, was the exploit of an exceptional man, never to be repeated until the era of the Assyrian Sargonids. Nevertheless Chaldean—now in turn to be called Babylonian—power gradually streamed up the "Doab," or valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, new towns or cities arising on the scene, till Nineveh begins to rise into view on the banks of the upper Tigris.

Then a new power appears on the scene. The Semites in the upper portion of the valley begin to overshadow the Babylonians, and grow into the dominant power. The Chaldeans were a people of the sea-coast and the alluvial plain; the Semites were a people who came from, and doubtless had for long sojourned in the mountains which border the valley on the north. This Semitic population (from whose loins came Abraham and the Jewish nation) evidently straggled down into the valley land of the Tigris and Euphrates in weak and desultory bands; and to a trifling extent they seem to have formed part of the population of Babylonia (probably existing among the Chaldeans as small but distinct tribes) from the earliest period of which we have trustworthy records. But in process of time the Semite Asshur went forth from Chaldæa and founded Nineveh. Probably he went forth as a Babylonian governor, as a satrap of the king: certainly he could not have gone forth in hostility to the Babylonian government, because, for centuries afterwards, Nineveh and the adjoining district was an integral part of the Babylonian kingdom. It is

not less evident that this Semitic population, henceforth to be called the Assyrian, must have been more numerous in the upper portion of the valley than in the lower. Asshur in fact, and his companions, in going forth from Chaldæa, probably did so with a view to rejoin the main body of their own race. They went forth from an alien people, carrying with them the knowledge of civilization and the arts which they had acquired among that people; and as a dominant caste or family, they communicated that knowledge to the uncultivated Semitic population in the upper portion of the valley. Asshur, to whom this new nation owed its development, seems to have left in his descendants a dynasty (so to speak) of princes, a ruling family, which ere long became kings. The new state gradually outgrew its vassalage to Babylonia, and became first the rival of that earlier kingdom, and at last the dominating power in the valley.

The main body of the Assyrians were a race but recently descended from the highlands of Armenia, the upland region which bounds the valley on the north; and they showed the characteristics of their origin, alike in the locality where they established their power, and in their physical organization. They were a stronger and brawnier race than the Babylonians, and, unlike the Babylonians, they delighted in the hardy pursuits of the chase. Nineveh, the chief seat of their power, and apparently the centre of their population, was situated at the confluence of the Zab and the Tigris, and comparatively near the mountains. In the woody heights of the adjoining Zagros chain, the Assyrian monarchs and princes could enjoy the perilous pleasures of the chase, in which they delighted; and on the western side of Tigris, the low range of the Sinjar hills, and the wide open plains which stretched to the Euphrates, afforded ample scope for the chase of the gazelle, the hare, and also of the wild buffalo; while, either on the one side of the river or on the other, the lion, "king of beasts," was easily found in those times, and was the favorite object of pursuit to the martial sovereigns of Assyria. So as regards physical and moral organization, the Assyrians bore to the Babylonians somewhat the same

relation as the British do to the French. But in quickness and originality of mental capacity, the Babylonians had an immense superiority over their Assyrian neighbors. In arts and science, Nineveh simply copied Babylon; and in the form of their religion the Assyrians likewise followed the Chaldæans, although the spirit of their religion was graver, and never seems to have given birth to the license which unquestionably was connected with Babylonian worship. Comparatively devoid of originality alike in the arts, in science, and in religion, the Assyrians were nevertheless conspicuous in two of the greatest elements of national power, namely, in military spirit and skill, and in political capacity. They possessed that element of ascendancy over other people, which in a higher degree characterized the Romans. The Assyrians, in fact, may justly be called the Romans of Asia. As the Romans in art and science borrowed from the Greeks, so, in great degree, did the Assyrians borrow from the Babylonians; and in physical prowess and bravery, in political ambition and military skill, and also in the comparative grave spirit of their religion, they as much excelled any other Asiatic nation, as the Romans did the other peoples of Europe. But the Assyrians were before the Romans—they were a great power before Rome was founded—and naturally, if not necessarily, they were far behind the Romans in those principles of enlightened humanity and conciliation, without which no stable fabric of widespread empire of foreign rule can possibly be erected. It was as a conquering and luxurious race that the Assyrians flashed forth over the old world. They were the proud lords of western India, levelling cities, firing tower and temple, and carrying away people as it pleased them. Hardy in the camp, they were luxurious at home. Heroism and effeminacy by turns claimed them. Warlike booty enriched the state, and brought all that luxury and magnificence could desire within the reach of the king and the nobles. But they were great warriors to the last, and only fell in an hour of passing weakness, and before the attacks of a combined host greatly exceeding in numbers the army which they could muster in defence.

Another and totally different people next appear on the scene. The Medes become the masters, not of Nineveh—but of Assyria, they destroyed it utterly—but of Assyria, the upper portion of the Mesopotamian valley. And here we are brought face to face with a strange but unquestionable historic fact. Although thus becoming the masters of Assyria only six centuries before Christ, the Medes had conquered and established a dynasty in Babylonia sixteen centuries previous to that date. Nevertheless, in the long interval between these two successful irruptions into the valley, they totally disappear from the view of history. They are never mentioned—so far as has yet been discovered—in the records either of Babylonia or of Assyria. As a nationality, they seem to have totally disappeared from the countries adjoining those kingdoms. In what character then did they first appear in the valley, more than twenty centuries B.C., and what became of them in the long period which elapsed before they again appeared in the vicinity as a nation, some two centuries before the fall of Nineveh? It seems to us that the Medes who conquered Babylonia or Chaldaea twenty-two centuries B.C., were a migratory band of that race; that they were not the Median race or nationality as a whole, but simply an adventurous offshoot from it; and that their irruption was like those of the Scythic and Celtic peoples, which play so remarkable a part in the history of ancient times—an irruption not made by the race *en masse*, but merely by one or more roving tribes, seeking their fortunes in the world. The Median conquest of Chaldaea took place at a time when the main body of that people still sojourned in Bactria and the adjoining regions to the northeast of their future and more famous settlement in the western provinces of the country now called Persia. The Median dynasty in Chaldaea lasted upwards of two centuries; and when it was overthrown and supplanted by a native Chaldaean dynasty, we conjecture that some of the conquering tribe remained absorbed in the Chaldaean population—where they left traces of their language; while the upper and more energetic portions of the intruders withdrew from the valley, first into the country from which they had is-

sued (namely, the western provinces of modern Persia), and soon afterwards migrated northwards, either returning to their homes in Bactria, or setting out on new expeditions into the region around the Black sea, where scattered settlements were recognizable in the time of Herodotus. One settlement of Medes is noticed by the father of history, so far west as in the country adjoining the Adriatic, who still preserved the dress and appearance of the parent race. Certain it is that as a recognizable nationality, the "Madai" disappeared from the borders of the Mesopotamian valley, until the middle of the ninth century B.C. Previous to that date, the Assyrian kings had again and again ascended through the passes of the Zagros chain to the plateau of Iran, without ever experiencing any serious opposition, and without ever meeting with any people calling themselves Medes. It is only in the later half of the ninth century B.C. that the Assyrian monarchs, in their victorious and hardly opposed irruptions into the Iranian plateau, make mention of a Median people; and these were so weak that they readily agreed to purchase immunity from the predatory invasions of the Assyrians by paying tribute to Nineveh.

But towards the close of the seventh century B.C., the Medes assume a new attitude, and by a sudden bound pass from weak vassals into formidable assailants. How was this? The change dates from the appearing of Cyaxares on the scene. It seems established that this chief came from the northeast, from the mother country of the Medes, at the head of a migratory and apparently powerful band of followers; and almost immediately he became the head or king of all the Median tribes who lived in the upland region, lying to the north and west of the Mesopotamian valley. Daringly ambitious, he quickly led his feudatory bands down through the passes of the Zagros chain to measure his strength with that of the monarch of Nineveh. The discipline of the Assyrians easily prevailed over the impetuous but desultory attacks of the Medes, and Cyaxares was driven back to the east of the mountain chain. Rapidly profiting by this sharp experience, Cyaxares reorganized his army, adopting to a large extent the military system of the

Assyrians, just as the Romans learned tactics and discipline from their enemy during their wars with King Pyrrhus. Again descending into the valley, Cyaxares met with better success, but was interrupted in his campaign by the news that the Scythian hordes were descending from the north through the eastern passes of the Caucasus upon his own country. Withdrawing his army to the Iranian plateau, he there encountered the barbarous invaders and, doubtless immensely overpowered by numbers, he experienced a total defeat. For a few years the Scyths reigned in Media—probably not troubling themselves with ruling the country, only exacting tribute for their chiefs, while the common class moved about in tents, feeding their flocks on the best pasture grounds. But the main body of the Scyths passed on into the Mesopotamian valley, devastating Assyria—apparently the fortifications of Nineveh were too strong for them—and then pushing forward into Syria, bearing down all opposition.

It was a dreadful but transient irruption. Scattered and sinking into enfeebled excesses, the Scyths soon "melted from the fields like snow;" the main body, apparently, making their way back to their northern homes. Cyaxares, with his usual daring and stratagem, cleared Media of them by killing the chiefs at a banquet, and thereafter easily expelled the leaderless throng. And no sooner was he rid of the Scyths than once more he made war upon Nineveh. Assyria must have been greatly weakened by the devastations of the Scyths; the prestige of her arms also was broken; and at the same time her king was an unworthy heir of the mighty Sargonid monarchs who had so long led the Assyrian hosts to universal victory. But even yet Nineveh was a great power. Cyaxares no longer trusted to his own resources for success in his expedition against the Queen of the Valley. He fomented an insurrection in southern Babylonia, and the insurgents combined their operations with his. To meet the danger thus coming alike from the west and the south, the Assyrian monarch divided his forces. Remaining himself with the main army to repel the invasion of the Medes, he dispatched his trusted general Nabopolassar with a lesser force to defend

Babylon against the rebels in the south. But Cyaxares soon won over Nabopolassar to his side, by giving his daughter in marriage to Nabopolassar's son, and agreeing to recognize him as king of Babylon. Nabopolassar then joined his forces to those of the insurgents whom he had been sent to oppose, and thereafter marched up the valley, and united his army with that of Cyaxares. But even then the Assyrians proved themselves redoubtable antagonists. The allied armies of the Medes and Babylonians were several times defeated in the field. At length, by a night attack, they stormed the camp of the Assyrians, and broke the strength of their army. The Assyrian king and the remainder of his troops withdrew into Nineveh, whose strong ramparts easily bade defiance to the assaults and military appliances of the attacking host. At length, after nearly two years of ineffectual siege, when Cyaxares might well have despaired of success, an extraordinary flood in the Tigris swept away a large extent of the city walls; and the Assyrian monarch in a fit of despondency gave up the contest, set fire to his palace, and consumed himself along with the ladies of his harem and much of his wealth. And what the conflagration spared the Medes destroyed. Nineveh was blotted out, sank into mounds of grass-covered ruins, and one of the great twin capitals of the valley forever disappeared from the scene.

Babylon rose into a new kingdom under Nabopolassar; Assyria was ruled as a dependency by Cyaxares, from Ecbatana on the other side of the Zagros mountains. Neither of these kingdoms, neither the Median nor the Babylonian, lasted a century. Cyaxares, indeed, was so powerful for the whole term of his reign. He extended the empire of the Medes into Asia Minor to the banks of the Halys; and, supported by a Babylonian contingent, he even overpassed the Halys, and made war with balanced success upon the ancient kingdom of Lydia, and the neighboring States which made common cause with it against the invader. Peace was at length established between the warring powers—Cyaxares giving one of his daughters in marriage to the son of the Lydian king, as he had already given one to the heir of the Baby-

lonian throne, the illustrious Nebuchadnezzar. Politically, as well as by might of arms, Cyaxares did his best to found, as well as create, a great empire. But after the maker of a new empire there should come a consolidator, and the son and successor of Cyaxares showed no special capacity for government. He had no urgent motive to engage in war. The dynastic alliances made by his father had given him for brothers-in-law his neighbors in the only two powerful kingdoms which lay upon his frontiers. Was not one of his sisters Queen of Babylon, and another Queen of Lydia? And with the king of Babylon, at least, he was on terms of stable friendship. So Astyages gave himself up to luxury and indolence. Luxury, imported from conquered Assyria, sapped the energy of the Median chiefs; and the army, while preserving its organization, lost its experience in actual warfare. The veterans of Cyaxares died out, and the new levies were untried in the field. Neither did Astyages exert himself to consolidate the various parts of his empire. The semi-chaotic state in which it was left by Cyaxares continued, while the efficiency of the army diminished, and the energy of the court was impaired by luxury.

Another turn of the wheel of fortune came. The Median monarchy was supplanted by the Persian. Under Cyaxares and his successor the sister nation of the Persians was a vassal state of the Medes. And, as usual in the East, the son of the king of the vassal state was kept, virtually as a hostage, although enjoying royal hospitality, at the Median court. This, at least, was the case with Cyrus, the crown-prince of Persia, during the reign of Astyages. But the young Persian, ambitious and apparently inspired by a religious zeal against the corruptions of the Median court, seeing also the weakness of its military and administrative power, conceived the idea, if not of supplanting the monarchy, at least of establishing his own country, Persia, as an independent kingdom. The young Persian prince chose his time well. The king of the Medes was now advanced in life, and a dynastic change in Babylonia had severed the close alliance which had previously subsisted between the two powers. The son of Nebuchadnezzar,

the nephew of the Median king, had been dethroned by a usurper, and no help would come from that quarter. Escaping from the Median court, Cyrus raised the standard of revolt. Astyages, old as he was, put himself at the head of his army, and a succession of battles took place, with varied result, in one of which the King of Persia, Cyrus's father, was slain. At length Cyrus succeeded in putting the Median army to the rout, and he followed up his success so rapidly as not to allow his adversary to recover from the blow. In Media, unlike Babylonia and Assyria, there were no strongly fortified cities, in which an army, defeated in the field, could still cope with the assailing foe. Cyrus became monarch of Media, as well as of Persia; and the Medes and Persians were so nearly akin that the revolution hardly bore the character of a conquest—it was accepted as readily as if it were simply a change of dynasty. Medes and Persians alike were employed in the service of the State by the new king; no difference was made between the conquerors and the conquered; the Median chiefs shared in the favors of the Crown, and the people continued their pursuits as usual, paying no more taxes than before. Armenia and the other vassal states of the Median crown continued in their allegiance and paid their tribute to the new king just as they had done to his predecessors on the throne. And so the short-lived kingdom of the Medes came to an end, and the monarchy of the Persians began. The only difference made by the successful revolution of Cyrus was to weld together the Median and Persian peoples—to make them one united and henceforth indissoluble nation, and also to place at the head of affairs a prince who was at once a statesman and a soldier, and who was inspired by a spirit of conquest which quickly made great changes in the political condition of southwestern Asia.

The revived Babylonian empire—whose knell was rung when Cyrus mounted the Medo-Persian throne—was almost as short-lived as the Median empire had been. But in the latter half of its brief duration, its career was as brilliant as that of Media under Astyages had been inglorious. Nabopolassar, the founder of the new or second empire of Babylonia,

had, as an active ally, shared in the glories of the Medes under Cyaxares; and when he was gathered to his fathers, Babylon found in his son, the great Nebuchadnezzar, the most illustrious monarch that had ever occupied her throne. He even surpassed in achievements and magnificence the mightiest monarchs of the illustrious Sargonid dynasty of Assyria. His genius shone forth alike at home and abroad. Again and again he marched his armies up the right bank of the Euphrates (which river was the frontier of the Median kingdom), subduing all the upper part of the valley which lay to the west of that river, and advancing victoriously into Syria, subjugating Judea and Damascus as well as the more important coast region of Phœnicia, overthrowing the armies of Egypt, and extending his suzerainty even to the distant banks of the Nile. At the same time he added greatly to the magnificence of Babylon and to the prosperity of his people. Bringing back with him from his military expeditions droves of captives, he employed them in the erection of grand palaces and fortifications for his capital, and also in the construction of irrigating canals, which widened the cultivable area of Babylonia. Greatest among these latter works was the "royal river," a broad and deep canal connecting the Euphrates with the Tigris. He built the great wall of Babylon, and the Hanging Gardens—two of the seven wonders of the ancient world. He dug a vast reservoir for irrigation near Sipparah, one hundred and forty miles in circumference and one hundred and eighty feet deep. He built quays and breakwaters along the shores of the Persian Gulf, and founded a city on its shores. Although stricken by a strange disease, a madness during which he fancied himself a beast of the field, yet health and prosperity returned to him, and the closing years of his reign were as glorious as the first.

The heir to his throne, the son of the Median Princess for whom he built the celebrated Hanging Gardens, was a weak prince, and hardly had he mounted the throne than he was deposed by Nabonadius, a man not of the blood-royal. The new king, aware that his usurpation had broken the alliance previously subsisting

between Media and Babylonia, seems to have fully appreciated the position of affairs, and began to surround his capital by new and formidable works of defence. Doubtless he beheld with satisfaction the revolt of Cyrus, and the overthrow of the Median dynasty which had been so closely related to the Babylonian line which he himself had supplanted. But he quickly found that the change only increased the peril of his own position. Cyrus, burning to extend alike his empire and his religion, naturally first directed his ambition against Babylonia. The Babylonian army was scattered to the winds by the onset of the Persians; Nabonadius retired into one of the fortified cities, leaving Babylon to be defended by his son, the luxurious Belshazzar. Probably King Nabonadius regarded his capital as inexpugnable, and thought it good strategy to lie as it were on the flank of the invaders, and harass their operations. Cyrus, however, at once directed his forces against him, and captured Borsippa, where he had taken shelter, showing remarkable generosity in his treatment of his royal captive. Babylon, on the other hand, set all his efforts at defiance. That great city—by far the strongest of its day, and apparently the most strongly fortified city in the whole ancient world—laughed to scorn the attacks of the Persians, and, amply supplied with food, beheld with contemptuous indifference the prolonged leaguer to which it was subjected. Despairing of capturing the city either by assault or by blockade, Cyrus resolved to have recourse to a novel but perilous stratagem. Unknown to the besieged, and by tedious labor, he cut a deep and broad canal at a point several miles above the city, into which the Euphrates was to be diverted from its course, so that his troops might enter Babylon by the channel of the river, which flowed through the city. This engineering feat—and it was no small one—was successfully accomplished. The canal was completed, and the means of obstructing the great river and diverting it into the new channel were ready. But this, after all, was nothing. Unless he could take the Babylonians by surprise, the attempt to enter the city by the bed of the river could only result in a bloody repulse, or in the destruction of his army.

The Euphrates, as it flowed through the city, was shut in on either side by a lofty embankment or quays, and the only access from the river to the city was at certain points, by flights of steps, each guarded by a strong gate. If those gates were shut, success was hopeless; and the attacking force, in the bed of the river, would be easily overwhelmed by the missiles showered down upon them by the Babylonian troops from the quays on either side. But fortune was propitious; and the terrible doom so long denounced against Babylon by the seers of Israel at length overtook her:

"When all was prepared, Cyrus determined to wait for the arrival of a certain festival, during which the whole population were wont to engage in drinking and revelling, and then silently in the dead of night to turn the water of the river and make his attack. All fell out as he hoped and wished. The festival was even held with greater pomp and splendor than usual; for Belshazzar, with the natural insolence of youth, to mark his contempt for the besieging army, abandoned himself wholly to the delights of the season, and himself entertained a thousand lords in his palace. Elsewhere the rest of the population was occupied in feasting and dancing. Drunken riot and mad excitement held possession of the town; the siege was forgotten; ordinary precautions were neglected. Following the example of their king, the Babylonians gave themselves up for the night to orgies in which religious frenzy and drunken excitement formed a strange and revolting medley.

"Meanwhile, outside the city, in silence and darkness, the Persians watched at the two points where the Euphrates entered and left the walls. Anxiously they noted the gradual sinking of the water in the river-bed; still more anxiously they watched to see if those within the walls would observe the suspicious circumstance and sound an alarm through the town. Should such an alarm be given, all their labors would be lost. . . . But as they watched, no sounds of alarm reached them—only a confused noise of revel and riot, which showed that the unhappy townsmen were quite unconscious of the approach of danger.

"At last shadowy forms began to emerge from the obscurity of the deep river-bed, and on the landing-places opposite the river gates scattered clusters of men grew into solid columns—the undefended gateways were seized—a war-shout was raised—the alarm was taken and spread—and swift runners started off to show the King of Babylon that the city was taken at one end. In the confusion and confusion of the night, the drunken revelry, and the confusion of the night, the Babylonians were a less physically powerful race than the Assyrians—sparer in

ance. The king, paralyzed with fear at the awful handwriting on the wall, which too late had warned him of his peril, could do nothing even to check the progress of the assailants, who carried all before them everywhere. Bursting into the palace, a band of Persians made their way to the presence of the monarch, and slew him on the scene of his impious revelry. Other bands carried fire and sword through the town. When morning came, Cyrus found himself undisputed master of the city."

It was mainly by the effects of disunion that the two grand sister kingdoms of the valley fell. They were the greatest military powers of their time. The martial temperament and belligerent spirit were more strongly developed in them than in any of the contemporary civilized States of the world. Their armies were well organized, constantly practiced in wars, and were well furnished with all the appliances of military skill and power, alike for operations in the field and for the siege of fortified cities. Their forces consisted of war chariots, of cavalry, and of infantry both light and heavy armed. Their cavalry used both the sword and the lance, especially the latter; their heavy infantry were armed with the spear, while their light infantry consisted of archers and also of slingers. In siege operations, they employed the battering ram, mining and scaling ladders; and they knew how to protect their working parties from the slingers and bowmen on the walls by means of a covering apparatus, similar in kind, though not equal in efficiency, to the *testudo* of the Romans. The Assyrians especially were a remarkably martial people, brawny and muscular, as well as proud and daring. And although we hear a great deal of the luxurious habits alike of the Assyrians and Babylonians, it would be a mistake to suppose that such luxury ever directly affected the mass of the people. It was necessarily confined to the court and the wealthy classes, which constituted a very small part of the population. Nor do we find, as a matter of fact, that this luxury had any appreciable effect in enervating either the monarchs or the chiefs. In Assyria, the usual relaxation of the kings, in times of peace, was in the hardy and perilous pursuits of the chase. The Babylonians were a less physically powerful race than the Assyrians—sparer in

form, and in the main of a less lordly type. They were also more given to the pacific pursuits of trade and manufacture. They were "towns-people" in a much greater degree than the Assyrians, and did not show in an equal degree the passion for foreign conquest which inspired their neighbors of Nineveh. But they had all the "pluck" which so generally characterizes towns-people, and which often proves an equivalent for the stronger physique of a rural population. They were constantly getting up revolts and *émeutes*—rebellions and fighting to the last. Even after the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus, their love of revolt did not forsake them, and was the main cause which at length brought total ruin and devastation on their city. In truth, in reading the history of the Babylonians, we have been struck with the points of resemblance between them and the Parisians of modern times. The same mental activity, the same quickness, restlessness, fickleness, and the same pluck and aptitude for fighting. For the sake of illustration, we might parallel the points of difference between the Babylonians and Assyrians by those at present existing between the French and the British. In solid power and physical strength, and in the graver spirit which pervaded alike their religion and their society, the Assyrians may be likened to the British; while in their indomitable vivacity and pugnacity, their mental quickness and fickleness, the gay spirit of their religious festivals, and the more lax and licentious form of their society, the Babylonians may be likened (we do not say to the French nation but) to the Parisians.

In material resources, and doubtless also in population, the kingdoms of the valley were superior to the sister states of Media and Persia which overthrew them. Even under the Persian monarchy, when the resources of Media and Persia had been fully developed, Mesopotamia paid more tribute than Media and Persia together. The valley, under its old system of irrigation, was as remarkable for fertility as the region east of the Zagros was the reverse. And, in addition to this means of supporting population, the trade and export manufactures of Babylonia had the same effect in increasing the material resources of the

valley as if its area of cultivation had been larger than it was. Moreover, the kingdoms of the valley possessed at least two great cities powerfully fortified, and which proved more than a match for all the military power which was brought against them. It was disunion which laid the valley prostrate at the feet of its Arian invaders. Unquestionably this disunion proved peculiarly fatal owing to the fact that weak kings ruled in the valley contemporaneously with Median and Persian monarchs of remarkable energy and ability. Had any one of his Sargonid predecessors been on the throne of Nineveh instead of Saracus when Cyaxares invaded the valley, the issue might have been different. And the same may be said of Babylon if Nebuchadnezzar had been the contemporary of Cyrus. But even as it was, disunion, we repeat, was the great cause of the downfall of the kingdoms of the valley. When Cyaxares made his last attack upon Assyria, he had the whole force of Babylonia on his side; nay more, owing to the treachery of Nabopolassar, even a considerable part of the Assyrian army coöperated in the downfall of Nineveh. Yet, in spite of this rebellion of Babylonia, and this defection of a portion of his army, the Assyrian king, feeble though he was compared to his great predecessors, for two years bade defiance to the allied force which besieged his capital. And but for the exceptionally great overflow of the Tigris, which tore down the defences of the city, it is not improbable that the Assyrians in Nineveh might have kept their assailants at bay until dissensions broke out among the allied princes of the beleaguering army. The fall of Babylon was produced by nearly similar circumstances. Nineveh had been destroyed; the Assyrian army, the mainstay of the valley, had been broken up; the upper half of the valley was now a part of the Persian kingdom, and levies from Assyria doubtless formed part of the army of Cyrus. Babylonia had to maintain the fight alone. Yet, even under these adverse circumstances, the strength of her capital was sufficient to have foiled the assaults of the Persians. Babylon was still more strongly fortified, and more capable of standing a blockade than Nineveh was. Her walls, of immense height

and solidity, inclosed a district of about twelve miles square, containing a large cultivated area, the produce of which was of itself, it was said, sufficient to provide food for the inhabitants; and, moreover, the city had been amply provisioned by the foresight of the king. It was the extraordinary over-confidence of its defenders which alone allowed Cyrus at length to capture the city. Babylon, like Nineveh, fell by the treachery (if we may so speak) of the great river on which it stood. In both cases the waters of the valley turned against the kingdoms thereof, and were the immediate cause of their fall. The Tigris surged up from its bed in unusual overflow and sapped the walls of Nineveh; the Euphrates was turned from its channel, and opened a path for the Persians into Babylon. Nineveh and Babylon each helped to produce the downfall of the other; their disunion proved fatal to both, and to the independence of the valley. In like manner, to state the fact fancifully—the rivers whose defection or rebellion played so important a part in the downfall of the two capitals, and of the ancient monarchies established on their banks, soon shared in the disasters which they had inflicted. Their courses became untended; the irrigating canals were allowed to choke up; unhealthy morasses began to cover the once fertile districts at their mouth; and instead of continuing to be, like the Nile, the parents of the grandeur of the valley, they beheld the famous region which they had so long fertilized sink into barrenness, and their subject streams became a means of transport for the armies of a succession of foreign conquerors.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Cornhill Magazine.

THE PEARL HARVEST.

THE question "What is a Pearl?" has been often asked, but has never been satisfactorily answered. Technical persons over and over again tell the public what they know already, namely, that the Pearl is a hard, white, smooth, shining substance, usually roundish in shape, found in a testaceous fish of the oyster kind. Poetic writers again speak of the Pearl as a lovely mystery, or as a beau-

tiful molluscous secretion; while high-flown Oriental authors call it the globe of light, the hoar frost of heaven, the moon of the waters, the dew of delight, etc.; but no writer or naturalist has settled what a pearl really is, how it is originally formed, or what it is formed from. It is not creditable to our progress in natural science that we are still unable to solve the mystery of the Pearl. We should at once endeavor to obtain an answer to the question, and also more reliable details than we have yet got as to the growth and habits of the animal which yields such an admirable gem; if, indeed, it be not too late to obtain the information, so far at any rate as the pearl fisheries of Ceylon are concerned, for we have it from an authentic source that so lately as December last not a single oyster, old or young, was to be found on any of the banks near that Island of Jewels.

Much nonsense has, from first to last, been written about the Pearl, and many curious and extravagant notions have been advanced by both ancient and modern observers as to the Eastern mollusc and the formation of the gem which it holds in its pearly prison. Many of the Indian divers are under the impression that pearl fishes descend from the clouds of heaven, and by all of the fisher caste rain water is thought to be an indispensable element in their formation. There is one old and rather poetic Eastern legend, or, as Sir Richard Hawkins calls it, old philosopher's conceit, which accounts for the production of the pearl by the fish rising every morning from his rocky bed at the bottom of the sea to the surface of the water, in order that it may open its shell and imbibe the dews of heaven. This dew-drop was said to fall upon the gaping animal, and then by the cunning of Nature became straight congealed into a pearl. This account of the gem's formation has been alluded to by the poet Moore, who says:

"And precious the tear as that rain from the
sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the
sea."

The leading idea in most of the old conceits about the pearl fish, is that the animal is endowed with the power of loosing itself from its moorings, and

floating to the top of the water to bask in the rays of the sun, which is one way of solving Sir Richard Hawkins' puzzle, as to how the dew necessary to the formation of the pearl obtained entrance into the shell. It is important for us to note this old idea of locomotion because it has been revived of late years by those who have been inquiring into the natural history of the pearl fish; who indeed go further than the old naturalists, and account for the empty shells now found on many of the banks, as also for the want of shells on some banks, by telling us that the mollusc can leave its house, and migrate from place to place, or that it can go away shell and all.

We must, however, get clear of the old ideas about the pearl and its shelly habitation, before we come to consider and discuss these modern discoveries as to the habits of this peculiar animal, or those mysterious visitations which, frequently occurring, sweep away the animal from its well-known haunts, and leave the banks for years at a stretch without a single shell. In remote ages, when currency was first given to the absurd ideas about the natural history of many animals that are still believed in by the ignorant people of the East—as that eels were formed out of the dew—it never seemed to be imagined that any animal was of itself reproductive. Some original and very roundabout way of accounting for the existence of every living thing, other than the real one, had to be discovered, and this accounts for our so often finding the pearl-yielding mollusc the subject of invention. One of the numerous stories regarding the origin of this shell fish is still retailed by the Parawas, and is to the following effect: In the rainy season the fresh-water brooks of the land that flow into the sea can be traced running into the salt water for many leagues, without undergoing any immediate change, but after many days' exposure to the heat of the sun, this fresh water is changed into a frothy substance, which, ultimately divided into small portions, becomes hardened, and then falls to the bottom of the sea—pearl oysters ready made. We are also told that the Indians, after smoothing the troubled waters by the old process of throwing oil on them, could dive down upon the

pearl shells, induce the animals, by means of a tempting bait, to open their shells, and then, after pricking them with a fork, receive the liquor from the wound; the precious drop was then set away to rest in an iron vessel, till it hardened into a pearl.

Passing away from old legends and imaginative natural history, we may at once inform the reader that the pearl-bearing animal of the Eastern sea, although very like the edible oyster of English commerce, is not an oyster, but a hardy wing shell, with a byssus at its hinged portion, and known scientifically as *Meleagrina Margaritifera*; in fact, the pearl oyster is a mussel. These pearl-bearing animals, like the edible mussel, multiply their kind by means of what is technically called spat. The pearl mussel is very prolific in the years that it does give out its seed. There is great reason to believe it does not do so annually, but that it is a most prolific animal we know, as great quantities of its spawn are frequently washed ashore. It would be interesting to learn how often the pearl-mussel yields a full spat. Our own edible oyster spats very irregularly. We have not had a very good spatting season since 1860, the previous very good fall having taken place in 1849. The spat on the French oyster beds has also fallen very irregularly for some years, 1860 having been, as in England, the best year for a long time back. Some observers say that the spat of the pearl oyster, after it is exuded, rises to the surface of the water, where it floats about for a period, and then sinks in search of a permanent resting place. The same floating quality has been affirmed of the spat of the edible oyster; but Mr. Buckland, who is well versed in the natural history of that bivalve, says the spat does not rise, but floats about in mid-water till it becomes fixed to a stone or shell. There can be no doubt whatever that the spat floats about both in and on the water, for we have ourselves seen it on the surface of the sea at Cockenzie, near Edinburgh; and thus it becomes fixed occasionally to strange places, the bottoms of boats, the sides of floating timber, anchors, buoys, etc. As to the spat of the pearl mussel, Mr. Donovan, the Master Attendant at Colombo, reports, in a

recent letter,* that he lately (end of 1865) found about thirty young oysters (mussels), of the size of a shilling and larger, on an iron buoy placed on the twenty-foot rock in the roadstead there. The buoy had been in the water about six months, and was brought on shore for the purpose of being cleaned, when the oysters were found adhering to it. If they first clung to it as spat, they must grow rapidly in these seas to attain to the size of a shilling in six months.

The pearl mussel is said to be in its finest condition as a pearl-producer when it attains its seventh year; in fact, that year seems to be a culminating period for it. In mussels which live beyond that age, the pearl is found to deteriorate in value; but it is thought by those who have had good opportunities for observation, that the pearls of the seventh year are of double the value of those which are contained in six-year-old shells. As to the effect of accumulating age on the value of these gems, we have some authentic knowledge. The cholera-morbus having broken out during the Ceylon fishery of 1829, the diving was brought to a premature termination; and in March of the following year, when diving was resumed, the pearl proved to be greatly increased in size, and the fishery yielded at least £15,000 above what was expected.

Pearls of any commercial value are not found in shells that are younger than four years; the young mussels, that is, those of about four years old, have pearls of a yellow tinge, while the produce of the old oyster is of a pinky hue: but pearls are found of many hues, some of them being red, others quite black. Tastes differ about the color of pearls. The dealers of Bagdad prefer the round white pearl, while at Bombay those of yellow hue and perfect sphericity are preferred; others again choose their pearls of a rich pinky color. It is a popular idea that the deeper the water the finer the pearl; but this, like many other popular ideas, is erroneous; the mussels, for instance, that are found on the banks at Arippe, are famed for their beauty, but the beds

of shells there are not nearly so deep as some others that are found in the Indian seas. One observer says that the best pearls are found in five or six fathoms water.

Many reasons have been assigned for the present sudden falling-off in the fisheries, but the total cessation of this important industry is no new thing at Ceylon. The productive power of the pearl fisheries at Manaar has more than once varied so considerably as to excite apprehensions of their becoming finally exhausted; indeed, it was generally found that after a good year or two's fishing, the supply began to fluctuate, and finally the fishing became altogether unproductive. From the year 1732 till 1746, there was no fishing at Ceylon worthy of being chronicled, and there was a long suspension, but not entirely for want of pearls, between the year 1768 and 1796, and again from 1820 to 1828, and also between the years 1837 and 1854, during which period the fishery for pearls in the Gulf of Manaar became a very profitless speculation, causing an annual outlay instead of any profit to the Government. Some of the reasons usually assigned on occasions of failure, are that unnatural currents sweep away the tender brood, or that the pearl animal is devoured by hordes of enemies, or that the mussel has removed to a new bank. Long ago, indeed, so far back as the eleventh century, it was said that the pearl-mussel found in the Gulf of Serendib had migrated to Sofala. There can be no doubt that there are many undiscovered pearl banks in the neighborhood of Ceylon, because the spat of a bed often drifts away to some distance, and thus new beds are constantly being formed. This fact in part accounts for the long-continued success of the pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf: new beds are ever and anon found. It is thought by those well versed in the economy of the fisheries, that many valuable banks are lying in the Indian ocean, at depths beyond the power of the diver to explore.

The theory of the eleventh century, as to the migratory power of the pearl mussel, was recently revived by the late Dr. Keelart, and others. Dr. Keelart declares he has found out, by close observation, that the pearl mussel can leave its shell,

* Kindly placed at the service of the writer by Mr. Stewart, of Colpetty, formerly superintendent of pearl fisheries at Ceylon.

and creep up the sides of a glass aquarium! He also found that this animal has the power of casting away its byssus, and forming a new one; and the inference drawn from this is that the mussel can move about from place to place at its own will. If mussels can leave their shells and migrate to new banks—which I question, indeed deny—how about their dwelling place? Do they find on arrival at their destination that new shells await their entrance, or do they form new ones? And does the naked mollusc carry its pearls with it, or leave them in its old house? And are pearl mussels endowed with greater locomotive powers than the edible oyster, or the common bait mussel of our British seas? And have these animals any but the slightest power of locomotion? We are told by the best naturalists, and the present writer has ascertained by personal observation, that the first thing necessary for the infant oyster (the edible oyster is here meant) is a holding-on place; if the spat where it falls does not obtain a “coigne of vantage” to adhere to, then it is lost forever; it becomes a prey to numerous enemies, or it perishes among the mud, which substance is always fatal to it.

As to the powers of locomotion with which the pearl fish is said to be endowed I have over and over again, at Joppa, near Edinburgh, marked scores of the common edible mussels in order to find whether or not they were endowed with the power of moving from place to place, but, whatever they might do when they were hidden by a few feet of water, they were always found in their place when the ebb of the tide permitted me to examine the rocks; and, if any of them had moved when covered by the water, it must have been with great precision, for they lay on the sides of the stones as closely packed as the eggs in a cod roe, and when examined were always found on the exact spot on which they had been left. At the great mussel farm of the Bay of Aiguillon, mussels are bred on an artificial plan, that is to say, the foreshore being all mud and not affording any holding-on place, places have been made on which to grow the mussels from their most infantile stages till they are ripe for market; and they are never known to move off the substance on which they

originally fixed. The spat of the pearl mussel, we may be sure, requires the same conditions for its growth as the spat of the edible oyster or mussel; no matter whether it be growing in the Gulf of Manaar or on the coasts of Persia.

In a recent report on the pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf made by Colonel Pelly to the Government of Bombay, we learn that the best oyster beds in the Persian seas are level, and formed of fine whitish sand overlaying the coral in clear water. Any mixture of mud or earthy substance with the sand is considered to be detrimental to the pearl fish, as at home it is thought to be to the edible oyster, and such beds as have this defect are liable to exhaustion. As regards the fisheries of Ceylon, we are told that large quantities of the mussels are found clinging together, that they can sometimes be gathered in great strings called cables, and that the divers have great difficulty in separating the shells: also that very often the thickness of a bed amounts to several feet. Indeed, some divers are of opinion that many of the banks are crowded with oysters to the height of a man, only those at the top being alive. Yet, in the face of this we are assured that whole colonies of the pearl mussel have fled away to new beds. It has been told to me by persons who have recently inspected the banks, that dead mussels were found in large quantities; some say that the mussels on these banks were killed by a species of skate that preys upon them—others are inclined to assign other causes for the mortality. Have these beds of dead mussels been examined? Could not they—were the dredge in use—be brought to the surface, and the pearls be taken from them? And on all the beds where the oysters have died out, or decayed from some unknown cause, are there not countless pearls lying wasting in the waters? and might not these be obtained by dredging over the ground with the same kind of instrument that we employ in dredging the Clyde or the Thames? The outer skin of such pearls might be dull, but they could be peeled; for the gem is made up, like an onion, of so many layers, and a dull pearl can sometimes be peeled into a bright one.

The falling-off of the Ceylon pearl

fisheries is certainly remarkable, seeing that the fisheries there have always been regulated by intelligent officials, while the pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf are more productive than ever; and they are a common fishery where all may fish, or at least where many people do fish, upon the payment of a small sum of money. Colonel Pelly, in the report already alluded to, says that the pearl banks of the Persian Gulf (which extend about three hundred miles in a straight line), though annually fished from the earliest historic periods, continue as prolific as ever; the yield during late years having been more than usually large. An immense number of boats congregate at the fisheries: as many, sometimes, as five thousand will assemble, and continue fishing from April to September, there being both a spring and summer fishery. The boats fish from the various little islands which stud these Indian seas, and from Bahrein in particular. After filling their boats, which takes some days, they resort to these islands for the purpose of washing out the pearls (they open the fish at once with a knife), and also for supplies of provisions, which are usually of the simplest kind, consisting of fruit and rice. The boats are of all sizes, and the crews vary from five to thirty men, some of whom fish on their own account, but most of whom are in pawn to the agents of pearl merchants who reside either at Bahrein or on the pirate coast, who secure the men by making advances of money to them during the period when there is no diving. The amount of money derived from the pearl fisheries carried on in the Persian Gulf has been estimated at £400,000, half of which may be earned by the Bahrein divers, who fish on the richest banks, the other half being earned by the divers of the Arab littoral. Most of the pearls found by these fishers are sent to Bombay, where fancy prices are obtained. These Persian fisheries are much more valuable than the fisheries of Ceylon ever were. Here are a few authentic figures illustrating the income derived from the thirty-four banks and seventy-four rocks comprised in the four fishing districts off the island. The three years' fishing, 1796, 1797, and 1798, produced £99,000. The net revenue of the Ceylon fisheries from

1799 to 1820, was £297,390. From 1820 to 1827, the fisheries were, as now, suspended, but from 1828 to 1837 the amount obtained was £227,131.

It is really curious that the Ceylon pearl beds should have failed, and that these Persian beds should be *always* productive, especially when we consider the fact that no care whatever is taken of the banks in the Persian waters, while the fishing of the banks at Ceylon has always been more or less regulated; the beds being surveyed, the supply estimated, and the time calculated during which a certain number of boats should be allowed to fish: the number of boats was always carefully estimated by the supposed yield of the bank to be fished.

In the days when there was a pearl harvest to gather in the waters around Ceylon, the following was the mode of gathering it: Before a fishery could be authorized, it was considered necessary to make a survey of the various banks, in order to determine which of them should be fished—as it was never usual to permit indiscriminate fishing, or to fish each bank annually. During the course of the survey, a few thousand oysters—usually from three to five thousand—are gathered as a sample from which to estimate the probable produce of the beds determined to be fished. The shells being carried to Colombo, and the washing away of the meat being accomplished, the sample of pearls thus obtained is submitted to a committee of experts, generally Moormen, in order to be valued. As to be appointed a member of this committee is thought a high honor, there is reason to believe that an honest verdict is usually returned.

When the report of the experts is given in, those in power then decide whether or not to hold a fishery, of which, when a fishery is determined on, due public notice is given by advertisement, stating on which of the many pearl banks the fishery will take place, the number of boats that will be allowed to fish, and the number of days the fishery will last, all of which matters are very carefully settled beforehand. If the fishery is to be conducted on account of the Government, the advertisement says so, and announces that the oysters (they are always called oysters) will be put up for sale in such

lots as may be deemed expedient ; if, on the other hand, the fishery is to be open to speculators, it is then announced that tenders will be received from such persons as may be desirous of becoming purchasers of the whole right of that particular fishery.

These preliminary matters having been all satisfactorily arranged, the boats that are to take part in the fishery come on the scene, and these are just the one-masted boats in common use all around the coast as carrying and fishing boats, and they may range from six to ten tons' burden. On the advertisement announcing that a fishery will be held being published, a great many more boats usually apply than can be employed, and bribes are frequently given in order to obtain a preference. We have seen a complaint from Twandle Swany, a native boat owner, who, having paid one hundred and twenty rupees for getting his boat appointed, was dismissed after fishing for seven days, his take averaging about twenty-five thousand oysters per day—a hard case for so good a sommnatty. Each boat employed in pearl gathering requires altogether a crew of twenty-three persons to work it efficiently. Ten of the number are divers, two men to each stone, and five stones to each boat ; other ten of the crew are rowers, and attend on the divers when the boat is on the bank. The remainder of the number are the tindal, or master, who acts as steersman ; the sommnatty, or owner ; and a toda, or baler-out of the water. A peculiarity of the pearl fishery is that every person connected with it, as in some of our home fisheries, is paid in kind. When the Government engage the boats to carry on a fishery, it claims three fourths of all the shells brought on shore ; and when a speculator, as is sometimes the case, has contracted to pay a certain sum to the Government, and so takes the risk of the entire fishery, he claims the same allowance, or more if he can get it. Out of the remaining fourth of the produce a great many deductions have to be made before the boat owners obtain their chance of payment, which is also made in this universal shell currency. For instance, many of the Government officials were at one time remunerated by a percentage of the capture, namely, two oysters from each stone ; a similar allow-

ance being made to that important personage the shark-charmer, without whose presence no fishery can proceed. Then, besides these, charity oysters have to be given for the Hindoo temples ; indeed, some of the temples were at one time allowed the privilege of having a boat at some of the fisheries. After all the deductions have been made, the diver, who sustains the most laborious occupation in connection with the fishery, may obtain one hundred and thirty-four oysters out of every two thousand he brings up, as his own share : in sober money, he just earns about nine shillings per day ; and he and the rowers only obtain a share on five days out of the six. On the sixth day the master gives the crew no pay at all, in order to swell his own gains.

The *modus operandi* of pearl fishing has been so often described that there is no occasion for again going over the general details of how these gems are procured, except in so far as I may correct some of those inaccuracies which have been so frequently repeated in the stereotyped accounts published in many of our school books, and at the same time consider whether or not the use of the common oyster dredge may not be recommended as a substitute for the diver. After a fishery has been determined upon, and the boats have been engaged, licensed—for which a small fee is charged—and numbered, the commencement of active operations is often delayed on account of unsuitable weather, generally because of a northeast wind blowing from the shore, while the proper wind for the fishery is a breeze blowing from the sea, sufficiently powerful to carry the boats to the shore. This is ascertained by the experiment of making a boat go out once or twice. When the wind is strong enough to blow her right inshore, then the fishery begins, a lucky day being selected by the natives for the commencement. The start of the fishery is usually in the beginning of March. Before that time the bank which is to be fished is marked with flags. At the commencement of the fishery a signal gun is fired at midnight, when the fleet immediately sets sail—the ardupanthen, or headmen, of the ⁴⁴-her coats leading the way with a light lining, as a guide to those who follow ; light is also shown at intervals by the Government guard-

ship. Starting at so early an hour, the boats reach the vessel long before daylight, and they are required to anchor till they can see to fish. Soon after sunrise a signal gun directs the fleet to proceed to the fishing ground, and at half-past six the hoisting of a flag permits the divers to begin their labors. Immediately five or six hundred naked swarthy figures plunge into the tranquil waters. Active operations are usually carried on for six hours, the divers descending into and rising from the water with great regularity.

Each boat is furnished with five diving stones, with a complement of two divers to each stone. The divers belonging to each stone go down time about: while one is down the other is breathing and resting. Divers are generally of the Parawa caste from the coasts of Madura, Jaffna, and Manaar, and the pearl fishery is in a sense a recreation for them, in the same way as a boat race is recreation for the Thames watermen.

The shark-charmer, a cunning person, who is considered so indispensable to the fishery that he is paid by Government, is constantly in attendance at the fishing bank. At one time the charmer used to be allowed a percentage of one oyster per day from each diver, but this has been commuted into a money payment. Accidents have never been known to occur on the pearl banks from sharks, which is of course attributed by the superstitious natives to the wise charming of the charmer; but it is quite easy to suppose that the noise made by so many divers frightens away these ferocious monsters. Exaggerated stories have been told of the time that a pearl diver can remain under water, two minutes and even three having been mentioned as the common time, but fifty seconds is the usual period when the men are regularly at work; instances have, however, been frequent of an immersion lasting for eighty and even eighty-seven seconds. The divers enter strenuously into their work, and a good hand will, when the mussels are plentiful, send up as many as three thousand in the course of the six hours he is on the pearl ground. At a given signal the fishery ceases for the day: then the crews which have been lucky shout for joy, others who have obtained but a scant

supply linger on the banks till driven away by the guards. If the breeze be not strong enough to carry the boats to the shore, the men have to take the oars and row them home.

Meantime the boat owner has been in utter anxiety to know what luck his boat has had, and the moment the little vessel reaches the shore, he springs forward to ascertain the result of the day's diving and to look over and fondle the wealth-giving shells. Others, all who are speculating in the fishery, are quite as anxious about the day's take; and the fact is that the thousands of people who gather on the coast—and they are so numerous that it looks as if a large town had suddenly been set down by the seaside—are more or less speculators in the fishery; it is one great lottery. All kinds of people are assembled, and they are from all countries, and are of all colors, of many castes, and of very different occupations; they erect with great rapidity tents, huts, bazaars and shops; there are sutlers, jewellers, and merchants of all kinds on the scene, the grand idea being there, as everywhere else, to make money. Everybody speculates, from the wealthy Hindoo merchant, who buys the right of fishing, down to the humblest outcast—for there are questionable characters of all kinds to be seen around, monks, fakirs, beggars, and the like. Strokes of luck are constantly being announced; a poor man may buy a fanam's worth of shells, and find himself in consequence of his purchase in possession of a little fortune. One person at a recent fishery bought three shells for a sum which could be represented by twopence of our money, and in one of the shells he found the largest pearl of that year's fishing. A pearl fishery is as exciting to the natives of the East as the Derby or the Leger is to a Londoner.

When the fleet arrives with the mussels, they are all carried ashore, and are divided into four heaps, three of which are selected by Government when the fishery is carried on by the executive, the other being the property of the boat owners, as has been already explained, to be divided among the divers, rowers, and others. The shells are exposed in heaps or in pits, so that the pearls may be rotted out of them—the flesh of the

fish is never eaten except by very low-caste natives; they are kept till the end of the fishery and then placed in canoes to be washed; poor buyers, however, cannot afford to wait, but seek out the pearls at once, at a considerable loss. Every individual shell is carefully washed and examined, and the pearls picked out, and afterwards the canoe itself is submitted to a series of washings in order to find such pearls as may have escaped observation. These are usually found among the sand, children being employed to give a last look over the debris, in order that their young eyes may pick out the small seed-pearls which are sure to escape the eyes of the older people. The pearls are assorted into ten or twelve sizes by being riddled through a series of perforated brass saucers or colanders, fitting closely into each other, the first of which has twenty holes in it, and those pearls which do not escape from it are called of the twentieth basket. The other baskets have each an increasing number of holes, thirty, eighty, one hundred, and progressing to a thousand perforations; each basket, of course, giving its name to the gems it contains, as pearls of the fiftieth basket, and so on. The price of the pearls is fixed per "chow," a local term which gathers into one word, size, form, color, and weight, thus enabling the quality to be appraised. As to the yield of pearls, it may be stated that it is most uncertain; as many as one hundred pearls of various sizes have been found in one shell, and oftentimes a hundred and fifty shells may be opened and not one pearl be seen. The largest pearls are said to be found in the beard of the animal. The estimate of the shells taken up for the sample previous to a fishery being announced, will average from ten to thirty Madras rupees per thousand oysters. Frauds of all kinds are constantly being perpetrated: mock pearls are mixed with genuine ones, and an endless variety of thefts committed; the coolies will swallow the gems, and the women will carry them away in their hair. The natives are very dexterous in picking out the pearls from the freshly taken shells, and also in concealing them. Plots are made up by the boat owners and others to cheat their employers. When a man

obtains the chance of stealing a large pearl, he contrives to signal to a confederate, who will, upon getting the hint, ostentatiously steal a small gem in order to throw the watchers off the scent; the small theft is at once detected, an uproar ensues, due punishment is meted out to the culprit, and during the time that this little drama is being enacted the "big thief" contrives effectually to conceal the treasure which he has purloined.

From these details it will be obvious that the falling off of the Ceylon pearl fishery will deprive our Indian exchequer of a considerable source of revenue, and the people of a means of obtaining wealth; but we may now hope that a proper inquiry will be instituted into the former fluctuations and present failure of the Ceylon banks. Mr. Holdsworth has been sent out by the Government to Ceylon, to report on the natural history of the pearl; and to suggest the best method of insuring successful fisheries; but a person on the spot, who is well versed in the matter, writes me that, in his opinion, "the science of all the naturalists in Europe will not replenish the beds till Nature so dispose." Now, it is hard to agree entirely with this gentleman. Science can not only replace the fisheries, but it can constitute fisheries where they have never existed before. It is proposed, I believe, to recruit the exhausted fisheries of the Tinnevely pearl banks, on the continent opposite, by means of artificial culture, and a portion of the harbor of Tuticorin is to be walled in for the purpose of pearl cultivation, where the shells will be kept and tended during three stages of their growth, after which they will be placed in the sea on their natural banks. By this means we may find out a great deal about the habits of the pearl-mussel that we do not yet know, and so be enabled, perhaps, to solve the mystery which at present hangs over the beds.

Some recent speculations have been recently ventured upon as to the present falling-off of the Ceylon pearl supply, but no one can with any certainty point out the true cause of the failure. It is a curious circumstance that the unregulated fisheries of the Persian Gulf are prosperous, although there is an indiscriminate fishery carried on upon them every year,

while the Ceylon and Tinnevely banks are at present quite barren. The fishermen of Whitstable say there is nothing so good for an oyster bed as the perpetual dredging and working of it; but the dredge is not known to these Eastern people, although it might be used with great advantage, both in the saving of labor, and in freeing the mussel beds from the various kinds of enemies by which they are at various times infested. Many of the banks are quite level, and the depth of water ranges from five to thirty-five fathoms; so that there could be no objection to the dredge being used on the score of the bottom being unsuitable, or the water too deep. Meantime, the failure of the banks must remain a mystery. It is needless to pretend that we know the cause, or that any one cause will account for so many different kinds of failure—some of the banks being filled with empty shells, while on other banks the fish has altogether disappeared, and again, on some banks the traces of an enemy can be seen in the many broken shells that are lying around. I may just hint, however, that "over-fishing" must have more or less to do with the exhaustion of some of the banks at Ceylon. This idea is confirmed by the assurance of Mr. Steuart, who has an intimate acquaintance with the incidents and economy of the pearl fisheries, that after fisheries have been held successfully for several nearly consecutive years, the banks cease to be productive. The want of a fall of spat may also, as in the case of our own edible oyster, be a cause of failure.

It is curious that, just as our Eastern pearl fishery began to fail, a considerable supply of excellent pearls were derived from the rivers of Scotland. Mr. Unger, of Edinburgh, the chief dealer in these Scottish pearls, which are very beautiful, and the instigator of the trade in Scotland as now carried on, pays a great deal of money annually, chiefly to the peasantry in the neighborhood of the pearl-producing rivers, for these Caledonian gems, many of which are of great individual value, the best kinds ranging in price from five pounds to fifty pounds: as much as one hundred sovereigns, indeed, have been obtained for a fine specimen. It is not unlikely, I think, from the impetus given to the fishery by the

dealers, that the streams of Scotland will speedily be exhausted, for mussels in Scotland are not found in beds as in the sea, but individually or in very small clusters, which of course are greedily seized upon and at once destroyed in the hope of obtaining a few of the gems. As regards the productiveness of the Scottish pearl mussel, a practical hand tells us that one pearl is on the average found in every thirty shells, but as only one pearl in every ten is salable, it requires the destruction of one hundred and thirty shells in order to find that one gem. Of course shells are occasionally found that contain a great many pearls, but these are an exception to the rule, and it may be easily calculated how long the capital stock of any river will stand out against the determined efforts of the peasantry surrounding it, when they know that by a little exertion they can pay their rent by collecting pearls.

As to the question "What is a pearl?" the best informed writers concur in thinking the gem to be the result of a disease of the mussel. Reaumur tells us, in one of his learned dissertations, that pearls are found in the mussel, just as stones are found in other animals, and that they are apparently the effects of a disease in the fish; M. Geoffrey, another learned Frenchman, thinks pearls to be of the same nature as bezoars;* while some of the ancient naturalists thought in their day, that pearls were the unfructified seed of the animal that produced them. Pearls peeled to the core, or sawn in halves, show nothing in the shape of a nucleus that is very determinable; most pearls are nacre into the very heart. It was lately suggested at a meeting of the Royal Physical Society (Edinburgh) that the watering of the black cattle on our Scottish streams was an important aid to the production of pearls, as the animal broke the shells, and thereby produced a nucleus suitable for the formation of the gem. But black cattle do not water in the Persian Gulf, nor on the pearl banks of Ceylon—in short, the Physical Society has not yet solved the mystery. It would

* The bezoar is a concrete matter found in the stomachs of goats and antelopes, and is of considerable money value, particularly in India, where bezoars are valued on account of imaginary medicinal virtues.

be interesting to know whether or not the disease or gem-producing power of the pearl-bearing animals is hereditary; it is not unlikely that this may be the case. The proportion of shells that contain pearls to the total quantity brought on shore is, as has already been stated, very small, and usually the shells likely to contain the gems within them can at once be singled out, because they are generally rough-looking and deformed. This is so, also, in the case of the pearl-producing shells of our Scottish streams, which, however, are quite different in shape from those of the Oriental waters. Adepts in pearl-seeking on the Doon or Ythan delight in finding rugged, ugly shells, as they know that they are the likeliest to contain pearls. Once obtained from sea or river, the pearl requires nothing at the hand of man, having been perfected and polished by Nature herself.

Leisure Hour.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

IV.

WE are on our way to Queen's College. It will be observed that we are not taking the colleges in their topographical grouping. The present cicerone and his party are in no hurry. There is no need to take them in their order and as quickly as possible: we take them at leisure, and examine each as most convenient. Stepping out of Merton, we just give a peep at little St. Alban's Hall, which nestles at its side. You might live in Oxford for years, and hardly be aware of the existence of this diminutive hall. A glance shows you its pretty little quadrangle and picturesque bell-tower. And, if only for the memories of some great men associated with St. Alban's Hall, you will like to take a look at it. Such men have belonged to it as Archbishop Whately, who gained some of his highest distinctions while Principal here; that fine Elizabethan dramatist, Massinger; the celebrated scholar, Elmsley; and Lenthall, perhaps the most famous of the speakers of the House of Commons. We soon reach Queen's College, founded by Robert de Eglesfield, confessor to Queen Philippa, from whom the college derived

its name. An extract from one of Dean Stanley's works, *Memorials of Canterbury*, will very pleasantly introduce us to the history and traditions of Queen's College: "There, according to tradition, the Prince of Wales, her son—as in the next generation Henry IV.—was brought up. If we look at the events which followed, he could hardly have been twelve years old when he became a member. . . . Queen's College is much altered in every way since the little Prince went there, but they still keep an engraving of the vaulted room he is said to have occupied. . . . You may still hear the students summoned to dinner, as he was, by the sound of a trumpet; and in the hall you may still see, as he saw, the fellows sitting all on one side the table, with the head of the college in the centre, in imitation of the Last Supper, as it is commonly represented in the pictures. The very names of the head and of the twelve Fellows (the number first appointed by the founder, in likeness of our Lord and the Apostles) are known to us. He must have seen what has long since vanished away: the thirteen beggars—deaf, dumb, maimed, or blind—daily brought into the hall to receive their dole of bread, beer, potage, and fish. He must have seen the seventy poor scholars, instituted after the example of the seventy disciples, and learning from their two chaplains to chant the service. He must have seen the porter of the college going round to shave the beards and wash the heads of the Fellows."

This ancient college has now entirely put on a modern guise. The ancient buildings have now entirely passed away, and only their record remains in the college archives. Yet the college well merits its name of Queen's College, for it has been a favorite of various queens. Queen Henrietta Maria, Queen Caroline, Queen Charlotte, are counted up as benefactresses. Queen Caroline's statue stands beneath the cupola, above the central gateway. The present building is the work of Wren and of his pupil Hawksmoor, the architect of a few fine churches in London. The hall, library, and chapel are all remarkable in their way. The library is one of the best in Oxford, being greatly enriched by a somewhat recent benefaction of £30,000 by an old member of the college. The chapel is of an un-

sual kind of architecture, and supposed to have a resemblance to a basilica. It has a good deal of stained glass, and a richly-colored ceiling, by Sir James Thornhill, representing the Ascension. The hall, as is usual with Oxford halls, is finely adorned with arms and portraits, and has a music gallery at its west end. It has two windows rescued from the lodging of Henry V., and bearing portraits of him and Cardinal Beaufort. One of them records the circumstance in a striking Latin inscription. In the buttery is the founder's cup and a magnificent antique drinking horn. One or two curious old customs are preserved in the hall. Every New-Year's Day the college bursar presents to each member a needle and thread, colored blue, red, and yellow, and says, "Take this, and be thrifty." This is "aiguille fil," a rebus on the founder's name. A still more remarkable scene occurs on Christmas Day. The hall at dinner time is crowded with visitors, and the gallery above mentioned is sometimes crowded with hundreds of good Oxford townsmen. The usual blast of a trumpet proclaims the summons to dinner. Then two cooks, with white aprons and caps, appear, bearing aloft, that all may behold, a huge boar's head, the tusks gilded, and in its mouth a lemon, and the large pewter dish decorated with bay, holly, rosemary, and banners. They move in procession slowly up the hall. A singer of carols precedes them, who, touching the dish with his right hand, begins the "Boar's-head Song," a bass solo, with a chorus, which is taken up by two choristers from Magdalen and many of the junior members of the college. It is worth while putting down the quaint words of the song, a singular mixture of Latin and English, but tolerably intelligible to all readers :

"The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary ;
And I pray you, my masters, to be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

"The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land,
When thus bedecked with a gay garland,
Let us servite canticum.

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

"Our steward hath provided this
In honor of the King of Bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In reginensi atrio.

Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino."

There are some private residences in Oxford, one or two of which have a degree of historical importance. Such is the fine old house in the corn market, once known as the Crown Inn. Sir William Davenant was born here : his father kept the inn. Sir William Davenant was Shakespeare's godson, and Shakespeare himself used to frequent this inn. Aubrey says that Shakespeare, who "was wont to go into Warwickshire once a year, did commonly lye at the Crowne Taverne at Oxford, where he was exceedingly respected." Kettel Hall, in the Broad-street, is a very striking private residence, and was once one of the many halls with which Oxford abounded. It derives its name from its founder, Dr. Kettel, and succeeded one on the same site which was called Perilous Hall, after its founder Dr. Perles. Dr. Kettel "was accustomed to attend the daily disputations in the hall of Trinity, where he sat with a black fur muff, and an hour-glass before him to time the exercise. One day, when Cromwell was in possession of Oxford, a halberdier rushed in, and, breaking his hour-glass with his halberd, seized his muff and threw it in his face. The Doctor instantly seized the soldier by the collar and made him prisoner, and the halberd was carried out before in triumph."

In Johnson's Life we hear of him residing here for five weeks at a time. In the recently-published Diary of the Right Honorable William Windham there is a mention of Kettel Hall : "In my new lodgings at Kettel Hall, during the whole of my time of being here, I have felt strongly the share which place may have in determining the course and character of one's thoughts. All that it has done here has been for the better. My mind has been more gay, my thoughts more satisfactory ; stronger impressions have been made ; more of that has been felt which advances us, as Dr. Johnson says, in the order of thinking beings. . . . My enjoyment in my lodging continued, during the whole of my stay, equal to

what I had reason to hope on my first entrance. The situation is the same, the distribution of the rooms, and the collegiate air which it still retained (its title also remains Kettel Hall), all made it a place of pleasant abode, and mark it out to be chosen in case of any future visit."

Frewen Hall is another remarkable building. You reach it up the passage which divides the premises of the Star Hotel from those of the Oxford Union Society. The Prince of Wales resided here during his residence in Oxford. In St. Aldate-street there are some curious old houses. One of these is believed to have been inhabited by Cardinal Wolsey while Christ Church was building; another was inhabited by the last Abbot of Oseney and the first Bishop of Oxford, before there was a bishop's palace (a very plain one) at Cuddesden.

Next we will go to Exeter College. This college has the largest number of members next to Christ Church, but it has hardly distinguished itself in proportion. Nearly everything about Exeter is modern. There have been so many alterations and additions that the whole now seems an entirely new construction. The west front is long and imposing, but the narrowness of the street, of which it forms a considerable proportion of one side, is against the full effect. The shops and dwelling houses interposed between the Turl buildings and the Broad-street buildings are also a disfigurement; but these will, in course of time, all be probably done away with. Various pieces of picturesque architecture have been improved off the surface of Exeter College. The hall is a very fine one, the finest in Oxford next to Christ Church. The college has a very pretty private garden, in a corner of which is a large chestnut tree, which is called Heber's tree, because it shadowed the window of the opposite room in Brasenose which Heber used to occupy. "Here, also, is 'Dr. Kennicott's fig tree;' so called because, when the figs were ripe, to prevent any one taking them, Dr. Kennicott put a label on the tree, inscribed 'Dr. Kennicott's fig tree,' which an undergraduate, coming afterwards and eating up all the figs, altered into 'A fig for Dr. Kennicott!'" (Murray). The college has a handsome library, rebuilt in 1856 by Mr. G. G.

Scott, in the Early Gothic style. An inclosed cloister adjoining the Fellow's library is fitted up as a library for the undergraduate members. But the finest part of the college is unquestionably the beautiful chapel, certainly the finest modern structure in Oxford. This also is by Mr. George Gilbert Scott. It bears a striking likeness to the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. The new chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, which is rising at the expense of the late lamented Mr. Hoare, the banker, is exactly modelled after this. The bareness of the Sainte Chapelle, where religious service is celebrated only once a year, affords a very disadvantageous comparison with the beautiful and crowded interior of the chapel of Exeter College. It rises to great height, with a fine eastern apse, and a grained stone vault and arcades. It is recorded that a very large portion of the necessary expenses were defrayed by men "who came originally to this college with slender patrimonies, but who, by the bounteous munificence of founders and benefactors in past generations, have had the advantage of such endowments as have enabled them in after life to win for themselves an honorable position, and a decent, if not an affluent, maintenance." We shall do well if we here quote some wise words used by one of such on the occasion of the opening of this splendid chapel. They are words which should well be borne in mind while contemplating the splendid ecclesiastical structures with which Oxford abounds, words which all Oxonians would do well to lay to heart: "Vain are all the rare gifts of stone, and marble, and alabaster, vain all the cunning devices of the craftsman's hand, vain all the lavish expenditure of the most abounding wealth, if the heart of the offerer go not with the gift. Let the house which men erect to God's glory be as magnificent as it may, he setteth greater store upon the temple of the heart of each individual man, wherein he dwelleth by his blessed Spirit. Better to worship in the plainest barn, with the full outpouring of the heart to God, than in the most gorgeous cathedral overreined by the skill of mediæval architects, if only the sense of beauty finds its satisfaction there, and the heart and the life are estranged from God in Christ. . . .

The worship of the sanctuary is meaningless without the worship of the life."

New College is next on our list; a singular name as belonging to a foundation which has been five hundred years in existence. Every college in turn has been called New College. This was the noble work of William of Wykeham, when he had been so high in the favor of Edward III. that Froissart says everything was done by him, and nothing was done without him. Most of the buildings remain as the founder planned and left them. In the warden's lodgings there is a remarkable portrait of the founder which Sir Joshua Reynolds thought was original. The cloisters are very remarkable, occupying the site of three ancient halls. They were consecrated as a burial-ground in the year 1400 by a bishop of Dunkeld. There are still an old pulpit, and the remains of an original stone high altar. The space is flanked with cypresses, and there is a remarkable ribbed roof resembling the bottom of a boat. In the civil wars the royal military stores were kept here. In the interesting audit room some very ancient records are preserved, also college seals, pictures of saints, ancient plate and jewels, the founder's jewelled mitre, etc. New College abounds with the recollections of illustrious men; many of their portraits, as usual, grace the hall, the latest of them being that of Lord Chief Justice Erle. Other illustrious members are Chichell, Waynflete, Bishop Ken, Bishop Lowth, Archbishop Howley, Somerville, Pitt. The relation between New College and Winchester School is very much the same as between King's College, Cambridge, and Eton. The University Commission has, however, effected very great modifications.

"He who visits New College for the first time," says the Rev. J. W. Burgon, "may be somewhat disappointed by the narrow lane through which he approaches it, if he has expected an imposing external *façade*; but our forefathers built in a different spirit from ourselves. They contrived a lowly portal, reserving their best attractions for the interior; and well did they know how to charm the soul which they had first caused to enter by that gate of humility. Let not, however, the exquisite statues of the angel

Gabriel, the Blessed Virgin, and the founder himself, which surmount the gateway of New College, pass unnoticed. Then let the stranger enter, turn to the left, and be told that the little feathered angel which he discovers in the wall (the model of those at Magdalen College) formerly held in his hands a scroll, inscribed 'Hic est Domus Dei, Porta Cæli.' He should then inspect the cloisters; and dull of heart must he be if their religious silence and solemn beauty do not affect him. Many an interesting inscription awaits him here, on the pavements, and on the walls. He should also notice the striking outline which presents itself to one emerging from the open door on the west side of the cloister. Then let the chapel be visited, and the musical proportions of the ante-chapel from the entrance at the southwest corner be duly recognized. He will be struck by the venerable remains of painted glass, coeval with the founder, and with the ancient brasses which strew the floor. He will then enter the choir, and should be careful to coast along the north side, that he may be spared the sight of the painted glass which disfigures the windows above him. Those on the south are of a superior order; the colors are vivid, and the general effect highly agreeable. Arrived at the east end, good taste is offended, by discovering that the western window has fallen a sacrifice to the barbarous taste of the last century; a design of Sir Joshua Reynolds supplanting what must have been of infinitely greater interest. The organ also looks as if it had been absurdly contrived to inclose that design as in a frame; but, strange to relate, it was erected of its present shape a full century earlier, having been introduced into the college in 1661. At this juncture it is some consolation to be shown Wykeham's pastoral staff, which is preserved in this part of the chapel. It is of silver-gilt, exquisitely wrought, and curiously enamelled; being, perhaps, the most gorgeous relic of the kind in existence. The general form is very elegant. The figures are admirable in point of character, while the ornamental details are in the best style of what is generally considered the best period of mediæval art. The whole was made admirably effective by the

skilful introduction of enamel and jewels."*

The gardens of New College may, upon the whole, be considered the finest in Oxford. They are surrounded by the old city wall, which the college, by covenant with the founder, is bound to keep in repair. On the top is an "alure," or walk, with parapets, bastions, and loopholes for arrows, a very interesting example of ancient fortification. In the civil wars it was fortified, and employed both by Royalists and Parliamentarians. In gilt, on the ancient gateway, is the armorial sentence, "Manners makyth man." There is a mound in front of the gateway, covered with shrubs, which is considered a great ornament of the grounds. At the back of the college is a piece of ground, called the "Slip," or "Slipe," where are the stables and offices, commanding a picturesque view of the fine perpendicular tower, supposed to have been Wykeham's last work, and the chapel. There is a dark story told of certain Protestant members of the College, who were imprisoned in this tower in the time of Henry VIII., and were allowed to die of cold and starvation.

Saturday Review.

COBBETT'S POLITICAL WORKS.†

COBBETT is gradually becoming a mere name to us, though he is probably the only, or almost the only, Englishman who ever rose to real greatness exclusively as a journalist. We propose to attempt to draw a slight outline of the man and of his most characteristic opinions, taking as our authority the selections made by his sons from his political writings in America and England. Familiar as his name was within living memory, it may be necessary for the information of many at least of our readers to give a short out-

* Mr. Burgon points out that for many interesting particulars he is indebted to the kindness of the Rev. J. E. Sewell, Fellow of New College, who is "as full of curious antiquarian information as he is willing to impart it."

† *Selections from Cobbett's Political Works.* Being a complete Abridgment of the one hundred Volumes which comprise the Writings of *Porcupine* and the *Weekly Political Register*. With Notes, Historical and Explanatory. By JOHN M. and JAMES P. COBBETT. 6 vols.

line of his career. His writings contain, among other matters, materials for a complete autobiography, if any one took the trouble to extract and arrange in chronological order the statements which he made at various times as to the leading incidents of his life. He was born in Hampshire in or about the year 1765. He was the son of a farmer, and the grandson of a laborer who, as he boasted, lived for forty years in the same service. In 1784 he enlisted at Chatham in the Fifty-fourth Regiment of Foot, and served in it in the North American provinces, especially in Nova-Scotia and Canada, from 1785 to 1792, when the regiment (of which, by the way, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was Major) returned to England. His great talents raised him almost immediately to the rank of corporal, and within about a year and a half to that of sergeant-major. He gives an account, in a letter written "to the independent people of Hampshire," in 1809, of his career in the regiment. It is a most characteristic passage, but, full as it is of vanity, it is fair to Cobbett to say that there is reason to believe it to be substantially true. He was clerk to the regiment, and he says:

"In a very short time the whole of the business in that way fell into my hands, and at the end of about a year neither adjutant, paymaster, nor quartermaster could move an inch without my assistance. The military part of the regiment's affairs fell under my care in like manner."

He describes how a new drill book came out, and how he had first to learn it and then teach it to others, "to give lectures of instruction to the officers themselves, the colonel not excepted." He thus came to have a wonderful opinion of himself, which continued to characterize him in all departments of affairs through the whole of his life:

"As I advanced in experience I felt less and less respect for those whom I was compelled to obey. . . . From nineteen to twenty-seven is not much of an age for moderation, especially with those who must necessarily despise all around them. But the fame of my services and talents ran through the whole country. . . . I had the affairs of a whole regiment to attend to. . . . I found, however, time for studying English and French grammar; I learned geometry and fortification; I built a barrack for four hundred men, without the

aid of either draughtsman, carpenter, or bricklayer. The soldiers under me cut the timber and dug the stones, and I was the architect. . . . With all these occupations (of which I mention only a few particulars that occur to me at the moment) I found time for skating, fishing, shooting, and all the other sports of the country, of which, when I left it, I had seen and knew more than any other man."

With all these gifts, and especially with a thorough knowledge of both English grammar and the French language, which performed for him the very same office which a classical education performs for young men of a different class, Cobbett applied for and obtained his discharge from the army in 1792. He did so, although he had the prospect of receiving a commission without purchase, in order to expose certain frauds which he had detected in the quartermaster's department. In the letter which we have already quoted he gives a long account of his attempts to obtain a court martial, and of the shuffling manner in which, as he says, he was put off. His enemies afterwards charged him with having flinched from his accusations when it came to the point, to which he replies by charging them with all manner of frauds. Be this as it may, he left the army in 1792, and went to France with his young wife. He was both disgusted and reasonably alarmed at the scenes into the midst of which he fell, for he was in France (though not at Paris) till shortly before the September massacres; and he accordingly sailed from Havre to America, and settled at Philadelphia, where he gave lessons in the English language to the French emigrants. He afterwards began to publish a paper in favor of the Federalists and the English alliance, which was called by different names, and at last *Porcupine's Gazette*. He carried on in it for several years furious polemics with various persons, and especially with the unhappy Democrats, whom he lashed with more than all the fury which he afterwards poured upon the heads of English Tories. In March, 1795, for instance, after much dwelling on the brutalities of the Revolution, he observes, "At the very name of Democrat humanity shudders and modesty hides its head." He returned to England in 1800, in great favor, as his sons say, with the powers of the day, and he

received offers of assistance both from Mr. Windham and Mr. Pitt. He, however, refused them, and shortly afterwards differed with the Government about the Peace of Amiens, the policy of which he disputed. In 1802 he established the *Political Register*, and continued it till his death. In 1810 he was imprisoned in Newgate for a year, for what in those days was considered a libel, and he went over to America in 1817 in order to avoid the operation of the Six Acts. He stayed there about two years, when he returned to England, and continued his avocations with no other interruption till his death, on the 18th June, 1835. It should be added that he sat for Oldham in the first Reformed Parliament; but he achieved no marked success in the House.

Such, in outline, was Cobbett's career. We will now attempt to give some estimate of the man himself, and some account of his more characteristic opinions. If we had to take a representative man from each of the three kingdoms, Cobbett, O'Connell, and Walter Scott would be by no means bad men to choose. Cobbett was a model John Bull. He had all the characteristics of the race in an exaggerated form, and the chief interest which now attaches to his opinions arises from the degree in which they illustrate the strength and the weakness of a thorough-bred Englishman of much more than average power, but not of more than average enlightenment. Cobbett's great qualities were immense vigor, resource, energy, and courage, joined to a force of understanding, a degree of logical power, and above all a force of expression, which have rarely been equalled. His weakness lay in his incredible self-confidence, his monstrous prejudices, his extreme coarseness and occasional ferocity, and the thoroughly invincible ignorance with which, when he had got any ideas into his head, he clung to them and defended them against all comers. As life went on, his style to some extent degenerated, and became, as the style of all journalists tends to become, turgid and cumbrous; but his best performances are models of vigor and pungency. These qualities, together with his energetic, rather domineering, character, are displayed in great abundance in the most unlikely places. Nothing, for instance, can be racier or

more amusing than many parts of his French and English grammars. No other man, in all probability, would ever have thought of making such books the vehicle of the keenest political satire. Cobbett contrived to do so by choosing his examples of bad grammar from dispatches, King's speeches, and other public papers. For instance, the Prince Regent in 1814 said :

“ Although this war originated in the most unprovoked aggression on the part of the Government of the United States . . . I never have ceased to entertain a sincere desire to bring it to a conclusion on just and honorable terms.

“ Does the Prince [asks Cobbett] mean that he would be justified in wanting to make peace on unjust and dishonorable terms because the enemy had been the aggressor? He might, indeed, wish to make it on terms dishonorable and even disgraceful to the enemy; but could he possibly wish to make it on unjust terms? Does he mean that an aggression, however wicked and unprovoked, would give him a right to do injustice? Yet if he do not mean this, what does he mean?”

He concludes the letter in which this occurs by saying to his son, to whom the letters are addressed, that when he comes to hear the people who write King's speeches making speeches in Parliament themselves, “ Your wonder will be, not that they wrote a King's speech so badly, but that they contrived to put upon paper sentences sufficiently grammatical to enable us to guess at the meaning.” The French grammar is as remarkable in some ways as the English one. It contains, for instance, directions for learning the French genders, which are most characteristic both of the energy and of the clumsiness of the man who invented them. Take, he says, a little book, each page of which is divided into two columns. Write out all the masculine words in one set of columns, and all the feminine words in the other, and read them over and over again at odd times until you know them all by heart. The hatred of rules and the readiness for labor which this plan shows—for it was the plan which Cobbett himself followed—are not less remarkable than the fact that, having adopted it when he was a sergeant in a marching regiment, he recommended it to others between thirty and forty years afterwards. It never appears to have occurred to him

that, as five French nouns out of six are masculine, a list of the feminine nouns only would have saved five sixths of the trouble.

Illustrations of the peculiarities of his style might be multiplied to any extent. His name, so to speak, is signed upon every page of all his writings. It will be better worth while to attempt to give a short account of the general cast of his political opinions. He was in no sense a party writer. From first to last he expressed his own views in his own way upon all sorts of subjects; and whatever the subject in hand may be, there is one uniform cast of thought about all his opinions as distinctive as the style in which it finds expression. They changed a good deal as he grew older, more passionate, and more accustomed to feel and to exert the singular powers which he possessed; but the progress of the change can be traced from month to month and year to year, and it is obvious enough that, under the varieties of opinion which he held at different times, he was always the same man. The leading ideas on political subjects in Cobbett's mind was that all legislation ought to have for its object the production of a certain rough kind of prosperity and plenty, diffused throughout the whole population. There never was such an energetic believer in the theory of a good old time when every man was fed on beef, or at least bacon, and beer, and clothed in good woollen made from the fleeces of English sheep, and in shoes made out of English hides, when there were hardly any imports and very few taxes, and when there were no paupers. He appears to have believed that for several centuries this actually was the state of things in England, and that it had passed away only in very modern times by reason of the system of taxation and paper money and funding, which he never ceased to denounce as the source of every kind of national evil. As he read the history of England, “ the thing called the Reformation ” was the source of all our evils. Up to that time things had on the whole gone on well, and in particular the Church had provided for the poor so largely and so plentifully that there had been none of the grinding poverty which was witnessed in later times. The Reformation he viewed

as having been, in a political point of view, nothing but a vast aristocratic job and robbery of the poor. Before that event a large proportion of the revenues of the Church went to the poor. After it the whole went into the hands of private persons or of a married priesthood, who, as far as the poor were concerned, were little better. Still Queen Elizabeth's Poor-law was some compensation, and, notwithstanding the gross injustice which had been inflicted on them, the common people got on pretty well till the aristocracy invented the never-sufficiently-to-be-cursed funding system, whereby they were enabled to live out of the taxes in a constantly increasing ratio. What with constant borrowing, and what with paper money and indirect taxation, which raised the price of all food, drink, clothing, and lodging to an incredible pitch, the poor became poorer, and the rich richer, till at last, towards the time when the *Political Register* was at the height of its influence, the laborers were ground down to an extreme degree of misery, the old landlords were reduced to poverty, and Jews and fundholders (so he loved to put it) lived in brutal luxury out of the taxes. The burden of large parts of the *Political Register* and other works, especially of the delightful book—for such it is, notwithstanding many obvious blemishes—called *Rural Rides*, is that the taxes were squandered in supporting luxury. The population in the country, it is constantly repeated, was decaying, and was being collected into the great towns—or, as Cobbett always calls them, the Wens—there to be devoured by the “Wen devils:”

“The land is now used [he says in one of his rides] to raise food and drink for the monopolizers and the tax-eaters and their purveyors and lackeys and harlots; and they get together in Wens. Of all the mean, all the cowardly reptiles that ever crawled on the face of the earth, the English landowners are the most mean and the most cowardly; for while they see the population drawn away from their parishes to the Wens, while they are taxed to keep the people in the Wens, and while they see their own parsons pocket the tithes and the glebe rents, and suffer the parsonage houses to fall down: while they see all this, they, without uttering a word in the way of complaint, suffer themselves to be taxed to build new churches for the monopolizers and tax-eaters in those Wens! Never

was there in this world a set of reptiles so base as this.”

Nothing in Cobbett is more remarkable than the fact that, though he was regarded for many years as the incarnation of radicalism and revolution, he was no Radical at all in spirit and sentiment; at least he was not what is usually understood by that name. The whole of the Young English theory of things is nothing more than an effeminate parody of one side of his views. He was, as we have already said, the most English of Englishmen, as full of every English prejudice as an egg is full of meat. He always speaks with reverential tenderness of every old institution or building. The old churches and old cathedrals fill him with admiration. He had a great tenderness for the old religion, though he had no love for the despotic or priestcraft side of Popery, which he sometimes attacked in his characteristic style, and he despised Unitarians and Methodists and Jews about equally. His account of Unitarians is eminently characteristic, and contains a good deal of his grotesque humor. Baron Maseres

“went on at a great rate laughing about the Trinity, and I remember he repeated the Unitarian distich which makes a joke of the idea of there being a devil, and which they all repeat to you, and at the same time laugh and look as cunning and priggish as jackdaws, just as if they were wiser than all the rest of the world. I do most heartily dispise this priggish set for their conceit and impudence; but seeing that they want reason for the Incarnation, seeing that they will have effects here ascribed to none but usual causes, let me put a question or two to them.”

Then follow seven questions, the last of which is, “What causes flounders, real little flat fish, brown on one side, white on the other, mouth sideways, with tails, fins, and all, leaping alive in the inside of a rotten sheep's, and of every rotten sheep's liver?” Jews, Methodists, and Quakers come off quite as ill. The Quakers are “base vermin” and “unbaptized, buttonless blackguards.” The Methodists are a “bawling, canting crew” of “roving fanatics.” The Jews are “Christ-killing rascals;” and “Christ-killer” is his favorite pseudonym for a Jew, if one is to be introduced into an imaginary conversation or semi-dramatic

scene in one of his letters. The Scotch and Irish are served in the same way. He had no opinion of the Irish. One of the most stinging and crushing letters he ever wrote is devoted to the demolition of a speech of O'Connell's in his usual vein (*Register*, January, 1832). Churchill and Johnson were not harder on the Scotch. "The Scotch beggars would make us believe that we sprang from beggars. The impudent scribes would make us believe that England was formerly nothing at all till they came to enlighten it and fatten upon it." He carried his John Bull pride indeed to a positively ludicrous pitch, for in a letter to Lord Fitzwilliam, in 1817, he reproaches him bitterly for being a party to the renunciation by George III. of the title of King of France. "Had I been in Parliament I would have made every stand inch by inch in order to expose, at any rate, the abandonment of a plume won by the valor of my forefathers."

The abandonment of the title of King of France was an act of baseness without a parallel." We are acquainted with no English writer who illustrates in a more pointed manner the vein of poetry and romance which runs through every part of the English character, though in a form so strange, so subtle, and at times so grotesque, that it is continually overlooked or mistaken by superficial observers. It requires a far closer knowledge of the John Bull nature than most people possess to understand how the same man should burst into fiery indignation about the baseness of abandoning the perfectly senseless title of King of France, and should observe, "Talk of 'liberty,' indeed, 'civil and religious liberty,' the Inquisition with a bellyfull is far preferable to a state of things like this," and declare elsewhere that the religion for him was a religion which filled people's bellies.

It is most remarkable that Cobbett, who passed his life in the most passionate advocacy of Radical reform, and who denounced rotten boroughs and all the works of boroughmongers, fundholders, stockjobbers, and other "wen devils," every day and all day long for some forty years, was opposed to all characteristically liberal measures. He denounced schemes of popular education. For in-

stance, in December 1813, he published a letter to Alderman Wood "On teaching the Children of the Poor to Read," the gist of which is that there is nothing wholesome for them to read, and that they had much better not learn. They cannot understand the Bible, and the newspapers are all corrupted by the Government. In another letter he says that, in his experience of the army, he always found that the scholars in a regiment were "generally dirty and drunkards," "the conceit makes them saucy;" and their characters are so bad that men who can neither read nor write are frequently made non-commissioned officers because of the superiority of their moral character, notwithstanding the inconvenience of their ignorance. In much the same spirit of bigoted love to all that was old-fashioned, he admired the old laws against forestalling and regrating, and considered shops a mischievous innovation upon the good old fashion of fairs and markets. His view of facts was so much perverted by this state of mind as his theories. He continually maintained that it was a gross and ludicrous error to believe that the population was rapidly increasing. A man who could believe in the correctness of the census returns would be capable of believing that the moon was made of green cheese.

These were a few of the most important and characteristic of the political views of this remarkable man. They are interesting at present chiefly because they show the cast of thought which gave the most popular of all English political writers his great hold over the minds of a larger section of his countrymen than any other writer of the same class ever had for an equal time, and because they thus afford decisive proof of the strength of Conservative tendencies in this country even at a time in which party feeling ran higher than it probably ever did at any other period in our history. No one ever attacked either individuals or classes in this country with such unsparing violence as Cobbett, and yet his attachment to what he regarded as the genuine constitution of the country was undoubtedly sincere, and was exceedingly strong. He goes so far as to speak with kindness, and even with a certain sort of regret, of the feudal sys-

tem. When the matter is considered attentively, it is obvious enough that the doctrines which we are so much accustomed to see recognized, professed, and extolled in all directions—the doctrine of universal competition, free trade, religious equality, and the like—however true they may be, are popular only by accident. They are not the natural and appropriate creed of the great masses of the population. Liberalism is in many respects an aristocratic creed, inasmuch as the essence of it is to produce a condition of things in which the energies of every individual will have the fullest possible scope, and produce the most permanent results. The vigorous man will, under this system, get a maximum of advantage from his superior strength, and will transmit to his descendants the advantage which he has acquired. The apparent tendency of unrestricted free trade and unlimited competition is to throw wealth, and everything that depends upon and is derived from it, into comparatively few hands. What the average man likes is an artificial system which provides as large a number of persons as possible with a reasonable level of comfort. When people talk of good old times, the state of things present to their imagination, rightly or wrongly, is a state in which there was less trouble and anxiety, and fewer vicissitudes in life, than in the time of which they are speaking. The ideal age of most men is an age in which the common run of people got along pretty comfortably without much trouble. It does no doubt so happen that, in our own times, the extraordinary inventions which have changed the face of society, and have poured over us a flood of wealth unexampled in former times, have produced a state of feeling to which we are so accustomed that we do not see that it is exceptional. There never was an age in which the go-ahead spirit was so powerful, but even in these days there are considerable exceptions to this state of feeling. Trades' unions are a good illustration. They show that the great bulk of the class of mechanics have hardly any sympathy with free trade, and comparatively little ambition. Let us, say they in effect, have fair wages and short hours, and let both time and wages be regulated by the

work of the average man, not by the powers of those who rise above the average. The following passage is at once an excellent specimen of Cobbett's best style and a short summary of his most characteristic doctrine :

"The state of the people relative to the nobility and gentry used to be such as to be productive of great advantage to both. The laborers were happy. Each had his little home. He had things about him worth possessing and worth preserving. His clock, which had come to him from his father, and in many cases from his grandfather, was preserved with as much care and veneration as you would preserve your title deeds, or any building upon your estates. Men lived in the same cottage from the day of their marriage till the day of their death. They worked for the same masters for many years. They were so well off that there was no desire for change. Whole families were in the service of the same nobleman or gentleman, without any legal engagement, and without any other dependence than that occasioned by respect and good-will. In numerous instances, son succeeded father, generation after generation, as the workman or servant of son after father. The liberality and kindness of the employer were repaid by the respect and fidelity of the servant. All this is now swept away. That inexorable system of taxation, that fraudulent and ruinous system of funding, which have enabled the borough holders in England to smother liberty and reinstate despotism in Europe, have, at last, almost wholly destroyed this most beautiful and happy state of society, and, in the place of mutual confidence and mutual good-will, have introduced mutual distrust and mutual hatred. The American war, as I said before, gave the nation a great blow. That blow, however, might have been overcome ; but the blow given by the late wars never can be overcome, except by that regeneration which a Parliamentary reform would produce."

What degree of truth was there in these views? The question is one which could be adequately discussed only in a large work spreading over a great variety of subjects, but one remark about it may be made with confidence. Cobbett altogether overstated his case, and pertinaciously shut his eyes to the real progress which the nation was most undoubtedly making in the midst of much suffering and a great deal of jobbery and corruption. The vast load of indirect taxation was no doubt cruel and mischievous. The abuses of Government

were very great, but, notwithstanding all that, the wealth of the country did increase enormously, and so, whatever Cobbett thought about it, did the population, all through the great war and down to our times. He put his finger on the real evil when he complained of the way in which property is distributed, and when he pointed out the excessive hardship upon the poor of the system of indirect taxation; but he was mistaken when he underrated the powers of production in the country, and was utterly wrong when he denied its increase in population. He was also wrong, as it appears to us, in the notion that it is possible by any artificial means to arrest the natural progress of society, and to make the general diffusion of rough plenty the principal ideal of such a nation and such an age as our own.

We have given only a slight outline of one part of Cobbett's views. His occasional writings on all manner of practical subjects are eminently characteristic, and for the most part well worth reading. Whoever wishes to get a vivid picture of the man, his thoughts, his views on all subjects, and his personal adventures, intermixed with most picturesque and beautiful descriptions of every part of the country, and of most classes of its inhabitants, may find all this, and much more, in the *Rural Rides*—a delightful book, with all its occasional coarseness and ferocity. We have omitted all notice of Cobbett's wars with private persons, many of which were exceedingly violent. They make up a great part of his writings, but their interest has now entirely passed away. To those who are accustomed to the gentler manners of our own time they are wearisome, and sometimes disgusting.

London Society.

THE TREVILIANS' SUMMER TRIP, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Rose and Evelyn Trevilian sat under the trees on the lawn in front of their home, on a warm evening in July, each of them absorbed in a novel. They were very pretty girls, with clear, fresh complexions, fine teeth, dark hair, and honest

gray eyes. At this time they were scarcely eighteen; and being twins, and very much alike, the good looks of each were reflected and heightened in the other, as it were, so that they generally received credit for a greater share than they actually possessed. Huntley Manor, their father's place, was in one of the southern counties; the house, a long, straggling mansion, had evidently been added to at many different times, and according to many different tastes, and the effect was, perhaps, more picturesque than correct in an architectural point of view. It was absolutely covered with all sorts of creeping plants; the old walls modestly veiling themselves under a curtain of ivy, Virginia creeper, and roses, not to speak of a variety of perennial beauties.

An extensive lawn lay in front, dotted with fine old trees and brilliant flower beds. At the back was the garden, kept up in the old style, with broad grass walks, and close-clipped yew and box trees; and there might be found an abundance of those dear old-fashioned flowers, so rarely to be met with in modern times, wall-flowers, stocks, sweet william, etc., etc., filling the air with their delicious fragrance. The river ran below a terrace at the bottom of the garden.

The girls sat quietly reading for a long time, undisturbed by any sound save that of bird and insect life; but at length a tall young man of about twenty-one appeared on the steps of the hall door, and strolled leisurely towards them, lighting a cigar as he came: this was their eldest brother, Walter, who had taken brilliant honors at Oxford in April, and having rather injured his health by his exertions, he was at present, by the doctor's advice, indulging in a long holiday before entering on the serious business of life. He was very tall, and extremely handsome, with the same frank, honest expression which characterized his sister. The books were shut as he approached, and Rose jumped up to meet him.

"What a time you and papa have been over your wine," said she; "and what have you done with mamma?"

"She will be here directly; she has gone up to inspect the small fry in the nursery. But now, what do you think has been the subject of our conversation?"

lining room? You would give a deal to know, I can tell you." "What was it? What was it?" cried Rose once; "anything interesting or not? Do tell us, Walter." "No, me, attend to my little wants first, and let me have my little comforts about me. And he, in a would-be languid manner, then we'll see what can be done for you."

Walter was pulled down into a comfortable arm-chair, and a little rustic table drawn up to his elbow to rest on, and then Rose knelt down on the grass at his feet, begged for the desired information.

Slow puffs of the cigar, and a look of enjoyment at their evident pleasure, was the sole response for some time; but at last, after coaxing and teasing, and hair-pulling had all been in vain, he relented, and began: "Well, you really wish to know? I am sure you think it would be good to know?"

"Go on, you tiresome creature!" cried Evelyn. "Yes, we wish to know, it would be good for us to know; but at the same time, we must know." "At about what settles it, I suppose, so easy. Well, my little dears, did you know the whole course of your small travels, hear of a place called Spa?" "Yes, of course," said Evelyn; "it is in Belgium."

"Is it, indeed? What do you know of it?" "It is in Germany—in Prussia, I said Rose.

"Prussia, you think! Nice young people both are! and I shall request you both to take you back into the room to pursue your geographical studies."

"Upon my word you don't do so go, for displaying such terrific ignorance. Spa is in Belgium."

"Go!" cried both the girls, who never left England in their lives; "don't mean to say there is any idea going there?"

"The parents and I are going, with you, and we thought of perhaps you," said Walter, in a patronizing tone; "but I really don't know that it is my duty to advise the ladies."

"Go abroad! Oh, just think of it!"

how delightful! But it can't be true. Here is mamma! now we shall know all about it."

Mrs. Trevilian appeared with her work basket at this moment; and her daughters rushing towards her, soon placed her in a comfortable chair, and assailed her with questions.

"Don't mind them, mother," said Walter; "when I asked them, just now, where Spa is, one said in Prussia, and the other in India; so after that, of course they remain in the schoolroom, and Louisa and Constance can go instead."

"That was truly shocking!" said Mrs. Trevilian, laughing. "Well, girls, I suppose you are quite enchanted at the thought of a little trip?" And she proceeded to explain to them that their papa had been advised to drink the waters at Spa for a few weeks, and that it had been decided they should make up a family party and go together.

"When we leave Spa we shall go to Cologne, and let you see the Rhine, and then come home by Paris."

By Paris! that was the crowning bliss of all, if any part of so entirely blissful a scheme could be said to be more so than another; and never was any piece of good news received with greater excitement and ecstasy.

Presently Charles, Arthur, and William, the three schoolboys, came in from a boating expedition, and were made aware of the intended trip. They were by no means so overjoyed as their sisters, for the river at home had great attractions for them; however, they were devoted to cricket also, and agreed that they would take their bats, and that it would be "very jolly indeed."

By and by it got too dark to remain any longer on the lawn; so they all adjourned to the lighted drawing room for tea, where Mr. Trevilian was awaiting them with the two schoolroom young ladies, Louisa, a girl of sixteen, and Constance, three years younger, as well as their good old governess, Miss Hall, who had been with them ever since the twins were eight years old, and was much beloved by the whole family.

"How I envy you!" said Louisa, when she heard the news; "but my turn will come some day, I suppose, won't it, papa?"

"That it shall, my love," replied her father; "but don't be impatient; you will find yourself grown up — well, *quite* grown up, I suppose I must say, and out of the schoolroom, only too soon—and then there will be foreign trips for you also."

After tea, and a little music, and what promised at one time to be interminable questions and explanations, and consultations of Bradshaw and Murray, the happy party at last broke up. The two eldest girls, whose rooms opened into each other, lay long awake, talking of the coming pleasure, and, as a sort of perpetual chorus to their rejoicings, they remarked over and over again, "How delightful that the Pagets are there; and how surprised they will be to see us!"

The Paget family were near neighbors at Huntley, and consisted of a father and mother, one son, a barrister, and one daughter, Ada, about a year older than the twins. They had come to that part of the world about two years before, to take possession of a small property left Mrs. Paget by a distant relation; and there was a great friendship between the two families, and a particularly warm one between the young ladies.

In about three days all the necessary preparations for the journey were completed; and finally, on one of the loveliest afternoons of a very lovely season, Louisa and Constance were flying about among the flower beds, gathering bouquets for the departing travellers. Walter, with the three boys and most of the baggage, had already departed by an early train, as they wished to "lionize" Dover; and, after innumerable adieus and promises of letters, the others got under weigh. The girls had so very rarely left home before that even at this sublime moment tears almost came into their eyes as they looked back from the carriage windows at their sisters and Miss Hall, gazing wistfully after them at the hall door, while the afternoon sun lighted up all the trees and flowers, in such a way that they thought the dear old place had never looked half so beautiful.

Dover was reached without any adventure, and Walter had secured rooms for the party in the Ship hotel. He took his sisters out in the evening for

a stroll on the beach, where the animation and novelty of the scene greatly delighted them. In the course of the walk, a hand was laid suddenly on Walter's shoulder, and a cheery voice called out,

"Why, Trevilian! can it be you?"

"Holloa, Granville!" was the reply, "can it be you? I may rather say; I heard you were off to Switzerland, and thought you were perched on some pinnacle of the Alps long ago."

"Well, so I was; but you see, at Zermatt I met a very nice pleasant fellow, who had been doing all sorts of things; and we were to have done all sorts of other things together; however, he was suddenly summoned home; and, being a nice fellow, I thought I might as well have his company as long as possible, and so I came with him: but I am just starting again for the Tyrol, with an old Oxford don who is wild about the dolomite mountains; a queer old fellow, but a good soul—Crossthwaite is his name."

"Well, *you* are a queer fellow, I am sure," said Walter, laughing. "The idea of your flying about the world in such a way! But come on now, and let us overtake my sisters, and I will introduce you. You know Granville well by name, I am sure," said he to them, as he presented his friend.

"Yes," replied Rose, turning to Mr. Granville; "your name is very familiar to us; it is surprising we have not met before."

"I was always so unlucky as not to be able to go to Huntley when Trevilian asked me," he answered; "but I hope I may be more fortunate in future."

"Come in and have tea with us," said Walter, "and be introduced to the heads of the house."

So Mr. Granville accompanied them to the hotel, and was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Trevilian. On hearing that they were going to Spa, he tried hard to persuade them to change their plans, and proceed to Innspruck instead; but this being pronounced impossible, and as he found the evening pass in a particularly pleasant manner, the volatile young man began to meditate an assault on Mr. Crossthwaite, to make him alter his plans, which, as Walter laughingly observed, "was not likely; not if Mr. Crossthwaite knew it."

red to her how delightful it would be if this twenty pounds would turn itself into forty pounds, in such a very easy manner as Walter had doubled his francs; and after various debates within herself she could resist no longer.

"Will you put this down for me, please?" said she to Walter.

"That is right!" cried Granville. "I am sure you will make a fortune in no time."

Evelyn entered into all the excitement of the hour. At one time she had nearly doubled her money; then reverses began to set in. She would not give up, however, always confidently expecting to win everything back—till, after various vicissitudes of fortune, she saw her last coin swept away by the rake of the croupier. She tried to laugh and look indifferent; and Walter and Granville commended her pluck, and declared they would win all her money back for her; but her eyes filled with tears as she turned to find a seat, and, to her surprise and mortification, she saw that Mr. Crossthwaite was standing close beside her.

"Here is a seat," said he, bringing her to a sofa in a corner of the room. "I am afraid you have been unlucky."

Evelyn's eyes brimmed over; she was little more than a child as yet, and she could not find voice to reply. Her companion saw this, and, with wonderful tact for so learned a man, he immediately began to talk of indifferent topics not requiring an answer, until she regained her composure. When, however, she was fairly recovered, he brought the subject round again to the gaming table, and she told him all her distress, which she never dreamed she would have been able to do, and tears sprung once more unbidden to her eyes.

"I feel truly sorry for your loss and disappointment," said her friend. "I know that it must be a great disappointment! but, you see, it does not do to play with fire and expect to come off without a burn. If I might venture to advise you, I should say, never put down so much as a franc again. The love of excitement is so subtle a thing, it takes possession of us; and we could not believe beforehand that there were no other evils connected with it, there is something degrading—there not?—in get-

ting so excited about the acquisition of mere money."

He grew very confidential in the course of the evening, and told Evelyn, to her great surprise, that his own love of gambling had been so strong in his youth that every consideration of duty and principle gave away to it, and no advice or remonstrance had the slightest effect on him until he fairly broke his father's heart, of whose sudden death he received intelligence one evening at Baden. "I never thought I should tell that story to any one," he concluded. "You may imagine the anguish and remorse which made me old before my time, and which render me to this very day, I am quite aware, unlike other people. The very sight of a gaming table fills me with horror, and I long to stop the hand of any young man or woman whom I see beginning to tamper with a temptation so fatal to me."

Evelyn warmly thanked him for his advice, and assured him that nothing should ever induce her to do again as she had that evening done.

"I am very glad to hear you say so," he answered; "and not only that, but use all your influence with your brothers and friends, or any one in whom you are interested, to prevent them from running any risk from that terrible evil. Will you forgive my lecture?" he added, smiling and holding out his hand to say "good-night," as Walter and Granville came towards them. They, too, had been unlucky, and a shade was on the brow of the latter.

"That old fellow seems to be always dodging about and making a victim of you," said he, impatiently, looking after Mr. Crossthwaite as he left the room. "I wish he would keep himself to himself, or you will vote me a dreadful bore for inflicting him upon you."

"Oh! no, no," cried Evelyn, "I like him very much; he is very kind and good, and does not bore me at all."

"Ah, that's all your good nature—any one *must* be bored with him. Hallo! here is all the world going away; let me get your shawl. Where is it?"

"Don't take the trouble," said Evelyn, for his tone jarred upon her. "Walter, you will find it behind the second pillar on the right in the dancing room."

Granville turned on his heel in a pet, and went away by himself. His ill-humor was never of long duration, however, and next morning he had forgotten all about it, and came early to the Trevilians, full of plans for the day's amusement.

What with rides, and drives, and picnics, the time passed swiftly away, until at last one evening, on the return of the whole party from a long walk, Rose put her arms round Evelyn's neck when they got up to their own room, and hiding her face, said:

"Do you know, Edward Paget is talking to papa down stairs just now; what do you think it is about?"

"Aha!" cried Evelyn, laughing, "so it has come about as I guessed. I am so glad. I like Mr. Paget very much; but oh! Rose, what shall I do without you?"

"Do without me!" said Rose, holding up her head. "Why, you will have some one far better than me, for of course you and Mr. Granville will arrange it for the same day."

Evelyn started violently.

"Mr. Granville and me! Oh! Rose, I never thought of such a thing, nor does he, I am quite sure. I don't like him the least in that way. We are like brother and sister, nothing more. Oh! I should never dream of marrying Mr. Granville."

"Should you not?" said Rose, disappointed; "I am sorry for that, he is so nice and so handsome; but never mind, some one else is sure to turn up before that, and we shall leave home together, and live near each other all our lives."

Evelyn warmly embraced her sister, and tried to look as if she accepted her consolations, in order not to damp this new-born happiness. But she lay long awake that night, and shed some natural tears at the idea of the separation, and meditated on many things. She almost smiled as she thought of Rose's suggestion as to Granville; she certainly looked upon him very much as she did upon Walter, and nothing more. But how was it that the face of Mr. Crossthwaite kept continually presenting itself before her mental vision, and different things he had said in the course of the many conversations they had now had together would come up in her mind? Could it be that she, a pretty, lively girl of eigh-

teen, was about to fall in love with the plain, shy, elderly professor? No, she was not about to fall in love with him, for all unconsciously to herself she had already done so, and it was pretty certain that he would henceforth hold a place in her heart which no other man could ever hope to do; but as yet she did not know this.

So things went on as usual (except that Rose and Edward Paget were in a seventh heaven of bliss and contentment, and the parents on each side were greatly pleased with the engagement), till one morning that Mr. Crossthwaite took a long solitary walk by himself over the moors, making up his mind to some painful step evidently, judging by the expression of his face. That resolution was to tear himself away at once from the society of Evelyn.

Thinking over everything, he marvelled at his own folly in allowing himself to remain near her when he became aware of the danger of doing so—and came to a final decision amid many bitter thoughts of the contrast between them, and of his uncheered solitary life. But he looked as calm and composed as usual that night on entering the ballroom at the Redoute. It was Friday, on which evening there is what is called a *déroulé*, in which the visitors take part, and the Trevilians and Pagets were already there.

"This next dance is a stupid quadrille," said Granville, coming up to Evelyn, "and I am going to dance it with Miss Paget; but remember, you have promised me the next waltz. Oh! by Jove, there is that fellow Crossthwaite coming into the room, and he will select you for his victim of course, as usual. Can't I take you somewhere to escape him? Come into the next room."

"No, thank you," replied Evelyn; "I have often told you that I find him very pleasant to talk to—I don't feel a victim in the least."

"I can't understand that, and I don't believe you really think him agreeable. However, here he comes, and I'll be off if you are sure you won't be rescued. Au revoir! don't forget our waltz."

"Are you going to dance?" said Mr. Crossthwaite, coming up and seating himself beside her.

"No," said Evelyn, "I have just been dancing, and I am going to rest."

"Then we can have a little talk," said he, with a smile; "the last, I am afraid, for it is high time I was off to the Tyrol."

A pang shot through Evelyn's heart as he said this, which revealed to her a great deal more of her own state of mind than she had previously known.

"Do you mean to go directly?" she said.

"To-morrow," replied he; and at the word her heart died within, and she could not have found voice to make a remark, so it was fortunate he continued talking.

"To-morrow I mean to go. Just think what an idler I am. It is a whole month to-day since we came here, and it is almost too late now for the Tyrol."

"If it is too late, then, you had better stay on here," said Evelyn, with an attempt at a laugh.

"No, I think I shall go: Granville will not, of course. I should never expect him to leave all his amusements here."

"What would you not expect Granville to do?" said the gentleman in question, as he passed where they sat.

"To leave Spa to-morrow," replied his friend, smiling.

"To-morrow! surely not to-morrow?"

Granville felt he had behaved ill in detaining Mr. Crossthwaite so long, and that he could not in common civility let him go on by himself, so he stopped, and begged him to remain another week.

"You will persuade him, Miss Evelyn, I know," said he, as he was obliged to go away to dance. "I shall leave him in your hands."

Evelyn, thus commissioned, did her best, but Mr. Crossthwaite was perfectly firm and immovable in his determination.

"How obstinate you are," said she at length, rather piqued, "and how unpleasant we must all have been to you to make you so determined to leave."

He looked at her; there was a strange expression in his eyes which made her color and turn hers away.

"Miss Evelyn," he said, gravely, "I have been happy here, happier than I ever thought I should be, far happier than I had any right to be. I shall al-

ways look back to this time as the brightest part of my life; but it is time that all were ended. Dreams are pleasant things, but you know one must not always indulge in them, especially when they are utterly wild and useless. Good-by now; you have been very kind to me; I shall never forget it—good-by."

He took her hand and held it firmly pressed for a moment in his own, and the next minute had abruptly left the room. Evelyn's thoughts were in a whirl that night when she got to her own room. A great joy thrilled her whole frame when she thought of Mr. Crossthwaite's looks and words, for were they not unmistakable? Did he not love her as she loved him? Yes, the conviction grew upon her more and more strongly. But about his going away to-morrow. Surely he would not go—he could not go—if he really cared for her. She felt that without him everything would be a blank, and if he loved her he must feel the same. At last she settled it in her own mind that he would not go, it was impossible: at any rate, she would see him in the morning, for his good-by only meant good-night, of course; and then he would be sure to change his mind. And having come to this conclusion, she fell asleep, but not till the dawn of a glorious summer morning had begun to redden the eastern sky.

At breakfast time that day Walter and Granville came over from the hotel.

"Just think of it," said the latter, "the old fellow has gone off to the Tyrol by himself, early this morning."

We must now skip over the rest of the visit to Spa and the trip to Cologne and the Rhine. About the end of September the Trevilians and Pagets had reached the Grand Hôtel in Paris, *en route* for home. The second day after their arrival, Mr. Granville went off by himself, somewhat suddenly, to England.

"I can tell you why he has gone, mamma," whispered Rose to her mother, in a corner of the large public drawing room where they were all sitting, and where much speculation had taken place on the subject. "Evelyn refused him last night! Yes, it is quite true. I was sure something had happened, so I asked her, and she could not deny it."

"Refused him, my dear!" said Mrs.

Trevilian, all astonishment, for she had come to like Frank Granville, and to look upon him as almost as certain to be her son-in-law as young Paget. "Are you quite sure?"

Rose was quite sure, and though a good deal surprised and disappointed, of course Mrs. Trevilian could say nothing whatever to her daughter about it—on such subjects she must judge for herself.

Poor Evelyn had a very different visit to Paris from what she had expected. Her lively companion was gone, and Rose, of course, much taken up and engrossed by her intended, and, besides that, she had her own secret, not guessed at by any one, and filling her with anxiety, joy, and doubt, by turns. The day before they left, as she and her mother were walking in the Palais Royal, where the former had been making many purchases for the home party, she saw a familiar form in front of them, which made her heart leap, and Mrs. Trevilian immediately exclaimed, "Dear me, there is Mr. Crossthwaite; we must stop him, and ask all about his adventures." He was walking very quickly, however, and they did not overtake him then; but he turned into the Grand Hôtel, and stood on the steps talking to some one till they came up, when Mrs. Trevilian spoke to him. He started violently at the sound of her voice, and colored when he turned round and saw who was there.

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"You have not been ill?" said he, in a low tone of such earnest anxiety that the delightful conviction that she was far from an object of indifference to him again impressed itself strongly upon her.

"Not at all, thank you," she replied, in a voice which sounded cold and stiff from the effort she was making to conceal all emotion. "We have been doing a

good deal here, and I am rather tired, that is all."

Nothing further passed between them; upstairs, Mr. Trevilian, who had learned to like him extremely during the month at Spa, gave him a most cordial greeting, and pressed him to come and pay them a visit at Huntley, which, to Evelyn's mortification, he excused himself from doing, with many thanks, but with immovable firmness, saying that he was an old hermit, who never visited the haunts of men except during his summer holiday just over.

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Evelyn did not know how to account for this obstinate avoidance of her society, and once away from him, she harassed herself with inward questionings and doubtings. Surely he could not care for her, or how could he stay away from her—she must have made a foolish mistake—as if a learned man like him could really care for a girl like her! So Evelyn began to be very unhappy, and a great change in her appearance and spirits became evident to all the home circle. Her anxious mother began to think that she repented her refusal of Mr. Granville, and heartily wished that by some happy chance that youth would make his appearance again.

The winter went by much as usual. The weather was clear and bright and frosty—favorable for long walks. These

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He then confided his secret to Mr. Trevilian, who was utterly amazed, and much inclined to smile at the absurd idea; but, of course, repressed it, and told his friend how very grieved he was for him, but that he was sure his daughter had never given a thought to the subject.

"I know she has not," was the reply. "Do not think that I have been so insane as to have any hope; but you will understand how it is I cannot visit you."

On his return home, Mr. Trevilian, of course, told his wife what had passed, and she was no less astonished than himself. "Poor dear man!" said she; "how could such a thing ever come into his head? I wish I might tell Evelyn; it would amuse her greatly; but of course it would not be fair."

As spring advanced, young Paget began to be very impatient at being "kept so long out of his wife," and wrote pathetic accounts of his extreme misery and loneliness in London, which Rose, at any rate, fully believed to be in no wise exaggerated. However, Mr. Trevilian would not hear of the marriage taking place till the end of August, when Rose would be nineteen; and in the mean time it was fixed that the two girls should be introduced and go about a little in London together, which I be pleasant to both. A house accordingly taken in Eaton-square, the young ladies duly made their Rose's engagement was announced, but Evelyn met with many admirers, the more, perhaps,

that she cared nothing at all about them. Mr. Granville also was in town, and established himself on something like his old footing. Early in July a great season of shopping set in, which both Rose and her mother seemed rather to enjoy than otherwise. Evelyn was too sad, both on account of her secret and also at the prospect of losing her sister, to take much interest in anything; and when young Granville proposed once more, and was decidedly refused, her mother was completely puzzled, and began to think that some terrible illness must be on the point of showing itself. The evening before they went down to Huntley, it being now within four weeks of the wedding, Evelyn and her mother were sitting alone in the drawing room, as the others had all gone to the Opera. A letter was brought in for Mrs. Trevilian from their neighbor, Lady Graham, who was at home. It said:

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for he knows not what ? There is a scientific reverence—a reverence of courage—which is surely one of the highest forms of reverence. That, namely, which so reveres every fact, that it dare not overlook or falsify it, seem it never so minute ; which feels that because it is a fact, it cannot be minute, cannot be unimportant ; that it must be a fact of God ; a message from God ; a voice of God, as Bacon has it, revealed in things : and which therefore, just because it stands in solemn awe of such paltry facts as the scolopax feather in a snipe's pinion, or the jagged leaves which appear capriciously in certain honeysuckles, believes that there is likely to be some deep and wide secret underlying them, which is worth years of thought to solve. That is reverence. A reverence which is growing, thank God, more and more common ; which will produce, as it grows more common still, fruit which generations yet unborn shall bless.

But as for that other reverence, which shuts its eyes and ears in pious awe—what is it but cowardice decked out in state robes, putting on the sacred Urim and Thummim, not that men may ask counsel of the Deity, but that they may not ? What is it but cowardice ; very pitiable when unmasked : and what is its child but ignorance as pitiable, which would be ludicrous were it not so injurious ? If a man comes up to nature as to a parrot or a monkey, with this prevailing thought in his head, Will it bite me ? will he not be pretty certain to make up his mind that it may bite him, and had therefore best be left alone ? It is only the man of courage—few and far between—who will stand the chance of a first bite, in the hope of teaching the parrot to talk or the monkey to fire off a gun. And it is only the man of courage—few and far between—who will stand the chance of a first bite from nature, which may kill him for aught he knows (for her teeth, though clumsy, are very strong), in order that he may tame her and break her in to his use by the very same method by which that admirable inductive philosopher, Mr. Rarey, breaks in his horses. First, by not being afraid of them ; and next, by trying to find out what they are thinking of. But after all, as with animals so with nature ; cow-

ardice is dangerous. The surest method of getting bitten by an animal is to be afraid of it ; and the surest method of being injured by nature is to be afraid of her. Only as far as we understand nature are we safe from her ; and those who in any age counsel mankind not to pry into the secrets of the universe, counsel them not to provide for their own life and well-being, or for their children after them.

But how few there have been in any age who have not been afraid of nature. How few who have set themselves, like Rarey, to tame her by finding out what she is thinking of. The mass are glad to have the results of science, as they are to buy Mr. Rarey's horses after they are tamed : but, for want of courage or of wit, they had rather leave the taming process to some one else. And therefore we may say that what knowledge of nature we have (and we have very little) we owe to the courage of those men (and they have been very few) who have been inspired to face nature boldly ; and say—or, what is better, act as if they were saying—"I find something in me which I do not find in you ; which gives me the hope that I can grow to understand you, though you may not understand me ; that I may become your master, and not as now, you mine. And if not, I will know, or die in the search."

It is to those men, the few and far between, in a very few ages and very few countries, who have thus risen in rebellion against Nature, and looked her in the face with an unquailing glance, that we owe what we call Physical Science.

There have been four races—or rather a very few men of each of four races—who have faced nature after this gallant wise.

First, the old Jews. I speak of them, be it remembered, exclusively from a historical and not a religious point of view.

These people, at a very remote epoch, emerged from a country highly civilized, but sunk in the superstitions of nature-worship. They invaded and mingled with tribes whose superstitions were even more debased, silly and foul than those of the Egyptians from whom they escaped. Their own masses were for centuries given up to nature-worship. Now

among those Jews arose men—a very few—sages—prophets—call them what you will, the men were inspired heroes and philosophers—who assumed toward nature an attitude utterly different from the rest of their countrymen and the rest of the then world; who denounced superstition and the dread of nature as the parent of all manner of vice and misery; who for themselves said boldly that they discerned in the universe an order, a unity, a permanence of law, which gave them courage instead of fear. They found delight and not dread in the thought that the universe obeyed a law which could not be broken; that all things continued to that day according to a certain ordinance. They took a view of nature totally new in that age; healthy, human, cheerful, loving, trustful, and yet reverent—identical with that which happily is beginning to prevail in our own day. They defied those very volcanic and meteoric phenomena of their land, to which their countrymen were slaying their own children in the clefts of the rocks, and (like Theophrastus's superstitious man) pouring their drink-offerings on the smooth stones of the valley; and declared that for their part they would not fear, though the earth was moved, and though the hills were carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters raged and swelled, and the mountains shook at the tempest.

The fact is indisputable. And you must pardon me if I express my belief that these men, if they had felt it their business to found a school of inductive physical science, would, owing to that temper of mind, have achieved a very signal success. I ground that opinion on the remarkable, but equally indisputable fact, that no nation has ever succeeded in perpetuating a school of inductive physical science, save those whose minds have been saturated with this same view of nature, which they have (as a historic fact) slowly but thoroughly learned from the writings of these Jewish sages.

Such is the fact. The founders of inductive physical science were not the Jews: but first the Chaldeans, next the Greek, next their pupils the Romans—or rather a few sages among each race. But what success had they? The Chaldean astronomers made a few discover-

ies concerning the motions of the heavenly bodies, which (rudimentary as they were) prove them to have been men of rare intellect—for a great and a patient genius must he have been who first distinguished the planets from the fixed stars, or worked out the earliest astronomical calculation. But they seem to have been crushed, as it were, by their own discoveries. They stopped short. They gave away again to the primeval fear of nature. They sank into planet-worship. They invented (it would seem) that fantastic pseudo-science of astronomy, which lay for ages after as an incubus on the human intellect and conscience. They became the magicians and quacks of the old world; and mankind owed them thenceforth nothing but evil. Among the Greeks and Romans, again, those sages who dared face nature like reasonable men, were accused by the superstitious mob as irreverent, impious, atheists. The wisest of them all, Socrates, was actually put to death on that charge; and finally, they failed. School after school, in Greece and Rome, struggled to discover, and to get a hearing for, some theory of the universe which was founded on something like experience, reason, common sense. They were not allowed to prosecute their attempt. The mud-ocean of ignorance and fear of nature in which they struggled so manfully was too strong for them; the mud-waves closed over their heads finally, as the age of the Antonines expired; and the last effort of Græco-Roman thought to explain the universe was Neoplatonism—the muddiest of the mud—an attempt to apologize for, and organize into a system, all the nature-dreading superstitions of the Roman world. Porphyry, Plotinus, Proclus, poor Hypatia herself, and all her school—they may have had themselves no bodily fear of nature; for they were noble souls. Yet they spent their time in justifying those who had; in apologizing for the superstitions of the very mob which they despised—as (it sometimes seems to me) some folk in those days are like to end in doing; begging that the masses may be allowed to believe in anything, however false, lest they should believe in nothing at all; as if believing in lies could do anything but harm to any human being. And so died

for he knows not what ? There is a scientific reverence—a reverence of courage—which is surely one of the highest forms of reverence. That, namely, which so reveres every fact, that it dare not overlook or falsify it, seem it never so minute ; which feels that because it is a fact, it cannot be minute, cannot be unimportant ; that it must be a fact of God ; a message from God ; a voice of God, as Bacon has it, revealed in things : and which therefore, just because it stands in solemn awe of such paltry facts as the scolopax feather in a snipe's pinion, or the jagged leaves which appear capriciously in certain honeysuckles, believes that there is likely to be some deep and wide secret underlying them, which is worth years of thought to solve. That is reverence. A reverence which is growing, thank God, more and more common ; which will produce, as it grows more common still, fruit which generations yet unborn shall bless.

But as for that other reverence, which shuts its eyes and ears in pious awe—what is it but cowardice decked out in state robes, putting on the sacred Urim and Thummim, not that men may ask counsel of the Deity, but that they may not ? What is it but cowardice ; very pitiable when unmasked : and what is its child but ignorance as pitiable, which would be ludicrous were it not so injurious ? If a man comes up to nature as to a parrot or a monkey, with this prevailing thought in his head, Will it bite me ? will he not be pretty certain to make up his mind that it may bite him, and had therefore best be left alone ? It is only the man of courage—few and far between—who will stand the chance of a first bite, in the hope of teaching the parrot to talk or the monkey to fire off a gun. And it is only the man of courage—few and far between—who will stand the chance of a first bite from nature, which may kill him for aught he knows (for her teeth, though clumsy, are very strong), in order that he may tame her and break her in to his use by the very same method by which that admirable inductive philosopher, Mr. Rarey, breaks in his horses. First, by not being afraid of them ; and next, by trying to find out what they are thinking of. But after all, as with animals so with nature ; cow-

ardice is dangerous. The surest method of getting bitten by an animal is to be afraid of it ; and the surest method of being injured by nature is to be afraid of her. Only as far as we understand nature are we safe from her ; and those who in any age counsel mankind not to pry into the secrets of the universe, counsel them not to provide for their own life and well-being, or for their children after them.

But how few there have been in any age who have not been afraid of nature. How few who have set themselves, like Rarey, to tame her by finding out what she is thinking of. The mass are glad to have the results of science, as they are to buy Mr. Rarey's horses after they are tamed : but, for want of courage or of wit, they had rather leave the taming process to some one else. And therefore we may say that what knowledge of nature we have (and we have very little) we owe to the courage of those men (and they have been very few) who have been inspired to face nature boldly ; and say—or, what is better, act as if they were saying—"I find something in me which I do not find in you ; which gives me the hope that I can grow to understand you, though you may not understand me ; that I may become your master, and not as now, you mine. And if not, I will know, or die in the search."

It is to those men, the few and far between, in a very few ages and very few countries, who have thus risen in rebellion against Nature, and looked her in the face with an unquailing glance, that we owe what we call Physical Science.

There have been four races—or rather a very few men of each of four races—who have faced nature after this gallant wise.

First, the old Jews. I speak of them, be it remembered, exclusively from a historical and not a religious point of view.

These people, at a very remote epoch, emerged from a country highly civilized, but sunk in the superstitions of nature-worship. They invaded and mingled with tribes whose superstitions were even more debased, silly and foul than those of the Egyptians from whom they escaped. Their own masses were for centuries given up to nature-worship. Now

of nature herself. They are, as it were, absorbed into her; they become her laws, her canons, her demiurges and guardian spirits; their words become regarded as actual facts—in one word, they become a superstition, and are feared as parts of the vast unknown; and to deny what they have said is, in the minds of the many, not merely to fly in the face of reverent wisdom, but to fly in the face of facts. During a great part of the middle age, for instance, it was impossible for an educated man to think of nature herself, without thinking first of what Aristotle had said of her. Aristotle's dicta were nature; and when Benedetti, at Venice, opposed in 1585 Aristotle's opinions on violent and natural motion, there were hundreds, perhaps, in the universities of Europe—there certainly were in the days of the immortal *Epistole Obscurorum Virorum*—who were ready, in spite of all Benedetti's professed reverence for Aristotle, to accuse him of outraging not only the father of philosophy, but nature herself and her palpable and notorious facts. For the restoration of letters in the fifteenth century had not at first mended matters, so strong was the dread of nature in the minds of the masses. The minds of men had sported forth, not towards any sound investigation of facts, but toward an eclectic resuscitation of Neoplatonism, which endured, not without a certain beauty and use—as let Spenser's *Faery Queen* bear witness—till the latter half of the seventeenth century.

After that time a rapid change began. It is marked by—it has been notably assisted by—the foundation of our own Royal Society. Its causes I will not enter into; they are so inextricably mixed, I hold, with theological questions, that they cannot be discussed here. I will only point out to you these facts; that, from the latter part of the seventeenth century, the noblest heads—the noblest hearts, too—of Europe; concentrated themselves more and more on the brave and patient investigation of physical facts, as the source of priceless future blessings to mankind; that the eighteenth century, which it has been the fashion of late to depreciate, did more for the welfare of mankind, in every conceivable direction, than the whole fifteen centuries be-

fore it; that it did this good work by boldly observing and analyzing facts; that this boldness towards facts increased in proportion as Europe became indoctrinated with the Jewish literature; and that notably such men as Kepler, Newton, Berkeley, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Descartes, in whatsoever else they differed, agreed in this, that their attitude towards nature was derived from the teaching of the Jewish sages. I believe that we are not yet fully aware how much we owe to the Jewish mind, in the gradual emancipation of the human intellect. The connection may not, of course be one of cause and effect; it may be a mere coincidence. I believe it to be a cause; one of course of very many causes, but still an integral cause. At least the coincidence is too remarkable a fact not to be worthy of investigation.

I said, just now—The emancipation of the human intellect. I did not say—Of science, or of the scientific intellect; and for this reason:

That the emancipation of science is the emancipation of the common mind of all men. That all men can partake of the gains of free scientific thought, not merely by enjoying its physical results, but by becoming more scientific men themselves.

Therefore it was that, though I began my first lecture by defining superstition, I did not begin my second by defining its antagonist, science. For the word science defines itself. It means simply knowledge; that is, of course, right knowledge, or such an approximation as can be obtained; knowledge of any natural object, its classification, its causes, its effects; or in plain English, what it is, how it came where it is, and what can be done with it.

And scientific method, likewise, needs no definition; for it is simply the exercise of common sense. It is not a peculiar, unique, professional, or mysterious process of the understanding: but the same which all men employ from the cradle to the grave, in forming correct conclusions.

Every one who knows the philosophic writings of Mr. John Stuart Mill will be familiar with this opinion. But to those who have no leisure to study him, I should recommend the reading of Pro-

fessor Huxley's third lecture on the origin of species.

In that he shows, with great logical skill, as well as with some humor, how the man who, on rising in the morning, finds the parlor window open, the spoons and teapot gone, the mark of a dirty hand on the window-sill, and that of a hob-nailed boot outside, and comes to the conclusion that some one has broken open the window and stolen the plate, arrives at that hypothesis (for it is nothing more) by a long and complex train of inductions and deductions, of just the same kind as those which, according to the Baconian philosophy, are to be used for investigating the deepest secrets of nature.

This is true, even of those sciences which involve long mathematical calculations. In fact, the stating of the problem to be solved is the most important element in the calculation; and that is so thoroughly a labor of common sense that an utterly uneducated man may, and often does, state an abstruse problem clearly and correctly; seeing what ought to be proved, and perhaps how to prove it, though he may be unable to work the problem out, for want of mathematical knowledge.

But that mathematical knowledge is not—as all Cambridge men are surely aware—the result of any special gift. It is merely the development of those conceptions of form and number which every human being possesses; and any person of average intellect can make himself a fair mathematician if he will only pay continuous attention—in plain English, think enough about the subject.

There are sciences, again, which do not involve mathematical calculation; for instance, botany, zoölogy, geology, which are just now passing from their old stage of classificatory science into the rank of organical ones. These are, without doubt, altogether within the scope of the merest common sense. Any man or woman of average intellect, if they will but observe and think for themselves, freely, boldly, patiently, accurately, may judge for themselves of the conclusions of these sciences, may add to these conclusions fresh and important discoveries; and if I am asked for a proof of what I assert, I point (in spite of assertions in it

from which I differ) to *Rain and Rivers*, written by no professed scientific man, but by a Colonel in the Guards, known to fame only as one of the most perfect horsemen in the world.

Let me illustrate my meaning by an example. A man—I do not say a geologist, but simply a man, squire or ploughman—sees a small valley, say one of the side glens which open into the larger valleys in the Windsor forest district. He wishes to ascertain its age.

He has, at first sight, a very simple measure—that of denudation. He sees that the glen is now being eaten out by a little stream, the product of innumerable springs which arise along its sides, and which are fed entirely by the rain on the moors above. He finds, on observation, that this stream brings down some ten cubic yards of sand and gravel, on an average, every year. The actual quantity of earth which has been removed to make the glen may be several million cubic yards. Here is an easy sum in arithmetic. At the rate of ten cubic yards a year, the stream has taken several hundred thousand years to make the glen.

You will observe that this result is obtained by mere common sense. He has a right to assume that the stream originally began the glen, because he finds it in the act of enlarging it; just as much right as he has to assume, if he finds a hole in his pocket, and his last coin in the act of falling through it, that the rest of his money has fallen through the same hole. It is a sufficient cause, and the simplest. A number of observations as to the present rate of denudation, and a sum which any railroad contractor can do in his head, to determine the solid contents of the valley, are all that are needed. The method is that of science; but it is also that of simple common sense. You will remember, therefore, that this is no mere theory or hypothesis, but a pretty fair and simple conclusion from palpable facts; that the probability lies with the belief that the glen is some hundreds of thousands of years old; that it is not the observer's business to prove it further: but of other persons to disprove it, if they can.

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The observer, if he be a cautious man, begins to see if he can disprove his own conclusion; moreover, being human, he is probably somewhat awed, if not appalled, by his own conclusion. Hundreds of thousands of years spent in making that little glen! Common sense would say that the longer it took to make, the less wonder there was in its being made at last: but the instinctive human feeling is the opposite. There is in men—there remains in them, even after they are civilized, and all other forms of the dread of nature have died out in them—a dread of size; of vast space; of vast time—that latter, mind, being always imagined as space, as we confess when we speak instinctively of a space of time. They will not understand that size is merely a relative, not an absolute term; that if we were a thousand times larger than we are, the universe would be a thousand times smaller than it is; that if we could think a thousand times faster than we do, time would be a thousand times longer than it is; that there is One in whom we live, and move, and have our being, to whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. I believe this dread of size to be merely, like all other superstitions, a result of bodily fear, a development of the instinct which makes a little dog run away from a big dog. Be that as it may, every observer has it; his own conclusion seems to him strange, doubtful—he will reconsider it.

Moreover, if he be an experienced man, he is well aware that first guesses, first hypotheses, are not always the right ones; and if he be a modest man, he will consider the fact that many thousands of thoughtful men in all ages, and thousands still, would say, that the glen can only be a few thousand, or possibly a few hundred years old. And he will feel bound to consider their opinion; as far as it is, like his own, drawn from facts: but no further.

So he casts about for all other methods by which the glen may have been produced, to see if any one of them will account for it in a shorter time.

1. Was it made by an earthquake? No; for the strata on both sides are identical, at the same level, and in the same plane.

2. Or by a mighty current? If so, the flood must have run in at the upper end, before it ran out at the lower. But nothing has run in at the upper end. All round above are the undisturbed gravel beds of the horizontal moor, without channel or depression.

3. Or by water draining off a vast flat as it was upheaved out of the sea? That is a likely guess. The valley at its upper end spreads out like the fingers of a hand, as the gullies in tide-muds do.

But that hypothesis will not stand. There is no vast unbroken flat behind the glen. Right and left of it are other similar glens, parted from it by long narrow ridges; these also must be explained on the same hypothesis: but they cannot. For there could not have been surface drainage to make them all, or a tenth of them. There are no other possible hypotheses; and so he must fall back on the original theory—the rain, the springs, the brook; they have done it all, even as they are doing it this day.

But is not that still a hasty assumption? May not their denuding power have been far greater in old times than now? Why should it? Because there was more rain then than now? That he must put out of court: there is no evidence of it whatsoever.

Because the land was more friable originally? Well, there is a great deal to be said for that. The experience of every countryman tells him that bare or fallow land is more easily washed away than land under vegetation. And no doubt, when these gravels and sands rose from the sea, they were barren for hundreds of years. He has some measure of the time required, because he can tell roughly how long it takes for sands and shingles left by the sea to become covered with vegetation. But he must allow that the friability of the land must have been originally much greater than now, for hundreds of years.

But again, does that fact really cut off any great space of time from his hundreds of thousands of years? For when the land first rose from the sea, that glen was not there. Somewhat bay or bend in the shore determined its site. That stream was not there. It was split up into a million little springs, oozing side by side from the shore, and having each a very

minute denuding power, which kept continually increasing by combination as the glen ate its way inwards, and the rainfall drained by all these little springs was collected into the one central stream. So that when the ground being bare was most liable to be denuded, the water was least able to do it; and as the denuding power of the water increased, the land, being covered with vegetation, became more and more able to resist it. All this he has seen, going on at the present day, in the similar gullies worn in the soft strata of the South Hampshire coast; especially round Bournemouth.

So the two disturbing elements in the calculation may be fairly set off against each other, as making a difference of only a few thousands or tens of thousands of years either way; and the age of the glen may fairly be, if not a million years, yet such a length of years as mankind still speak of with bated breath, as if forsooth it would do them some harm.

I trust that every scientific man in this room will agree with me, that the imaginary squire or ploughman would have been conducting his investigation strictly according to the laws of the Baconian philosophy. You will remark, meanwhile, that he has not used a single scientific term, nor referred to a single scientific investigation; and has observed nothing and thought nothing which might not have been observed and thought by any one who chose to use his common sense, and not to be afraid.

But because he has come round, after all this further investigation, to something very like his first conclusion, was all that further investigation useless? No—a thousand times, no. It is this very verification of hypotheses which makes the sound ones safe, and destroys the unsound. It is this struggle with all sorts of superstitions which makes science strong and sure, irresistible, winning her ground slowly, but never receding from it. It is this buffeting of adversity which compels her not to rest dangerously upon the shallow sands of first guesses and single observations; but to strike her roots down, deep, wide, and interlaced, into the solid ground of actual facts.

It is very necessary to insist on this point: For there are many men in all

past ages—I do not say whether there are any such now, but I am inclined to think that there will be hereafter—men who have tried to represent scientific methods as something difficult, mysterious, peculiar, unique, not to be attained by the unscientific mass; and this not for the purpose of exalting science, but rather of discrediting her. For as long as the masses, educated or uneducated, are ignorant of what scientific method is, they will look on scientific men (as the middle age looked on necromancers) as a privileged, but awful and uncanny caste, possessed of mighty secrets; who may do them great good, but may also do them great harm.

Which belief on the part of the masses will enable these persons to instal themselves as the critics of science, though not scientific men themselves; and (as Shakespeare has it) to talk of Robin Hood, though they never shot in his bow. Thus they become mediators to the masses between the scientific and the unscientific worlds. They tell them—You are not to trust the conclusions of men of science at first hand. You are not fit judges of their facts or of their methods. It is we who will, by a cautious eclecticism, choose out for you such of their conclusions as are safe for you; and then we will advise you to believe. To the scientific man, on the other hand, as often as anything is discovered displeasing to them, they will say, imperiously and *ex cathedra*—Your new theory contradicts the established facts of science. For they will know well that whatever the men of science think of their assertions, the masses will believe it; totally unaware that the speakers are by their very terms showing their ignorance of science; and that what they call established facts scientific men call merely provisional conclusions, which they would throw away to-morrow without a pang were the known facts explained better by a fresh theory, or did fresh facts require one.

It has happened too often. It is in the interest of superstition that it should happen again; and the best way to prevent it surely is to tell the masses—Scientific method is no peculiar mystery, requiring a peculiar initiation. It is simply common sense, combined with

uncommon courage, which includes common honesty and common patience; and if you will be brave, honest, patient, and rational, you will need no mystagogues to tell you what in science to believe and what not to believe; for you will be just as good judges of scientific facts and theories as those who assume the right of guiding your convictions. You are men and women, and more than that you need not be.

And let me say that the man whose writings exemplify most thoroughly what I am going to say is the present Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, Mr. Thomas Carlyle.

As far as I know, he has never written on any scientific subject. For aught I am aware of, he may know nothing of mathematics or chemistry, of comparative anatomy or geology. For aught I am aware of, he may know a great deal about them all, and, like a wise man, hold his tongue, and give the world merely the results in the form of general thought. But this I know, that his writings are instinct with the very spirit of science; that he has taught men, more than any living man, the meaning and end of science; that he has taught men moral and intellectual courage; to face facts boldly, while they confess the divineness of facts; not to be afraid of nature, and not to worship nature: to believe that man can know truth, and that only in as far as he knows truth can he live worthily on this earth. And thus he has vindicated, as no other man in our days has done, at once the dignity of nature and the dignity of spirit. That he would have made a distinguished scientific man, we may be as certain from his writings as we may be certain, when we see a fine old horse of a certain stamp, that he would have made a first-class hunter, though he has been unfortunately all his life in harness.

And did I try to train a young man of science to be true, devout, and earnest, accurate and daring, I should say—Read what you will: but at least read Carlyle. It is a small matter to me (and I doubt not to him) whether you will agree with his special conclusions; but his premises and his method are irrefragable; for they stand on the “*voluntatem Dei in rebus revelatam*”—on fact and common sense.

And Mr. Carlyle's writings, if I am correct in my estimate of them, will afford a very sufficient answer to those who think that the scientific habit of mind tends to irreverence.

Doubtless this accusation will always be brought against science by those who confound reverence with fear. For from blind fear of the unknown Science does certainly deliver man. She does by man as he does by an unbroken colt. The colt sees, by the road side, some quite new object—a cast-away boot, an old kettle, or what not. What a fearful monster! What unknown terrific powers may it not possess! And the colt shies across the road, runs up the bank, rears on end; putting itself thereby, as many a man does, in real danger. What cure is there? But one, experience. So science takes us, as we should take the colt, gently by the halter; and makes us simply smell at the new monster; till after a few trembling sniffs, we discover, like the colt, that it is not a monster, but a kettle. Yet I think if we sum up the loss and gain, we shall find the colt's character has gained, rather than lost, by being thus disabused. He learns to substitute a very rational reverence for the man who is breaking him in, for a totally irrational reverence for the kettle; and becomes thereby a much wiser and more useful member of society, as does the man when disabused of his superstitions.

From which follows one result. That if science proposes—as she does—to make men brave, wise, and independent, she must needs excite unpleasant feelings in all who desire to keep men cowardly, ignorant, and slavish. And that too many such persons have existed in all ages is but too notorious. There have been from all time goëtai, quacks, powwow men, rainmakers, and necromancers of various sorts, who having for their own purposes set forth partial, ill-grounded, fantastic, and frightful interpretations of nature, have no love for those who search after a true, exact, brave, and hopeful one. And therefore it is to be feared, or hoped, science and superstition will to the world's end remain irreconcilable and internecine foes.

Conceive the feelings of an old Lapland witch who has had for the last fifty

years all the winds in a seal-skin bag, and has been selling fair breezes to northern skippers at so much a puff, asserting her powers so often, poor old soul, that she has got to half believe them herself—conceive, I say, her feelings at seeing her customers watch the Admiralty storm-signals, and con the weather reports in the *Times*. Conceive the feelings of Mr. Baker's African friend, Katchiba, the rain-making chief, who possessed a whole houseful of thunder and lightning—though he did not, he confessed, keep it in a bottle as they do in England—if Mr. Baker had had the means, and the will, of giving to Katchiba's negroes a course of lectures on electricity, with appropriate experiments, a real bottle full of real lightning among the foremost.

It is clear that only two methods of self-defence would have been open to the rainmaker; namely, either to kill Mr. Baker, or to buy his real secret of bottling the lightning, that he might use it for his own ends. The former method (that of killing the man of science) was found more easy in ancient times; the latter in these modern ones; and there have been always those who, too good-natured to kill the scientific man, have patronized knowledge not for its own sake, but for the use which may be made of it; who would like to keep a tame man of science, as they would a tame poet, or a tame parrot; who say—Let us have science by all means, but not too much of it. It is a dangerous thing; to be doled out to the world, like medicine, in small and cautious doses. You, the scientific man, will of course freely discover what you choose. Only don't talk too loudly about it: leave that to us. We understand the world, and are meant to guide and govern it. So discover freely, and meanwhile hand over your discoveries to us, that we may instruct and edify the populace with so much of them as we may think safe, while we keep our position thereby, and in many cases make much money by your science. Do that, and we will patronize you, applaud you, ask you to our houses, and you shall be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously with us every day. I know not whether these latter are not the worst enemies which science has. They are often such excel-

lent, respectable, orderly, well-meaning persons. They desire so sincerely that every one should be wise, only not too wise. They are so utterly unaware of the mischief they are doing. They would recoil with horror if they were told they were so many Iscariots, betraying Truth with a kiss.

But science, as yet, has withstood both terrors and blandishments. In old times she endured being imprisoned and slain. She came to life again. Perhaps it was the will of Him in whom all things live that she should live. Perhaps it was His spirit which gave her life.

She can endure, too, being starved. Her votaries have not as yet cared much for purple and fine linen, and sumptuous fare. There are a very few among them who, joining brilliant talents to solid learning, have risen to deserved popularity, to titles, and to wealth. But even their labors, it seems to me, are never rewarded in any proportion to the time and intellect spent on them, or to the benefits which they bring to mankind; while the great majority, unpaid and unknown, toil on, and have to find in science her own reward. Better, perhaps, that it should be so. Better for science that she should be free, in holy poverty, to go where she will and say what she knows, than that she should be hired out at so much a year to say things pleasing to the many, and to those who guide the many. And so, I verily believe, the majority of scientific men think. There are those among them who have obeyed very faithfully St. Paul's precept, "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life." For they have discovered that they are engaged in a war—a veritable war against the rulers of darkness, against ignorance, and its twin children, fear and cruelty. Of that war they see neither the end nor even the plan. But they are ready to go on; ready, with Socrates, "to follow reason whithersoever it leads;" and content, meanwhile, like good soldiers in a campaign, if they can keep tolerably in line, and use their weapons, and see a few yards ahead of them through the smoke and the woods. They will come out somewhere at last—they know not where or when; but they will come out at last, into the daylight and the open field; and

be told then—perhaps to their astonishment—as many a gallant soldier has been told, that by simply walking straight on and doing the duty which lay nearest them, they have helped to win a great battle, and slay great giants, earning the thanks of their country and of mankind.

And, meanwhile, if they get their shilling a day of fighting pay, they are content. I almost said, they ought to be content. For science is, I verily believe, like virtue, its own exceeding great reward. I can conceive few human states more enviable than that of the man to whom, panting in the foul laboratory, or watching for his life under the tropic forest, Isis shall for a moment lift her sacred veil, and show him, once and for ever, the thing he dreamed not of—some law, or even mere hint of a law, explaining one fact; but explaining with it a thousand more, connecting them all with each other and with the mighty whole, until order and meaning shoots through some old chaos of scattered observations.

Is not that a joy, a prize, which wealth cannot give, nor poverty take away? What it may lead to, he knows not; of what use it may become, he knows not. But this he knows, that somewhere it must lead; of some use it will be. For it is a truth; and having found a truth, he has exorcised one more of the ghosts that haunt humanity. He has left one object less for man to fear; one object more for man to use. Yes, the scientific man may have this comfort—that whatever he has done, he has done good; that he is following a mistress who has never yet conferred aught but benefits on the human race.

What physical science may do hereafter I know not; but as yet she has done this:

She has enormously increased the wealth of the human race; and has therefore given employment, food, existence, to millions who, without science, would either have starved or have never been born. She has shown that the dictum of the early political economists, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence, is no law of humanity, but merely a tendency of the barbaric and ignorant man, which can be counteracted by in-

creasing many fold by scientific means his powers of producing food. She has taught men, during the last few years to foresee and elude the most destructive storms: and there is no reason for doubting, and many reasons for hoping, that she will gradually teach men to elude other terrific forces of nature, too powerful, and too seemingly capricious for them to conquer. She has discovered innumerable remedies and alleviations for pains and disease. She has thrown such light on the causes of epidemics, that we are able to say now that the presence of cholera—and probably of all zymotic diseases—in any place is a sin and a shame for which the owners and authorities of that place ought to be punishable by law, as destroyers of their fellow men; while for the weak, for those who, in the barbarous and semi-barbarous state (and out of that last we are only just emerging), how much has she done—an earnest of much more which she will do? She has delivered the insane—I may say by the scientific insight of one man, more worthy of titles and pensions than nine tenths of those who earn them—I mean the great and good Pinel—from hopeless misery and torture into comparative peace and comfort, and at least the possibility of cure. For children she has done much, or rather might do, would parents read and perpend such books as Andrew Combe's and those of other writers on physical education. We should not then see the children, even of the rich, done to death piecemeal by improper food, improper clothes, neglect of ventilation, and the commonest measures for preserving health. We should not see their intellects stunted by Procrustean attempts to teach them all the same accomplishments, to the neglect, most often, of any sound practical training of their faculties. We should not see slight indigestion, or temporary rushes of blood to the head, condemned and punished as sins and crimes against Him who took up little children in his arms and blessed them; and parents would do for themselves what a wise doctor of my acquaintance once did, when finding a little girl in disgrace and crying because "she was obstinate and would not learn her lessons," he went into the schoolroom, and after five minutes' examination declared that

whoever made her learn lessons or punished her violently for the next month would be simply guilty of manslaughter.

But we may have hope. When we compare education now with what it was even forty years ago, much more with the stupid brutality of the monastic system, we may hail for children, as well as for grown people, the advent of the reign of common sense.

And for woman. What might I not say on that point? But most of it would be fitly discussed only among physicians and biologists: here I will say only this: Science has exterminated, at least among civilized nations, witch manias. Women are no longer tortured and burnt alive from man's blind fear of the unknown. If science had done no more than that, she would deserve the perpetual thanks and the perpetual trust, not only of the women whom she has preserved from agony, but the men whom she has preserved from crime.

These benefits have already accrued to civilized men, because they have lately allowed a very few of their number peaceably to imitate Mr. Rarey, and find out what nature—or rather, to speak at once reverently and accurately, He who made nature—is thinking of; and obey the “*voluntatem Dei in rebus revelatam*.” This science has done, while yet in her infancy. What she will do in her maturity, who dare predict? At least, in the face of such facts as these, those who bid us fear, or restrain or mutilate science, bid us commit an act of folly as well as of ingratitude which can only harm ourselves. For science has yet done nothing but good. Will any one tell me what harm it has ever done? When any one will show me a single result of science, of the knowledge of and use of physical facts, which has not tended directly to the benefit of mankind, moral and spiritual, as well as physical and economic—then I shall be tempted to believe that Solomon was wrong when he said that the one thing to be sought after on earth, more precious than all treasure, she who has length of days in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace, who is a tree of life to all who lay hold on her, and makes happy every one who retains

her, is (as you will see if you will yourselves consult the passage) that very wisdom—by which God has founded the earth; and that very understanding—by which he has established the heavens.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE MILITARY TRIALS IN IRELAND.

THAT much underground alarm has prevailed with reference to the loyalty of the army serving in Ireland, probably those who too readily gave way to the feeling will themselves be the first to admit. There was a crisis during the excitement of the Fenian trials, when the participation of the military in the conspiracy was considered of so grave a character that the disbandment of certain regiments was hinted at as a necessity. When the trials of a few of the implicated soldiers had taken place a calmer estimate came to be formed of the extent of the evil: the almost panic hastily allowed to arise in the minds of many subsided; but some just as hastily and lightly then undertook to censure the efforts of the authorities to weed out the Fenians from the ranks of the loyal soldiery whom they had dishonored, describing the whole case respecting them as not worth serious attention. The stories of approvers, and the information furnished by soldiers who had successfully resisted temptation, and immediately on being solicited to join the confederacy had communicated with their commanding officers, were dismissed loftily as unworthy of credence, and the Government blamed for unnecessarily creating the impression abroad as well as at home that the army was unsound. Those who have read our previous references to the state of Ireland in connection with Fenianism in these pages, will allow us to say that we fell into neither of these extremes. It was manifest from the first that the Fenian plotters had spent a good deal of money and effort on the attempt to corrupt the army, and that they had accomplished their object to an extent that would have been before conceived impossible. It was clear, on the other hand, that the disloyal men wearing the Queen's uniform were comparatively a small number, even in

the garrisons most assailed by bribes of free drinking, and even of actual sums of money. If the civilian conspirators had attempted an insurrectionary riot, and this handful of soldiers had mutinously endeavored to coöperate with them, it is certain that the traitors would have been at once overpowered by the sound-hearted men of their companies. The difficulty of the authorities, nevertheless, was to know exactly how far the mischief had gone, and who were of the treason party in certain corps. To re-establish confidence in the regiments suspected it was necessary to purge them thoroughly, and this was not to be done in a day, or done in a corner. It was no doubt a hard necessity. But to have given our own public, or any foreign people, the semblance of a ground for believing that the existence of Fenianism was general in the army, and that an inquiry had been suppressed to prevent the worse result of that fact becoming known, would have been to do the army the grossest injustice, as well as to injure the State. It was much more wisely determined to search the matter to the bottom, and not to shrink from such trials as might be necessary, in the case of the greater criminals, through any weak fear of publicity. At an early stage, accordingly, soldier offenders of various types and degrees of guilt were held up to the gaze of the outraged public and of their indignant fellows. Those cases ranged through the whole area of the crime of treason, from the offence of Sergeant Darragh, who planned a mutiny at Cork, to the rebellious ballad singing of the tipsified privates at Enniskillen, who got as far only as chanting "The Fenian Men," and "The Green above the Red," in wayside public houses. By an act of Royal clemency Darragh's sentence stands commuted to transportation; the minor criminals were flogged or drummed out; and the duty of repression seemed to the public to be then completed. It is a fact as true as it is lamentable, however, that during the trials of Darragh and the other inferior Fenians, the agents of the conspiracy continued busily to ply their trade, not only in Dublin and at the Curragh camp, but in other garrison towns in Ireland.

When the subject was mentioned lately

in the House of Peers by Lord Dunsany, the Government admitted that the speaker was fully warranted in describing this, we will still say abortive, effort to corrupt the Irish soldiery as the "distinguishing feature" of the Fenian conspiracy. It had been stated that the agents employed for the purpose were miserable, ignorant creatures, but Lord Dunsany was enabled to state that in many cases the fact was quite otherwise. They claimed high rank in the American army, and it was plain from their bearing that they were trained soldiers, accustomed to campaigning, with all the shifts incident to the sort of warfare carried on during their own civil war. No barrack or station in the country, Lord Dunsany believed, had been left unvisited by those persons, and they were then, notwithstanding all that had happened, pursuing their avocation. The unwillingness even of the Irish public to believe this was shown when Lord Dunsany related how absurdly—for no other word is applicable—certain magistrates had behaved at the Sligo petty sessions. A man was brought before them charged with attempting to seduce two soldiers from their allegiance, and to swear them into the Fenian confederacy. By the Act 37th George III. the offence is made a felony, punishable with death. The statute was contemporaneous with the mutiny at the Nore, and contained a proviso ordering that persons so offending should be indicted for high treason. A later Act abolished the punishment of death, but in no way reduced the idea of Crown or Parliament as to the enormity of the offence. The individuals chargeable with committing it still remained liable to an indictment for high treason. The Sligo magistrates, however, either in ignorance of the law, or from an inadequate estimate of the nature of the project of which the corruption of the soldiery was the cardinal part, thought they sufficiently discharged their responsibility by a summary dealing with the case, and awarded two months' imprisonment. Lord Dufferin admitted that the punishment was ridiculous, but the Government were not blamable. The only object in recalling the facts is to show that, even lately, there were wandering "colonels" in Ireland pursuing the scheme of the rev-

olutionary Brotherhood with confidence, shattered though the organization is in the United States. Without striving to account for the extraordinary faith of those agents in their enterprise, it is enough to point to the phenomenon as a justification of the vigilance of the authorities, and as a proof that necessity existed for showing the Irish soldiery, who may be naturally of a poetic and imaginative turn, and "national" in their instincts, that they cannot toy or trifle with rebellious practices, or associate in any way with traitors, without the highest danger to themselves.

It is easy to see how the "colonels" worked upon the minds not only of inexperienced soldiers, but even of some veterans. They had plenty of money, and spent it freely in supplying the military with the maddening whiskey of the country shebeen. To persons kept in a half-drunken state the strangers seemed the luckiest and the cleverest of men. Their origin was no better than that of the Queen's men who were serving for a shilling a day, and yet they wore fine clothes, carried weapons silver mounted and of the most beautiful workmanship, had gold in their purse, and commissions to show, forged or real, which they had won during the civil war. They boasted of knowing how to lead men, and promised their dupes the same dignity and fortune, as the result of joining an enterprise which would require fighting not unlike that which had taken place in America, and would present similar opportunities to those that had arisen there of profitable loot. The military recruits of Fenianism were named by them, under authority from James Stephens, to various ranks giving a title to corresponding proportions of the spoil. The wonder is not that some of the Irish soldiery were caught by baits like these, but that so few fell a prey to specious deceptions presented by agents so astute. It must be borne in mind that the materials of Irish recruiting are found in the small farmer's humble abode and in the peasant's cabin, and that the young men reared in those places, who twenty years ago were unable to read when they entered the army, have in the existing generation had the advantage of the teaching of the National school. They have mastered the rudiments

of knowledge, but only to become enabled to drink in more greedily the poisonous instruction supplied by persons who have debauched their minds from their earliest youth with calculating unscrupulousness.

The disclosures at recent courts martial in Dublin seemed less serious in popular estimation than those which caused such excessive apprehension some time before at Cork; and yet, although from the present weakness of Fenianism there was a disposition to treat the Dublin inquiries lightly, the mutiny planned for Clonmel was the really serious part of the military plot, and it would not be for the nation's advantage to pass by the lesson which it teaches or the warning which it supplies.

From the evidence of the approver-soldiers and the testimony of a detective, it is deducible that Clonmel was the focus of the Fenian military arrangements. The facts deposed to on the trials before the civil tribunal showed that it had an important place as a general centre of Fenianism, but it was also the garrison town of the Brotherhood. It is impossible to doubt the truth of the account given by the constable who played the part of sham-Fenian, according to his orders. The Fenians among the military discussed their preparations for a mutiny coolly and repeatedly, and entertained the ultimate design of marching to the Curragh, where, as their extraordinary idea was, they should get powerful help. It was with Clonmel James Stephens most frequently communicated; he was known to the initiated soldiers there as Colonel Nugent; he paid the town secret visits; he spent money in it freely for many months through the hands of his agents; he got false keys made of the magazine and armory; he was of opinion that the battery of Armstrong guns was in his power; he could count on forty-four Artillery-men in Clonmel as sworn members of the conspiracy. To a man like Stephens—a strange mixture of fanaticism, folly, astuteness, and perseverance—these seemed amazing achievements. The soldiery he fancied at his back, and ready to do for him at the appointed signal much what the Indian troops did for Nana Sahib. If the evidence given at the Dublin trial is to be

credited, the Oriental barbarian perpetrated no more savage atrocities than the Fenians were prepared to commit. The Fenian soldiers, when the "rising" occurred, were to shoot without mercy any officer who should exert himself to frustrate their purpose; those who while refusing to join did not impede their movements were to be locked up; traitors to their cause, especially if Irish-born, were to be treated in the most summary manner, for example's sake; and for "informers" a death was devised which the diabolical ingenuity of the islander of the South Seas could hardly match. The condemned were to be tied to large branches of trees, and drawn at the rear of the rebel host, and occasionally stabbed that their torture might be as long as possible prolonged. Documents were in circulation among the Fenians describing how informers were "punished" in 1798, that the men of 1866 might have precedents to follow sufficiently horrible. Particular individuals, magistrates and others, were named for slaughter.

In dealing with the military, as with the civilian, treason-plotters of the Brotherhood, the Irish Government has acted with great discretion and firmness. It was necessary to get at the root of the plot among the soldiery, and to bring those implicated to speedy and condign punishment, yet so as not to feed the impression that the army was dangerously tainted. Sir Hugh Rose addressed himself to the task with earnestness and judgment, and rapidly succeeded in repressing the evil, generously pardoning, or but slightly punishing, the offence of young soldiers, betrayed, in moments of inebriation, into singing the seditious songs they were too familiar with before they entered the army, and only putting on trial those who had deliberately embarked in the undertaking, and set themselves, for a money consideration, or from uncontrollable rebellious instincts, to corrupt the men under their charge. This was a wise policy, and the Earl of Kimberley, and his Excellency's legal advisers, deserve the same praise for supporting and influencing such a line of conduct as for their management of the trials at the Special Commission. For the blundering form of any of the courts martial, or their tedious character, neither

they nor the Executive authorities were responsible. The irregular character of the investigations, and especially of that on Sergeant McCarthy, almost renewed the damaging belief that the cancer of sedition had eaten into the vitals of the army; but all courts martial are alike unsatisfactory. There could not possibly be conceived a ruder way of arriving at the truth of a criminal charge than that taken in the case of this inquiry. We are bound to say, however, that the President and officers of the court conducted themselves with temper and patience, and that the officer who filled the part of prosecutor, Colonel Fielding, in particular performed his arduous task with remarkable coolness, propriety, and effect.

The design which seems to justify a present reference to the whole matter, however, has connection less with the punishment of the offenders than with the practical question whether there was anything in the condition or government of the army in Ireland to favor the efforts of rebel emissaries. If there had not been an opportunity open for them the American recruiting agents would have had no success. It is quite a new thing for Irish soldiers to display sympathy with any political movement. They did not concern themselves with the Young Ireland rising of 1848, and were not even suspected then. They had nothing to do with Phoenixism. Was there anything in the distribution or management of the troops during the still later crisis to contribute to the demoralization which set in with the tour of Stephens through the provinces? It is certain that when Sir Hugh Rose came to Ireland he saw much to amend. The system had been loose, and it was necessary that a firm hand should be applied to restore it, in almost every department, to a state of efficiency. The method, in particular, of concentrating the great mass of the army in Ireland at the Curragh, and of only placing small and incompletely officered detachments in such principal places as Cork, Limerick, and Clonmel, was as bad a method as could be devised. The men were literally left a prey to the designing knave with loose silver in one pocket, and a green flag, a volume of rebel songs, and a Fenian prayer book, in the

other. It was to these small stations that "Colonel Nugent" directed his attention, in the effort to provide himself with a military nucleus for his plunder-host. Sir Hugh Rose appears to have early seen the evil of the former plan. When he raised the numbers of the troops in the principal stations of the south and west, and sent redcoats to occupy barracks which had long lain idle, and in fact were a couple of years ago about to be disposed of, as useless to the Government, he did not intend, it is no mere venture to say, to make this redistribution in order simply to guard against tumults then thought imminent. His orders were taken by the public to indicate a change of military policy which approved itself to the judgments of men in general. There is no wish to magnify Fenianism, or to minister, in the smallest degree, to the notion that Ireland is covered with rebels; but it must be stated plainly, as truth requires it should, that for some considerable time to come the Government must maintain a force in Ireland, keeping it well dispersed over the country, at places where it will inspire the people with confidence. When the word people is used it must be remembered, too, that it is the small farmer who really fears Fenianism, and desires outward and visible signs of the power of the authorities to deal with it. Farmers' sons and the laboring class at first joined its ranks freely, but the conviction is becoming universal, among all who have any sort of stake in the country, that the Fenian is more of a rapparee than a patriot, and that other classes besides the landed proprietary would suffer if the Brotherhood had their will in any district for the shortest period. The mansion of the baron might be burned, but the cattle of the tenant farmer would be driven off his farm to feed haggard American deliverers. If the owner said nay, the revolver would make effective reply.

Of the fact that the farmers saw no longer a garrison in the county town representing the Queen and her authority, the Fenians made the most adroit use. Their explanation of the absence of the soldiery was that England no longer had an army such as served her in former years. She had forced the Irish to emi-

grate, and the raw material of fighting men did not exist. She had sunk in the scale of nations, and was despised in Europe. She had ceased to be a military power of magnitude. To defend her distant possessions, and make as much show as possible of remaining prowess, she had been obliged to send the *Irish* regiments to India, New Zealand, and all far distant places. Such was the homily preached, and the "leading article" promulgated, and the Fenian harangue delivered with far greater unction in the village public house. The population came to believe the story, for their credulity is unbounded, some accepting it with hope, others with fear. Now, however, the false notion is corrected, and to keep up the force of that correction nothing short of ocular demonstration will suffice.

It will be wise, then, not only in the Irish capital, and in the principal cities of the northern and southern provinces, but in other remoter parts of the island, to let the population see the visible representation of her Majesty's power and authority in the shape of regiments of troops, occasionally stationed, and under efficient and unrelaxing supervision. After all, it is a matter of grave doubt whether the Great Camps idea has much to recommend it. To train men to move and act in masses may be more necessary in consequence of the character of modern fighting, but other considerations must be borne in mind. We do not expect to fight great pitched battles every year, but we do require that the army shall be so used in time of peace as to become of the utmost possible value to the community that pays for its support. To one of these uses reference has been made. It is a great moral engine. It may be humiliating to state it, but the fact is so, that an exhibition of force is still necessary in Ireland. For many years to come, notwithstanding all that has been loyally and generously done for his country, the Celt will not be induced to love England. Another generation at least must pass away before that becomes possible. But he can be inspired with the sort of respect which the manifestation of superiority awakens, and to this influence much must be trusted henceforward. The disaffected must be able to see with their own

eyes that they would be crushed in an instant if they attempted insurrection. This will be the most effective preaching of loyalty and protection of the peaceable. Let there be any sign of military weakness, and the Fenians will believe that the old prophecies they superstitiously cherish are about to be fulfilled; that England is to pass out of the catalogue of great nations; that they have nothing to do but assist her dissolution. The Irish Nationalists—of whom the Fenian is only the extreme type—believe as firmly in the speedy arrival of the time when the absurd New Zealander of the late Lord Macaulay will sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from London bridge, as he does in any article of his religious faith. That very fancy is a favorite one with him, and turns up frequently in his conversation, and in the newspapers he reads, to signify the decadence of England, and the certain resurrection of Erin. Whatever colors such a delusion favorably for those who harbor it is mischievous to them and to the nation; and they are ready to find corroboration of their foolish speculations in the smallest matters. The notion that England could not obtain recruits in consequence of Irish emigration, and that she must therefore be prepared to see her army decline in numbers and in bravery, got fast hold of the Fenians, and the non-appearance of the military parade, once familiar in the provinces, strengthened the idea. A recent Parliamentary debate, in which the paucity of recruits was complained of, and the probable necessity to raise the soldier's pay if the numbers of the Queen's forces were to be kept up, was the subject of comment in every Fenian-Irish and Fenian-American journal, and wonderfully cheered the simple Brotherhood. Their ranks were swelling, and those of "England" declining. James Stephens showed in his speech, on his return to New-York, after his escape, that this was the prevailing notion even in his more practical mind. He computed that it would take England three or four months to gather from all parts of her colonial dominions, troops sufficient to cope with his *braves*, who were, in Ireland, he declared two hundred thousand strong. The Fenians immensely underrate the strength of the army in Great Britain,

even numerically. Every regiment of it could be thrown into Ireland, and placed in any part of it, in forty-eight hours, and there would be no risk whatever in removing the entire body from England and Scotland. But these are facts the Irish peasant is not permitted by his political instructors to understand, and he must, accordingly, be taught by the eye.

It is but fairness to the class from whom Irish recruits come to add that treachery to their colors is not a vice of theirs: it was unknown in Ireland before the American seditious element was introduced. On how many fields have the Irishmen of road-side cabins fought loyally and bravely for their Queen! In how many climes have they toiled, suffered, and died for Britain's glory or defence! Have they been ever wanting in emergencies demanding the higher qualities of the soldier? Has it been found more difficult to hold them under discipline than others? Has it not been the pride of the historian to praise their fidelity and valor? Have the Irish rank and file not received the acknowledgments of Parliament for eminent service? In our latest great campaign in the Crimea they were as patient as the English and Scotch troops under privation, as steady in the trenches, as bold in the assault. The Irish are as excellent material of soldiers as ever. They must be preserved, however, from evil influences. The Fenian agents carried about an infection of the deadliest sort, and there was a predisposition which assisted the spreading of the taint. The renewal of the wicked attempt to propagate the malignant influence must be guarded against by a vigilance akin to that shown by the Irish Government so commendably in contending with rinderpest. With ordinary care in guarding the Irish military from the seductions of rebel emissaries, there need be no apprehension about the continuance of Irish recruiting. Reduced as the population is, Ireland will still supply a considerable portion of the bone and sinew of the British armies. Should an opportunity arise in any new war, the Irish soldiers who are inspired by loyal feelings, and indignant beyond description with the Fenians, will wipe out the reproach cast upon them by the conduct of a few. The

thorities, however, must be more careful. Officers must attend better to their duties. It is impossible that what was going on at Cork, Clonmel, and other places, could have remained concealed so long if the officers most in communication with the men had been alive to their responsibilities. There is something else

to be done than training men to manufacture and use weapons. There is a moral influence to be exerted, which, among the gayeties of society, young men are ready to neglect. The soldier is something more than so much human material, to be used as a machine. He has a heart that may be depraved or injured with loyal and honest impulses. He may be trained to the highest point of efficiency, and yet demoralized, and all the more dangerous from his skill and power over his fellows.

To the civilian mind the impression comes with the force of a conviction on rousing the reports of the recent courts martial, that men have been promoted in various regiments to the responsible position of sergeants without the most ordinary exercise of caution. It may be incident to the shortened period of service that these promotions should be made more rapidly. The reduction of the term of enlistment was a grave and costly mistake. It has had many bad effects, but this one has not before been brought under notice. Those trials have remarkably shown how much depends on the ability and efficiency of the non-commissioned officer—how great is his power over his men; how little he is himself under the eye of his superiors; how useless it is to expect that information will be tendered against him by soldiers who are absolutely under his control. And yet several of the men arraigned were raised to the position of sergeants whose characters could have been easily tested. There was culpable carelessness in such a practice. The management of regiments must have been defective when men could enlist as privates, who have been since found to have been Fenians at the time, with the sole object of corrupting the men; could immediately set about their task by spending sums of money no soldier could be expected to possess; could, during the time when this game was being played,

obtain promotion above soldiers longer in the service, and finally secure the position of authority which they desired for the furtherance of their evil purpose. In certain cases this ascent of Fenians was extremely rapid, a couple of years sufficing to accomplish their full design.

It cannot be considered otherwise than a most fortunate circumstance that the services of a soldier so experienced, and an organizer so able, as Sir Hugh Rose, were available when the necessity sprang up in Ireland for a change of military administration. His name inspired confidence. The officers of the army immediately under his control, knowing the man they had to deal with, shook off all tendency to a perfunctory discharge of duties, and applied themselves to their work with zeal and freshness. By frequent reviews and inspections, which have been much more than merely formal ceremonials, the Commander-in-Chief has inaugurated a new system under which the old condition of indiscipline has vanished. The army in Ireland will soon be in the highest state of efficiency. There can be no doubt that this was the object Sir Hugh Rose set before him, and the success he has attained already establishes a strong claim on the gratitude of the nation.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE STUDY OF CELTIC LITERATURE.

PART IV.—CONCLUSION.

If I were asked where English poetry got these three things—its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way, I should answer, with some doubt, that it got much of its turn for style from a Celtic source; with less doubt, that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source; with no doubt at all, that from a Celtic source it got all its natural magic.

Any German with penetration and tact in matters of literary criticism will own that the principal deficiency of German poetry is in its style; that for style, in the highest sense, it shows but little feeling. Take the eminent masters of

style, the poets who best give the idea of what the peculiar power which lies in style is—Pindar, Virgil, Dante, Milton. An example of the peculiar effect which these poets produce, you can hardly give from German poetry. Examples enough you can give from German poetry of the effect produced by genius, thought, and feeling expressing themselves in clear language, simple language, passionate language, eloquent language, with harmony and melody; but not of the peculiar effect exercised by eminent power of style. Every reader of Dante can at once call to mind what the peculiar effect I mean is; I spoke of it in my lectures on translating Homer, and there I took an example of it from Dante, who perhaps manifests it more eminently than any other poet. But from Milton, too, one may take examples of it abundantly; compare this from Milton—

..... "nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras and blind Meonides,"

with this from Goethe—

"Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Ein Charakter sich in dem Strom der Welt."

Nothing can be better in its way than the style in which Goethe there presents his thought; but it is the style of prose as much as of poetry; it is lucid, harmonious, earnest, eloquent, but it has not received that peculiar kneading, heightening, and recasting, which is observable in the style of the passage from Milton—a style which seems to have for its cause a certain pressure of emotion, and an ever-surging, yet bridled, excitement in the poet, giving a special intensity to his way of delivering himself. In poetical races and epochs this turn for style is peculiarly observable; and perhaps it is only on condition of having this somewhat heightened and difficult manner, so different from the plain manner of prose, that poetry gets the privilege of being loosed, at its best moments, into that perfectly simple, limpid style, which is the supreme style of all, but the simplicity of which is still not the simplicity of prose. The simplicity of Menander's style is the simplicity of prose, and is the same kind of simplicity as that which

Goethe's style, in the passage I have quoted, exhibits; but Menander does not belong to a great poetical moment, he comes too late for it; it is the simple passages in poets like Pindar or Dante which are perfect, being masterpieces of *poetical* simplicity. One may say the same of the simple passages in Shakespeare; they are perfect, their simplicity being a *poetical* simplicity. They are the golden, easeful, crowning moments of a manner which is always pitched in another key from that of prose, a manner changed and heightened; the Elizabethan style, regnant in most of our dramatic poetry to this day, is mainly the continuation of this manner of Shakespeare's. It was a manner much more turbid and strown with blemishes than the manner of Pindar, Dante, or Milton; often it was detestable; but it owed its existence to Shakespeare's instinctive impulse towards *style* in poetry, to his native sense of the necessity for it; and without the basis of style everywhere, faulty though it may in some places be, we should not have had the beauty of expression, unsurpassable for effectiveness and charm, which is reached in Shakespeare's best passages. The turn for style is perceptible all through English poetry, proving, to my mind, the genuine poetical gift of the race; this turn imparts to our poetry a stamp of high distinction, and sometimes it doubles the force of a poet not by nature of the very highest order, such as Gray, and raises him to a rank beyond what his natural richness and power seem to promise. Goethe, with his fine critical perception, saw clearly enough both the power of style in itself, and the lack of style in the literature of his own country; and perhaps if we regard him solely as a German, not as a European, his great work was that he labored all his life to impart style to German literature, and firmly to establish it there. Hence the immense importance to him of the world of classical art, and of the productions of Greek or Latin genius, where style so eminently manifests its power. Had he found in the German genius and literature an element of style existing by nature and ready to his hand, half his work, one may say, would have been saved him, and he might have done much more in poe-

But as it was, he had to try and out of his own powers a style for a poetry, as well as to provide for this style to carry; and thus or as a poet was doubled.

It is to be observed that the power of style in the sense in which I am here using of style, is something quite different from the power of idiomatic, nervous, racy expression, such as the expression of healthy, robust natures, as in Luther's, such as Luther's was in a high degree. Style, in my sense of the word, is a peculiar recasting and ordering, under a certain condition of mental excitement, of what a man has in such a manner as to add dignity and distinction to it; and dignity and distinction are not terms which suit acts or words of Luther. Deeply imbued with the *Gemeinheit* which is the mark of his nation, as he is at the same time a grand example of the honesty of his nation's excellence, he can never show himself brave, resolute, useful, without showing a strong taint of coarseness and commonness all the while; the right definition of Luther, our own Bunyan, is that he is a line of genius. So Luther's idiomatic German—such language as: "Hilf lieber Gott, wie manchen er habe ich gesehen, dass der gemann doch so gar nichts weiss von christlichen Lehre!"—no more is a power of style in German literature, than Cobbett's sinewy idiomatic English proves it in English literature. The power of style, properly so-called, as it is used in masters of style like Dante in poetry, Cicero, Bossuet or Burke in prose, is something quite different, and has, as I have said, for its characteristic effect, this—to add dignity and distinction.

It is, then, the Germans are singularly deficient in it; and it is strange that the power of style should show itself so strongly as it does in the Icelandic poetry, if the Scandinavians are such genuine Teutons as is commonly supposed. Fauriel used to speak of the Scandinavian Teutons and German Teutons, as if they were two sets of the same people, and the distinction about them, no doubt, is such this. Since the war in Schleswig-Holstein, however, all one's Ger-

man friends are exceedingly anxious to insist on the difference of nature between themselves and the Scandinavians; when one expresses surprise that the German sense of nationality should be so deeply affronted by the rule over Germans, not of Latins or Celts, but of brother Teutons or next door to it, a German will give you I know not how long a catalogue of the radical points of unlikeness, in genius and disposition, between himself and a Dane. This emboldens me to remark that there is a fire, a sense of style, a distinction, in Icelandic poetry, which German poetry has not. Icelandic poetry, too, shows a powerful and developed technic; and I wish to throw out, for examination by those who are competent to sift the matter, the suggestion that this power of style and development of technic in the Norse poetry seems to point towards an early Celtic influence or intermixture. It is curious that Zeuss, in his grammar, quotes a text which gives countenance to this notion; as late as the ninth century, he says, there were Irish Celts in Iceland; and the text he quotes to show this is as follows: "In 870 A.D., when the Norwegians came to Iceland, there were Christians there, who departed, and left behind them Irish books, bells, and other things; from whence it may be inferred that these Christians were Irish." I speak, and ought to speak, with the utmost diffidence on all these questions of ethnology; but I must say that when I read this text in Zeuss, I caught eagerly at the clew it seemed to offer; for I had been hearing the *Nibelungen* read and commented on in German schools (German schools have the good habit of reading and commenting on German poetry, as we read and comment on Homer and Virgil, but do not read and comment on Chaucer and Shakespeare), and it struck me how the fatal humdrum and want of style of the Germans had marred their way of telling this magnificent tradition of the *Nibelungen*, and taken half its grandeur and power out of it; while in the Icelandic poems which deal with this tradition, its grandeur and power are much more fully visible, and everywhere in the poetry of the Edda there is a force of style and a distinction as unlike as possible to the want of both in the German *Nibelungen*. At

the same time the Scandinavians have a realism, as it is called, in their genius, which abundantly proves their relationship with the Germans; any one whom Mr. Dasent's delightful books have made acquainted with the prose tales of the Norsemen, will be struck with the stamp of a Teutonic nature in them; but the Norse poetry seems to have something which from Teutonic sources alone it could not have derived; which the Germans have not, and which the Celts have.

This something is *style*, and the Celts certainly have it in a wonderful measure. Style is the most striking quality of their poetry; Celtic poetry seems to make up to itself for being unable to master the world and give an adequate interpretation of it, by throwing all its force into style, by bending language at any rate to its will, and expressing the ideas it has with unsurpassable intensity, elevation, and effect. It has all through it a sort of intoxication of style—a *Pindarism*, to use a word formed from the name of the poet, on whom, above all other poets, the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect; and not in its great poets only, in Taliesin, or Llywarch Hen, or Ossian, does the Celtic genius show this Pindarism, but in all its productions:

"The grave of March is this, and this the
grave of Gwythyr;
Here is the grave of Gwgawn Gled-
freidd;
But unknown is the grave of Arthur."

That comes from the Welsh *Memorials of the Graves of the Warriors*, and if we compare it with the familiar memorial inscriptions of an English churchyard (for we English have so much Germanism in us that our productions offer abundant examples of German want of style as well as of its opposite)—

"Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till God did please Death should me seize
And ease me of my pain:"

if, I say, we compare the Welsh memorial lines with the English, which in their *Gemeinheit* of style are truly Germanic, we shall get a clear sense of what that Celtic talent for style I have been speaking of is.

Or take this epitaph of an Irish Celt, Angus the Culdee, whose *Féilire*, or festology, I have already mentioned; a festology in which, at the end of the eighth or beginning of the ninth century, he collected from "the countless hosts of the illuminated books of Erin" (to use his own words) the festivals of the Irish saints, his poem having a stanza for every day in the year. The epitaph on Angus, who died at Cluain Eidhnech, in Queen's County, runs thus:

"Angus in the assembly of Heaven,
Here are his tomb and his bed;
It is from hence he went to death,
In the Friday, to holy Heaven.

"It was in Cluain Eidhnech he was reared;
It was in Cluain Eidhnech he was buried;
In Cluain Eidhnech, of many crosses,
He first read his psalms."

That is by no eminent hand; and yet a Greek epitaph could not show a finer perception of what constitutes propriety and felicity of style in compositions of this nature. Take the well-known Welsh prophecy about the fate of the Britons:

"Their Lord they will praise,
Their speech they will keep,
Their land they will lose,
Except wild Wales."

To however late an epoch that prophecy belongs, what a feeling for style, at any rate, it manifests! And the same thing may be said of the famous Welsh triads. We may put aside all the vexed questions as to their greater or less antiquity, and still what important witness they bear to the genius for literary style of the people who produced them!

Now we English undoubtedly exhibit very often the want of sense for style of our German kinsmen. The churchyard lines I just now quoted afford an instance of it; but the whole branch of our literature—and a very popular branch it is, our hymnology—to which those lines are to be referred, is one continued instance of it. Our German kinsmen and we are the great people for hymns. The Germans are very proud of their hymns, and we are very proud of ours; but it is hard to say which of the two, the German hymn book or ours, has least poetical worth in itself, or does least to prove genuine poetical power in the people pro-

ducing it. I have not a word to say against Sir Roundell Palmer's choice and arrangement of materials for his *Book of Praise*; I am content to put them on a level (and that is giving them the highest possible rank) with Mr. Palgrave's choice and arrangement of materials for his *Golden Treasury*; but yet no sound critic can doubt that, so far as poetry is concerned, while the *Golden Treasury* is a monument of a nation's strength, the *Book of Praise* is a monument of a nation's weakness. Only the German race, with its want of quick instinctive tact, of delicate, sure perception, could have invented the hymn as the Germans and we have it; and our non-German turn for style, of which the very essence is a certain happy fineness and truth of poetical perception, could not but desert us when our German nature carried us into a kind of composition which can please only when the perception is somewhat blunt. Scarcely any one of us ever judges our hymns fairly, because works of this kind have two sides—their side for religion and their side for poetry. Everything which has helped a man in his religious life, everything which associates itself in his mind with the growth of that life, is beautiful and venerable to him; in this way, productions of little or no poetical value, like the German hymns and ours, may come to be regarded as very precious. Their worth in this sense, as means by which we have been edified, I do not for a moment hold cheap; but there is an edification proper to all our stages of development, the highest as well as the lowest, and it is for man to press on towards the highest stages of his development, with the certainty that for those stages, too, means of edification will not be found wanting. Now certainly it is a higher state of development when our fineness of perception is keen than when it is blunt. And if—whereas the Semitic genius placed its highest spiritual life in the religious sentiment, and made that the basis of its poetry—the Indo-European genius places its highest spiritual life in the imaginative reason, and makes that the basis of its poetry, we none the better for wanting the perception to discern a natural law, which after all, like every natural law, in-
le; we are none the

better for trying to make ourselves Semitic, when Nature has made us Indo-European, and to shift the basis of our poetry. We may mean well; all manner of good may happen to us on the road we go; but we are not on our own real right road, the road we must in the end follow. That is why, when our hymns betray a false tendency by losing a power which accompanies the poetical work of our race on our other more suitable lines, the indication thus given is of great value and instructiveness for us. One of our main gifts for poetry deserts us in our hymns, and so gives us a hint as to the one true basis for the spiritual work of an Indo-European people, which the Germans, who have not this particular gift of ours, do not and cannot get in this way, though they may get it in others. It is worth noticing that the masterpieces of the spiritual work of Indo-Europeans taking the pure religious sentiment, and not the imaginative reason, for their basis, are works like the *Imitation*, the *Dies Iræ*, the *Stabat Mater*—works clothing themselves in the middle-age Latin, the genuine native voice of no Indo-European nation. The perfection of their kind, but that kind not perfectly legitimate, they take a language not perfectly legitimate; as if to show that when mankind's Semitic age is once passed, the age which produced the great incomparable monuments of the pure religious sentiment, the books of Job and Isaiah, the Psalms—works truly to be called inspired, because the same divine power which worked in those who produced them works no longer—as if to show us, that, after this primitive age, we Indo-Europeans must feel these works without attempting to remake them; and that our poetry, if it tries to make itself simply the organ of the religious sentiment, leaves the true course, and must conceal this by not speaking a living language. The moment it speaks a living language, and still makes itself the organ of the religious sentiment only, as in the German and English hymns, it betrays weakness; the weakness of all false tendency.

But if, by attending to the Germanism in us English and to its works, one has come to doubt whether we, too, are not thorough Germans by genius and with the German deadness to style, one has

only to repeat to one's self a line of Milton—a poet intoxicated with the passion for style as much as Taliesin or Pindar—to see that we have another side to our genius besides the German one. Whence do we get it? The Normans may have brought in the Latin sense for rhetoric and style—for, indeed, this sense goes naturally with a high spirit and a strenuousness like theirs—but the sense for style which English poetry shows is something finer than we could well have got from a people so positive and so little poetical as the Normans; and it seems to me we may much more plausibly derive it from a root of the poetical Celtic nature in us.

Its chord of penetrating passion and melancholy, again, its *Titanism* as we see it in Byron—what other European poetry possesses that like the English, and where do we get it from? The Celts, with their vehement reaction against the despotism of fact, with their sensuous nature, their manifold striving, their adverse destiny, their immense calamities, the Celts are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion, of this *Titanism* in poetry. A famous book, Macpherson's *Ossian*, carried in the last century this vein like a flood of lava through Europe. I am not going to criticise Macpherson's *Ossian* here; make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious in the book as large as you please; strip Scotland, if you like, of every feather of borrowed plumes which on the strength of Macpherson's *Ossian* she may have stolen from that *vetus et major Scotia*, the true home of the Ossianic poetry, Ireland; I make no objection. But there will still be left in the book a residue with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven, and echoing Sora, and Selma with its silent halls—we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us! Choose any one of the better passages in Macpherson's *Ossian*, and you can see what an apparition of newness and power such a strain must have been to the eighteenth century:

"I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round her head. Raise the song of mourning, O bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us, for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. Let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day."

All Europe felt the power of that melancholy; but what I wish to point out is, that no nation in Europe so caught in its poetry the passionate penetrating accent of the Celtic genius, its strain of *Titanism*, as the English. Goethe, like Napoleon, felt the spell of Ossian very powerfully, and he quotes a long passage from him in his *Werther*. But what is there Celtic, turbulent, and Titanic about the German *Werther*, that amiable, cultivated, and melancholy young man, having for his sorrow and suicide the perfectly definite motive that Lotte cannot be his? Faust, again, has nothing unaccountable, defiant, and Titanic in him; his knowledge does not bring him the satisfaction he expected from it, and meanwhile he finds himself poor and growing old, and balked of the palpable enjoyment of life; and here is the motive for Faust's discontent. In the most energetic and impetuous of Goethe's creations—his *Prometheus*—it is not Celtic self-will and passion, it is rather the Germanic sense of justice and reason, which revolts against the despotism of Zeus. The German *Sehnsucht* itself is a wistful, soft, tearful longing, rather than a struggling, fierce, passionate one. But the Celtic melancholy is struggling, fierce, passionate; to catch its note listen to Llywarch Hen in old age, addressing his crutch:

"O my crutch! is it not autumn, when the fern is red, the water-flag yellow? Have I not hated that which I love?

"O my crutch! is it not winter time now, when men talk together after that they have drunken? Is not the side of my bed left desolate?

"O my crutch! is it not spring, when the cuckoo passes through the air, when the foam

sparkles on the sea? The young maidens no longer love me.

"O my crutch! is it not the first day of May? The furrows, are they not shining; the young corn, is it not springing? Ah, the sight of my handle makes me wroth.

"O my crutch! stand straight, thou wilt support me the better; it is very long since I was Llywarch.

"Behold old age, which makes sport of me, from the hair of my head to my teeth, to my eyes, which women loved.

"The four things I have all my life most hated fall upon me together—coughing and old age, sickness and sorrow.

"I am old, I am alone, shapeliness and warmth are gone from me; the couch of honour shall be no more mine; I am miserable; I am bent on my crutch.

"How evil was the lot allotted to Llywarch, the night when he was brought forth! sorrows without end, and no deliverance from his burden."

There is the Titanism of the Celt, his passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact; and of whom does it remind us so much as of Byron?

"The fire which on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze;
A funeral pile!"

Or, again:

"Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be."

One has only to let one's memory begin to fetch passages from Byron striking the same note as that passage from Llywarch Hen, and she will not soon stop. And all Byron's heroes, not so much in collision with outward things, as breaking on some rock of revolt and misery in the depths of their own nature; Manfred self-consumed, fighting blindly and passionately with I know not what, having nothing of the consistent development and intelligible motive of Faust—Manfred, Lara, Cain, what are they but Titans? Where in European poetry are we to find this Celtic passion of revolt so warm-breathing, puissant, and sincere; except, perhaps, in the creation of a yet greater poet than Byron, but an English poet, too, like Byron—in the Satan of Milton?

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... "what though the field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome."

There, surely, speaks a genius to whose composition the Celtic fibre was not wholly a stranger!

And as, after noting the Celtic Pindarism or power of style present in our poetry, we noted the German flatness coming into our hymns, and found here a proof of our compositeness of nature; so, after noting the Celtic Titanism or power of rebellious passion in our poetry, we may also note the Germanic patience and reasonableness in it, and get in this way a second proof how mixed a spirit we have. After Llywarch Hen's—

"How evil was the lot allotted to Llywarch, the night when he was brought forth:"

after Byron's—

"Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,"

take this of Southey's, in answer to the question whether he would like to have his youth over again:

"Do I regret the past?
Would I live o'er again
The morning hours of life?
Nay, William, nay, not so!
Praise be to God who made me what I am,
Other I would not be."

There we have the other side of our being; the Germanic goodness, docility, and fidelity to nature, in place of the Celtic Titanism.

The Celt's quick feeling for what is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still, the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. The forest solitude, the bubbling spring, the wild flowers, are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there; they are nature's own children, and utter her secrets in a way which makes them something quite different from the woods, waters, and plants of Greek and Latin poetry. Now, of this delicate magic Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress, that it seems impos-

sible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts. Magic is just the word for it—the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism—that the Germans had; but the intimate life of nature, her weird power, and her fairy charm. As the Saxon names of places, with the pleasant wholesome smack of the soil in them—Weathersfield, Thaxted, Shalford—are to the Celtic names of places, with their penetrating, lofty beauty—Velindra, Tyntagel, Caernarvon—so is the homely realism of German and Norse nature to the fairy-like loveliness of Celtic nature. Gwydion wants a wife for his pupil: “Well,” says Math, “we will seek, I and thou, by charms and illusions, to form a wife for him out of flowers. So they took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptized her, and gave her the name of Flower-Aspect.” Celtic romance is full of exquisite touches like that, showing the delicacy of the Celt’s feeling in these matters, and how deep nature lets him come into her secrets. The quick dropping of blood is called “faster than the fall of the dewdrop from the blade of reed-grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest.” And thus is Olwen described: “More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood anemone, amid the spray of the meadow fountains.” For loveliness it would be hard to beat that; and for magical clearness and nearness take the following:

“And in the evening Peredur entered a valley, and at the head of the valley he came to a hermit’s cell, and the hermit welcomed him gladly, and there he spent the night. And in the morning he arose and when he went forth, behold, a shower of snow had fallen the night before, and a hawk had killed a wild fowl in front of the cell. And the noise of the horse scared the hawk away, and a raven alighted upon the bird. And Peredur

stood and compared the blackness of the raven, and the whiteness of the snow, and the redness of the blood, to the hair of the lady whom best he loved, which was blacker than the raven, and to her skin, which was whiter than the snow, and to her two cheeks, which were redder than the blood upon the snow appeared to be.”

And this, which is perhaps less striking, is not less beautiful:

“And early in the day Geraint and Enid left the wood, and they came to an open country, with meadows on one hand and mowers mowing the meadows. And there was a river before them, and the horses bent down and drank the water. And they went up out of the river by a steep bank, and there they met a slender stripling with a satchel about his neck; and he had a small blue pitcher in his hand, and a bowl on the mouth of the pitcher.”

And here the landscape, up to this point so Greek in its clear beauty, is suddenly magicalized by the romance touch: “And they saw a tall tree by the side of the river, one half of which was in flames from the root to the top, and the other half was green and in full leaf.”

Magic is the word to insist upon—a magically vivid and near interpretation of nature; since it is this which constitutes the special charm and power of the effect I am calling attention to, and it is for this that the Celt’s sensibility gives him a peculiar aptitude. But the matter needs rather fine handling, and it is easy to make mistakes here in our criticism. In the first place, Europe tends constantly to become more and more one community, and we tend to become Europeans instead of merely Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians; so whatever aptitude or felicity one people imparts into spiritual work, gets imitated by the others, and thus tends to become the common property of all. Therefore anything so beautiful and attractive as the natural magic I am speaking of, is sure nowadays, if it appears in the productions of the Celts, or of the English, or of the French, to appear in the productions of the Germans also, or in the productions of the Italians; but there will be a stamp of perfectness and inimitableness about it in the literatures where it is

native, which it will not have in the literatures where it is not native. Novalis or Rückert, for instance, have their eye fixed on nature, and have undoubtedly a feeling for natural magic; a rough-and-ready critic easily credits them and the Germans with the Celtic fineness of tact, the Celtic nearness to nature and her secret; but the question is whether the strokes in the German's picture of nature have ever the indefinable delicacy, charm, and perfection of the Celt's touch in the pieces I just now quoted, or of Shakespeare's touch in his daffodil, Wordsworth's in his cuckoo, Keats's in his Autumn, Obermann's in his mountain birch tree, or his Easter daisy among the Swiss farms. To decide, where the gift for natural magic originally lies, whether it is properly Celtic or Germanic, we must decide this question.

In the second place, there are many ways of handling nature, and we are here only concerned with one of them; but a rough-and-ready critic imagines that it is all the same so long as nature is handled at all, and fails to draw the needful distinction between modes of handling her. But these modes are many; I will mention four of them now: there is the conventional way of handling nature, there is the faithful way of handling nature, there is the Greek way of handling nature, there is the magical way of handling nature. In all these last three the eye is on the object, but with a difference; in the faithful way of handling nature, the eye is on the object, and that is all you can say; in the Greek, the eye is on the object, but lightness and brightness are added; in the magical, the eye is on the object, but a charm and magic are added. In the conventional way of handling nature, the eye is not on the object; what that means we all know, we have only to think of our eighteenth century poetry—

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of light,"

to call up any number of instances. Latin poetry supplies plenty of instances also; if we put this from Propertius's

"manus heroum
Mollia compos litora fronde tegit,"

side by side with the line of Theocritus by which it was suggested—

λειμών γάρ σφιν έκκειτο μέγας, στιβάδεσσιν όνειαρ,

we get at the same moment a good specimen both of the conventional and of the Greek way of handling nature. But from our own poetry we may get specimens of the Greek way of handling nature, as well as of the conventional: for instance, Keats's—

"What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with quiet citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?"

is Greek, as Greek as a thing from Homer or Theocritus; it is composed with the eye on the object, a radiancy and light clearness being added. German poetry abounds in specimens of the faithful way of handling nature; an excellent example is to be found in the stanzas called *Zueignung*, prefixed to Goethe's poems: the morning walk, the mist, the dew, the sun, are as faithful as they can be—they are given with the eye on the object; but there the merit of the work, as a handling of nature, stops; neither Greek radiance nor Celtic magic is added; the power of these is not what gives the poem in question its merit, but a power of quite another kind, a power of moral and spiritual emotion. But the power of Greek radiance Goethe could give to his handling of nature, and nobly too, as any one who will read his *Wanderer*—the poem in which a wanderer falls in with a peasant woman and her child by their hut, built out of the ruins of a temple near Cuma—may see. Only the power of natural magic Goethe does not, I think, give: whereas Keats passes at will from the Greek power to that power which is, as I say, Celtic; from his—

"What little town, by river or seashore,"

to his—

"White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine,
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves,"

or his—

. . . "magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn:"

in which the very same note is struck as in those extracts which I quoted from Celtic romance, and struck with authentic and unmistakable power.

Shakespeare, in handling nature, touches

this Celtic note so exquisitely, that perhaps one is inclined to be always looking for the Celtic note in him, and not to recognize his Greek note when it comes. But if one attends well to the difference between the two notes, and bears in mind, to guide one, such things as Virgil's "moss-grown springs and grass softer than sleep"—

"Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba : "

as his charming flower-gatherer, who—

"Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi:"

as his quinces and chestnuts—

... "cana legam tenera lanugine mala
Castaneasque nuces"

then, I think, we shall be disposed to say that in Shakespeare's—

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme
blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine,"

it is mainly a Greek note which is struck. Then, again, in his—

... "look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,"

we are at the very point of transition from the Greek note to the Celtic; there is the Greek clearness and brightness, with the Celtic aerialness and magic coming in. Then we have the sheer, inimitable Celtic note in passages like this—

"Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beached margent of the sea : "

or this, the last I will quote—

"The moon shines bright. In such a night as
this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the
trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls :

... in such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew :

... in such a night
*Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waded her love
To come again to Carthage."*

And those last lines of all are so drenched and intoxicated with the fairy-dew of that natural magic which is our theme, that I cannot do better than end with them.

And now, with the pieces of evidence in our hand, let us go to those who say it is vain to look for Celtic elements in any Englishman, and let us ask them, first, if they seize what we mean by the power of natural magic in Celtic poetry; secondly, if English poetry does not eminently exhibit this power; and, thirdly, where they suppose English poetry got it from?

I perceive that I shall be accused of having rather the air, in what I have said, of denying this and that gift to the Germans, and of establishing our difference from them a little ungraciously and at their expense. The truth is, few people have any real care to analyze closely in their criticism; they merely employ criticism as a means for heaping all praise on what they like, and all blame on what they dislike. Those of us (and they are many) who owe a great debt of gratitude to the German spirit and to German literature, do not like to be told of any powers being lacking there; we are like the young ladies who think the hero of their novel is only half a hero unless he has all perfections united in him. But nature does not work, either in heroes or races, according to the young ladies' notion. We all are what we are, the hero and the great nation are what they are; by our limitations as well as by our powers, by lacking something as well as by possessing something. It is not always gain to possess this or that gift, or loss to lack this or that gift. Our great, our only first-rate body of contemporary poetry is the German; the grand business of modern poetry, a moral interpretation, from an independent point of view, of man and the world, it is only German poetry, Goethe's poetry, that has, since the Greeks, made much way with. Campbell's power of style, and the natural magic of Keats and Wordsworth, and Byron's Titanic personality, may be wanting to this poetry; but see what it has accomplished without them! How much more than Campbell with his power of style, and Keats and Wordsworth with their natural magic, and Byron with his Titanic personality! Why, for the im-

mense serious task it had to perform, the steadiness of German poetry, its going near the ground, its patient fidelity to nature, its using great plainness of speech, poetical drawbacks in one point of view, were safeguards and helps in another. The plainness and earnestness of the two lines I have already quoted from Goethe—

“Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Ein Charakter sich in dem Strom der Welt,”

compared with the play and power of Shakespeare's style or Dante's, suggest at once the difference between Goethe's task and theirs, and the fitness of the faithful laborious German spirit for its own task. Dante's task was to set forth the lesson of the world from the point of view of mediæval Catholicism; the basis of spiritual life was given, Dante had not to make this anew. Shakespeare's task was to set forth the spectacle of the world when man's spirit re-awoke to the possession of the world at the Renaissance. The spectacle of human life, left to bear its own significance and tell its own story, but shown in all its fulness, variety, and power, is at that moment the great matter; but, if we are to press deeper, the basis of spiritual life is still at that time the traditional religion, reformed or unreformed, of Christendom, and Shakespeare has not to supply a new basis. But when Goethe came, Europe had lost her basis of spiritual life; she had to find it again; Goethe's task was—the inevitable task for the modern poet henceforth is—as it was for the Greek poet in the days of Pericles, not to preach a sublime sermon on a given text like Dante, not to exhibit all the kingdoms of human life and the glory of them like Shakespeare, but to interpret human life afresh, and to supply a new spiritual basis to it. This is not only a work for style, eloquence, charm, poetry; it is a work for science; and the scientific serious German spirit, not carried away by this and that intoxication of ear, and eye, and self-will, has peculiar aptitudes for it.

We, on the other hand, do not necessarily gain by the commixture of elements in us; we have seen how the clashing of natures in us hampers and embarrasses our behavior; we might very likely be more attractive, we might very likely be more successful, if we were

all of a piece. Our want of sureness of taste, our eccentricity, come in great measure, no doubt, from our not being all of a piece, from our having no fixed, fatal, spiritual centre of gravity. The Rue de Rivoli is one thing, and Nuremberg is another, and Stonehenge is another; but we have a turn for all three, and lump them all up together. Mr. Tom Taylor's translations from Breton poetry offer a good example of this mixing; he has a genuine feeling for these Celtic matters, and often, as in the *Evil Tribute of Nomenoë*, or in *Lord Nann and the Fairy*, he is, both in movement and expression, true and appropriate; but he has a sort of Teutonism and Latinism in him too, and so he cannot forbear mixing with his Celtic strain such disparates as—

“’Twas mirk, mirk night, and the water bright
Troubled and drumlie flowed: ”

which is evidently Lowland-Scotch; or as—

“Foregad, but thou'rt an artful hand ! ”

which is English-stagey; or as—

“To Gradlon's daughter, bright of blee,
Her lover he whispered tenderly—
Bethink thee, sweet Dahut ! the key ! ”

which is Anacreontic in the manner of Tom Moore. Yes, it is not a sheer advantage to have several strings to one's bow; if we had been all German we might have had the science of Germany; if we had been all Celtic, we might have been popular and agreeable; if we had been all Latinized, we might have governed Ireland as the French govern Alsace, without getting ourselves detested. But now we have Germanism enough to make us Philistines, and Normanism enough to make us imperious, and Celtism enough to make us self-conscious and awkward; but German fidelity to Nature, and Latin precision and clear reason, and Celtic quick-wittedness and spirituality, we fall short of. Nay, perhaps, if we are doomed to perish (Heaven avert the omen !), we shall perish by our Celtism, by our self-will and want of patience with ideas, our inability to see the way the world is going; and yet those very Celts, by our affinity with whom we are perishing, will be hating and upbraiding us all the time.

This is a somewhat unpleasant view of the matter, but if it is true, its being unpleasant does not make it any less true, and we are always the better for seeing the truth. What we here see is not the whole truth, however. So long as this mixed constitution of our nature possesses us, we pay it tribute and serve it; so soon as we possess it, it pays us tribute and serves us. So long as we are blindly and ignorantly rolled about by the forces of our nature, their contradiction baffles us and lames us; so soon as we have clearly discerned what they are, and begun to apply to them a law of measure, control, and guidance, they may be made to work for our good and to carry us forward. Then we may have the good of our German part, the good of our Latin part, the good of our Celtic part; and instead of one part clashing with the other, we may bring it in to continue and perfect the other, when the other has given us all the good it can yield, and by being pressed further, could only give us its faulty excess. Then we may use the German faithfulness to Nature to give us science, and to free us from insolence and self-will; we may use the Celtic quickness of perception to give us delicacy, and to free us from hardness and Philistinism; we may use the Latin decisiveness to give us strenuous clear method, and to free us from fumbling and idling. Already, in their untrained state, these elements give signs, in our life and literature, of their being present in us, and a kind of prophecy of what they could do for us if they were properly observed, trained, and applied. But this they have not yet been; we ride one force of our nature to death; we will be nothing but Anglo-Saxons in the Old World or in the New; and when our race has built Boldstreet, Liverpool, and pronounced it very good, it hurries across the Atlantic, and builds Nashville, and Jacksonville, and Milledgeville, and thinks it is fulfilling the designs of Providence in an incomparable manner. But true Anglo-Saxons, simply and sincerely rooted in the German nature, we are not and cannot be; all we have accomplished by our onesidedness is to blur and confuse the natural basis in ourselves altogether, and to become something eccentric, unattractive, and inharmonious.

A man of exquisite intelligence and charming character, the late Mr. Cobden, used to fancy that a better acquaintance with the United States was the grand panacea for us; and once in a speech he bewailed the inattention of our seats of learning to them, and seemed to think that if our ingenious youth at Oxford were taught a little less about the *Iliad*, and a little more about Chicago, we should all be the better for it. Chicago has its claims upon us, no doubt; but it is evident that from the point of view to which I have been leading, a stimulation of our Anglo-Saxonism, such as is intended by Cobden's proposal, does not appear the thing most needful for us; seeing our American brothers themselves have rather, like us, to try and moderate the flame of Anglo-Saxonism in their own breasts, than to ask us to clap the bellows to it in ours. So I am inclined to beseech Oxford, instead of expiating her over-addiction to the *Iliad* by lectures on Chicago, to give us an expounder for a still more remote-looking object than the *Iliad*—the Celtic languages and literature. And yet why should I call it remote? if, as I have been laboring to show, in the spiritual frame of us English ourselves, a Celtic fibre, little as we may have ever thought of tracing it, lives and works. *Aliens in speech, in religion, in blood*, said Lord Lyndhurst; the philologists have set him right about the speech, the physiologists about the blood; and perhaps, taking religion in the wide but true sense of our whole spiritual activity, those who have followed what I have been saying to-day will think that the Celt is not so wholly alien to us in religion. But, at any rate, let us consider that of the shrunken and diminished remains of this great primitive race, all, with one insignificant exception, belongs to the English empire; only Brittany is not ours: we have Ireland, the Scotch Highlands, Wales, the Isle of Man, Cornwall. They are part of ourselves, we are deeply interested in knowing them, they are deeply interested in being known by us; and yet in the great and rich universities of this great and rich country there is no chair of Celtic, there is no study or teaching of Celtic matters; those who want them must go abroad for them. It is neither right nor reasonable that this

could be so. Ireland has had in the last half century a band of Celtic students—a band with which death, alas! has often been busy—from whence Oxford or Cambridge might have taken an admirable professor of Celtic; and with the authority of a university chair a great Celtic scholar, on a subject little known, and where all would have readily deferred to him, might have by this time doubled our facilities for knowing the Celt, by procuring for this country Celtic documents which were inaccessible here, and reversing the dispersion of others which were accessible. It is not much that the English Government does for science or literature; but if Eugene O'Curry, from chair of Celtic at Oxford, had appealed to the Government to get him copies or the originals of the Celtic treasures in the Argundian Library at Brussels, or in the library of St. Isidore's College at Rome, even the English Government would not well have refused him. The valuable Irish manuscripts in the Stowe library the late Sir Robert Peel wished to buy for the British Museum, in 1849; Lord Macaulay, one of the trustees of the Museum, declared, with the confident allowance which makes him so admired by public speakers and leading-article writers, and so intolerable to all searches for truth, that he saw nothing in the whole collection worth purchasing for the Museum, except the correspondence of Lord Melville on the American war. That is to say, this correspondence of Lord Melville's was the only thing in the collection about which Lord Macaulay himself knew or cared. Perhaps an Oxford or Cambridge professor of Celtic might have been allowed to make his voice heard, on a matter of Celtic manuscripts, even against Lord Macaulay. The manuscripts were bought by Lord Ashburnham, who keeps them shut up, and will let no one consult them (at least up to the date when O'Curry published his *Lectures* he did so), "for fear an actual acquaintance with their contents would decrease their value as matter of curiosity at some future transfer or sale." Who knows? Perhaps an Oxford professor of Celtic might have touched the tiny heart of Lord Ashburnham.

It is clear that the system of professorship in our universities is at the present

moment based on no intelligent principle, and does not by any means correspond with the requirements of knowledge. I do not say any one is to blame for this. Sometimes the actual state of things is due to the wants of another age—as, for instance, in the overwhelming preponderance of theological chairs; all the arts and sciences, it is well known, were formerly made to centre in theology. Sometimes it is due to mere haphazard, to the accident of a founder having appeared for one study, and no founder having appeared for another. Clearly it was not deliberate design which provided Anglo-Saxon with a chair at Oxford, while the Teutonic languages, as a group, have none, and the Celtic languages have none. It is as if we had a chair of Oscan, or of Æolic Greek, before we had a chair of Greek or Latin. The whole system of our university chairs evidently wants recasting, and adapting to the needs of modern science.

I say, of *modern science*; and it is important to insist on these words. Circumstances at Oxford and Cambridge give special prominence to their function as finishing schools to carry young men of the upper classes of society through a certain limited course of study. But a university is something more and higher than a great finishing school for young gentlemen, however distinguished. A university is a member of a European confraternity for continually enlarging the domain of human knowledge and pushing back in all directions its boundaries. The statutes of the College of France, drawn up at the best moment of the Renaissance and informed with the true spirit of that generous time, admirably fix, for a university professor or representative of the higher studies of Europe, his aim and duty. The *Lecteur Royal* is left with the amplest possible liberty; only one obligation is imposed on him—to promote and develop, to the highest possible pitch, the branch of knowledge with which he is charged. In this spirit a university should organize its professorships; in this spirit a professor should use his chair. So that if the Celtic languages are an important object of science, it is no objection to giving them a chair at Oxford or Cambridge, that young men preparing for their

degree have no call to study them. The relation of a university chair is with the higher studies of Europe, and not with the young men preparing for their degree. If its occupant has had but five young men at his lectures, or but one young man, or no young man at all, he has done his duty if he has served the higher studies of Europe; or, not to leave out America, let us say, the higher studies of the world. If he has not served these, he has not done his duty, though he had at his lectures five hundred young men. But undoubtedly the most fruitful action of a university chair, even upon the young college student, is produced not by bringing down the university chair to his level, but by beckoning him up to its level. Only in this way can that love for the things of the mind, which is the soul of true culture, be generated—by showing the things of the mind in their reality and power. Where there is fire, people will come to be warmed at it; and every notable spread of mental activity has been due, not to the arrangement of an elaborate machinery for schooling, but to the electric wind of a glowing, disinterested play of mind. "Evidences of Christianity," Coleridge used to say, "I am weary of the word! make a man feel the want of Christianity." "The young men's education," one may in like manner cry, "I am sick of seeing it organized! make the young men feel the want, the worth, the power of education."

At this moment, when the narrow Philistinism which has long had things its own way in England, is showing its natural fruits, and we are beginning to feel ashamed, and uneasy, and alarmed at it; now, when we are becoming aware that we have sacrificed to Philistinism culture, and insight, and dignity, and acceptance, and weight among the nations, and hold on events that deeply concern us, and control of the future, and yet that it cannot even give us the fool's paradise it promised us, but is apt to break down, and to leave us with Mr. Roebuck's and Mr. Lowe's laudations of our matchless happiness, and the bank rate of discount at ten per cent., and the largest circulation in the world assured to the *Daily Telegraph*, for our only comfort; at such a moment it

needs some moderation not to be attacking Philistinism by storm, but to mine it through such gradual means as the slow approaches of culture, and the introduction of chairs of Celtic. But the hard unintelligence, which is just now our bane, cannot be conquered by storm; it must be supplanted and reduced by culture, by a growth in the variety, fulness, and sweetness of our spiritual life; and this end can only be reached by studying things that are outside of ourselves, and by studying them disinterestedly. Let us reunite ourselves with our better mind and with the world through science; and let it be one of our angelic revenges on the Philistines, who among other sins are the guilty authors of Fenianism, to found at Oxford a chair of Celtic, and to send, through the gentle ministrations of science, a message of peace to Ireland.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.R.S., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

AT Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770, the great poet William Wordsworth, was born. The house in which he first saw the light cheered and gladdened him for more than eighty years, and from which came the light that will cheer and gladden hundreds of millions, as long as man endures—the house is still standing. It is a gentleman's residence now, as it was then; for he was of a good family, was educated at Hawkshead school, and graduated at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1787.

His is not a "full" life in the ordinary sense of the term; and it may be told in a few sentences. He has said that "a poet's life is written in his works;" of himself it is especially true.*

* He did, however, write—or rather he dictated—a brief biography, which his nephew, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Archdeacon of Westminster, has published in his comprehensive, yet succinct, reverential, affectionate, and by no means over-enlarged, *Memoirs of the Poet*. "The Prelude" also—a poem published after his death,

He was never "at home" at the University; and he has left few records of his residence there.

"He was not for that hour nor for that place." Feeling

"How gracious, how benign is solitude,"

he ever yearned for his native vales. Visiting them in 1788, his heart was won to his first love, and with few brief intervals they became his "home" till death:

"When to the attractions of this busy world,
Preferring studious lessons, I had chosen
A habitation in this peaceful vale."

"The child is father of the man;" from the "dawn of childhood," he had been sanctified by "sweet discipline"—

"Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, and enduring things
With life and nature."

Before he had found his "loophole of retreat," he had other "discipline," painful and humiliating—but which, happily, left no evil influence on his heart and mind. While little more than a youth, he was tainted by that which tainted also Southey and Coleridge; he avowed himself a republican, an enemy to hereditary monarchy and hereditary peerage. On his return from a residence in France, he writes—

"I brought with me the faith
That if France prospered, good men would
not long
Pay fruitless worship to Humanity."

He was soon taught, however, by a merciful Providence, that a house "mortared with blood" must inevitably fall; he had seen the wicked Republic only begin her "maniac dance;" while the "sleeping snakes were covered with flowers;" when "the atheist crew" were preparing their foul orgies, with smiles and greetings in the holy name of Liberty;

"When blasts
From hell came sanctified like airs from
heaven!"

but commenced at a very early period—"is designed to exhibit the growth of his mind, from infancy to the year 1799, when he, so to speak, entered upon his mission and ministry, and deliberately resolved to devote his time and faculties to the art and office of a Poet." But in fact, there is hardly one of his poems that does not give us some insight into his thoughts, feelings, hopes, and aspirations—"the inner man."

and he mournfully, and in a deeply repentant spirit, writes that, when thanksgivings for victories gained by the armies of England were offered up in her churches,

"I only, like an uninvited guest
Whom no one owned, sate silent."

Yet it was he, who, in after life, so heroically addressed the

"Vanguard of Liberty—ye men of Kent!"

when threats of invasion came across the narrow strait that divides England from France; and who, in 1803, exclaimed with all his heart and soul—

"Shout! for a mighty victory is won."

He was not, indeed, as Southey was—branded as "renegade;" for the even tenor of his way was such as to create no personal or political enemies; but, happily for himself and for mankind, the Laureate Wordsworth was as thorough an "apostate" from the devilish faith of his youthhood as was the Laureate Southey.

There is not much to tell of the earlier years of the poet; he was drinking his fill from the pure fountain of nature; grounding himself to become her great High Priest; learning from the Book that cannot be closed to the student; preparing to spread for Humanity a feast that never satiates, and to make millions after millions his debtors for delights enjoyed, instruction received, and benefits, incalculable, conferred on the whole human family.

Just at the most critical period of his life, when his prospects were so little cheering that, it is said, he was seeking employment in connection with the London press—a friend died, and left him a considerable sum of money. That "event," for such it was, no doubt determined the after career of the poet; it gave him vigor for the race that was set before him, armed him for the fight of life, enabled him to array

"His temples with the Muse's diadem."

"That friend bore the name of Calvert"—Raisley Calvert—and no memory of the poet can be without an expression of gratitude to him:

"He cleared a passage for me, and the stream
Flowed in the bent of Nature."

Other aids came from other friends; good Sir George Beaumont, who some years before had warned the painter Haydon against "the terrific democratic notions of William Wordsworth," bequeathed to him an annuity; he was appointed to the office of "stamp-distributor" for his native county, was placed on a list called a "Pension list"—the record of England's meagre boons to her worthies; ultimately he became Poet Laureate, and throughout his long life was, in a word, independent.

"Blessed be the God
Of Nature and of Man that this was so!"

He never felt, as so many poets have felt,

"The influence of malignant star,"

never toiled for the bread that is often bitter to the high of soul; it was not his destiny to

"Learn in suffering what he taught in song."

In 1799, Wordsworth first found a home at Town-end, Grasmere—a comparatively humble cottage. In 1802, he was married to Mary Hutchinson; they had known each other from childhood, and had been playfellows in youth. In 1808, they removed to Allan Bank, near at hand, and in 1813, to Rydal Mount, a house that any pilgrim to English shrines may yet visit; a house that if it perish can never be forgotten. There, for thirty-seven years, they lived, and there, on the 23d of April, 1850, his spirit was called from earth.

There was another light in his home, beside that which was sent to be the darling of his heart; a "phantom of delight," his "second self"—

"A creature, not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food,"

his companion, his friend, his adviser, his encourager, his comforter, his trust, his hope, and his wife.* They had five chil-

dren, two of whom, Thomas and Catherine, died young; "sweet Dora" became the wife of Mr. Quillinan; and of his surviving sons, William, the eldest, is now distributor of stamps residing at Carlisle; the second, John, is the Rector of Plumland and Vicar of Brigham, Cumberland.

That other light was his sister Dorothy—"Dorothea, given of God." Matronly duties never called her from his side; from his earliest boyhood, from the time when his mother's prophecy was uttered, "William will be remarkable, either for good or for evil," she had been ever near him:

"The blessing of my later years
Was with me when I was a boy."

To the poet, who loved her with devout affection, she was a perpetual blessing; it was she who, in his early days of peril—

"Maintained for me a saving intercourse
With my true self."

To her he owed much, and to her, therefore, mankind owes much. "She gave me," writes the poet—

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears,
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy."

She did more than that; she dispelled foreboding shadows; "softened down as over sternness;" planted the rock with flowers; and the heart that might have been biassed to evil—indeed, at one time, the peril was great—she led—God guided—into the pleasant paths of Peace, and Love, and Hope, and Joy. We have not the poet's tribute only to this guardian and ministering angel. De Quincy, who knew her well, and it is said worshipped her as "a star apart," testified her quick and ready sympathy with every living thing. And when Wordsworth brought his wife to be the house-mate of his sister, she became the true friend of the one as she was the true friend of the other.

There are few of what are termed

* Of the wife of Wordsworth, De Quincy thus writes: "She furnished a remarkable proof how possible it is for a woman, neither handsome nor even comely, according to the rigor of criticism, to exercise all the practical fascination of beauty, through the mere compensating charm of sweet-

ness, all but 'angelic,' of simplicity the mother-tire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart, speaking through all her looks, words, and movements."

don thus speaks of Wordsworth : " With his usual cheerfulness, he delighted us by his bursts of inspiration ;" and adds : " His purity of heart, his kindness, his soundness of principle, his information, his knowledge, and the intense and eager feeling with which he pours forth all he knows, interests and enchants me ;" and again : " He follows Nature like an apostle, sharing her solemn moods and impressions." This is the testimony of his old and familiar friend, Southey : " The strength and character of his mind you see in ' The Excursion ' "—" The Prelude " then existed only in *ms.*—" and his life does not belie his writings, for in every relation of it, and in every point of view, he is a truly exemplary and admirable man."

Dr. Wordsworth wrote these lines in a volume of his brother's poems :

" In diction, in nature, in grace, in variety, in purity, in philosophy, in morals, in piety, does he not surpass all our writers ? "

This is Mrs. Hemans's compliment to Wordsworth :

" True bard, and holy ! thou art even as one
Who by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie."

She also describes him in prose. " There is an almost patriarchal simplicity about him, an absence of all pretension—all is free, unstudied :

' The river winding at its own sweet will,'

in his manner and conversation. There is more of impulse about him than I had expected ; but in other respects, I see much that I should have looked for in the poet of meditative life ; frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in quiet depths of thought. His reading is very peculiar ; but to my ear delightful, slow, solemn, earnest in expression more than any I have ever heard ; when he reads, or recites in the open air, his deep, rich tones seem to proceed from a spirit voice, and belong to the religion of the place ; they harmonize so fitly with the thrilling tones of woods and waterfalls." And again she says : " His voice has something quite breeze-like in the soft gradation of its swells and falls." " His man-

ners are distinguished by that frank simplicity which I believe to be ever the characteristic of *real* genius ; his conversation is perfectly free and unaffected, yet remarkable for power of expression and vivid imagery." She speaks also of his gentle and affectionate playfulness in his intercourse with all the members of his family. " There is a daily beauty in his life which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed and felt it."

" True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

Sir John McNeill, proposing the health of Wordsworth at the Burns Festival, thus spoke of him : " Dwelling in his high and lofty philosophy, he finds nothing that God has made common or unclean ; he finds nothing in human society too humble, nothing in external nature too lowly, to be made the fit exponent of the bounty and goodness of the Most High." I copy these lines from a poem by Laman Blanchard :

" Who looked on common life, with all its
care,
And found a beauty and a blessing there,
Who steered his course by Nature's sacred
chart,
And shed a halo round the human heart."

And Talfourd, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons in 1837, thus spoke of him : " He has supplied the noblest antidote to the freezing effects of the scientific spirit of the age, and while he has done justice to the poetry of greatness, has cast a glory round the lowest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest." His habits were almost those of an anchorite ; he had no artificial wants ; his luxuries were those which abundant nature supplied :

" Rich in the wealth
Which is collected among woods and fields."

It may be that his intense love of nature induced forgetfulness of that eternal truth :

" The proper study of mankind is man ! " *

* Yet Mrs. Hemans tells us that " when pestered with albums " he found it convenient to administer the same line to all patients :

" The proper study of mankind is man."

seemed to come from unfathomed depths;" "the nose a little large and arched." He was tall—five feet, eleven inches; but seemed taller when he stood or sate; although "in walking he had a slouched or sidling gait that took from his height." Thus Leigh Hunt pictures him: "I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes." He adds: "He had a dignified manner, with a deep and roughish, but not unpleasing voice, and an exalted mode of speaking." In later life, one of his acquaintances writes of "his venerable head; his simple, natural, and graceful attitude in his own chair; his respectful attention to the slightest remarks or suggestions of others in relation to what was spoken of; his kindly benevolence of expression as he looked round now and then upon the circle." His nephew, Archdeacon Wordsworth, writes of "the broad, full forehead, the silver hair, the deep and varied intonations of the voice." An American writer describes his eyes in his eightieth year as giving to his countenance its high intellectual expression.*

Such, according to these authorities, was the "outer man," Wordsworth. Having quoted them, I scruple to give my own portrait, yet I must do so, as I drew it in 1832, during one of his brief visits to London.

His features were large, and not suddenly expressive; they conveyed little idea of the "poetic fire" usually associated with brilliant imagination. His eyes were mild and up-looking, his mouth coarse rather than refined, his forehead high rather than broad; but every action seemed considerate, and every look self-possessed, while his voice, low in tone,

had that persuasive eloquence which invariably "moves men."

Perhaps, it was impossible to find two men whose "faces" more thoroughly differed than did those of Southey and Wordsworth.

Wanderers in Westmoreland will see the same type in every third peasant they meet; a face long and narrow, a forehead high, a long and rather aquiline nose, with eyes meek and gentle, expressing little strength, and nothing of strong passion. There are many portraits of him. He "believed he had sate twenty times." That which I prefer, excepting perhaps the bust by Thrudd, which brings him more thoroughly before me, is by Pickersgill, painted for St. John's College, Cambridge, and which Wordsworth himself greets in some lines:

"Go, faithful portrait," etc.

It is the portrait given in the *Book of Gems*; it was painted sitting under a rock at the side of a mountain. That by the American artist, Inman, seemed to have been the one he and his family liked best. It was the one, or rather a copy of it, that hung in his own dining room. Wordsworth writes about "an engraving from a picture by Mr. Haydon, of me in the act of climbing Helvellyn." I have never seen it. Southey says that Hazlitt painted a portrait of Wordsworth so "dismally," that on seeing it one of his friends exclaimed: "At the gallows deeply affected by his deserved fate, but determined to die like a man."

To "the inner man," Wordsworth, there are abundant testimonies. Coleridge, when he first knew Wordsworth in early youth at Allfoxden, says: "Whose society I found an invaluable blessing, and to whom I looked up with equal reverence as a poet, a philosopher, and a man;" and he writes to Cottle about the same period: "He is one whom, God knows, I love and honor as far beyond myself, as both morally and intellectually he is above me." Thus Lockhart—*Peter's Letters*: "His poetry is the poetry of external nature and profound feeling, and such is the hold which these high themes have taken of his intellect, that he seldom dreams of descending to the tone in which the ordinary conversation of men is pitched." Hay-

* Another American, Emerson, in 1833, styles him "a plain, elderly, white-haired man, not prepossessing, and disfigured by green goggles." Emerson saw him again in 1846, and says: "He had a healthy look, with a weather-beaten face, his face corrugated, especially the large nose." But it is clear that Wordsworth excited no reverence in the mind of Emerson; if that clear-sighted and cold reasoning man had hero-worship, it was not for the poet.

don thus speaks of Wordsworth : " With his usual cheerfulness, he delighted us by his bursts of inspiration ; " and adds : " His purity of heart, his kindness, his soundness of principle, his information, his knowledge, and the intense and eager feeling with which he pours forth all he knows, interests and enchants me ; " and again : " He follows Nature like an apostle, sharing her solemn moods and impressions." This is the testimony of his old and familiar friend, Southey : " The strength and character of his mind you see in ' The Excursion ' "—" The Prelude " then existed only in ms.—" and his life does not belie his writings, for in every relation of it, and in every point of view, he is a truly exemplary and admirable man."

Dr. Wordsworth wrote these lines in a volume of his brother's poems :

" In diction, in nature, in grace, in variety, in purity, in philosophy, in morals, in piety, does he not surpass all our writers ? "

This is Mrs. Hemans's compliment to Wordsworth :

" True bard, and holy ! thou art even as one
Who by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie."

She also describes him in prose. " There is an almost patriarchal simplicity about him, an absence of all pretension—all is free, unstudied :

' The river winding at its own sweet will,'

in his manner and conversation. There is more of impulse about him than I had expected ; but in other respects, I see much that I should have looked for in the poet of meditative life ; frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in quiet depths of thought. His reading is very peculiar ; but to my ear delightful, slow, solemn, earnest in expression more than any I have ever heard ; when he reads, or recites in the open air, his deep, rich tones seem to proceed from a spirit voice, and belong to the religion of the place ; they harmonize so fitly with the thrilling tones of woods and waterfalls." And again she says : " His voice has something quite breeze-like in the soft gradation of its swells and falls." " His man-

ners are distinguished by that frank simplicity which I believe to be ever the characteristic of *real* genius ; his conversation is perfectly free and unaffected, yet remarkable for power of expression and vivid imagery." She speaks also of his gentle and affectionate playfulness in his intercourse with all the members of his family. " There is a daily beauty in his life which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed and felt it."

" True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

Sir John McNeill, proposing the health of Wordsworth at the Burns Festival, thus spoke of him : " Dwelling in his high and lofty philosophy, he finds nothing that God has made common or unclean ; he finds nothing in human society too humble, nothing in external nature too lowly, to be made the fit exponent of the bounty and goodness of the Most High." I copy these lines from a poem by Laman Blanchard :

" Who looked on common life, with all its
care,
And found a beauty and a blessing there,
Who steered his course by Nature's sacred
chart,
And shed a halo round the human heart."

And Talfourd, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons in 1837, thus spoke of him : " He has supplied the noblest antidote to the freezing effects of the scientific spirit of the age, and while he has done justice to the poetry of greatness, has cast a glory round the lowest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest." His habits were almost those of an anchorite ; he had no artificial wants ; his luxuries were those which abundant nature supplied :

" Rich in the wealth
Which is collected among woods and fields."

It may be that his intense love of nature induced forgetfulness of that eternal truth :

" The proper study of mankind is man ! " *

* Yet Mrs. Hemans tells us that " when pestered with albums " he found it convenient to administer the same line to all patients :

" The proper study of mankind is man."

for he mixed but little with society, and his happiest hours were those he passed "at home" in the bosom of a family by whom he was revered as well as loved; and among a few chosen friends by whom he was almost adored.

I may, perhaps, venture to give my own appreciation of his character as I wrote it (*Book of Gems*) in 1837 :

"The style of Wordsworth is essentially vernacular, at once vigorous and simple. He is ever true to nature, and, therefore, if we except Shakespeare, no writer is so often quoted; passages from his poems having become familiar as household words, and are perpetually called into use to give strong and apt expression to the thoughts and feelings of others. This is, perhaps, the highest compliment a poet can receive; it has been liberally paid to him even by those who knew little of the rich mine of which they are but specimens. With him the commonest objects :

'Bare trees, and mountains bare,
The grass, and the green fields,'

are things sacred; he has an alchemy of his own, by which he draws from them 'a kind of quintessence,' and rejecting the 'gross matter' presents to us the present ore. He sees nothing loftier than human hopes—nothing deeper than the human heart; and while he worships nature, he so paints her aspect to others that he may succeed in 'linking to her fair works the human soul.' His poems are full of beauties peculiarly their own, of original thoughts, of fine sympathies, and of grave, yet cheerful wisdom."*

My readers will not consider out of place some touching and eloquent lines, written on visiting the scenes of the poet's triumphs, by John Dillon, Esq., a gentleman who, in the active discharge of duties connected with commercial life, has had leisure to cultivate and cherish the arts that refine and elevate, and did not find the labors incident to trade antagonistic to enjoyments derivable from intercourse with the Muses :

He did not so summarily dismiss Mrs. Hall's album, writing there the lines beginning :

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,"

writing them, I am proud to say, when seated at her own library table.

* In a letter to me (dated December 23d, 1837), he writes in reference to my memoir of him : " Absurdly unreasonable would it be in me if I were not satisfied with your notice of my writings and character. All I can further say is, that I have *wished* both to be what you indulgently say they are."

"I understand him better, that I've seen
His mountains and his valleys, and those
lakes,
The near lake and the distant ; sate me
down
In his own garden, where he thought and
felt ;
For thought to him was feeling ; seen his
house,
Tasted the freshness of the air he breathed,
And know the world he lived in, sung, and
loved ;
Beheld that purple mountain, those green
hills.

Nature to him was faith, and earth a heaven.
Man was to him a shepherd on the fells,
And human life the gray and winding path
That wanders up the mountains, and then
fades

In mist and distance. . . .
His mind was as that flying cloud of light
Which rushes o'er the mountains and the
plains,

Then mingles in the waters like a dream.
The earth and skies, the sunshine and the
storm,

The mighty mountain and the gurgling
stream,
Fell on his vision, till his sense became
All eye-sight.

A mind like his
Sees in the merest nook where waters
dwells

The smallest flower that springs there, and
the dew,

The single dewdrop that weighs down its
lids,

Rich specimen of nature, to be kept
And hoarded 'mid the treasures of his
thoughts

Even as a wonder, and a proof of God."

The poet's "ways" were, of course, familiar in the neighborhood where he had lived so long. A good walker, he was acquainted with every spot within twenty miles of him,* and he was often found a stroller at night; the people used to hear him "maundering" about the roads, talking to himself—composing of course; but much of his poetry was produced while moving up and down "the poet's walk"—the walk that led from his hall-door to the end of the plantation.

Neighbors, when they saw him going

* "I calculate," writes De Quincy, "that Wordsworth must have travelled one hundred and eighty thousand miles on his legs; a mode of exertion which, to him, stood in the stead of stimulants, and all other stimulants whatsoever to the mind spirits."

the floor of his "study," that was ever out of doors, used to say, as they listened to his solemn voice: "Ah! there he is—maundering about again!" Ay, he was drinking deep draughts from that eternal fountain which furnished living water to mankind. His mind was ranging over the whole domain of nature, while on-lookers thought him an idler in the waste of life; intensely enjoying all that met his eye or ear, and revelling in sights and sounds to which those about him were blind and deaf.*

It is notorious that the poet lived to be an old man before the world had learned to appreciate his genius. Yet so early as 1804 this is the opinion of Southey, the soundest and safest, while the most generous, of critics: "He will rank among the very best poets, and probably possesses a mass of merits superior to all, except only Shakespeare." Again he writes in reference to Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*: "I do not hesitate to say that in the whole compass of poetry, ancient or modern, there is no collection of miscellaneous poems comparable to them, nor any work whatever which discovers greater strength of mind, or higher poetical genius." And again: "It is by the side of Milton that Wordsworth will have his station awarded by posterity."†

* Yet in Wordsworth nature was, at one opening, quite shut out. Southey tells us that "Wordsworth had no sense of smell. Once, and once only, in his life, the dormant power awakened. It was by a bed of stocks in full bloom; and he says it was like a vision of Paradise to him; but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has since continued torpid." Mr. Charles Kent, one of the later friends of Leigh Hunt, tells us he had a similar defect—the joy that is given by sweet scents having been denied to him.

† Southey was, however, as fully aware as any critic that the friend he loved was not without "fault." In a letter from Southey to Miss Seward (dated September 10th, 1807), lent to me by Mr. Dillon, from his rare and extensive collection of autographs, I find the following remarks on Wordsworth: "You speak of his poems as I should expect, fairly appreciating their defects and excellencies. William Wordsworth is a most extraordinary man, one whose powers as a poet it is not possible to overrate, and who will stand in the first rank of poets. It is the vice of his intellect to be always on the stretch and strain—to look at pileworts and daffodowndillies through the same telescope which he applies to the moon and stars, and to find subjects for philosophizing and fine feeling, just as Don Quixote did for chivalry, in every peasant and vagabond he meets. Had I been his adviser, part of his last volume

But Southey was alone, or nearly so. Charles Lamb did, indeed, greet him with the

"All hail hereafter!"

and De Quincey, when a youth, worshipped at his shrine. Yet, although from the beginning he "fit audience found, though few,"* and was ever, emphatically, "a poet for poets," Fame was slow with acknowledgment, and tardy with reward; and he was aged before his recognition as a poet for universal man. For many years, with a consciousness of power not to be suppressed, he lived with a knowledge that he was "scorned." The word is not too strong to express the general sentiment with which he was regarded. All the critics were "down upon him." The "oracles" were not merely dumb: they jeered, they pitied, and thought they paid him but fairly and dealt with him only leniently, when they gave him contempt for the "puerilities" and "absurdities" that most of them lived to see immortalities.†

No wonder that intercourse with humanity became distasteful to him; that he sought, instead, converse with nature—the vales, and skies, and "common things."

Not only were the critics his foes; even loving friends often shook their heads, and smiled at the poet's simplicity in fancying the world could ever accept verses such as his. One of them ventured to intimate that among the lyrics there

would have been suppressed. The storm of ridicule which they would draw down might have been foreseen; and he is foolishly, and even dis-easedly, sensible to the censure he despises, like one who is flea-bitten into a fever. But what must that blindness of the heart be, which is dead to the noble poetry contained in these volumes?"

* In a letter to Moxon, in 1833, he states that not a single copy of his poems had been sold by one of the leading booksellers in Cumberland, "though Cumberland is my native county."

† Among the "few" was Professor Wilson, a mere youth and "stranger" to the poet. In a letter, warm to enthusiasm, he lauds the *Lyrical Ballads*. "He valued them next to his Bible," and felt for the author "an attachment made up of love and admiration." The letter was not signed by the writer's name, but Wordsworth answered it. It cheered the great poet by its evidence that there were some to appreciate his genius. He had given to the writer "no cheap nor vulgar pleasure," for it was plain that his poems had been thought over and studied, and that his correspondent was no common youth.

was a piece that at all events ought to be cancelled, as the printing of it would make the writer "everlastingly ridiculous." It was the poem "We are Seven," which is now placed among the most touching and delicious poems in the language of our land.

The *Lyrical Ballads*, published originally in 1798, was an edition of five hundred copies. "The sale was so slow," arising from "the severity of reviewers," that its progress to oblivion seemed certain. When the publisher, Cottle, sold his copyrights to Longman, that copyright was valued at *nil*, and was given back to Cottle for nothing, as of no worth, who gave it to the author on the same terms. "This will never do," wrote Jeffrey, with admirable prescience, when reviewing *The Excursion*; and in reference to the critic's opinion of the poet, Lamb writes to Southey, "Jeffrey is resolved to crush it." "He crush *The Excursion*!" exclaimed the Laureate; "tell him he can as easily crush Skiddaw!" That most wonderfully sweet and powerful poem (there are tens of thousands who consider it fulfils the prophecy of Southey, and gives him rank with Milton), the result of many years of labor, thought, reflection, knowledge, observation, study, not from books, for like his own "Wanderer,"

"He had small need of books,"

was pooh-poohed away as "rubbish." Even Gifford, although he yielded to Southey's wish, and let Lamb review it in the *Quarterly*, clipped the friendly critic's wings, erasing so many laudatory passages, that the very soul of "gentle-hearted Charles" was wrung with anguish.

He was in the estimation, or, at least, according to the description, of those whose business was to lead and guide public opinion, neither more nor less than "one of the school of whining and hypochondriacal poets that haunt the Lakes."

Such were his reviewers—as Coleridge writes—

"Disinterested thieves of our good name,
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbor's
fame."

It would have been opposed to nature

had the self-conscious poet in no way murmured against this dispensation of the critics—representing the public. He did murmur, no doubt, and very frequently complained—even so late as 1831, when I knew him—at the miserable recompense that rewarded his many years of labor; but at the period to which I refer, indifference was gradually giving way, the fruit was ripening to reward toil, and the "hereafter" that was to bring the "All hail!" was gradually looming into sight.

When *The Excursion* was "crushed," Woodsworth wrote to Southey—"Let the age continue to love its own darkness; I shall continue to write, with I trust, the light of Heaven upon me."

Critics will do well to bear perpetually in mind that a not far-off *thereafter* may reverse a sentence that will, at the moment, be accepted as just. A hundred modern instances may be quoted: that so generally pronounced against Wordsworth will, perhaps, suffice. I cannot say if Jeffrey repented him of the evil; probably at the last, as at the first, he was unable to comprehend the great High Priest of Nature—the poet who, next to that of Shakespeare, has his name written in the book of British Worthies. He did not "crush *The Excursion*," neither did he extinguish the poet; but no doubt he so thoroughly "stified" his aspirations, as to extort a brief resolve to write on, but to print no more—to leave the benefits of publication to his heirs and assigns. Is it

"No public harm that Genius from her course
Be turned, and dreams of truth dried up,
even at their source?"

Yes, the history of authors is full of "calamities" of that kind; unhappily, there is ever a strong temptation to unsympathizing and ungenerous and harsh criticism. Though it may be rare—perhaps it has never been—that an author has died of a review, at least it is certain that the "this will never do" of the critic has depressed and saddened, nay, blighted a whole life, and deprived generations of the fruits of labor that might have been productive of much good. I speak from my own knowledge when I say this; and I could, if I pleased, describe a score of such cases that are within my

n experience. If critics could witness the agonies that harsh judgment has brought to a working home, when hands have been shackled and brain has been paralyzed by heedless injustice, or even justice ministered not with reluctance but with relish, there would be less misery among those whose "sensitivity" is proverbial—authors and artists.

In estimating the full effect of unjust severe personal criticism, we must not confine our thoughts to the author attacked. Often it affects literature. Some scholars in easy circumstances have used to write rather than be the butt of ignorant critics. Such was the case with Francis Douce, whose illustrations of Shakespeare are a text-book for students. He was so bitterly assailed, that he determined never again to publish. He gave his manuscripts to the British Museum, locked in iron-bound boxes, with the legal proviso that they should not be opened until a century after his death. A valuable and curious library he left to the Bodleian at Oxford.

No book is better known and appreciated than Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. It had, too, a salutary effect on popular literature, by substituting simple ballad poetry for foolish conventionalism. Yet the Bishop was so terribly attacked, particularly by Ritson, that it embittered his life. He never ceased lamenting that he had ever published the book, and in his later days would not bear to hear it named.

It would be easy to multiply examples. Even so it was with great Wordsworth; very nearly he had resolved to retire, or at all events, to print no more. But, as I have said, he lived to see his faith in himself gradually but surely becoming the faith of all mankind.

One morning, in 1830, when Mr. Wordsworth honored me with his company at breakfast, our talk fell on his lack of popularity. I, who was among his most devout of his worshippers, sought to argue him out of so depressing a belief, and I showed how I had become familiar with his writings by placing before him a copy of Galignani's edition of his works, collected in a form, and at a price, that brought the whole of them within my reach. I expressed a belief

that of that book many hundreds, probably thousands, were annually sold in England. That led to an appointment with a view to inquiry, and next day I accompanied him to a bookseller's in Piccadilly—a firm with the encouraging and ominous name of "Sustenance and Stretch." The sale of the work, as of all English reprints, was strictly "prohibited." I asked for a copy of Galignani's edition: it was produced. I asked if I could have six copies, and was told I could; fifty copies? yes, at a month's notice; and further questions induced the conviction that by that one house alone between two hundred and three hundred copies had been sold during the year. I believe Wordsworth was far more pleased than vexed to know that although he derived no profit from them, at least his poems were read.*

Fraser's Magazine.

THE FINANCIAL PRESSURE AND THE TEN PER CENT.

DURING a considerable part of the last three months the rate of discount at the Bank of England has been Ten per cent. There has been a continued financial pressure in the City, and in the great mercantile towns more severe even than in the memorable season of 1847; trade has been brought to a standstill; banks have failed one after another; and a de-

* In a letter addressed to me, by Leigh Hunt, in 1831, he writes—"Wordsworth's lack of popularity was owing partly to that taste for the French school of poetry which was still lingering among us from the times of Dryden and Pope, and partly to the excess to which he pushed his simplicity, as if in scorn of it; which naturally enough irritated the wits and others, who had been bred up in its conventional elegancies. He has since given indications of a consciousness of having gone a little too far; and they, on the other hand, are very sorry and complimentary, and so all is well at last. Meanwhile, he waited patiently for the turn of the tide, that was to bring to him a crowd of devoted admirers." They who knew Wordsworth may conceive the delight he would have felt at examining the edition of *all* his poems (seven hundred pages), published by Moxon, not long after the poet's death. It is a beautifully printed volume, in sufficiently large and clear type, infinitely preferable to that of Galignani, so long the only "collected" edition of his poems, but most unsatisfactory and incomplete.

preciation has taken place in the prices of Stock Exchange securities, amounting to something like sixty or seventy millions sterling. This is the immediate picture. But it is no more than the foreground. There has been a financial pressure in operation more or less since September in last year. The difficulties of the closing months of 1865 were sharp enough. But the disasters of the opening months of 1866 were still more signal. The failure, with every circumstance which deserves censure, of the notorious Joint-Stock Discount Company—of the Contract Corporation, its congenial ally and abettor—of several prominent contractors for lines in Wales and other remote regions—the discredit of the finance companies—a discredit so complete that not a single case among them was left in which the shares did not fall to a large discount; all these adverse circumstances rendered the early months of the present year a season of perplexity and distress not to be forgotten.

At length, on Thursday, the 10th of May, came the stoppage of Overend, Gurney & Co., limited—the new joint-stock company formed in July, 1865, to take over what was then called the lucrative business of the famous bill-broking firm of the same name. This calamity led immediately to the climax of the pressure. The credit system of the country came to a standstill. In the course of three or four hours on Friday, the 11th of May, the available resources of the Banking Department of the Bank of England were exhausted, and a sort of general movement among the mercantile classes led the Government to understand that unless the act of 1844 was suspended before business commenced on Saturday, the 12th May, the Banking Department would be compelled to close its doors for a time, in a sense quite as literal as Overend, Gurney & Co., themselves. Late, therefore, on Friday night the act was suspended by the publication, for the third time in its history, of a Treasury Letter to the directors authorizing them, if needful, to overstep the limits of the law; and requiring them, in the event of such an infraction occurring, to charge ten per cent. per annum for the advances accorded.

As on the two former occasions of 1847

and 1857, this expedient at once removed the worst symptoms of panic. Bank of England notes—the form of paper credit, and almost the only form of paper credit, in which the public in its paroxysm of fear was still willing to believe—could now be had in exchange for good securities, and hence there was no longer the contagion of blind and unreasoning fear. But there was much mischief still to be wrought. The four or five weeks following the 12th May was a gloomy and calamitous time, the evil memory of which will long remain. The great contracting firm of Peto & Bots failed on the day preceding the issue of the Treasury letter. Two or three of the new joint-stock banks in London followed in a few days. At Liverpool the list of the suspensions of mercantile houses increased daily. Then came the failure of the large and respectable concern known as the Bank of London, an institution of some years' standing, and formerly of great success. This was followed in a day or two by the failure rather than the failure of the Consolidated Bank, an establishment really substantial and prosperous. And then after a short interval came the stoppage of the Agn and Masterman's Bank, the oldest and until quite lately the most successful and secure of the Indian banks.

But if this be an outline of the course of events in this country, it is natural to ask, How comes it in France there has been not only no series of calamities at all corresponding to those which have overwhelmed ourselves, but, on the contrary, a state of the money market eminently free from anxiety or pressure? The bullion in the Bank of France has gone on increasing for several months, until it has reached the enormous amount of twenty-eight millions sterling; and the official rate of discount at that establishment has been maintained at four per cent. per annum.

This contrast raises, in a specific form, the whole of the questions which lie at the root of the strange financial phenomena of the last nine or ten months; and we will endeavor to give some account of them.

Beginning with the facts which are nearest to us, it is perfectly clear that the Panic of May last was a Credit Panic—

that is to say, there was a sudden and almost general loss of confidence on the part of the public in a considerable number of the banks and discount and finance institutions of the country. And this loss of confidence was in most of the instances quite justifiable; and it was justifiable because it was found that, to take the most conspicuous cases—the Joint-Stock Discount Company, Overend's Company, the Bank of London, the Agra Bank, Barned's Banking Company at Liverpool, the London Financial Association, Imperial Mercantile Credit Company, and some others, received from the shareholders—the money for paid-up capital, and from the public on deposit, had been employed, not in prudent and ordinary kinds of business, but in what is called “financing” contractors and other persons who, in reality, were large speculators in public works, not only in this country, but in almost every region of the earth.

The appearance of this new word “financing,” will mark an epoch in our commercial history. It is at once both a convenient and expressive term for a species of manipulation requiring the highest efforts of inventive and audacious genius. We will explain this more fully. For several years past Parliament has granted about three hundred railway acts per session, authorizing the expenditure of about sixty millions of capital, in that single kind of fixed investment. But for this annual drain of sixty millions no previous provision has been made, by finding, as in former times, a body of persons who had come under legal obligation, before the acts were obtained, to take the shares required and provide the calls as the works proceeded. This was the old and apparently the common-sense mode. But for a long time past it has been given up. A railway act is now a private speculation of a contractor, a solicitor, a parliamentary agent, and a financier. They first get the act and then they “finance” the railway; and they do it in this manner: They discover by bold, ingenious, and lavish expedients the establishments connected with the money market where the acceptances of the contractor, fortified by debentures, preference shares and the like, issued under the act, on the security of the future line which it au-

thorizes, will be discounted; and this discovery once made, the finance operation commences with vigor. The first batch of acceptances are for say six months, and they are turned into money at rates about which the less said the better. When they fall due they are perhaps partly paid, or more usually not paid at all; but, on the contrary, further acceptances are given, and a process of the same kind goes on with increased energy from period to period. Now mark the result. The discount company or bank once fairly involved in such an adventure as this, has really become the mortgagee of an unfinished public work, and the holder of securities which can only be realized in the event of the work being speedily finished, opened, and found to command a traffic sufficient to pay current expenses and provide a reasonable dividend on the cost. In other words, the bank or discount company has ceased to be a dealer in money as between depositors on the one hand, and merchants and traders requiring short loans on the other; and has turned itself into a Public Works Speculation Company—into a holder of securities the value of which is uncertain, the maturity of which is unfixed, the transferability of which is impossible, and the danger of which is unmistakable and imminent.

For the last two years, but especially for the last twelve months preceding the panic, the money market had been overrun with this “finance paper.” It was put into circulation in all sorts of ingenious forms. People of straw were set up in Germany, the Levant, in Spain, the United States, and a dozen other places to draw apparently wholesome foreign bills on persons and institutions in this country; and these bills, by a system of extravagant agency and commission, were pushed off with more or less success in various avenues of the money market. In the early part of the year it is probable that the quantity of this finance paper afloat was quite eight or ten millions sterling, or more; and it was the constant pressure created by it upon every resource which in a great measure kept the rate of interest in this country at a point so much higher than prevailed in France and elsewhere. *In other words, we were meeting a vast expendi-*

ture on public works, not out of savings, but out of the floating margin of ready money which constitutes the fund available for short loans and mercantile advances.

By far the greatest offenders against sound principles in the encouragement of this spurious finance business were Overend & Co., for a long time before they conceived the notion of converting themselves into a joint-stock concern. The finance companies set up in 1863-4 fell headlong into the same error. They borrowed at short notice, and lent for periods practically indefinite, and so contrived by excess of blundering and miscalculation to ruin themselves in a year or two. The Bank of London and the Agra Bank perished from the same cause, aided by a reckless use of their credit in other ways.

Our first answer therefore to the inquiry which asks how it happens that the financial ease in France has been for a year almost as remarkable as the financial pressure with ourselves, is, shortly, that in France there has been little if any "financing;" while with ourselves that particular pursuit has been the predominant occupation of a large class of institutions which ought to have known better than to engage in it.

At Liverpool the special source of difficulty has been the depreciation since January last in the price of cotton, in consequence of the American supplies so greatly exceeding the estimates then formed of the quantities remaining after the war. To this difficulty, in itself grave and diffused enough, was added in April the apprehensions of the German and Italian war.

The panic, therefore, of May, 1866, like the similar visitations of April and October, 1847, and November, 1857, had its origin in causes of disturbance, and in vicious departures from the rules of prudent business, covering a wide surface and extending over a considerable period of time; and under no system of regulation whatever of the functions of the Bank of England could the danger have been surmounted without very severe strain and suffering. We regard it as certain, however, that on each of these three occasions, and on many other occasions of less note, the present Charter of the Bank of England has

operated not to prevent or allay, but to aggravate and embitter the apprehension and loss arising out of the previous circumstances; and this we will endeavor to make more clear presently after referring to a few intermediate topics.

In many quarters all or most of the recent mischief is laid to the change of the Limited Liability law, which after being granted in principle in 1856 was made really effective in 1862. We do not agree in this opinion. It may be well conceded that the relaxation of 1862, like the first relaxation of the old partnership laws forty years ago in favor of joint-stock banks and joint-stock enterprise generally, was followed by an extravagance and excess of activity frequently dishonest, and very often foolish in the highest degree. But the same evils have always followed the first removal of bad repressive laws, against which public opinion has long protested. Whether it be the opening of the South American trade, of the trade with China and India, the passing of a Reform bill, or the granting of Catholic relief, the expectation always overruns the fact, to be followed by disappointment and collapse. The one governing principle of all mercantile legislation is that people should be at perfect liberty to make with each other any contracts they please not inimical to a few general rules of obvious morality. As before the law all sorts of liability, limited or unlimited, must alike be subject to the simple provision that the parties to the several contracts shall have ample means of understanding each other. If they are wise, they will not enter into any engagements which they can not keep, and which will not leave a profit. If they are rash and foolish they will do exactly the reverse. But it is no part of the province of the law to prevent the prudent from profiting by their sagacious plans, or to save the foolish from the effect of their want of ability and knowledge.

The four years' vigorous application of the limited liability law has already rendered tolerably plain the practical boundaries within which it can be successfully employed. Without any further interference of the Legislature, it is pretty certain, in future, the public will not readily support any limited company

—(1) in which any considerable amount per share is not paid up, either at the outset or within a short time—(2) in which the articles of association are not either distributed with the prospectus or very fully expressed in it—(3) in which the real status and remuneration of the promoters is not made clear—(4) in which in the case of a company formed to purchase an existing business, the vendors are not required to guarantee an ample dividend on the purchase money for a term of years and to make any payment for "goodwill" contingent upon the actual realization of a certain annual profit, not out of the guarantee, but out of the business itself after it is handed over to a company.

Further than this, the public will be exceedingly suspicious of any companies proposing to carry on mercantile business abroad, or to engage, by means of a board of directors, necessarily more or less numerous, and necessarily having interests more or less conflicting in foreign or other financial operations, where success, if it be obtained at all, must be commanded by the secrecy, energy, decision, and resources of one or two men working with a perfect and diffused machinery.

Holding these views, we entirely disapprove of the opposition raised in the House of Lords to a proposal made this session for permitting limited companies to reduce, if they think fit, the nominal amount of their shares. The objections were pedantic in the extreme. By an accidental oversight in the bill of 1862, the facility now sought was omitted. It involves no legislative principle whatever. It is a facility which the public require, and which they ought to have for whatever it is worth; and the refusal of it is one of those ridiculous manifestations of timidity and obstructiveness from which, in this country, we have suffered so much on almost every subject of legal reform.

But if the Limited Liability law may well be let alone, it is abundantly clear that the present plan of dealing with failed companies should not be let alone. For all practical purposes, a set of directors, after dissipating millions of other people's money in the most reckless fashion—in ways so stupid and negligent

that it is hard to believe in the recital of them as representing real occurrences—escape not only punishment but serious censure. In the early part of the year, an effort was made to stigmatize the directors of the Joint-Stock Discount Company by singling out the other companies to which they respectively belonged, and insisting upon the expulsion of the obnoxious individuals. This was a right and wholesome course; but it has not been followed up. A company fails, arrangements are pressed upon the shareholders, or some section of them, for the appointment of a voluntary liquidator, who is represented as certain to extract out of the ruin and confusion a considerable part of the paid-up capital, provided all hostile proceedings be avoided. Months roll away, and nothing more is heard of the affair. The ready answer to all inquirers is, that the transactions are very complicated; more time elapses, and then, instead of a large proportion of the capital being recovered, it generally turns out that costs and charges have eaten up any margin of surplus there might really be; and that the shareholders either get nothing, or have to pay more money to attain final release. The directors, of course, have long since thrown aside the tone of penitents, and each of them has assumed the air of a person who has had most unjustly to bear meekly slander and misrepresentation.

These occurrences are among the worst symptoms of the time. They indicate not only a grave defect in the law, but, what is more, they indicate a false and sordid state of public sentiment; and no real remedy will be possible until the public feeling shall very distinctly declare that it will no longer tolerate scandals so grievous and flagrant. When that time comes, it will not be difficult to devise means of punishment entirely consistent with the supreme control of shareholders over their own affairs. And until it does come there is at least one ready and sufficing answer to all public complaints of loss and suffering from the failure of joint-stock companies—namely, that so long as the public themselves will do nothing to attach disagreeable consequences, social or legal, to the misconduct and

incapacity of directors, so long it is perfectly certain the public will go on paying a greater and greater penalty.

In some of the larger instances of failure within the last few months the departures from all sound rules of business have been so gross and notorious that it is difficult to understand the silence or patience of the hundreds of people who have been ruined and impoverished by them. For example, one of the principal causes, and at last almost the specific cause of failure of the Joint-Stock Company, of the Bank of London, of the Agra and Masterman's Bank, of Barnard's Banking Company at Liverpool, of Overend, Gurney & Co. (both as a firm and a company), was the extravagant and reckless manner in which each of these concerns had traded on its credit. Trading on the real capital represented by the paid-up shares and their deposits seems to have been early laid aside as an old-world maxim far too slow and unprofitable for modern days. Accordingly we read of millions upon millions of acceptances given to all sorts of people and for all sorts of purposes, and for rates of commission often so small as to sound like jokes and pleasantries. Three, or perhaps two years ago, the Agra and Masterman's Bank was a solid and prosperous institution, and the thousand or more Indian families who trusted to it the larger part of their little fortunes were justified in believing in its financial strength. But then came a new order of management. The old rules which for thirty years had brought growth of fortune were cast aside, and the bank started off in full career upon a race of financing and credit paper which has brought it to ruin. And the same story is to be told of other similar calamities, and will continue to be told so long as shareholders are foolish enough to permit any joint-stock bank to leave out of its published accounts a precise statement of the extent of its liabilities for acceptances and credits; and so long as they permit any statement of profit and loss to be received without some inquiry being raised regarding the amount of commission on these acceptances and credits which has gone to swell the profit side of the account. For it may be laid

down as a rule from which there is, in the long run, no exception, that precisely in the degree in which such commissions enter into the profit of the year, in that degree is the business of the institution hazardous and unsound.

We attach very little importance to the outcry which has been raised in all sorts of quarters against the what is called the iniquity and cruelty of the "bear" operations in bank shares. It is alleged with more confidence than truth that it was these bear operations—that is to say, to a combination of persons in and out of the Stock Exchange, who arranged to sell persistently the shares of some particular bank with the view of driving them to a large discount, and so injuring its credit—which led, for example, to the failure of Overend's Company, of the Agra Bank, and the Bank of London. We doubt greatly the extent or importance of these combinations. But whether they existed or not, it is perfectly clear that in all the cases we have named, the institutions were bad and rotten and ought to fail. If the bears interfered at all, they interfered in these instances on good grounds, and the subsequent revelations entirely justified the previous distrust. It has been proposed, even in the House of Commons, to attempt some legislative prohibition of time bargains in bank shares—for a bear operation is simply a time bargain by a seller who expects a fall, as a bull operation is simply a time bargain by a buyer who expects a rise. And if indignation is to be invoked at all, let it be invoked impartially, as well against the man who buys property he never means to pay for, as against the man who sells shares he never intends to deliver. But the legislature repeated only a year or two ago, and very wisely, the famous but foolish Sir John Barnard's act which forbade all time bargains; and it is not difficult to foresee the reception which will be given to any piecemeal attempt to reinvoke the exploded terrors of the law on such a subject. The remedy lies with the directors of any bank or institution unduly singled out for hostile attack. If the directors know that the state of the concern is really sound, let them take public and spirited means for protecting

their own property, and the public will back them. If the facts are really against them, they must and ought to take the consequences.

We have now indicated in tolerably plain terms the views we entertain of the manifold causes which, for a long time past, have contributed to bring about the financial crisis of May and June last.

We desire to state as strongly as possible that the crisis may be traced, perhaps, in the chief degree to the "financing operations" arising out of the enormous expenditures on railways and other public works in this country, the United States, and elsewhere: and to this leading cause must be added the errors and extravagances of the banks and finance and other companies, set up in shoals under the limited liability law of 1862; the fluctuations in the price of cotton, and the vast disturbance inseparable from a large transference of the supply of that raw material from America to India, Brazil, and Egypt, and other countries; to the disturbed state of European politics; to the civil war in America, and the sudden peace by which it was terminated; to the cattle plague; and to other causes of a general nature.

We have now to state in what way we consider the Bank act of 1844 to have aggravated the difficulty in its closing stages.

When the Bank of England commenced business on the morning of Friday, the 11th May, the directors had in the banking department (in London and the branches) a reserve of £5,727,000; and there was in the issue department a further reserve of bullion of £7,000,000. Before the end of the business hours of the Friday, the banking reserve had been run down to £3,000,000, that is to say, it had been reduced nearly one half, and the amount of this reserve available in London was not, probably, more than a million. There still remained intact and undrawn upon the entire £7,000,000 of treasure in the issue department. The intense apprehension and alarm which prevailed in the City on the Friday was, lest the Bank of England should commence business on the Saturday without any permission from the Government to use some of the £7,000,000 in the issue

department to replenish the exhausted resources of the banking division of the institution. Late on the Friday night the Government did grant such a permission, and the worst symptoms of the panic were at once at an end. If the Government Letter had not been issued when it was, the first proceeding of the Saturday would have been the presentation by some of the London bankers of checks drawn against the balances standing at their credit with the banking department, and for sums so large that only a small portion of them could be met, and consequently the banking department must have succumbed to the absurd dilemma of stopping payment, notwithstanding that in another part of the Bank's premises there was a hoard of seven millions of treasure. The climax of the crisis, therefore, was brought on by the division of the two departments at the Bank of England; and relief was found in the Government permission to the directors to reunite the departments for the time being, and regard and use the bullion of the two as if it was one fund.

In point of fact, the reunion did not take place. The public apprehension was allayed by the mere announcement that it would take place if necessary; or, to express the same conclusion in a different manner: the act of 1844 had provided the largest reserve against that portion of the liabilities of the Bank—the circulation of notes—which, under the circumstances of an internal panic, did not require any special reserve at all; and, in consequence of the separation of departments, had left the banking half of the business with a reserve wholly inadequate. The difficulty which had to be met in May last, as on the two former occasions of October, 1847, and November, 1857, was a banking and not a currency difficulty. It was a difficulty of discounts and advances, not a difficulty of notes presented for payment; and for the third time in the history of the act it taught the lesson that, since 1844, all these subjects of banking legislation have passed, in this country, almost entirely out of the domain of currency into that of discounts and advances. Formerly, when not one person in fifty thousand kept a banking account, but managed all his receipts and payments out of a small hoard of coin

and notes, the currency, metropolitan and provincial, was the instrument to be controlled and guarded. But now, when banking accounts are happily familiar to traders and families, if not of the smallest, yet of a comparatively small class, the most important considerations have been transferred to the business of discounts, loans, and the rate of interest. Credit has, in a large degree, passed beyond the functions of the bank note into the more subtle and diffused form of checks and bills of exchange. And in London and the great mercantile centres, the change has become manifest in the strongest manner. In London, for example, during the last twenty years, notwithstanding that the magnitude of the transactions carried on has increased six or seven fold, the quantity of bank notes in actual circulation at one time is probably not a third of the amount so employed in 1846.

The events of May last therefore showed very clearly three things, namely: 1. That the intense public alarm was occasioned by the smallness of the reserve in the banking department, and by the apprehension that in consequence of the near exhaustion of that reserve, discounts and advances even on the very best securities would be absolutely unprocurable. 2. That the smallness of the banking reserve arose entirely from the operation of those portions of the scheme of 1844 which set aside the largest share of the total bullion to meet the least variable class of the liabilities, namely, the bank notes. 3. That the real difficulty had nothing whatever to do with distrust of the notes of the Bank of England, but the exact contrary, for the public were appeased when the Government Letter gave permission to the directors to increase the quantity of bank notes if necessary. That the emergency was one of banking, and not of currency—another and very aggravated form of those cases which have occurred so frequently since 1844, in which the weight of the whole banking system of the country has been thrown on its inevitable and natural centre—the banking department—and has found that department crippled and exhausted, by having the command not of the whole, but of only a third of the total reserve.

These are the *facts* of the crisis of May last, whatever may be the merits of the theory out of which they arise. It may be right or wrong that the departments of banking and issue should be separated. We will consider that presently. But the practical consequences of that separation are now pretty well understood, after an experience of twenty-two years. These consequences are in the main: 1. Frequent and sudden variations of the rate of discount. For example, in the eight years 1858–65, there were eighty-five alterations of the rate of discount at the Bank of England against thirty-four at the Bank of France. 2. Frequent and sudden changes produced in the state of confidence and credit by variations in the banking reserve so comparatively small as in many cases to be represented by sums far less than a million. 3. The almost periodical occurrence of severe crises, when apprehension is only allayed by a temporary reünion of the banking and issue department. 4. The growth year by year of changes which render the banking department of the Bank of England more completely the centre of credit of this country and the world: and hence the establishment of a state of things under which continuously increasing responsibilities have to be sustained by a reserve which does not augment in any corresponding proportion—by a reserve, indeed, which in many ways has a tendency to become less in magnitude, and less stable in character.

The theory out of which this system grew had, thirty years ago, many apparent arguments in its favor, the inefficiency of which has become more manifest with the lapse of time.

It was believed by the authors of the Bank Charter act that a separation of the function of issue from that of banking would of itself go very far to prevent the occurrence of crises and panics—that the amount of bank notes, the ruling and predominant form of credit as was then thought, being mechanically regulated would safely permit the very subordinate business of the banking department to be conducted precisely like any private concern. The authors of the scheme regarded the Bank of England not as the chief centre of the credit system of the country, but principally as the agent

for conducting the issue and retirement of bank notes. Hence it was that the total bullion was cut in two, and the circulation protected by a reserve of treasure for every note beyond (at first) fourteen millions sterling. That is to say, supposing the circulation to be twenty-one millions, and the total bullion twelve millions, there would be seven millions in the issue, and five millions in the banking departments.

It was not believed by the authors of the act that strict convertibility into coin at the will of the holder is a constant and sufficient check on excessive issues of notes: and hence they guarded against an evil which is now admitted to have been and to be imaginary by removing, as they said with great emphasis, all discretion of issue from the Bank Court. In like manner it was not perceived that the subjection of the business of circulation to a purely mechanical regimen carries with it the serious disadvantage and danger of applying exactly the same treatment to two sets of circumstances wholly different, namely, an *internal* demand for bank notes for wholesome and natural purposes of a provisional and temporary nature, as, for instance, the payment of salaries and dividends at the quarter days of the year: and an *external* demand for capital required to discharge a balance due to the foreigner. The internal demand neither involves nor supposes more than a temporary demand for currency, and ought not to occasion any marked influence of any kind upon the state of credit and the rate of interest. The external demand for bullion for foreign remittance ought, if carried to any length, to influence both.

The greatest error of all, however, was the failure to perceive the vast and growing importance of the banking functions of the Bank of England. The banking department is, and must be, the real head and centre of the credit system of the country. It is a circumstance of immense benefit to the country to possess an institution rendered useful and powerful by the combination of so many causes; and it is the real interest of the public not to impair that power and usefulness in the smallest degree, but on the contrary to extend and fortify it. The Bank of England is the natural and

most convenient depository of the hoard of treasure required to be kept as the provision for foreign and domestic demands. With a trade so extended as ours it must and ought to be an incident of constant occurrence that, in order to adjust the balance of payments with some part of the world or another, a few millions of treasure, more or less, are required: and the treasure so required is procured in the easiest and cheapest way though the medium of the banking department. The Bank is moreover the greatest discount and lending institution in the country, and by virtue of its long and illustrious history, its example exercises a moral influence to which no parallel is to be found elsewhere.

When, therefore, the authors of the act of 1844 permitted themselves to boast that they had relieved the Bank Court of nearly all the responsibility of discretion in the management of their business, inasmuch as the issue of notes was subjected to mechanical rules, they wholly mistook the case with which they had to deal. The directors were still (and necessarily) left in supreme control of the banking department, that is, in the management of the discounts, advances, and rate of interest; and it is upon this management, and not upon the bank notes, that the public are now pretty generally convinced, after long and sharp experience, that the real interest of the question rests. In other words, the country has discovered that the *reserve of the banking department* is the controlling element—that a small banking reserve means anxiety and pressure—that a large banking reserve means the reverse—and that the reserve in the issue department for all practical purposes might as well be in Louisiana as in London.*

We entirely dissent, therefore, from the scheme of the present Bank Charter act. We do not say that any system whatever of banking legislation could have prevented the crisis of May last.

* It is becoming evident that at some early date the Government must repay to the Bank the permanent advance of £11,015,000, held from it at a low rate of interest. The business of the Bank has increased, and must increase, with a rapidity which no longer renders it expedient to employ so large a part of its resources in so unavailable a form.

We have shown very plainly how deep and wide the causes of that crisis were. But we are most intimately persuaded that the act of 1844 aggravated the pressure in its final stages, and protracted needlessly the period of recovery.

The Government Letter of the 11th May last was never actually put in force, that is to say, the existing limit of fifteen millions of securities as the basis of a Note issue of like amount was not exceeded. At the bottom of the page* we give an outline of the weekly returns showing the *banking reserve* was never less than £850,000. But it must be remembered that the letter of the law was only saved by the London bankers responding to an appeal from the Bank Court to pay every night to the banking department *all* the notes which, under ordinary circumstances, would have remained in the tills of the bankers themselves. Besides a reserve of £850,000, these returns also show two other remarkable facts. The first of them is an absorption of about four millions of extra Circulation, and the second an increase of three millions in the Total Bullion. The hoarding of bank notes was the offspring of the panic. It was a credit panic, that is, a panic falling with greatest severity upon banks and other credit institutions. The increase of the Total Bullion was due chiefly to the remittances from the United States. The bank directors maintained the ten per cent. rate for more than two months, and apparently on

grounds which must be deemed inadequate. The panic, as we have said, was one of credit. It was not a panic created by a protracted foreign drain to pay for a vast foreign expenditure or for large imports of foreign goods. On the contrary, the extensive arrivals of specie from the United States in May and June last are conclusive proof that with our largest customers there was a balance due to this country. The essence of the panic was a signal failure of confidence, for a time so indiscriminate as to include institutions and firms of the most solid character. The maintenance of ten per cent. week after week after the paroxysm was surmounted acted like the danger lamp at a railway station or the storm signal in a port. It destroyed confidence and stopped dealings in every direction. The four millions of extra notes absorbed by the public between the 9th and 16th May, or rather put away as extra hoards and reserves by bankers and others, all over the country, persistently remained beyond the reach of the bank, and produced, therefore, a dearth of so much available capital, not because they were really wanted, but because a moral collapse had taken place for a time among the mercantile classes.

It is said, and with perfect fairness, on the part of the Bank directors, that they were bound to maintain the ten per cent. for two decisive reasons, namely, first, because the increase of the Banking Reserve was too slow to permit any relief

* The following figures present in abstract the Bank returns of the panic weeks. The figures are means, of course, £22,810,000.

Date.	Circulation and B. P. Bills.	Issue Reserve.	Banking Reserve.	Total Bullion.	Private Securities.	Deposits, Private.	Deposits, Public.
1866.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
May 9	22·81	7·34	5·81	13·16	21·29	13·51	5·78
May 16	26·65	11·12	1·20	12·32	31·40	18·63	5·34
May 23	26·02	10·43	1·38	11·86	31·50	18·79	5·28
May 30	26·56	11·03	0·85	11·88	33·90	20·47	6·19
June 6	26·02	10·47	2·81	13·28	32·22	20·20	6·45
June 13	26·57	10·97	3·46	14·43	31·71	20·13	7·12
June 20	25·69	10·11	4·74	14·85	31·65	21·17	7·59
June 27	25·38	9·83	5·21	15·04	31·34	20·84	7·66
July 4	26·50	10·81	4·06	14·87	31·19	19·34	6·88
July 11	25·90	10·20	3·80	14·00	29·48	21·47	7·23
July 18	26·17	10·62	3·22	13·64	28·21	19·83	7·13

† In illustration of this hoarding, we may mention one or two cases in our own knowledge when bankers kept for many weeks five or six times their ordinary reserve of bank notes.

and secondly, because throughout June and into July there was a withdrawal of gold to the Continent; and, moreover, that the terms of the Government Letter did not leave the Court any discretion as regards the rate to be charged. The terms of the Letter were that "in order to meet the wants of legitimate commerce" the Bank was authorized "to extend its discount and advances upon approved securities beyond the limit fixed by law. The discount or advance, however, was not to be granted at a rate of interest exceeding ten per cent., and her Majesty's Bankers were to reserve to themselves to reduce, if they should see fit, the interest to a higher rate." As we have pointed out, the Bank directors failed themselves of the full licence accorded by the letter. They did exceed the limits of issue by law." But they came very near it, when, on the 30th of May, the banking reserve was reduced to £1,000,000; and practically the law was broken because, as we have shown, the effect of the reduced banking reserve was ruthlessly lent to the directors by the bankers. But on the 30th June the banking reserve had risen to four and a half millions, and the total bullion nearly fifteen millions. The following week these figures were still more favorable. We have a strong opinion, on either of the dates given, that the directors should have reduced the reserve to a low point—

say to one or one and a half million—it would have been quite easy to obtain the permission of the Government to revive or prolong the suspension of the act authorized by them on the 11th May. The truth is that the Government Letter was not well framed in the first instance. It might not be easy under the excited circumstances of the fatal Friday night to settle with nicety the clauses of what really was a delicate financial statute; and the necessity of having to encounter such difficulties, and bear all the evils of failure, is one more cogent reason for getting rid of a system which imposes periodically such gratuitous inflictions.

Both the Government and the directors would have done far better if they had followed entirely the precedent of 1857. On that occasion the directors at once acted on the Government Letter (of the 12th November, 1857), by transferring two millions from the issue to the banking department. The effect of that step was to simplify the action of the banking department in many ways. At the end of six weeks, or on 23d December (1857), the banking reserve stood in the returns at £7,970,000, or deducting the £2,000,000 borrowed from the issue department, at £5,970,000—and upon that figure the rate was reduced from ten to eight per cent.—the total bullion being less than eleven millions. The £2,000,000 were then repaid. But notwithstanding the repayment, the banking reserve increased to more than seven and a half millions during the following fortnight. We give below the weekly returns of the crisis of that year.*

Following figures refer to the crisis of November, 1857:

	Circulation and B. P. Bills.	Issue Reserve.	Banking Reserve.	Total Bullion.	Private Securities.	Deposits, Private.	Deposits, Public.
	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
4	21-08	5-80	2-70	8-50	22-55	11-91	4-57
1	21-04	5-71	1-46	7-17	26-04	12-93	5-31
8	22-28	4-98	1-55	6-48	32-22	13-96	5-48
5	22-16	4-86	2-40	7-26	33-27	14-95	5-79
2	21-84	4-63	2-73	7-36	33-11	14-44	6-07
9	20-95	3-67	4-40	8-07	32-04	14-48	6-65
6	20-54	3-17	6-28	9-45	31-18	15-05	6-94
3	20-18	2-78	7-97	10-75	30-01	15-15	7-43
0	20-14	4-84	6-61	11-45	27-22	15-07	7-48
8	20-85	5-02	7-62	12-64	25-59	14-84	7-19

Government Letter to the Bank authorizing the directors to disregard, if needful, the act of

In the present instance the Bank directors seem to have been haunted with a superstitious dread of breaking the mere letter of the law, notwithstanding the very plain fact that in spirit and substance it had been wholly set aside. In many ways the course pursued was very unfortunate. It enabled a large class of persons to urge, with some apparent reason, that the Bank was mainly anxious to have all the benefit of the ten per cent. and none of the risk of violating the mere phrases of the statute. With a great deal more reason it was urged that the public had been really kept out of the relief which the Government Letter was intended to give. The intention of the letter was to allay the panic and distrust by suspending the act. The panic was allayed, certainly, but the distrust was kept alive by the maintenance, in comparatively quiet times, of a regimen applicable only to a condition of blind alarm.

The other ground of defence of the course actually pursued is founded on the drain of gold to the Continent in May and June. This is a more specific and tangible defence, but when examined scarcely more tenable than the other.

The high rates of interest prevailing in this country since September, 1865, had attracted here a large amount of foreign capital. It is impossible to say how large a sum, but estimates as high as twenty or thirty millions sterling have been mentioned. The events of May spread distrust of nearly all English mercantile bills and securities all over the Continent. Lord Clarendon resorted to the novel and curious expedient of issuing in the middle of May an explanatory circular to our diplomatic agents abroad; but foreigners naturally could not distinguish between a suspension of the Bank Charter act of 1844, and the Cash Payment act of 1819, and hence as the bills and securities fell due they were sent

here for collection, with orders to remit the proceeds, not in other bills but in gold. The continental drain therefore was really and truly a drain excited and kept alive by discredit; and no method was so well calculated to keep it in pernicious activity as the maintenance by the Bank of England, in the face of increasing bullion reserves, of a ten per cent rate of discount—a rate never enforced except in the presence of the darkest commercial calamities.

It will be evident from what has been written that our own views point to a total repeal of the act of 1844, as the best remedy that can be applied. But the repeal of that act is quite consistent with a rigid maintenance of the principle of cash payments, restored by the act of 1819; and of that principle in all its force we are uncompromising adherents. We should desire to see the Bank of England again placed in command of *all* its resources as a provision for *all* its liabilities, bank notes included, coupled with arrangements not difficult or costly, under which it would be the interest of the Bank to maintain a Total Bullion Reserve so ample that whenever it fell to twelve millions the rate of discount should be five per cent., and should rise say half per cent. for the loss of every half million of treasure, so that if, for example, the reserve fell to say ten millions, the rate of interest would be seven per cent. All modern experience and evidence go to show that in this country, with its extended and diversified trade, we can only avoid perpetual irritation, danger, and loss, by possessing a *large central reserve*—a reserve ample enough to bear the depletion of a few millions without exciting uneasiness or alarm; and it is because the division of departments separates and weakens even the inadequate reserve we habitually possess, that in actual application it becomes a source of constant and menacing danger.

1844, was issued on 12th November, 1857. Ten per cent. per annum was to be charged by the Bank. The Bank at that time was authorized to issue £14,460,000 on securities. All notes beyond that amount to be represented by bullion. On the 18th November, 1857, the returns showed that the Bank had raised the issue on securities to £16,460,000—that is, £2,000,000 beyond the legal amount. But out of that sum there was £1,550,000 in the banking department, so that the real excess was only £450,000. The £2,000,000 was not withdrawn from the banking department until the 30th December. That is to say, the *banking* reserve of 23d December was in reality £5,970,000 (instead of £7,970,000), inasmuch as two millions were owing to the issue department. On the 26th December the Bank reduced the rate from ten to eight per cent., and on the 7th January, 1858, from eight to six per cent.

cal step, however, to be now have the recent facts investigated they are recent. Parliamentaries on the currency are a obsolete machinery; besides, ntary committee could comings till next March. Let nent follow the excellent ex- French Executive and ap- partial Commission to inves- whole subject of the recent the Bank acts in their rela- provincial issues of the three and let it be a distinct in- the Commissioners to pre- port and the evidence col- before the end of February is course be taken, we may, confidence, expect that the nd recurring suffering of the nths will not have been en- 1.

Leisure Hour.

A STAR ON FIRE.

KIN, OF THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

ie middle of May, 1866, as- were startled by the announce- a new star of considerable had suddenly burst forth in lation Corona Borealis (the rown). Its increase of mag- have been extremely rapid, th of May an observer, who d on that day in scrutinizing of the heavens, felt certain et comparable to it was visi- e 12th, three days afterwards, ne with the brilliancy of one id magnitude, or equal to the known stars in the belt of e important results obtained ervation of this truly extraor- nomical object are sufficient our giving a brief and popu- of its short history, which will be duly appreciated by eaders of the *Leisure Hour*. person who appears to have new variable star was Mr. J. n, of Tuam, Ireland, who ob- May 12th. Subsequently it n the 13th, at Rochefort, by aisse, and on the same day at

Athens, by M. Schmidt; on the 14th it was noticed at London, Canada West, by Mr. Barker, and on the 15th at Manches- ter, by Mr. Baxendell. These observers saw it independently, without any previ- ous notification. Attention being now drawn to the star, it has since been regu- larly observed, either for position, or for the inquiry into its physical constitution, at most of the public and private observa- tories in Europe and America. Its bright- ness rapidly diminished after discovery, but probably not in the same ratio as it had increased before. The relative mag- nitudes, determined by comparison with neighboring known stars, are as follows:

May 12.....	2	magnitude.
15.....	3.5	"
18.....	4.8	"
21.....	6.7	"
24.....	7.8	"
30.....	8.8	"

Very little change had taken place from May 30th to June 22d. On the evening of the latter day the magnitude was reckoned as the ninth.

M. E. Quetelet, of Brussels, has re- marked that the star, when viewed by the naked eye, decidedly twinkled much more than the other stars near, so much so at times that its variations rendered the observations of its relative brightness extremely difficult.

So far, this discovery would not proba- bly have attracted any greater attention than that of any ordinary variable. The new star would most likely have been followed very closely only till the extent and period of its variability were satis- factorily established. Of such objects, the firmament contains many extraordi- nary examples; stars which appear for a season, and then disappear, again reäp- pearing, performing in the mean time all their changes of brightness with perfect regularity. While there are some which complete their period in days, there are others occupying months, or perhaps years, between the intervals of maximum magnitudes. If our new star had been, therefore, simply one of this class, inter- esting though it might have been from the abruptness of its first appearance, it would merely have added one to the list of those known variables which are to be found scattered here and there among the fixed stars.

But astronomical observations have unfolded other properties peculiar to this star, giving us an insight into a physical composition sensibly different from that of others around it. This has been attained from the observation of its spectrum, as viewed through a spectroscopic telescope. In a paper inserted in the *Leisure Hour*, No. 532, a brief account is given of the experiments of MM. Kirchhoff and Bunsen on the dark lines in the solar spectrum, in connection with those contained in the spectra of certain vapors produced by the burning of different kinds of metals or gases. What these celebrated chemists did towards our present knowledge of the composition of the solar photosphere, several astronomers and chemists are now doing a similar work towards increasing our knowledge of the composition of stellar and nebulous light. Our new star was, therefore, soon seized upon as a proper object for inquiry; with what result we shall speedily see.

On looking at an ordinary star through a spectroscopic telescope, its spectrum is seen with transverse dark lines across it, similar to Fraunhofer's lines in the solar spectrum. Some of these lines are common, or nearly so, in most stellar spectra; while each star has generally, in addition, its own peculiar dark lines. This would seem to show that, whereas certain metals or gases are indicated as being present in the majority of stars, each one contains materials peculiar to itself.* Now this marvellous star in Corona Borealis, which has so astonished us all, has not only the ordinary stellar spectrum with the dark lines across it, but there is also a second spectrum, apparently superposed upon the other, in which four or five *bright* lines have been observed. Mr. Huggins, who has devoted his whole astronomical attention to this class of observation, has, in conjunction with Dr. W. A. Miller, concluded that the light of the star is compound in its nature, and that it has really emanated from two different sources. Mr. Huggins remarks that "each light forms its own spectrum."

* As an illustration of their composition, we may state that the spectrum of Aldebaran contains lines which indicate the presence of hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, mercury, tellurium, bismuth, antimony, and iron.

The principal spectrum is analogous to that of the sun. The portion of the star's light represented by this spectrum was emitted by an incandescent solid or liquid photosphere, and suffered partial absorption by passing through an atmosphere of vapors existing at a temperature lower than that of the photosphere. . . . The second spectrum, which in the instrument appears on the one already described, consists of five *bright lines*. This order of spectrum shows that the light by which it was formed was emitted by matter in the state of gas rendered luminous by heat." Independent observations made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, principally by Mr. Stone and Mr. Carpenter, and at the Imperial Observatory, Paris, by MM. Wolf and Rayet, gave results confirmatory of those made by Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller.

Such, then, is a brief account of the analysis of the light emitted from this temporary but brilliant visitor to our sky; showing, with little doubt, that, from some unknown cause to us, it must have been the subject of a terrible catastrophe at a period perhaps distant; for it must be borne in mind that, owing to its immense distance from us, we may be only witnessing the calamity of a past age. From the sudden blazing forth of this star, and then its rapid fading away, Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller have suggested that, in consequence of a great internal convulsion, probably a large quantity of hydrogen and other gases were emitted from it; "the hydrogen, by its combination with some other element, giving out the light represented by the bright lines, and at the same time heating to the point of vivid incandescence the solid matter of the photosphere. As the hydrogen becomes exhausted, all the phenomena diminish in intensity, and the star rapidly wanes." That hydrogen gas in a state of combustion was present is very probable; for, by comparing simultaneously the bright lines of the stellar spectrum with those of hydrogen produced by the induction spark, taken through the vapor of water, it was found that two of the lines sensibly coincided. During a discussion on this star, at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, on June 8th, the astronomer Royal expressed his firm belief

that this wonderful object was actually in flames.

The previous history of this burning star is very slight. Sir John Herschel, in mapping the stars in this region, some years since, appears to have inserted one which cannot be found at present. It does not, however, agree precisely in position with the present object. But, after all, though it has been only lately shining equal to a star of second magnitude, it is really not a new one, but is identified as the same as a very minute object of the ninth or tenth magnitude, observed by M. Argelander, of Bonn, on the 18th of May, 1855, and on the 31st of March, 1856—its exact position, which accords with that determined from recent observations, being inserted in one of his published catalogues.

If we were inclined to speculate on this unique astronomical phenomenon, or on the probable consequences arising from such a sudden outburst of fiery gas, what an extensive subject for contemplation is opened to us. Astronomically we have known this minute star for years without suspicion; it has been classified with others of similar magnitude; it has only been one of many millions of such: while now it will be remembered by all future generations as one of the most extraordinary among the most celebrated stars of the universe. Or let our speculations be carried a little further, and let us reasonably suppose this small and hitherto nearly invisible object to be an immense globe like our own sun, surrounded probably with planets and satellites depending upon their centre for light and heat. What would be the effect of this sudden conflagration on them? It makes one almost shudder at the idea of a system of worlds being annihilated at once without warning. But such must doubtless be the fact. We, however, in this quiet world of ours, can scarcely, perhaps, realize such a catastrophe; but were our sun, which is only a star analogous to those in the heavens around us, to be suddenly ignited in a similar manner to this distant and unknown sun, all its attendant planets and satellites, the earth included, would be destroyed.

Temple-Bar.

ALURED: AN ALLEGORY.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

UNDER the shadows of grand old trees, in the varying light and shade of an English summer's day, a young man paced moodily.

"I will break this avenue," he thought. "I abhor this monotony of height and size and foliage. Uniformity is unnatural, and therefore forever hideous. Nature never makes trees grow in lines in the virgin forest, or mountain chains straight-topped like walls. It is our tyrant taste that plays with the woods as despots do with their soldiers; and our miserable artificial civilization which brings about the still worse monotony of human society. Oh, these men and women who surround me! Shall I ever reconcile myself to their dull conventional talk, their colorless characters, the endless sameness of their pursuits and ideas? The men are bad enough; but their monotony is now and then disturbed by some passion—good or evil, ambition or hatred, wine or women, the race course or the gaming table. But the women, these high-born and well-trained dames my mother brings round me, hoping to find me willing to chain myself to one of their dead souls for life. What empty shows and mere spectres of real women they are!—of women such as Shakespeare drew, or Titian and Praxiteles saw in their dreams! These women with their paltry forms, their flimsy minds, their shallow hearts—who can talk of love to such beings? And they are all alike, as if cast in one common mould. What one of them thinks, another thinks; what one says, another says; what one feels, another feels. If they ever had a spark of fire in their earthly natures it was extinguished in their childhood. Only one woman did I ever know—my poor, lost Angela—who had will, and power, and thought, worthy to be loved and honored. Would that she had lived! Would that I loved her better while yet she might have been my wife! Oh would that I could find a being whom I could wholly, perfectly love!

—one whose thoughts should lift me up to nobler life—whose beauty should, like those of the old Greek statues, fill my heart with the rapture of their deep repose—one whose love should be my glory and my joy, and for whose dear sake I might yet become a man among men, and strike a blow in the great battle of the Right and the True. Could I find such a woman as *this*, methinks the rust of life would be brushed off, and my soul would leap forth as a sword from its sheath. I could love such a woman—surely I could love her—as man never loved before. Let me but find my ideal and my mother shall weep no more over my lonely, embittered, and inglorious life. A new existence should begin for me then.”

Alured had wandered on deep into the forest, and stood still at last in an open space where a small conical hill seemed to testify to Druid handiwork. The thick trees shut it in round its base, and for miles away there was the silence of the woodland solitude, broken only by the cawing of the rooks, and the hum of summer insects, and the rustle of the hare in the fern. Looking upward at the mound as he stood at its foot, Alured was startled to behold a figure standing on the small green space on the summit, and looking down on him earnestly. The more he gazed the greater grew his astonishment and wonder. It was a grand, majestic form which he beheld :

“A daughter of the gods divinely tall
And most divinely fair”—

the limbs and bust, noble as those of the Venus of Milo ; but the face, rather wearing the soft beauty, the ineffable calm, sad smile of the Psyche of Praxiteles. Was it a lady of mortal mould before him ? Alured could not tell ; hitherto he had seen such a form only in his dreams, or in the marble of the mighty sculptors of old. Over her limbs, and broad, high bosom flowed the folds of a white robe, so pure that it glistened in the sun, and her hair hung in rich masses like the rippling of a golden river, from her shoulders almost to the ground. But there was yet more—somewhat which made Alured’s heart stand still with the awful sense of beholding the superhuman and

divine. Over the high brow, and seeming to rest on the rolling locks of gold, there was a gleam—a shimmer as of a light—a star which needed but the coming of twilight to shine out in fuller radiance. Alured could not speak. He stood still with his hands clasped, then slowly, reverently, ascended the mound towards her. At last, when he had approached her nearly, and her godlike beauty broke in full upon his heart, he sank upon his knees and lifted to her his face, pale with wonder and adoration.

Hours passed away, and the sun went down over the forest, and the twilight came, and the nightingale sang, and still the lady sat on the Druids’ Mound, and Alured lay at her feet. The lady smiled on him, yet with somewhat solemn in her smile, and spoke to him in a low, soft voice, which seemed, in some unknown way, to thrill him like a voice recalled in the memory of childhood. Alured spoke to her of all he had longed for and dreamed, and the lady answered him with words of sympathy, and noble counsels of faith and virtue. And she spoke to him of other worlds higher and holier than this, and of the light of unknown suns, and the radiance of moons unseen by human eyes ; and of flowers, whose beauty and fragrance gave even the immortals joy. And Alured’s heart beat fast, for he felt she spoke of such things as one who had known them. Then she spoke again and told him of the mighty dead ; of Plato, beside whom she had wandered in odoriferous groves, where the olives of the Academe were remembered ; of Antoninus, whose kindly and had been her guide ; of “starry Galileo,” whose solemn face she had seen lighted with a smile, telling how he had striven to behold through his glass the world where now he dwelt. Then she spoke of duty, and of the eternal right ; of things which hold through in every world for ever ; and of that great LOVE in which all creatures live and move throughout a boundless universe.

And Alured bent lower and lower, and bowed his head and said :

“O, lady ! I am not worthy to be near thee, or to speak to thee. Bid me depart, and die.”

And the lady answered, and said :
 "Not so, O my friend ! I have sought thee, and come to thee from afar."

And Alured took the hem of her garment and kissed it, and buried his face in the grass. And the lady remained silent ; and the nightingale sang in the wood. Then the young man lifted up his eyes and looked at the lady. And behold the star on her head shone out now in the evening gloom with the mild radiance of Hesperus, and she sat still with the star gleaming over her like a statue of a holy saint.

And Alured was afraid of the star, and yet he loved it as a crown on the head of his beloved, and he said :

"Lady, tell me thy name, and how shall I call thee ?"

And the lady answered and said :

"Call me Stella, for thou fearest my star ; and thou shalt not fear, but only love."

And the lady lifted her hand, and drew a tress of her hair over the star, and the star was veiled in a golden mist.

"But thou sayest thou wilt leave me, Stella," said Alured. "Thou wilt return to thy home, far off, and forget me ;" and Alured wept like a boy.

And the lady answered, and said :

"I go, dear Alured, but also I return, if so thou wilt it should be. See how the moon rises full-orbed, to-night, behind the trees. When she rises again in her full glory, I shall be here, on this old mound amid the woods again. Wilt thou meet me, Alured, my friend ?"

And Alured swore he would meet her were rivers of fire in his path ; and the lady smiled softly, and slowly and gently arose, and passed away into the dark green depths of the forest.

Then Alured awoke as from a dream, and sped him homeward to his castle ; but his heart and thoughts were with the lady of the forest, and he answered his aged mother as if he heard not her voice, and refused to see his companions and friends, and spent his days in roaming alone through the great lonely woods.

And when the time of the full moon was come, he hastened to the Druids' Mound, while his heart beat wildly with fear and hope.

And the moon rose at midnight, and there was a tempest in the woods, and

the trees rocked and crashed in the autumn gale, and the sere leaves fled before the storm, and the birds shrieked with terror. At last the moon shone out between the black rolling clouds, and tipped their borders with silver, and, through the rift, from the depth of the dark blue of heaven the stars shone down like the eyes of God unveiled.

And Stella and Alured walked together in the forest. And the soul of the young man swelled within him as the storm beat on his brow, and the freshness of the autumn night quickened his blood. And he wooed Stella with all the passion of his soul, and told her how he had longed for one who should be above and beyond the women of earth, who should not think their thoughts, nor speak their words, nor wear their false looks. And he told her how her stately grace and matchless beauty entranced him, but how her mind and soul called forth still deeper homage from his heart, and how to call her his own, his wife, was the highest ambition he should ever know.

Stella looked at him as he spoke, and smiled lovingly on him and said :

"Alured, in thy dreams thou didst long for a woman not of earth—a woman of larger, nobler soul than thy kindred, of higher gifts and of mightier love ; but, Alured, deceive not thyself, deceive not me. Dost thou indeed desire me—such as I am—to be the wife of thy bosom, the companion of thy brightest as well as of thy gravest hours ?"

Then Alured arose, and the moon shone on his brow, and his eye flashed brightly, and he said :

"Ay, Stella ! I desire to have thee to be the friend of my life, the wife of my heart, the companion, witness, guide, of every step of my earthly way."

"Be it so then, Alured," said Stella ;
 "I will be thy wife."

And Alured took the star-crowned form in his arms, and kissed the lips which had tasted of the wine of heaven ; and Alured fell senseless on the Druids' Mound, and lay without thought or motion.

In a fair chamber of a stately house Alured sat alone by the autumn fire, and looked around him thoughtfully. On the walls hung beautiful pictures, and, shaded

by crimson draperies, gleamed marble statues; and there were flowers in precious vases, and books of many themes, and instruments of music. It was the chamber Alured had prepared for his bride—the bride whom he should see on the morrow. With a young man's love, he had lavished wealth and care in preparing this home for her who was to be the lady of his paradise, and in making it worthy of Stella. Yet Alured sat silent and downcast, and it seemed as if he were not the same as he who on the Druids' Mound had sank overpowered with the rapture of the promise of Stella's love. As he looked around him, he strove to picture Stella dwelling there, and the more he strove the more faint grew the vision of his fancy; the more unreal it seemed that she—that stately being—great and wise above all he had ever dreamed—should come to him and be his wife, and dwell in an earthly home. Nay, as he strove to conjure up the reality of his hopes, it seemed as if a dread cold doubt came over him. "Would it be *well* she should thus come?" Her goodness, her wisdom, her graces, and gentleness, were perfect, and beyond all words of praise; but would not that very beauty make all things beside it seem bare and dull—would not that wisdom and goodness prove too high and majestic and solemn for all Alured's moods of pleasure, ambition, weariness? Alured's soul darkened as he thought. He felt himself, and hated to feel, poor and mean of nature, and that he could not endure the effulgence he had called down into his common earthly life. How should he bear to gaze always on that perfect beauty?—how should he hold always that high converse?—how should he live that noble, holy, devoted life which Stella should not scorn?—how (and as he thought it the shameful flush dyed his temples)—how should he bear to hear the idle wonder or empty jests of his friends at the beauty and the wisdom alike above their standard and their comprehension? Then, again, his mood changed, and his thoughts went back to Stella's gentleness and love, to her face of ineffable loveliness, to the power and truth of all her words; and a gush of his old love came over him, and he cried: "What can there be in earth or

hell not worth striving or bearing if only I may call that seraph of heaven my own, and welcome her here—my wife—the angel of my home!" Suddenly Alured grew pale, and paused. "Home!" he murmured. "Will it be home-like with Stella? Can I breathe in the air she breathes; strain my languid thoughts up to her height of genius; gaze on that sun-like beauty and never grow bewildered with its brightness; be great and good as she is high and holy; and love her—love her with that supreme and perfect love she asks?" Alured sat silent. That high-strung life, that passionate emotion to which Stella had awakened him, exhausted him to contemplate as the duty and the sentiment of all his future years. He sank into anxious, miserable thought, and step by step his memory went back over his past youth—over the burning hours he had spent with Stella—over the dreary void of the time ere he beheld her, when he had longed to find such ideal women, and despised all others: and then at last back to the love of his boyhood—to Angela, whom his wayward fancy had first offered love, and then neglect, and who had died—he knew not how, but knew himself guilty. "Ah, Angela!" he murmured. "Angela—thou hadst not Stella's unearthly beauty, nor Stella's eloquent lips, and knowledge of things above a mortal's ken. But, Angela, would not thy humbler love have been dearer? would not my life have been happier beside thee, than lifted up by Stella into that air, too clear and pure and bright for mortal breath?" Thus Alured pondered doubtfully.

The day appointed came, and at sunrise Alured stood on the Druids' Mound. Already the wintry frost had come, and the sun rose redly over the woods, and the dead fern under the trees looked like the feathers of slaughtered birds, and the grass upon the mound was drenched with dew and scattered over with dying leaves. Alured was calm and silent in the morning light, and almost asked himself whether all he had seen on that mound had not been a vision of the moonshine hours. By and by, out of the thicket, Stella stepped forth. Alured could not see that divine form, that face of speechless love and gentleness, with-

out feeling his heartstrings stirred with warm emotion. He came forward and clasped her hand, and drew her towards him. Stella yielded to his caress, but looked at him searchingly, and then, as he could almost fancy, brushed a tear away from her eyes.

"Stella, my beloved," he said. "Dear Stella, I have been laboring to make my home worthy of thee. How soon wilt thou come and dwell there with me for ever?"

"Alured!"

"What is it that disturbs thee, my beloved?" said Alured.

"Alured, how wouldst thou that I should come to thy home? Shall I come as thou hast seen me, with the star on my brow? Shall I come thus to thee, dear Alured, as the bride of thy heart?"

Then Alured grew pale and his voice faltered, and he spoke doubtfully. "As thou wiltest so let it be, Stella, my beloved."

"But wilt this be as thou wouldst have me, Alured?"

And Alured took courage and looked around. The sun was shining cold and clear; the woods were stripped of their leaves and showed their stems, black and sharp against the sky, and through an opening where the storm had stricken them he could see his own ancestral castle, and the familiar windows of his chamber, glittering in the rising sun. On the one hand was the real, on the other the ideal—the world of every day, and the world of his dreams. Alured thought he might reconcile the two. He answered Stella:

"Dearest and fairest! To me thou art best as I have seen thee first; I love thy soft star. Behold how I kiss the hem of thy radiant robe! But all the men and women of earth are not like me, nor would they understand thy beauty. Since thou wilt have me say all I desire, then, beloved, grant me my prayer. Reserve thy star for my happy eyes alone, and veil it, or lay it by, if so thou mayest, when others behold thee. Deign to come to me as a human bride, and not as a daughter of higher worlds unknown."

For a moment the white robe closed round Stella like a veil, and Alured deemed he heard one long sobbing sigh.

Then she cast back her garment and the waves of her red-gold hair, and smiled and said:

"Be it so, dear Alured. Thy bride shall be as the daughters of earth, and none shalt deem thou hast wedded a being more than mortal."

There was somewhat in the voice of the lady as she spoke these words, which brought a chill to Alured's heart; he knew not why. It seemed as if a treasure, more precious than rubies, had been taken from him. For a moment he hesitated, and something within him prompted him to pray Stella to forget what he had said, and to come to him in all the glory of celestial beauty. But he looked towards his home, and thought of his mother and his friends, and he answered:

"Thanks, dearest Stella; thanks a thousand times. I shall love thee far better since I, and only I, shall know from how great a height thou hast descended to bless me. And now, beloved, bid me wait no more, but tell me when thou wilt be mine own?"

And Stella answered and said:

"Nay, Alured, much more must I learn now of my duties, and of what thou wilt desire of thy future wife, ere I come to thee and take my place at thy side without causing thee any pain. There is much to be changed ere I can become such an one as men may deem thy fitting bride. I may hide this radiant star; but this glittering robe, wouldst thou have me change it, and restrain these flowing locks, and put from my feet these golden sandals? Shall I change this garment of heaven for the dress thou wilt bring me from the great city?"

"Ay, dear Stella," said Alured; "if so far thou mightest condescend, I would greatly rejoice."

"And my words, Alured? Shall I speak no more of nobler worlds and grander feelings than this world and the feelings wherein thou has dwelt? Shall I bring wisdom no more from the lips of the mighty dead, and reason no more of Life and Death and Duty and Immortality?"

"To me, to me, dear Stella, thou shalt speak of these things when we are alone: but before the world thou wilt surely learn to speak as others of the things of

the hour and of the trifles which interest other women?"

"One word more, Alured! I have loved thee with a high and holy love, and while our two souls may dwell in that great joy, even thy poor world would be as heaven in its gladness. Tell me, Alured, canst thou thus love me always? Wouldst thou that I should love thee in such wise—even so that life might be all glorious with truth and faith and noble aims and fervent aspirations? Wilt thou live with me on earth as we might live in heaven?"

And Alured looked upon the ground and muttered:

"I will surely love thee always tenderly, Stella; I would have thee love me the same."

"Nay, Alured, I ask not only for tenderness. Tenderness without honor or holy sympathies, or noble thoughts and deeds, is no tenderness for a daughter of that world whence I have come. Toy not with me more. If it might be that I could love thee with a more earthly love and be content with such love from thee, wouldst thou have it so?"

And Alured was ashamed to answer and his heart smote him with self-contempt; but he bowed his head in token of acquiescence.

When Alured looked up after a moment's pause, he started to find that Stella was no longer beside him. He gazed anxiously around in the cold gray dawn, but saw her not.

"Stella! Stella!" he cried. "Come back, my beloved, come back! I spoke hastily. Never would I have thee change even so much as one hair of thy royal head. Come back, my glory, my queen! Come to my home with the star on thy brow, and thy robe of light around thee! Come to me, light of life!"

Then there came a voice, he knew not whence, but it seemed to be near him, and yet above him in the air.

"Never more, O Alured! never shall I visit thee more. I heard thy sighings and I came to thee, for I loved thee, Alured—I who was once thy cousin, Angela, who roamed these old woods beside thee in our childhood, who listened to the vows of thy boyish love, and then who passed away from this poor home below to the blessed land on high. Thou

didst sigh for thine ideal of beauty and of goodness, and I came to give it to thee—for the Ideal of earth is the Real of heaven, and all the high visions of men of the holy and the beautiful are but the prophecy and the shadow of that which the Blessed are. But, Alured, thine heart failed in thy trial—failed to lift itself up to thine ideal, even when it was given to thy prayers. Thou wouldst not have me as I am; thou wouldst have changed me to the semblance of the very beings thou didst despise. My star of glory, my robe of purity, my words of heaven's wisdom, my very love, so high and holy, thou wouldst have had me change or cast aside. Thou couldst adore thine ideal far away; but, brought near to thee, it only struck fear and awe to thy weak and worldly heart. Fear not, Alured! That ideal shall haunt thee no more. Fear not, thy life shall be too high and noble, thy bride too beautiful and wise. Not I, such as I am, with the form of the immortals: not I, who have breathed the serene air of paradise, and learned the secrets which are beyond the grave: not I with the glistening white robe around me and the star of light on my brow: not I, nor such as I, shall be thy bride. But thy bride shall be of the clay, and her soul shall be like thine own, full of worldly thoughts and pitiful ambitions, and her love shall be cold and shallow like thine. And day by day, as thy youth fadeth, even so shall fade away every aspiration after the holy and the beautiful which once enchanted thee.

"Farewell, Alured; a last farewell! Till the heavens be no more, we meet not again."

Then Alured flung himself on the earth and buried his face in the dust. And he arose and went his way and returned to his home. And Alured wept not again for any joy or any grief to the day of his death.

Saturday Review.

CHATTERTON'S POEMS.*

It has been very justly said of Chatterton that "in his modern effusions he is

* *Poems by Thomas Chatterton. With a Memoir by FREDERICK MARTIN. Illustrated. London: Charles Griffin & Co.*

ut a clever boy beginning to handle with some effect the language of Pope and Dryden." They are wanting in depth, vigor, and in anything approaching the finer poetic enthusiasm. Yet, oddly enough, these are the very poems which it has been thought fit to republish in the present volume. With perhaps three exceptions, the selection is entirely made from those modern compositions in which the poet lacked the enthusiasm and force that scarcely ever failed to inspire him when working in the antique. The compiler, as is too much the wont with all compilers, seems to forget that in a small selection it is not his business to provide material for the biographer, but to choose those pieces which illustrate the best powers of the writer and give most of the highest kind of pleasure to the reader. To the biographer not even the merest trifle is uninteresting or unimportant, but, to the rest of the world, the fact that Chatterton wrote some bad verses at the age of eleven is no reason why a man should waste his time in reading the bad verses, or pay money for the privilege of possessing them. No poet who has ever lived has missed writing things that are not worth reading, but it is particularly hard that these should be the things chosen by an editor in preference to his really good work. Chatterton, for example, like everybody else who ever wrote a verse, has translated the fifth ode of the First Book of Horace, and we venture to say has done that feat about as poorly as any undergraduate that ever hymned:

"What gentle youth, my lovely fair one, say,
With sweets perfum'd now courts thee to
the bower,
Where glows with lustre red the rose of
May,
To form thy couch in love's enchanting
hour?

"Though soft the beams of thy delusive eyes
As the smooth surface of the untroubled
stream;
Yet, ah! too soon the ecstatic vision flies—
Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

"Unhappy youth! oh, shun the warm embrace,
Nor trust too much affection's flattering
smile!

Dark poison lurks beneath that charming
face,
Those melting eyes but languish to be-
gulle.

"Thank heaven, I've broke the sweet but
galling chain,
Worse than the horrors of the stormy main."

This is just the style in which it was natural that anybody living about the time of the accession of George III. should translate, and it is just the style which is least fit for rendering so exquisite a lyric. In his modern verses, again, Chatterton was not only weak and diffuse, but malicious and ill-conditioned. Yet the present compiler has not even spared us these unworthy pieces. There is "February; an Elegy," for instance, abounding in weak malevolence, as nearly every stanza shows:

"Begin, my muse, the imitative lay,
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming
string;
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,
Let me like midnight cats or Collins sing.

"Now the rough goat withdraws his curling
horns,
And the cold waterer twirls his circling
mop;
Swift, sudden anguish darts through altering
corns,
And the spruce mercer trembles in his
shop.

"Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,
Applies his wax to personal defects,
But leaves untouched the image of the mind,
His art no mental quality reflects.

"The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more!
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies,
Earth, Ocean, Heav'n, the wondrous loss
deplora,
The dregs of nature with her glory dies."

A man should be able to write better verses of his own before affecting to bewail the fall of another muse. One cannot, however, blame Chatterton for writing them. Considering his years, they are more than precocious enough, but they are certainly not worth reading now. And the worst of it is that, while stuff like this is offered to the modern buyer of books of verse, the editor can find no room for the famous Ode to Liberty,

the most powerful of Chatterton's compositions, and that which gives the best idea of the strength and grasp of his genius :

"When Freedom, drest in blood-stained vest,
To every knight her war song sung,
Upon her head wild weeds were spread,
A gory anlace by her hung.
She danced on the heath,
She heard the voice of Death ;
Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,
In vain assailed her bosom to acale,
She heard unflemed the shrieking voice of woe,
And sadness in the owlet shake the dale.
She shook the burl'd spear ;
Oh high she jeest her shield ;
Her foemen all appear,
And flizz along the field.
Power with his heafod straught into the skies,
His spear a sun-beam and his shield a star,
Alike tway brenning gronfires rolls his eyes,
Chafes with his iron feet and sounds to war.
She sits upon a rock ;
She bends before his spear,
She rises from the shock,
Wielding her own in air.
Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on ;
Wit skilly wimpl'd guides it to his crown ;
His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is gone ;
He falls and falling rolleth thousands down.
War, gore-faced war, by stands with burl'd wrist
His fiery helm nodding to the air,
Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist."

This grand piece is only a fragment, but there is no excuse for its omission. It may be said that people don't know that "anlace" means a sword, or that "a beaming gronfire" is antique for a burning meteor, or that "jeest" is equivalent to "hurled." This is true, but then it would have been very easy to explain the hard words in foot-notes, and are poets to be expurgated until they contain nothing that the most ignorant and indolent reader can fail to understand ! If this be the compiler's theory, we are glad to notice one very honorable inconsistency, for he has inserted, without glossary, the well-known "Excelente Balade of Charitie ; as Wroten bie the Gode Prieste Thomas Rowleie," containing the celebrated picture of the storm :

"The gather'd storm is rype ; the bigge drops falle ;
The forswat meadows smethe and drenche the raine :

The comyng ghasstness do the cattle pall,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine ;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flut againe :
The welkin opes ; the yellow levynne firs :
And the hot fiery smothe in the wide lowings dies.

"Liste ! now the thunder's rattling dymmynge sound
Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clags,
Shakes the hie spyre and loest, dispended, drownd,
Still on the gallard eare of terroure hanges :
The winds are up ; the lofty elmen swages :
Again the levynne and the thunder poves,
And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stonon showers."

If the reader is expected to understand this without any explanation of the archaic phrases, why should he not have had the other fine pieces in the same style ! Who can care for the stilted empty stuff on Lord Mayor Beckford's death, when it keeps out such a thing as the splendid personification of Hope ?—

"Hope, holy sister, sweeping thro' the sky,
In crown of gold and robe of lily white,
Which far abroad in gentle air doth fly,
Meeting from distance the enjoyous sight ;
Albeit oft thou takest thy high flight
Hekked [shrouded] in mist and with thine eyne yblent."

And the editor has gone on the same fatal principle throughout. We do not get "Rowley's Song to Aella," but we have all the verses that Chatterton wrote to Miss Hoyland in behalf of his friend Baker, and his acrostics on Sally Clark, and his song to Fanny of the Hill. There are no less than ten sets of verses in the present little volume all devoted to Miss Hoyland, and written when the poet was little more than fifteen years old. One of them, for example, is an acrostic on her name, beginning thus :

"Enchanting is the mighty power of love ;
Life stript of amorous joys would knowe prove ;
E'en Heaven's great Thunderer were the easy chain,
And over all the world Love keeps his reign."

And so we advance until we have got "Eleanor Hoyland" all complete. Now, it is hard to imagine any ten sets of love-verses, addressed to one flame, being

readable by the public, but there is an extraordinarily good reason why they should be unreadable in this case. Chatterton never saw the lady. Nature "made an Hoyland, and can make no more." "O Hoyland! heavenly goddess! angel! saint!" But the angel was in America, and all that Chatterton knew about her was that his friend Baker, then in South Carolina, was in love with her, and wished to send her some verses, which he unfortunately had not the knack of composing for himself. So he wrote to his old schoolmate at Bristol, and got what he wanted by the next mail. "The poems, etc., on Miss Hoyland," says Chatterton in his letter in reply, "I wish better for her sake and yours." If he could have foreseen the blindness of editors, he might have added, "and for the sake of posterity also." The compiler of a selection ordinarily thinks that anything will pass muster which bears the stamp of a household name like Chatterton's, and which is intelligible to the meanest capacity, and the present edition of his poems is at once an illustration and a warning. It has been observed with truth, that "nothing should be written in verse which is not exquisite; in prose anything may be said which is worth saying at all; in verse only what is worth saying better than prose can say it." Not one compiler in twenty shows the faintest appreciation of this. Anything that is written in verse they take for granted is exquisite from that fact, and is worth reprinting. There is not a poet, except perhaps Gray, who has not written something which the world would willingly let die, and which would die if compilers would only learn discrimination. Chatterton suffers severely from this inability to distinguish between the good and the bad work of men with established reputations, because he died so young, and therefore had not time to destroy those many immature pieces which are surprising for his years, but little short of absolutely worthless in themselves.

Apart from the merit of his antique pieces, both for their own sake and from the astounding youth of their writer, Chatterton's best poems possess a remarkable interest from their position in the history of English poetry. He stands

out as one of the very tiny band who in the eighteenth century preserved the divine fire which, according to Coleridge, burnt so brightly in England up to the time of Dryden, paled with the rise of that majestic writer, and burst forth again with fresh energy and light and warmth at the opening of our own century. Chatterton is a less conspicuous member of this company than Collins and than Thomson, and both the antique garb in which he chose to clothe his verse, and the less superficial nature of his thoughts and images, have combined to make him less popular than Gray. But, along with these, he helped to hand on the torch across the dreariest portion of the last century. He drew his landscapes, for example, straight from nature, as the two stanzas descriptive of the storm, already quoted, are enough to show. He had the gift, rarer then than at any other time since, of true poetic diction, conformable to reason and fact, and yet informed by imagination and inspired with genuine fervor. That exquisite piece, the "Minstrel's Song"—one of the few good things not omitted in the present selection—is as little characteristic of the eighteenth century as anything that could be written. That is to say, it has freshness and simplicity and sincerity, without a single conventional phrase or too stately turn. Like the rest of Chatterton's antiques, it is the sign of that poetic taste for the past which was afterwards developed by Scott, and which was the first symptom of the redemption of English poetry from the narrow, though glittering, bondage into which the imitators of bad French art had brought it. The sense of the dimness and distance of the past kindled an enthusiasm in minds which could see nothing but what was base and sordid in the people and ideas immediately around them. It was, in fact, the only way, to all appearance, in which they could come by that conception and sense of size which, along with sincere observation, is so essential to the finest kind of descriptive poetry. The fire of Chatterton's genius was perhaps powerful enough to burst through the poetic limitations of his time, even if the accidental possession of the old parchments from the muniment room of St. Mary's had not served to

stimulate his mind on this particular side. Burns, who was ten or eleven years old when Chatterton died, produced some of the least artificial poetry in our literature without any accidental diversion of this kind, and Chatterton was not inferior to him in original force, though he was so in every other respect. However, the fact remains that all that is best worth reading in Chatterton's verse is what he wrote under the inspiration of the quaint past. The most important fact of all in connection with his remains is that he was seventeen years and nine months old when he died.

Macmillan's Magazine.

GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

It has been very wisely said that the end and aim of all literature is, in truth, nothing but a *criticism of life*. The reason why so few novels have any place at all in literature proper is that so few of them exhibit even the feeblest sense of the need or possibility of such a criticism. Unhappily, it is not given to every writer who can spin a plot and piece together a few traits of character, labelling them with the name of a man or woman, to perceive that life moves from a thousand complicated and changing springs, and works into infinitely diversified results, which it is the highest interest of men to meditate upon. It demands an expansive energy, of which only the mind of rare vigor is capable, to shake one's self free from the shackles of one's own circumstance and condition, and thence to rise to a feeling of the breadth and height and unity of human fortunes. This feeling is the first and most valuable condition of all the higher kinds of literary production. Literature is the expression of this profound sentiment in all the varied forms—religious, poetic, philosophic—which it assumes in minds of various cast; it is at once the noblest result and the finest gratification of man's curiosity about his own nature and his own lot. Men are fascinated by this criticism of life even when they are unconscious of what it is that attracts them. It gives a size and depth to a book by which

the most stupid people cannot choose but be impressed, though their conceptions of what size and depth come to may be of the haziest and dimmest. An author who can suggest this wide outlook over the world has got not only the prime element of success in his art, but the safest guarantee for an unbounded popularity into the bargain.

The writer of *Silas Marner* and of *Romola* is the delight of wise men and of fools for other reasons besides this; but underlying and pervading them all with an impenetrable subtlety is this sense, which even a dull mind cannot miss, of the huge size of circumstance, this consciousness of an attempt to fathom its depths, to measure its forces, to weigh its products in human life. This fathoming and measuring and weighing may be conducted with delicacy or with coarseness—with power or only with the affectation of power—with a truly adjusted balance and nice weights, or with weights that are hollow and a balance that has its tongue pressed into its place by artifice. In George Eliot's books the effect is produced by the most delicate strokes and the nicest proportions. In her pictures men and women fill the foreground, while thin lines and faint color show us the portentous clouds of fortune or circumstance looming in the dim distance behind them and over their heads. She does not paint the world as a huge mountain with pigmies crawling or scrambling up its rugged sides to inaccessible peaks, and only tearing their flesh more or less for their pains. The difficulty of keeping this truthfulness of proportion between effort and accomplishment, between the power of the individual and the might of circumstance, may be measured by the fewness of those who, either in poetry or in prose fiction, have even come near reaching the right pitch. Yet, without such a rightness of pitch, instead of criticism of life, we are only likely to get windy and bombastic bellowing about destiny from strong men, and from weak men only thin-voiced twitterings about drifting rose leaves, the fleeting joys of the sons of earth, and the like unprofitable themes. And how is this pitch reached and maintained? It comes of the reflection being always kept close to the men and women whose conduct sets it in

train. It does not wander wildly or with feeble diffusiveness over the wide fruitless field of things in general. *Silas Marner* is one of the shortest novels that ever were written; yet it contains an amount of deep suggestive reflection for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear which it would be hard to match in half a dozen of the longest that ever were written, so richly has the writer appreciated the great neglected truth that *people want texts and not sermons*. If a novel has any use at all apart from the idlest diversion and time-killing, it must be as a repertory of vivid texts, by which I certainly do not mean merely texts of morals, pointing only to the right and wrong of conduct, though this is the first standard, but those reflections also which lead people to work out for themselves notions of what is graceful and seemly, to teach themselves a more exquisite intellectual sensibility, and to enlarge their own scope of affection and intensity of passion. These are the right fruits of that pleasure which is the first aim of the novel reader, and which he too often takes to be the only aim, and to be itself the fruit when in truth it is only the blossom. Each and all of George Eliot's novels abound in reflections that beckon on the alert reader into pleasant paths and fruitful fields of thought. The author gives herself no airs of finality, nor ever assumes that she can tell you all that is to be said, or that when she has spoken the matter is at an end; but writes rather as one beneficently sowing seed, than as an envious hinderer and grudger of all reaping but her own. It is a pity that authors do not more generally borrow this self-denying ordinance. There is no difficulty in finding an illustration from nearly any chapter of any of her books. The first page I come upon in opening a volume of *Romola* contains a passage which will serve for example. The man who gradually became base by persistently trying to slip away from everything that is unpleasant, suddenly sees a path opening for him to untangle himself through a threefold piece of deceit. The writer states the circumstances, Tito's inability to resist temptation, and ends the matter with a sentence: "Our

tion for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race; and to have once acted greatly seems a reason why we should always be noble. But Tito was feeling the effect of an opposite tradition: he had won no memories of self-conquest and perfect faithfulness from which he could have a sense of falling." A stupid or lazy reader passes by a pregnant sentence of this sort with a slight persuasion that it is all right. For him it is only written in water. But then, if the authoress had expanded her remark into a discourse, the stupid reader and the lazy would have been as badly off as they are, because the slovenly impression which comes of reading a great deal about a thing is not worth a pin more than the slovenly impression which comes of reading five lines. Vagueness is vagueness and no more, whether it is big vagueness or little. Nobody who has got into the all-important habit of taking care that his mind works at ideas instead of allowing it to absorb their pale shadows—for absorption only gives you a shadow and not the vigorous reality—can miss the splendid value of this quality of George Eliot's writing. It promotes the active circulation of ideas. It keeps the reader out of those dry ruts which prolonged elaboration of reflection always wears in the path, and which become so monotonous that the traveller ceases to look with any attention at the country through which he is being drawn. To be stopped short by a sentence that requires to be read over more than once is the best thing that can befall the novel reader, or for that matter any other sort of reader either. In *Felix Holt*, again, one has been listening to the electioneering talk between the pushing man of the world in search of a vote, and the earnest old minister with his high-minded politics. After all, the writer concludes, "what we call illusions are often in truth a wider vision of past and present realities—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces—a movement towards a more assured end than the chances of a single life." There are only half a dozen lines here, but one might work them out with edification for half a dozen hours. There is in such passages as these that quality of condensation which is of the

essence of poetry. We feel that the writer is only removed by a step from the poetic region. And in *Romola*, when the man who slipped into baseness has fallen at the hand of the man whom he had wronged, who has not been startled out of the excitement of the incident by the last three lines of the chapter?—"Who shall put his finger on the work of justice and say, 'It is there?' Justice is like the kingdom of God—it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning." Or when Tito, in his panic at seeing the old Baldassare, could bethink himself of nothing but to charge him with being mad, consider the terse profundity of the author's comment—"He hardly knew how the words had come to his lips. There are moments when our passions speak and decide for us, and *we seem to stand by and wonder*; they carry in them an inspiration of crime, that in one instant does the work of long premeditation." All this is the true criticism of life in its most comprehensive sense, including criticism by the creation of character, by the imaginary play of invented circumstance and assumed motive, by large and widely suggestive comment. The pictures of country life in which all this writer's books are so inimitably rich owe half their charm to this critical or illustrative quality. They are pictures that do much more than tell us a mere story, because the artist has made them to represent so many of the episodes which go to compose the larger story of human existence, and keeps before us—or at least before anybody who has an eye for anything deeper than fun—the poetic truth that life, "like a dome of many-colored glass, stains the white radiance of eternity." Hence the fewness of the characters. If there were more people on the scene, there would be the less space for the ripe and sustained meditation upon each, which gives to these writings a peculiar *impressiveness* that sometimes falls little short of being absolutely holy. From *Romola* down to *Denner*, the old waiting woman, every figure stands out as if wrought in marble, and where the figure is of sufficiently heroic mould, we feel the same awe as is inspired by fine sculpture or fine architecture. There is the effect as of an almost sacred repose.

George Eliot is one of the few think-

ers who can see the weakness of humanity, and the comparatively disappointing and mean nature of most objects of pursuits, without being driven by the violence of a common reaction into transcendental artifices. Nobody in her books is made to talk of rapture as a mood of happiness, or as the remedy for failure and the littleness of things. Practical resignation to the harshness and inflexibility of many of those conditions which are the material that a man has to make his life out of, and a sober, not ecstatic, resolution to seize such elements as remain, and force them into the pattern which we have chosen for ourselves; this is a state of feeling and will which seems to count for a great deal more with her than any solace which can come of beatific mystic visions, and discourse of eternal unspeakable aspirations. There is no chance of her ever preaching to men in words which they cannot profess to comprehend and to act upon. "In those times, as now," she says of the fifteenth century, "there were human beings who never saw angels or heard perfectly clear messages." And these human beings are scarcely thought too much in the wrong by a person who goes on to say, "Such truth as came to them was brought confusedly in the voices and deeds of men, not at all like the seraphs of unfailing wing and piercing vision—men who believed fables as well as truths, and did the wrong as well as the right. The helping hands stretched out to them were the hands of men who stumbled and often saw dimly, so that these beings, unvisited by angels, had no other choice than to grasp that stumbling guidance along the path of reliance and action, which is the path of life, or else to pause in loneliness and disbelief, which is no path, but the arrest of inaction and death." In no page of her books is there any sympathy with that kind of teaching which makes big words the healers and guides of men. Some people complain that there is a lack of grandeur and elevation in this. A phid and even study of men and women as they are, with all their foibles, and stumbling, and shortsightedness, seems to such critics too tame and too little edifying, and needs to be inspired with something more of eager passion and influ-

ing enthusiasm. That the author can understand this as well as the lower and more commonplace moods of the human mind, her splendid conception of Savonarola sufficiently proves. At a lower height than Savonarola—the highest level on which she commonly works—the single-minded Dinah Morris, the noble Romola, the fine-hearted hero of her last novel, are examples enough of her ability to enter into the best and loftiest parts of human nature. But she does not create beings of superhuman nature. Consequently, those who love to find the characters of a novel hoping and thinking and talking etherially, as seraphs may be supposed to do, or as people do in some German novels, are disappointed. The lovers of *Werterism*—and many of them still survive in one shape or other—find no iota of their favorite creed. The flapping of the wings of the transcendental angel is not heard in George Eliot's compositions. She can produce a truer effect out of sober elevation of thought than the most brilliant writer of the transcendental stamp out of an artificial elevation of language. An author of great and highly polished genius, and whose prolonged enthusiasm for art and letters scarcely meets just now with all the recognition it deserves—Lord Lytton—begins to describe one of his characters by saying, that “there is a certain virtue within us, comprehending our subtlest and noblest emotions, which is poetry while untold, and grows pale and poor in proportion as we strain it into poems.” This is very well, but one is surely only surrounded by haze in what follows. “This mere spiritual sensibility dwelt in Helen, as the latent mesmerism in water, as the invisible fairy in an enchanted ring. It was an essence of divinity shrouded or shrouded in herself, which gave her more intimate and vital union with all the influences of the universe; a companion to her loneliness, an angel hymning low to her own listening soul. This made her enjoyment of nature in its merest trifles exquisite and profound; this gave to her tendencies of heart all the delicious and sportive variety love borrows from imagination; this lifted her piety above the mere forms of conventional religion, and breathed into her prayers the ecstasy of the saint.” We

have a vague idea what all this means, but it is vague, and it conveys no sense of reality; we don't have any clearer or fuller notion about Helen after all has been said. Compare with this a sort of corresponding character as drawn by George Eliot. Romola's “enthusiasm was continually stirred to fresh vigor by the influence of Savonarola. In spite of the wearisome visions and allegories, from which she recoiled in disgust when they came as stale repetitions from other lips than his, her strong affinity for his passionate sympathy and the splendor of his aims had lost none of its power . . . His special care for liberty and purity of government in Florence, with his constant reference of this immediate object to the wider end of a universal regeneration, had created in her a new consciousness of the great drama of human existence, in which her life was a part; and, through her daily helpful contact with the less fortunate of her fellow-citizens, this new consciousness became something stronger than a vague sentiment: it grew into a more and more definite motive of self-denying practice. . . . Her trust in Savonarola's nature as greater than her own made a large part of the strength she had found. And the trust was not to be lightly shaken. It is not force of intellect which causes ready repulsion from the aberrations of greatness, any more than it is force of vision that causes the eye to explore the warts on a face bright with human expression; it is simply the negations of high sensibilities. Romola was so deeply moved by the grand energies of Savonarola's nature, that she found herself listening patiently to all dogmas and prophecies when they came in the vehicle of his ardent faith and believing utterance.” I do not wish to institute an invidious and quite useless comparison between the two writers, each of whom has singular power, but what I do wish to point out, by quoting these two passages side by side, is, that an angel hymning low to a woman's listening soul and so lifting her above conventional forms means nothing, while the effecting of the same result by a contagious enthusiasm, caught from an ardent and passionate apostle, means a great deal. The first is mere romance; the second is

common sense, which even a romance writer cannot shirk with impunity.

But still it is not a low common sense which never rises above the ground. It is nothing like the common sense of De Foe or of Swift; but borrows something at once from the sobriety of the only half-poetic mind of the eighteenth century, and from the quaint richness and fancy of the sixteenth, and from the height and freshness of the beginning of the nineteenth. Emphatically realist in her style, yet she is realist in a sense to which not many other novelists or dramatists can lay claim, and in which there are none of those characteristics that have made realism in contemporary fiction only another name for a steady and exclusive devotion to a study of all the meanest or nastiest elements in character and conduct. There is no blinking of the eyes to the part which debts and want of money, and uncontrolled impure desires, and all other sordid or foul circumstances play in life: only, on the other hand, these lurking ugly things which pluck back the feet of men and women in the path, are not painted from under the microscope, while better things are left in their bare unmagnified dimensions. Thus, with fine artistic moderation, and just completeness, which in art comes of moderation, she steers clear of the Charybdis of depraved realism, without falling into the Scylla of sentimentalism. She never sets up a character merely for the purpose of sneering at him, or showing what a bad or mean fellow he is, and how many people there are in the world just as bad and mean. And she never makes her men and women only listening souls to which angels may spend their time in hymning low tunes; which is really a great recommendation in a world where most people have bodies, and are more or less cloudy about souls. Who would not willingly surrender all that has been written about the low tones, in exchange for Dolly Winthrop's explanation to Silas Marner of the ways of God to man?

One of George Eliot's most characteristic traits is that she excludes the innate villany of the human heart from her theory of things. Except perhaps the man who steals the money and throws the blame on Silas Marner, she gives us, I

believe, no other ready-made scoundrel. She does not accept the doctrine that scoundrels are ready-made. The troubles which beset men are mostly the fruit of their weakness, and very little the fruit of any inborn devilishness. It is because they palter and play the fool with their own conscience, and trust to "the great god Chance" to find them a way back to virtue and happiness, that they fall into sin and misery, and lead others into the same ill plight. As a rule they don't mean very badly. Arthur Donnithorne allowed himself to slide cautiously down the slope towards wrong-doing, until passion had got impetus enough to hurry him uncontrollably into the thorny noisome pit at the bottom. Tito, also, was a good fellow enough, only he did not like the things which in themselves are not likeable—labor, sacrifice, pain, hardness. So he avoided them. And then we are made to see how men seldom go down into the pit alone. Their act of weakness is a curse to everybody whose hand is even indirectly linked with theirs. A discord is struck into the life of a *Romola*, as Adam Bede, which never ceases to vibrate, and a shadow thrown over the future of the innocent which may grow fainter, but never fades away to leave an unstained light. And in her last novel, the presence of an old dead repented weakness hovering darkly over a life is vivid before us—the ghost of the past rising ghastly to poor Mrs. Transome, like Banquo at Macbeth's feast. Though she extenuates the motives which lead men into mistakes, she does not soften their consequences. A curse may be brought down by nothing more hateful than weakness, but it is just as much a curse as if it were the divine retribution for downright malignity and blackheartedness. Precisely as the criticism of art discloses the laws and principles of beauty, the criticism of life traces the working of the more momentous laws of circumstance and character and conduct. Of these are there any more vast in their extent, and therefore more important for us to ponder, than that the consequence flows upon others from the act, though often from the motive upon the actor; that lack of strength is the main cause of crime and wrong, and not lack of general good-will to virtue; that *Nemine in statu*

the weak as eternally and relentlessly as the wicked, and that penitence does not appease her? To be able to set all this forth, as George Eliot has done, not as thin unilluminated commonplace, but in its largest significance and its visible working, is the gift of a very rare natural temper fertilized by an uncommon culture.

From this keen perception of the share which weakness usurps in mortal affairs flows the writer's humor, the quality to which she owes so much of her popularity among people who are Gallios in all things grave. The contemplation of weakness may stir up one of two emotions, according to the circumstances in which the weakness is displayed. Weakness ought always to make us sorry for the weak man, but it may not always make us so sorry for him as to keep us from genial mirth—one of the wholesomest kinds of feeling. Beneficent pity and genial mirth are two phases of the same mood, two colors of the same sentiment. It is the kind of weakness that determines for the feeling which of these two it shall assume. It is the effect of simple weakness to make one smile, but when pain and misery follow from it then men smile no more. This explains the inseparable connection between humor and pathos. Nobody has one without having the other also; though circumstances or natural bent may incline a poetic mind more strongly in one direction than the other. Humor is at the lower end of the scale, and it rises by imperceptible intervals up to pathos. In the *Mill on the Floss*, for example, it is the same temper which underlies the exquisitely humorous description of the cares and worries of Mrs. Gleig and Sister Pullet, and the exquisitely pathetic description of that scene when "brother and sister" lived over again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and reamed the daisied fields together." The first comes of the contemplation of simple weakness and littleness and narrowness; the other derives its force from the contemplation of the misery which had followed from weakness coming in fatal contact with harshness and austerity.

A passage which illustrates the joining point where humor passes into pathos, as well as as shifting and barely percepti-

ble a point can be illustrated, may be found somewhere in *Silas Marner*. The writer is talking of the lives of old squires and farmers.

"Calamities came to *them* too, and their early errors carried hard consequences: perhaps the love of some sweet maiden, the image of purity, order, and calm, had opened their eyes to the vision of a life in which the days would not seem too long, even without rioting; but the maiden was lost, and the vision passed away, and then what was left to them, especially when they had become too heavy for the hunt, or for carrying a gun over the furrows, but to drink and get merry, or to drink and get angry, so that they might be independent of variety, and say over again, with eager emphasis, the things they had already said any time that twelvemonth!"

There is a *humaneness* of spirit in such writing as this which throws a reader into the mood that lies midway between laughter and tears, and makes him ready to incline to one nearly as much as the other. Kindly irony is the nearest approach which the humoristic temper can make to earnest reprobation, and we never find anything harsher in George Eliot. She would not have invented a sea-monster for the sake of inflicting grim and bloody vengeance on the bad *Sieur Clubin*, as M. Victor Hugo does. She scarcely adopts the idea that Providence or Destiny is always on the watch to seize bad men from without. The *pieuvre* had received no harm from *Sieur Clubin*, so scarcely had a right to suck his blood, and it is the very gist of true poetic justice that men should not be punished for their sins by artificial devils *ex machina*. It would have been enough for George Eliot, as it is for Mr. Carlyle when he encounters *Sieur Clubin* in history, to leave the poor wretch to make as much of his villany as he could, and wish almost in good humor that he might be the better for it. For she is plainly persuaded that after all "a rogue is only a fool with a circumbendibus."

Like Mr. Carlyle, too, in this, as in a great many other points, George Eliot perceives that the only course for honest and worthy folk in the tangle which fools, with or without circumbendibuses, contrive to make of the world, is to stick to

the work that the hand findeth to do. "What right hast thou to be happy? First say what right hast thou to be." This is Mr. Carlyle's way of putting the case, and we hear the voice of Herr Teufelsdröckh and the "Everlasting Yea" when Romola declares to Lillo, "We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world, as well as for ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from misery by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world, that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasures or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard or painful. My father had the greatness that belongs to integrity; he chose poverty and obscurity rather than falsehood." The spirit of *Felix Holt* is identical with the spirit of this passage; so is the *Mill on the Floss*. Only in her last book the doctrine is applied by Felix Holt, and Esther his love, in a practical way, which nobody can help understanding. Like the old man, Bardo, the young Felix chooses poverty and obscurity rather than a competence which involved habitual insincerity. Esther, too, chooses poverty and obscurity rather than sacrifice for the sake of their opposites the higher aims of a pure and noble life, bound up as they were with the resolute poverty of the man who had inspired her with them. "My daughter," Savonarola said, "your life is not as a grain of sand to be blown by the winds; it is a thing of flesh and blood that dies if it be sundered." Esther felt, and the reader is made to see how she came to feel it, that wealth is a sorry prize to be won by the pain and ruin of such a sundering. It has been complained that this refusal of a big inheritance, this casting away of a livelihood, is Quixotic and preposterous. People, it is said, nowadays, never dream of doing this sort of thing. Yet we may be quite sure that any individual man of those who take this ground, would be extremely insulted and angry if you told him that he, personally, was ab-

solutely incapable, except in tiny trifles, of making a sacrifice of money for the sake of a high principle. And any individual woman too would be very bitter if she were supposed to be absolutely incapable of loving a man so disinterestedly as to be willing to sacrifice a certain quantity of ormolu clocks, and fine mirrors, and Turkey carpets, and silk gowns for the sake of living with him. But it is a very common thing, I find, in more subjects than one, to assume that, though individually each of us is an extremely high-minded and virtuous person, in the aggregate we are never actuated by any but the lowest, narrowest, and most sordid motives. Even granting, however, that Mr. Carlyle is no calumniator when he says that most people are fools, George Eliot might possibly find a sufficient barrier against these anti-Quixotic people in Goethe's saying, that if you would improve a man, the best plan is to suppose that he is already what you wish to make him.

A great deal might be said on the influence which George Eliot's books cannot but have in the great movement of which we are the half-unconscious witnesses in the sphere of religion. The remarks which she scatters by the way-side of her narrative are such as can scarcely offend the weakest brother. For unless one has already acquired a frame and temper open for their reception, they will inevitably glance off without effect from the reader's mind. But they are *φωνήεντα σὺνερτοί*, full of meaning and suggestiveness to those who would fain see the invigoration of belief by the effusion into it of a current of lofty and fertilizing ideas drawn from a wide and generous observation of life as it is. To introduce a rich humaneness into the popular conception of religious belief, and to spread the conviction that openness of mind is not inconsistent with religious devotion, are two of the noblest ends which a writer can hope to have a share in promoting. There cannot be much higher praise for a book than that it tends to bring men nearer to one another, and to cease from the judgment of one another on the too narrow grounds of conformity to or revolt against a traditional orthodoxy. There is scarcely another living writer, whose influence, though

working with so little parade of its ultimate significance, is likely to be so effective as George Eliot's in this direction.

I have only to notice one thing more, and that is, how thoroughly these novels show to people who write, that style is not the result of reading, but of thinking. It is not the assiduous cultivation of a style as such, but the cultivation of the intellect and feelings which produces good writing. Style comes of brooding over ideas, not over words. It is because George Eliot lets ideas lie long and ripen in her own mind that their fruitage of expression is so delicate in flavor and so rich and diversified in color.

Chambers's Journal.

THE STORY OF A BURGLARY.

IN October last, I was invited by a friend of mine, whose daughter was about to be married, to go to London to attend the wedding. He had taken a large house in one of the streets leading out of Piccadilly (which I will call Folkestone-street), and was so good as to offer me a room for the marriage week. Having been out of health for some time, and needing a change, I thankfully accepted his offer, and made my preparations for the journey at once.

I reached London about a week before the important day; and to those who know anything about weddings, especially weddings in "high life" (so, I believe the correct phrase runs), I need not say that this week was a busy one. The presents were numerous, and consisted chiefly of jewelry; the *trousseau*, I was informed, could not be surpassed; but of that I am not qualified, nor is it any part of my purpose, to speak. I am only concerned to state that the presents of jewelry were numerous and valuable. As they were brought in by messenger after messenger from the various jeweller's shops, they were placed for inspection by visitors, with other presents, in the front drawing room, which, I may observe, had four large windows all looking into the main street.

The marriage was fixed for a Tuesday; and on the Saturday previous, my friend gave a dinner party to relations on both

sides, and a good many people were invited to come in the evening to inspect the presents and the *trousseau*. As it was Saturday night, everybody departed shortly after twelve o'clock; and by one o'clock every light was extinguished. No suspicion of robbery seems to have entered into the head of any of us, and the jewelry and other valuable presents were left exposed in the front drawing room all that night. But on the next night, the groom of the chambers did seem to have a little anxiety at having so much valuable property exposed in so open a manner, and he communicated his uneasiness to his mistress. The most costly of the jewels were, in accordance with his suggestion, placed in a large jewel box, and deposited at bedtime in his mistress's bedroom. So little real anxiety, however, was felt by any one, that a magnificent dressing case and dressing bag, both with gold fittings of very great value, were left, with numerous other articles, in one of the back drawing rooms, without even the key of either being turned in the lock. On that Sunday night, or rather early on the Monday morning, the house was robbed.

It will be well, perhaps, before I proceed further in my narrative, that I should give a general idea of the number and position of the rooms on the three principal floors of the house. On the ground floor there were dining room, breakfast room, and morning room. On the first floor, there were three drawing rooms; and besides these, there was, built out at the back, and lying beyond the servants' staircase, the bedroom and dressing room inhabited by my friend and his wife, and in which the jewels had been deposited. On the second floor were four bedrooms and a dressing room, occupied by different members of the family and myself.

I went to bed about eleven o'clock, and must have slept soundly for about four or five hours, when I was awakened by the violent barking of a little dog which I had in the room with me. I looked up, and saw the door of my bedroom open gradually, and a bright light shine through it. I called out at once in a loud voice: "Who's there?" when the door was quickly and quietly shut, without an answer being returned. I

never dreamed of thieves, for I had been similarly disturbed the night before: my impression was, that some servant had mistaken the room, the house being strange to all the inmates. I struck a light, looked at my watch, and found the time to be four o'clock. For a time, I listened intently, but soon finding that all was quiet, I turned on my side, and tried to get to sleep again. This, however, proved to be impossible, and I got no more sleep that night. About five o'clock, I heard some noises in the next bedroom to my own, and concluded that my neighbor was stirring; and at half-past five, I heard somebody stumble over a box in the passage outside my door. But it still never occurred to me to think of thieves. I imagined still that, in the hurry of preparation for the wedding, some servant had been compelled to rise earlier than usual, and had stumbled in going down stairs in the dark; but as I could not get to sleep, I determined to get up, and at ten minutes to six o'clock by my watch, I left my room to go to another at the end of the passage. The moment I left my door, I saw a man standing ten yards from me. The fellow, who was about six feet two inches in height, and most powerfully made, was listening at the door of a bedroom close to mine, and had his hand on the handle when I first saw him; but the moment he caught sight of me, he made a rush either to collar me or to get by me, I don't know which; and seeing this, I drew back, and allowed him to pass. The next moment I gave the alarm, and the household was speedily aroused. An attempt at pursuit was made; but the minute or two which had elapsed, enabled the burglars to make good their retreat, and they got clear away without molestation.

The next thing to be done was to ascertain the extent of our losses; and a very casual inspection decided this. Everything of silver or gold in the house which they could lay their hands upon, they had carried off, but only such articles as were very portable: plate they never sought to touch, although some was lying about in the different rooms. They had made a clean sweep of the most valuable of the presents left in the drawing rooms; they had wrenched off

and carried away all the gold tops from the fittings of the dressing case and dressing bag; they had entered two bedrooms on the second floor, and taken valuable property from each, while the inmates were sleeping; but, most fortunately, they had missed the great prize, the jewels, to obtain which the burglary had, doubtless, been planned. They had never imagined that the head of the family would sleep in a bedroom beyond the servants' staircase, and so made no attempt to explore in that direction. They must have reasoned that the best bedrooms, in which alone the jewels were likely to be, would be those to the front on the second floor, over the drawing room; and about these they must have hung for hours, in the hope of getting their prize, listening at the doors to the breathing of the sleepers, entering and rifling the rooms of those who slept most heavily, and waiting for an opportunity of safely entering the others. My room, after the barking of my dog, they did not again attempt to approach. But although the jewels were safe, we found, upon inspection, that they had carried off property to a very considerable amount; indeed, the loss, we found, could not be estimated at less than seven hundred pounds.

Of course, the first thing to be done now was to send for the police. This was done at once; and as I was the only person who had actually seen anybody in the house, I received a visit, in an incredibly short space of time, from Inspector Fairfield—so I will call him—of the Q division. The inspector was a tall, fair-haired man, who looked a good deal younger than his real age, but who seemed a capital man of business, whatever his age might be. His first question was "What sort of a man was it that you saw on the landing, sir?" I said at once that I had seen a tall, dark man; but that I had not seen him sufficiently well to be able to describe his features accurately. The inspector mused over my description for half a minute, and then called on me for a detailed description of every article of property which had been stolen, and its probable value. I had scarcely begun to give the list, when a knock came at the door, and Sergeant Wootton entered. "I will call him—"

also of the Q division—was announced. Had he not been styled a sergeant, I should never have guessed what he was. My idea of a policeman was that he was tall and stout, and with whiskers that were the objects of the admiration of the servant maids, and the satire of "Mr. Punch." But here was a little man in plain clothes, very short, very dark in complexion, and with his hair and whiskers cut very close ("So that they may have nothing to hold on by," he darkly whispered to me in a conversation we had some days after.) But I suppressed my astonishment, and politely greeted my visitor. In return, Sergeant Wood expressed the usual civil regrets for the occurrence—which, somehow, one can't think quite sincere in a policeman—and then had a brief whispered consultation with Inspector Fairfield. What the inspector said seemed to decide him upon some course of action, for, after again asking me to describe the man I had seen, he hurriedly left the room. I then completed the list of the stolen property, and, after accompanying the inspector in a tour round and over the house, to see how the entry had been effected, and after being convinced that the thieves had entered from the back through the kitchen, I bade him good-morning, fully convinced that the best plan was to grin and bear our losses as best we might. It was the firm belief of every one of us, that every article of gold and silver was in the melting pot within an hour after the thieves left the house, and that no portion of the stolen property would be recovered. Nor did we think in our hearts that there was any use in the police exerting themselves; we had not, I am ashamed to say, any belief in their powers of detection in a really difficult case, such as this seemed to promise to be.

Judge, then, of my surprise, when barely an hour and a half afterwards, I was informed that the burglars had been captured, and every article of property recovered. The manner in which the capture was effected was so ingenious, and the whole affair was so creditable to the police force of the metropolis, that I shall make no apology for describing it at some length.

The burglary at my friend's house in Folkestone-street, was not, I discovered,

by any means the first of its kind which had lately occurred. A succession of robberies had taken place at the West End during the previous three months, all apparently the work of the same man (for the same features distinguished them all), and the police had been greatly nettled at their non-success in detecting the culprit.

As far back as the middle of the previous June, the house of a great minister of state had been broken into, and a quantity of jewelry stolen. In that case, the thief seemed to have clambered up a very high wall, and then to have "dropped" a great distance on to some leads. This gave him access to a window, through which he entered the house. The jewelry was taken from a lady's dressing room, and the robbery must have been effected within a very short time after she had left that room, for she did not retire to bed till three o'clock, and the thieves were out of the house by five. One remarkable feature in this case was, that one of the thieves had *washed his hands* in the dressing room before leaving it. The police used every exertion to trace the thieves, but were unsuccessful: and so mysterious did the affair seem, that they were driven to suspect that there had been some connivance on the part of the servants. For these suspicions, it is only fair to say, subsequent events proved that there was no ground whatever.

A fortnight afterwards, another burglary took place; this time, at the residence of an ambassador. In this case also, the thief appeared to have "dropped" a considerable height. And here, too, the police were at fault.

A few days after this, a burglary took place at a house looking into the Green Park. A lady was sitting, about seven o'clock in the evening, in her boudoir alone, when she heard somebody walking in the room overhead. She fancied it was her brother, and called out to him to come down to her. No answer being returned, she ran upstairs, and was just in time to see a strange man going up the upper staircase. At sight of her, he quickened his footsteps, and rushing to the topmost story, shut himself up in one of the servant's bedrooms. By this time, an alarm had been given, and a policeman fetched from the street. He does

not, however, seem to have been either a very intelligent or very courageous member of the force, for all he did was to summon the burglar inside to open the door and come out. This, however, he declined to do, whereupon this valiant defender of our homes declined to break open the door without further assistance, and went off to fetch another constable. Of course, directly his back was turned, the burglar resolved upon flight. To the surprise of every one, he was seen to get out of the window, and make a terrific "drop"-leap on to some leads, whence he got into the park, and was lost to view in the shades of evening. The park was searched at once, but no trace of him could be discovered. The lady, upon being questioned, declared that the man she saw was tall and dark; and that was all the description she could give. The question then arose: Has any man been seen to loiter about the house lately? The immediate answer was in the affirmative. A tall, dark man had been seen by the postman loitering about the house, and the postman had communicated his suspicions that "he was after no good," to the sergeant of police, but had only been pooh-poohed for his pains. The sergeant was immediately questioned, and explained that he had fancied that the man was only courting one of the maids at the house in question. This explanation, however, was considered unsatisfactory by the Commissioners of Police, and the sergeant was suspended; and to this suspension may indirectly be attributed the ultimate detection of the burglar, for the sergeant felt his disgrace so deeply that he determined to leave no stone unturned to bring to justice this tall, dark man, who had such a marvellous power of making "drop"-leaps.

Meanwhile, news came of another burglary at Kensington. In this case also the thief seemed to have shown great activity, and again to have *washed his hands*. Again, a few weeks later, a burglary was committed in Hamilton-place, Piccadilly, and here again the thief washed his hands, even bringing a lemon from the kitchen to aid him in his task.

It now became almost a certainty that all these robberies were the work of one man; and as there was the remarkable

fact of his washing his hands in almost every instance, it was probable that this man was of a better class and of greater refinement than the ordinary run of London burglars. But an altogether new fact, which was likely to aid the police considerably in their efforts to trace him, was elicited during the inquiries which were made with respect to the Hamilton-place robbery. It transpired that two men had been seen for some days loitering about and examining the house, and that one of them was tall and dark, and the other short and fair. But not only had they been seen; the tall, dark man had actually spoken to a *commissionnaire* stationed in the district, and had been observed to have a foreign accent. It seemed most probable, therefore, that the man of whom they were in search was a foreigner, and the suspended sergeant determined at once to follow up this slight clew.

But there are a great many tall, dark foreigners in London, and the sergeant's task seemed one of no slight difficulty; however, he was a determined man, of iron nerves, and he determined to find the right man, if he searched through the whole of London; so he sat down and thought out the whole matter, and decided upon the course he would pursue. He could not help fancying from all he heard that it was probable the man in question was a discharged Swiss or Italian valet, or courier, or something of that kind; so following up this idea, he went to call upon a friend of his who kept a very respectable public house at the West End of the town. This man had been a courier himself in his earlier days, and was well acquainted with all the members of the confraternity, and, indeed, had a *table-d'hôte* daily for them at his house, of which other foreigners occasionally availed themselves. After much consultation with the landlord, the sergeant determined to attend the *table-d'hôte* that day, on the chance of seeing his man. At dinner time, he accordingly made his appearance, of course in plain clothes, and took his seat with the ease of a *habitué*. None of the diners, however, answered in any way to the description of the burglar, and the sergeant began to think that he had been wasting his time. But scarcely had the cloth been removed,

when a tall, dark man, of not unpleasing appearance, came in, and took his seat at one of the little round tables. Upon him the sergeant at once fixed his attention, and when he rose, after taking some slight refreshment, quietly followed him out of the house. For some time, he pursued him without being perceived, but at last the foreigner seemed to become aware that he was being tracked, for he looked round from time to time suspiciously. This, of course, did not look well, for a man who has nothing to fear does not do this, and our sergeant determined not to lose sight of him. However, clever as the sergeant was, the tall, dark man was cleverer still, and after a long chase, suddenly gave his pursuer the slip. The sergeant was in despair; just when he seemed to have got hold of a most promising clew, he had lost it, and it was more than probable that the foreigner would now take the alarm, and leave the country at once.

But, as good luck would have it, as he was walking, somewhat disconsolately, in Oxford-street that same night, he saw his man again! Again he followed him, and again he lost him, but this time in such a position as to make it nearly certain that he lived in one of three well-known streets in Soho. These streets were accordingly watched night and day, and the tall, dark foreigner was finally tracked down to No. 224 Canon-street, Soho.

But although they had been successful so far, what, it may be asked, had in effect been proved? What was the result of all these watchings and inquiries? Simply this: that a tall, dark foreigner, who evidently did not like followers, lived at 224 Canon-street, Soho. Slight, however, as the clew was, the police determined to follow it up. So much annoyance and excitement had been caused by the numerous burglaries at the houses of great people, and there had been so many comments upon the unskilfulness of the police, that the force made it almost a point of honor to discover the culprit. Directions were given to certain trusty men, the house was watched night and day; and this perseverance was at last rewarded by a certain amount of success, for, on the Friday preceding the burglary at my friend's house, the tall, dark for-

eigner was seen to come out, and, accompanied by a shorter man, to go to a marine store dealer's shop, and purchase some skeleton keys. On the following day (Saturday), he was seen to purchase some more keys, and with these he returned to his lodgings, and was not seen out again that day. These facts of course proved him to be a suspicious person, and justified the police in putting him under surveillance. On the next day (Sunday), he left his lodgings at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, and was seen to return to them at half-past eleven o'clock at night; but after that hour, those who were appointed to watch him declared that he did not leave his house that night, and asserted that it was totally impossible for him to have done so without their seeing him.

Now, my friend's house in Folkestone-street must have been broken into about two o'clock on the Monday morning, and the man I saw on the landing certainly did not leave the house till ten minutes to six. It appeared, then, quite certain that, whatever he might have done on other occasions, the tall, dark foreigner of 224 Canon-street had nothing to do with this robbery. When I described my friend on the landing as being a "tall, dark man," the inspector, as I remembered well, had smiled grimly, but he was not then aware that it had been declared by those who had been watching him that the man in question had not left his house after half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night. Of this fact, Sergeant Wood had given him the first intimation, when they had that brief consultation together in my bedroom to which I have alluded above, and for a moment they must have been dumbfounded—if, indeed, a policeman ever yields to so purely "civilian" an emotion. Apparently, all their labor had been thrown away: the tall, dark foreigner, whom they had so successfully traced to his lair, could not, it seemed, be in any way connected with this last robbery, in spite of the strong presumption which my description of him excited.

Policemen are, however, proverbially slow to despair. One hope still remained, which slender as it then seemed to us, proved ultimately the right solution of the difficulty. The Sunday night in ques-

tion had been wet and misty, and it was just possible that the vigilance of the watchers might have been eluded, though, from the skill and ability, and general high character of the men employed, this seemed hardly within the bounds of probability. It was determined, therefore, that the house in Canon-street should be closely watched; and on leaving my room Sergeant Wood himself repaired to the spot, and made the necessary arrangements.

The sergeant left me at half-past eight, and an hour and a half afterwards, the tall, dark foreigner was seen to come out of No. 224 Canon-street, and to walk down the street, in the direction of Seven Dials. He was instantly followed, and in a short time was observed to meet, as if by appointment, the same short, fair man who had accompanied him when he had made the purchase of skeleton keys. This latter man had a small and apparently empty blue serge bag on his arm. The two men linked arms, and walked on together, having very much the appearance, my informant said, of two master tradesmen. They were followed by three constables, of whom Sergeant Wood was one, and the question which occupied his whole thoughts was, should he, or should he not, take these men into custody? It must be remembered that he had no evidence against them—nay, he had evidence which directly exculpated the tall, dark man, and if correct, made it impossible for him to have been present at the burglary: he had all the terrors of damages for false imprisonment, and serious rebukes from magistrates for exceeding his duty, floating before his eyes. But my friend Sergeant Wood is not a nervous man, and his hesitation was but momentary. In spite of the testimony of the watchers, he had always felt certain that the tall, dark man had planned and actually executed the burglary in Folkestone-street that morning; and he determined to risk everything that might ensue if he made a mistake. He accordingly arrested them; and after a considerable show of resistance on the part of the shorter man, and a great deal of virtuous indignation from the affronted foreigner, added to considerable opposition from a mob of the lowest characters in Seven Dials, the

two were safely lodged in the station-house. Of course the blue bag was examined at once, and this apparently innocent receptacle was found to contain a large housebreaker's "jemmy" or crow-bar, a bottle of aquafortis for testing gold, and finally, a small gold toothpick, which had been taken from the fittings of the dressing case in my friend's back drawing room, and which had apparently been left in the bag by mistake, having got stuck in the lining. I should like to have seen the grim smile of my friend Sergeant Wood when the toothpick was produced from the blue bag. I think that at that moment he could almost have forgiven the watchers, whose negligence had so nearly led him astray.

The next thing to be done was to search the lodgings of the tall, dark man. This task Inspector Fairfield undertook, and he proceeded at once to Canon-street. After some opposition on the part of the landlady, who stoutly denied that any such person was lodging or ever had lodged in her house, the inspector at last got admittance, and proceeded to search the house (which was a very large one), commencing from the attics. On reaching the second story, on his way downwards, he inquired if any foreigner lived in any of the rooms upon it; and to this the landlady, whose memory seemed to have been much improved by intercourse with the inspector, replied, that a foreign gentleman, who was a highly-respectable wine merchant, had a bedroom on this floor looking to the back. She did not know much of him, she said, but he was very regular in his payments, and very quiet in his habits, and for her part she did not wish for anything more in a lodger. The courteous inspector requested permission to have one look, merely as a matter of form, at the distinguished foreigner's bedroom; and to this the landlady acceded. Unfortunately, however, the door was locked, and as the landlady had no other key than that which she had given to her lodger, and which he had doubtless in his pocket at that moment, the inspector was compelled to do violence to the feelings of a worthy woman, and break open the door. There was nothing remarkable in the bedroom in any way; it was a thought small and airless

or a "wine merchant," perhaps; but when he might be a trifle eccentric—many greater men have been guilty of more striking eccentricities, and yet not a word has been breathed against their respectability. But there was one thing which seemed to surprise the landlady, though not perhaps the inspector—her lodger seemed to be about to make a journey, and the room was disordered by preparations for departure. Above all, in the middle of the room stood a magnificent portmanteau, brand new, and of the best workmanship. The inspector lifted it, and found it heavy; he tried the lid, and found it locked. Fortunately, he had upon his bunch a key that fitted the lock; and with many apologies, he proceeded to open the portmanteau. Within it he found every article of the property stolen from Folkestone-street, with the single exception of the gold toothpick found in the blue bag; but besides this, the inspector found in the portmanteau some of the property which had been taken from the houses in Hamilton-place and Kensington. It was clear, therefore, that they had been right in their conclusions, and that the tall, dark foreigner was the planner and perpetrator of all these robberies.

Little more remains to be said. The next examination of the prisoners was taken that afternoon before the magistrate, and the landlady identified the tall, dark foreigner as her lodger, and the owner of the portmanteau. A policeman went to having seen both prisoners sitting near the mews at the back of Folkestone-street, on the Sunday evening between eight and nine o'clock; and so the chain of evidence was complete. Evidence was also given that both prisoners had been previously convicted, and when they were remanded, in order to complete the depositions before commitment. But before the day of final examination, the tall, dark man, in utter despair as to the result of the trial, and dreading a sentence which, at his age (he was fifty-five), would probably be tantamount to penal servitude for life, committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell at the House of Detention. The younger man was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, and is now working out his time.

At the inquest which was held upon

the foreigner, some curious particulars relating to his life were disclosed. He was a Frenchman, and of very respectable family, his father having been agent to a French nobleman. He seemed to have had respectable friends in London, who had no idea whatever that he was a burglar. He was thought by them to have an independent income, and to travel about for his pleasure. At what time of his life he took to burglary seemed to be quite unknown, but there was no question as to his talent for that profession. The police considered him a most skilful and dangerous thief, and regarded his capture as an important event. His manners and language were remarkably good, and his appearance was such that, if he had been met in a house, he would have been supposed to be some gentleman's foreign servant. There is little doubt that the burglary at my friend's house was only one of a series; indeed, among his papers, a list of houses of the nobility was found, with full particulars of access to each; and these, there was every reason to believe, would have been plundered in succession, had not his career been stopped by the police.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

THE world moves. The world has long been moving along the track of centuries—slowly, slowly, through the olden ages, and sluggishly, sluggishly along the dim, dull years of the middle ages—while the grand gigantic train of human forces was gathering for more rapid movements. Old Father Time seems to have been very patient of this long delay. He is never in a hurry, he won't be hurried. Albeit he is never behind; but always prompt and punctual to a moment in all his arrivals, though on his great railway train he carries the world and all its kingdoms and monarchies and their inhabitants.

But the dawn of the nineteenth century sent out her morning signals to the chief intellects and engineers of human progress to fire up for a more rapid advance. The unruly elements were caught and

harnessed and trained and forced into the service of their human masters. They became, after many trials and efforts to subdue them, obedient and docile. They were made to drive steamships across the ocean amid winds and waves and storms. They were harnessed up to draw railway trains over the plains, along the valleys and through the tunnelled mountains, as well as drudge in all the marts of commerce and manufactories of the world. They became the tireless servants of all-work. But mankind are not easily satisfied in this age with the working laws of progress. This new resurrection of intellectual forces has given birth to the continuous cry, *Onward! Onward! Faster! Faster!* till now even the Sun finds himself outstripped, and left behind, in the short voyage between London and New-York, by five hours and forty minutes. Time henceforth must yield the palm and the mastery to a swifter element. This new competitor in the race can carry a message round the globe quicker by twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes than Time himself.

The history of mankind along the grand march of ages is marked with great events, great deeds, great heroes, and men of renown. We see them from afar, upon the mountain tops of by-gone ages. We read of the events and of the deeds of renown, and admire the intellect of the men who achieved them. But renowned men did not all live and die in past centuries. The present age is big with events. Time's great railway train comes heavily laden with events and deeds every day, faster than all the historians can unload and store them away. Columbus, with three little pinnace boats, and a handful of small charts and drawings by his own pen, which we have seen still preserved in the Imperial library of Seville, discovered and laid out a great highway for ships and the steam navies of the world across the Atlantic, on the surface where the winds and waves rage, and the storm-chariots drive furiously. And now another man of indomitable will and perseverance, henceforth to be a man of enduring renown, has tunnelled a pathway far down along the depths of ocean where the winds never blow and the storm-chariots never drive. Along this submarine railway of thought travel the

mighty interests of commerce and the international affairs of continents and the world, quick as thought, quicker than time, and swifter than the winds.

Cyrus W. Field, who may be said to complete the work which Columbus began, in joining the New World to the Old, has built himself an enduring monument to his fame, both under the ocean and on the land, and on the pages of history, in this marvellous enterprise of the Atlantic Telegraph. Honor to whom honor is due, is both a law of the Bible and of common right and justice. Many other men of renown in the world of science and intellect, and merchant princes of commerce and finance, share largely and justly in the honor of this mighty achievement of this age or of any age. They have scaled, not the walls of some mighty fortress of strength, but led the way in the deep darkness and depths of ocean, where human footsteps never trod before. For this they now receive the thanks of an admiring world. Complete success can now be inscribed on their banner as it floats and waves in the breeze in sight of both hemispheres.

But we attempt no adequate eulogy—other and more gifted pens have done this already, and will do it fully. We only offer our humble meed of praise, prefixing to it what we feel quite sure our readers will appreciate—an excellent portrait of the hero of the Atlantic Telegraph, which has been engraved from a photograph taken in London. A brief biographic sketch will add to its interest.

Cyrus West Field was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, November 30th, 1819. His father is the Rev. Dr. Field, who was for many years the esteemed pastor of the Congregational church of Stockbridge, where he still lives in a venerable old age. An elder brother, the Hon. David Dudley Field, is an eminent jurist of New-York. Another brother is the Hon. Stephen J. Field, sitting on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States for the district of California. A still younger brother, the Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., is editor of the New-York Evangelist, one of the oldest religious papers in this country.

Mr. Field was educated in his native town, after which he commenced his business life in a counting-house in New-

York, and became so eminently successful that he engineered his way in a few years to the chief proprietorship of a large and prosperous mercantile establishment. His native energy and executive talents soon put him in possession of an ample fortune, so that in 1853 he partially retired from business, and made an extended tour over and among the Andes in South America. On his return to the United States in the following year, he was solicited to engage in the establishment of a line of telegraph in Newfoundland. After mature deliberation he entered upon the work. He was chiefly instrumental in procuring a charter from the Legislature of Newfoundland, granting to him and his friends an exclusive right for fifty years to establish a telegraph from the continent of America to that colony, and from thence to Europe. From that time, Mr. Field devoted himself with untiring energy to the accomplishment of this great undertaking. He was actively engaged in the construction of the land line of telegraph in Newfoundland, and in the two attempts to lay a submarine cable between Cape Ray and Cape Breton. He visited England in 1854 and in 1856 for the further prosecution of his schemes. He accompanied the expeditions of 1857 and 1858, fitted out with great care and expense, to lay a cable across the Atlantic, between Ireland and Newfoundland. The announcement that the cable had been laid and landed, connecting the two continents, sent a lightning thrill through all the land, and men wept for joy. But the success was temporary. Four hundred telegrams were transmitted, and then the vitality of the cable ceased. This temporary success, however, had procured for Mr. Field, on his arrival in New-York, such an ovation from a joyous public as we have not seen equalled in a quarter of a century. His name, and those of his compeers, blazed in burning letters of light before the eyes of countless thousands. Nothing daunted by the dark cloud which had come over the undertaking, Mr. Field again went to England in 1859, and renewed his efforts, in the face of difficulties and discouragements which would have appalled a less resolute man, to revive hope in the scheme and make preparation for another attempt.

"It was in the winter of 1854 that Mr. Field first conceived the idea of this stupendous achievement." And whatever credit may be due to the suggestion of others, it is most unquestionably due to the indomitable energy and perseverance of Mr. Field that the great work has been achieved. The world will give him the honor of it. "On the 6th of November, 1856, the prospectus of the Atlantic Telegraph was issued with a nominal capital of £350,000, represented by three hundred and fifty shares, of £1000 each. Mr. Field subscribed £88,000 on his own account, and within one month the entire capital had been subscribed." Great Britain granted an annual subsidy of £14,000, and the United States an annual subsidy of \$70,000 for twenty-five years. Both governments granted the use of ships-of-war in laying the cable. But repeated failures required renewed and repeated efforts, which demanded all the skill and energy of indomitable perseverance. And when the stupendous achievement had progressed, and the cable had been laid down a distance of twelve hundred miles from Valentia, and only six hundred more remained to land it safely at Heart's Content, it must have been a severe mental strain to see the cable break, and go down out of sight two miles and a half deep into the dark bosom of old ocean. Had all efforts for its completion then ceased, the estimated loss would have been \$5,000,000, gone in a moment. But Mr. Field's resolution to persevere was stronger than the cable itself. From the sides of the Great Eastern were sent down at once the grappling hooks, twenty-five hundred fathoms deep, which took hold of the lost cable and lifted it up, with a tremendous strain, seven hundred fathoms; when the gear broke, carrying down two miles of lost rope. Another trial lifted up the cable eight hundred fathoms, and then the swivel broke, and down went two miles more of rope. But Mr. Field's faith never wavered, and his efforts never relaxed, till now complete success has rewarded his persevering labors. He has crossed the ocean, we believe, forty-one times in this herculean enterprise. He may now rest upon his laurels, and receive the rich reward of his services.

Since the above was written, Ocean Telegraphy has achieved a new triumph in the recovery of the lost cable of 1865. After bringing safely to land the new cable of the present year, the Great Eastern and her attendant ships returned to mid-ocean to begin their search. It was indeed looking for a needle in a hay mow! The water was two miles and a half deep. But they went armed with grappling irons of huge size and strength, and twenty miles of rope that would bear a strain of thirty tons. With this they began fishing in the deep waters. After several attempts, they caught the lost cable on the 17th of August, and brought it to the surface. But as all were rejoicing over their success, the slippery sea-monster glided off the grapnels and sunk to the bottom. To recover it again kept them at work a fortnight longer. They at length sailed east a hundred miles, to where the water was more shallow—that is, only a mile and a half deep! Here they finally caught the cable on Sunday morning, the 2d of September, and brought it safely on board. The news was instantly flashed to Ireland,

and back by the other cable to Newfoundland, and was known the same afternoon in New-York. The Great Eastern at once began paying out, and on Saturday following, the 8th of September, brought the cable safely to the shore. On this second triumph the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. The despatch to the New-York press says that when the shore end was brought to the telegraph house, the crew from the man-of-war seized Mr. Field, and the engineers Canning and Clifford, and raised them over the heads of the people, who cheered them vociferously. The next day, the Great Eastern, having done her work well, sailed for England, while Mr. Field embarked on the Medway to lay another cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as well as to have a double line to Newfoundland, as well as across the ocean.

The History of the Atlantic Cable, from the pen of Dr. Field (noticed by us elsewhere), is intensely interesting, and contains a full and reliable narrative of the chief incidents and steps embraced in this marvellous enterprise.

P O E T R Y .

LOVE'S LIGHT.

LAST year she wandered through the wood,
The Spring was on the breeze,
And overhead, among the trees,
The building cushats cooed and cooed;
And all around a hundred notes
Poured fresh and sweet from warbling throats,
And she was gay with Earth's glad mood.

With girlish laughing glee she strayed
Amid the primrose flowers,
And from the hawthorn shook in showers
The fragrant blossoms—wanton maid—
And making havoc as she went,
Her merry voice glad snatches sent
Of song and carol through the glade.

Again the Spring was in the grove,
Blithe carolled every bird,
And overhead again were heard
The plaintive cushats crooning love;
Again along the primrose glade,
Beneath the thorns the maiden strayed,
And felt the Spring her pulses move.

But not again she shook the sprays
With playful fingers rude,
To scatter in her careless mood

Their blooms along the forest ways;
But violet, and primrose fair,
She gathered in a garland rare,
And lily bells, and fragrant may.

And she was glad, she knew not why—
And yet her heart knew well
That fairer smiled each bloomy dell.
And brighter glowed the glowing sky;
The stilly beauty of the place,
Had passed into her musing face,
And softened all her lustrous eye.

And through the woodland on she moved,
Until she reached the stile,
And resting there, saw many a mile
Of field and mead, where cattle roved;
The homestead and the cottage small,
Her eye dwelt lovingly on all—
She loved them, for she was beloved.

Last year she was a wayward child,
A merry madcap thing,
And frolic as the birds that wing
Their random flights along the wild;
But Love has come, and everywhere
In blooming earth, in balmy air,
It seems as though an angel smiled.

And what is Love? A sympathy,
 An intuition rare,
 A sense that need hath ne'er
 Of words to thread the intricacy
 Of thought and feeling's maze,
 A foretaste of the eternal days,
 When God shall lighten every eye.
 —*Cornhill Magazine.* C. U. D.

THE VINES.

WINTER was dead, and all the torpid earth
 Was throbbing with the pulses of the Spring,
 And cold was gone, and suffering and dearth,
 And the glad fruit trees at the blossoming;
 And meads were green, and all the stalwart
 woods

Felt the sap rising from their mossy roots
 To their proud crowns, whose coronet of buds
 Burst with the morning into tender shoots
 Of living verdure. Hid among the leaves
 Of early foliated shrubs and ivied bushes,
 And in warm crannies of the sheltering eaves
 Sat on their nests the patient mother thrushes.

A cottage stood upon a south hill-side,
 The sun looked down on it through the glad
 days,

Without, within, the mellow golden tide
 Flowed in bright floods or penetrating rays,
 And made a glory in each little chamber.

All reds warmed into rubies for the minute,
 And every bit of yellow became amber,
 The while the rays in passing lingered in it.
 Beside the porch there grew a sturdy vine,
 Rugged and knotted was the tough brown
 stem,

About the rustic pillars did he twine,
 With garlands in the summer dressing them.
 Proud was he of his beauty and his vigor,
 And of his fragrant blossoms and sweet fruit,
 He feared no blight, nor winter's sharpest rigor
 To work him harm in stem, or branch, or root.
 About his foot the little children played,
 The sunbeams glinted through him on their
 hair,

Above, the sparrows twittered as they made
 Their ragged nests, or fed their nestlings bare;
 And all the household loved him. He had seen
 Three generations born; the babes that lay
 Cooing on mothers' laps; the shadow green
 Of his cool boughs he watched from day to
 day

Growing to well-knit youths and maidens comely,
 Whispering and listening to lovers' vows,
 Thence to staid men and quiet matrons homely,
 And hoary elders white with age's snows.
 A very patriarch of vines he flourished,
 Tended by all with reverence and love,
 As much by human care and tendance nourished
 As by the showers from the skies above.

But now a change had come. Last autumn tide,
 When all his clusters were in ripest splendor,
 A young man with a young wife by his side
 Sat watching from the porch the moonlight
 tender;

His arm was round her; on his shoulder lay
 Her fair young head in perfect, blissful rest,

Softly around him stole the shadows gray,
 While the last lustre faded from the west.
 He raised his arm to the o'erhanging bough,
 And plucked a cluster: "Dear old vine," he
 said,

"Strong as he is, and hale and hearty now,
 Can he outlive us? Will he not be dead

Before the baby-angel every day
 Brings to us near and nearer, shall be grown
 A sturdy youth, or maiden fair and gay—

Before our budding flower shall be blown?
 Here, then, beside him let us plant and rear

A shoot that may in course of time succeed
 him,

That, as he wanes, shall flourish, year by year,
 Reaching to ripeness as our children need
 him."

And so 'twas done: the venerable vine
 No longer stood alone; his vigorous age
 Was thus despised! his haleness called decline!
 Through all his fibres thrilled a jealous rage.

And now the Spring was come with all its dews
 And all its tender showers and smiling lights,
 And vivid earthly greens and skyey blues,
 Its long sweet days, its brief and perfumed
 nights;

And the young vine more forward than the old,
 Was waking with the Spring, each downy bud
 Was softly swelling, ready to unfold

A rosy shoot, mantling with youthful blood.
 The old vine looked upon it: all the hate
 Winter had paralyzed now quick awoke;
 Must he then yield to this ignoble fate?

Was there not time yet for a final stroke?
 Yes; like a serpent should his limbs enlace
 His feeble rival, crushing out his breath;
 With hideous semblance of a love embrace
 Consigning him to slow and certain death.
 Yes, such should be his vengeance. With that
 thought

He drew from tender dews and balmy showers
 All nourishment, and from the rich soil sought
 Increasing strength to renovate his powers.
 And, day by day, he near and nearer drew
 To his young rival, stretching a baleful arm,
 Whose real aim the other never knew,
 But deemed that kindness which was meant for
 harm.

"Truly," he said, "O patriarch, I need
 The aid thou offerest; my feebleness
 So sorely presses on me that, indeed,
 I bless the arm that seeks to make it less.
 To thee I turn, to thee I gladly cling;

Support me, aid me, let me closely twine
 Around thee and about thee, let me fling
 Aloft my tender limbs upheld by thine!"
 The old vine paused confounded; was it so
 His aim had been conceived of? should he
 prove

Instead of trusted friend, malignant foe?
 Bring murderous hate in lieu of help and love?
 No! perish such a thought! henceforth his aim
 Should be to lend the vigor of his arm
 To rear the tender youngling, fan the flame
 Of kindling life, protect him 'gainst all harm.

And thus they grew together, each enlacing
 The other, mingling wreaths of tender leaves;
 Supported by their mutual embracing
 Each to the other strength and succor gives.

And so the years drew onward, ever bringing
 Their meed of change; to youth maturity,
 The young life into fuller life upspringing,
 The aged feeling that the stern decree
 That doomed it had gone forth: no more Spring's
 blessing
 Could kiss it into bud and scented bloom;
 No longer Summer's dear and warm caressing
 Restore lost strength, or save it from its doom.

"Wife," said the dweller in the cottage (Time
 Had gently dealt with him, a silver streak
 Marked here and there brown locks, yet man-
 hood's prime

Still lingered in his frame; the matron's
 cheek

A ruddier bloom displayed; the husband's arm
 Enclasped an ampler form in its embrace
 Than that which in an evening still and warm
 Reclined upon him in that self-same place)—

"Wife, see the young vine planted on the day
 Our boy was born; 'tis twenty years ago;
 How both have thriven since that blessed May!
 A happy thought of mine, wife, was't not so,
 To plant it then? Our dear old vine, I knew,
 Hale though it was, could not much longer
 last,

Before the babe to early manhood grew,
 Its fruiting days would all be gone and past.
 And now 'tis dead and only fit to make
 A faggot for the autumn evening hearth,
 Fetch me my axe, this very day I'll take
 Its sapless boughs and stems from off the
 earth."

He said, but said in vain. About, around
 The rugged stem, the branches dead and dry,
 The younger vine its limbs so close had wound,
 'Twere scarcely possible e'en to descry
 Where life and death united. Hate is strong,
 But strong true love can conquer strongest
 hate;

Love's victories are as Truth's, bring right from
 wrong,

And wage successful war with Time and Fate.
 —*All the Year Round.*

A VENETIAN BRIDAL.

SHE is dancing in the palace,
 In the palace on the sea;
 Down, far down, the sullen water
 Floweth silently.

She is radiant in her beauty,
 Pearls her ebony ringlets twine,
 Rubies glisten on her finger,
 Sapphires on her bosom shine.
 She is queen of every heart there,
 Envy of the beauteous train;
 On her looks are fiefdoms pending,
 Deadliest loss and loftiest gain.
 Princes for her sake are sighing;
 She is fairest, first of all
 Who are dancing in the palace
 At the Doge's festival.

Dancing in the Doge's palace
 In the palace on the sea;
 Down, far down, the turbid water
 Rolleth sullenly.

For her love a royal bosom
 Beats with fierce desire;
 Unrequited passion, burning
 Like consuming fire.
 Wherefore doth she shrink and quiver
 When he breathes her name?
 Wherefore is her cheek and bosom
 Dyed with crimson shame?
 And her eager eye turns from him,
 Glancing far astray
 For some absent one, regretful
 Of his long delay.
 Fix'd upon her with dark meaning,
 Glare those baleful eyes;
 Fast clench'd, by the wrist, he holds her
 "Thou art mine! My prize!
 Vainly from the fowler's clutches
 Would the bird take flight;
 'Gainst the strong is no appealing,
 Here, where might is right."

They are dancing in the Doge's
 Palace on the sea;
 Down, far down, the cruel water
 Murmurs mockingly.

But her cheek grows white: he comes;
 Comes not, whom she loves.
 Drooping, vacant, 'mong the dancers
 Listlessly she moves.
 Heard she not the heavy footsteps
 Cross the bridge of doom?
 Nor the iron fetters clanking
 Of the living tomb?
 Hears she not a sudden splashing
 In the tide beneath?
 Drown'd in tones of mirth and music
 Are the sounds of Death.

She is leaning from her casement
 O'er the dark polluted tide.
 Long ere set of sun to-morrow
 She will be a prince's bride.
 Little weens the royal bridegroom,
 Dreaming of her in his sleep,
 How she watches at her casement
 In the dead of night, to weep.
 "Oh thou dark and dismal channel,
 Fisher's net was never cast
 In thy gully waters, ahounding
 Bloody secrets of the past.
 In the day of retribution,
 When thy waves are backward roll'd,
 What an awful revelation
 Shall the startled world behold!
 Yet my spirit yearneth o'er thee,
 And my envious eyes would peer
 Through thy myst'ries, to recover
 All my broken heart holds dear.
 What a pearl lies hid beneath thee!
 I would venture fathoms deep
 To regain my stolen treasure
 Which thy gloomy caverns keep.
 They have made me fast, their victim!
 But I scorn their utmost might.
 I will break my chain, Beloved,
 And will be with thee to-night!"

They are waiting in the palace,
 Bridegroom, kinsmen, guests and all:

Wherefore does the lady tarry
 From the wedding festival ?
 What a rare and splendid pageant !
 What a scene of pomp and pride !
 Nothing at the marriage festa
 Wanting, but, alas ! the bride.
 Hearts grow sick with hope deferred ;
 Livid is the bridegroom's cheek ;
 Near and distant for the lady
 High and low in vain they seek.
 Bridegroom, 'twixt thy dreams and waking
 Blissful dreaming of thy bride—
 Heard'st thou not a splash, a ripple
 Break the stillness of the tide ?
 She is safe for ever from thee.
 Wilt thou seek her in the deeps
 Of the foul forbidden waters
 Where thy *FAVOR'D* rival sleeps ?

Roll on, woful, wicked waters,
 Bear them out into the sea ;
 Let them lie all undefiled
 In the blue immensity !

There is mourning in the palace,
 In the palace on the sea ;
 Down, far down, the doomed waters
 Throb lamentingly.

—*All the Year Round.*

VENICE.

AGAIN upon the lips of men
 It passes, a familiar word,
VENETIA!—poetry of names—
 Sweetest and saddest earth has heard ;
 Once, noblest, too, for she has shone
 Single and lustrous as a star,
 Nor always one portending woe,
 Or lurid with the reek of war.

Bright through the far receding past
 The radiance of her greatness glows,
 As from the marge of sunlit seas,
 A path of light ascending goes ;
 And glorious even in her fall,
 She shines, as when in western skies
 The blooming purple faints and fades,
 And all the golden glory dies.

Grand were the old barbaric days
 When in her regal splendor throned
 She ruled—a light-efulging sphere,
 By tributary kingdoms zoned ;
 The Cleopatra of the earth
 She revelled then, while on her breast
 The wealth of all the Orient glowed
 And blinded the adoring West.

Noble those days when in her pride
 She brook'd no bridegroom but the sea,
 And in its rough embraces caught
 The fatal longing—to be free !
 Fatal, since Despotisms yet
 Shrank from that light of later times ;
 Or saw and hated what they saw,
 And held it heaviest of crimes.

Oh ! saddest spectacle of earth—
 That queenly brow the common scorn,

Its grandeur wholly passed away,
 Its beauty utterly forlorn !
 A desolation as of death
 Has stricken to that royal heart—
 What but a memory is her fame ?
 Where in the present is her part ?

And for the future ? years will die,
 And years on years, revolving moons
 Will gild her lion's shadowy wings,
 And tremble in her still lagunes.
 But never will the hour return
 That yields her back her ancient reign,
 And never will the nations bend
 In homage at her feet again.

The past is past. No second prime,
 No second summer beauty knows,
 And she, the fallen, the forlorn,
 Has but her memories and her woes ;
 No gleams of freedom stir her heart,
 No visions of recovered power—
 Only her beauty cannot die,
 And it and sorrow are her dower.

—*London Society.*

W. S.

SUMMER EVE.

FAIR Summer Eve ! sweet as the purling stream,
 To parch'd lips, amid Arabian sand,
 Calm as the silent echoes of a dream,
 That wafts the exile to his native land.

Kind Summer Eve ! life's hard realities
 Are melted by thy spirit-soothing breath,
 The stricken heart forgets its miseries,
 The dying dreams not hopelessly of death.

Cool Summer Eve ! thy gentle murmurings
 Tell me of happy moments, ever fled,
 Nor heed the stubborn course of Saturn's wings,
 But dare the footsteps of the past to tread.

Sweet Summer Eve ! I've sat and watched thee
 die,
 And one by one the timid starlets shine,
 Celestial rivals of her glistening eye,
 Whose loving hand was fondly clasped in mine.

Dear Summer Eve ! we sat and watched thee die,
 From twilight shadows into glooms of night,
 Nor recked how fast the happy hours could fly,
 When love had lent his pinions to their flight.

Still Summer Eve ! thou hast full many a tale ;
 Fain would I, lingering, hearken yet to thee,
 Charmer of grief, though other loves may fail,
 A welcome thou wilt ever meet from me.

—*London Society.*

G. B. R.

CANUTE THE DANE.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

CANUTE the Dane was a resolute man,
 Accustom'd to say, " Let them cheat me who can.
 I will think as I like, and do just what I please—
 I am king of the Angles, and lord of the seas."
 But just as he said this his toes touch'd the tide,
 And he tuck'd up his garments, and swallow'd
 his pride.

But he tingled the ears of his sycophant knaves,
Who had echoed his crowing as lord of the waves.

Canute the Dane was a frolicsome king;
He would order his serving-men all in a ring,
Who belabor'd each other through thick and
through thin,
Till scarcely a bone was left cover'd with skin.
Then grim smiled the monarch, and took his re-
past,
While a gratified look on the champions he cast:
"Fight away as you like," said the hardy old
Dane,
"It will toughen your ribs when I want you
again."

Canute the Dane was a bibulous man,
He could clear at one draught a large measure or
can;
No noble could match him for swearing and
drinking,
Yet he slept with one eye, while the other was
winking,
He laid on the taxes, and sharpen'd the axes,
And scatter'd the men of rebellion and strife;
But what with his swilling, his milling, and kill-
ing,
He led his wild subjects a terrible life.

—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

REQUIEM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Lux aeterna luceat eis!
Dona eis requiem!"

On the hour—the hour supernal,
When they met the light eternal—
These, laid down at last to sleep
In a silence dark and deep—
Waking—Lo! the night's away—
Light eternal—light eternal—
Full, soul-satisfying day!

Eyes of mine, thus hungry gazing
Into the far concave, blazing
With a dazzling blueness bright—
Ye are blind as death or night:
While my dead, their open'd eyes
Mute upraising, past all praising,
Pierce into God's mysteries.

Oh their wisdom, boundless, holy!
Oh their knowledge, large as lowly!
Oh their deep peace after pain—
Loss forgotten, life all gain!
And, O God! what deep love moves
These, now wholly nourished solely
In Thee, who art Love of loves!

Ye our Dead, for whom we pray not;
Unto whom wild words we say not,
Though we know not but ye hear,
Though we often feel ye near:
Go into eternal light!
You we stay not, and betray not
Back into our dim half-night.

Well we trow ye fain would teach us,
And your spirit arms would reach us

Tenderly from farthest heaven,
But to us this is not given:
Humble faith the lesson sole
Ye may preach us, all and each—as
Bound unto the self-same goal.

Lesson grand—hard of discerning:
Faintly seen, with mighty yearning
At grave sides, or in the throes
Of our utmost joys and woes:
But one day will come the call;
When, thus earning the last learning,
Like our Dead, we shall know all.

AN ORCHARD SONG.

WINTER orchards, piled with branches gamut and
lichened, stiff and bare,
Blackening to the dreary landscape when the
snow-clouds numb the air,
How the robin loves to linger twittering in the
twilight there!

Spring-time orchards, flushed with sunshine,
calling buds to open wide—
Rounded buds, like fairy vases, with the finest
emerald dyed,
Shedding perfume to the breezes as they swing
from side to side.

Summer orchards, white with blossoms, dropping
white flakes all around
Wafted, oh, so softly, downwards, till they rest
without a sound
With the dewdrops, and the daisies, and the
mosses on the ground.

Autumn orchards, dense with leafage, bowed
thickly overhead,
Where the clustering pears and apples ripen slowly
brown and red,
And the children search for windfalls in the
grass, with careful tread.

Orchards, orchards, all your lessons for our learn-
ing are not few:
Would our souls could sun and ripen, bearing
fruit as we see you!
Would our lives bent to God's finger with an
answer just as true!

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Spare Hours. By JOHN BROWN, M.D. Second series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. The author of *Rab and his Friends* needs no introduction to the public. Some of the fifteen essays which are comprised in this volume are among the choicest productions of his pen. The first, on John Leech, to whose artistic skill *Paul* is so greatly indebted, is highly appreciative; while the next, on Marjorie Fleming, a most extraordinary child, towards whom Walter Scott cherished a remarkable affection, is among the most interesting sketches we have ever read. The Lay Sermons addressed to the working classes, and some of which, he tells us, were preached by the author in a mission chapel in Edinburgh, are unique in their way, but charming for their dis-

plidity and common sense, and admirably adapted to do good.

The Kemptons. By H. R. P. *Captain Christie's Granddaughter.* By Mrs. LAMB (Ruth Buck). New-York: M. W. Dodd. These two volumes are designed for advanced juveniles. The first illustrates the dangers and evils of intemperance, and might be read profitably by grown-up children. The other is a story of the sea, or rather the experience of one who long followed the sea, and is full of interesting incidents. They are both books that can safely be put into the hands of children and youth.

How I Managed my Children from Infancy to Marriage. By Mrs. WARREN. Boston: Loring. 1866. This book has had a large sale in England. It is by the author of *How I Managed my House on Two Hundred Pounds a Year*. Mrs. Warren possesses sterling good sense, a wide experience and observation, and Christian principle. The style is simple, and the work is eminently suggestive. Mothers can hardly fail to be profited by the reading of it.

Philip Earncliffe; or, the Morals of May Fair. By Mrs. EDWARDS. *Mr. Winkfield.* A novel. New-York: American News Company. 1866. These are English stories of very unequal merit. The latter is dull and stupid, even beyond most of the school to which it belongs, and we cannot see what is to sell it. The other will command a wide circle of readers, both on account of the story itself and the popularity of the author. Mrs. Edwards is no mean writer, and we think this among the best of her productions. Not that we think it faultless. It is intensely sensational. It is a terrible record of immorality. But it is written with decided ability, and the interest is kept up to the close. Marguerite, the sweet, pure, and beautiful child of nature, and Philip, the cultivated, accomplished, and tainted man of the world, are the chief characters; and the guilty passion of the latter was the evil star of the former, and finally tarnished her womanly honor and virtue, and sent her to an untimely grave. The story ends—as one anticipates from the first—in irremediable ruin and tragic horror and darkness.

History of the Atlantic Telegraph. By HENRY M. FIELD, D.D. New-York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. We had supposed, in common with many others, that the "Atlantic Telegraph" had become an "old story." But we were mistaken, as we find on reading this volume, prepared by Dr. Field, our friend of the New-York *Evangelist*, and brother of Mr. Cyrus W. Field. His relations with his brother have given him access to all the means and sources of information, and thus enabled him to write a full and reliable history of this grandest achievement of modern times. And it is not a dry and formal record of facts, but, owing to the nature of the grand enterprise—so unique, so wonderful, and persevered in in the face of so many and such formidable obstacles—and the skill in grouping the incidents and facts which constitute the history, is as exciting and full of interest as any romance. Dr. Field has achieved the task nobly, and produced a memo-

rial historical volume that ought to be put into every library on both sides of the ocean. It is a just tribute to the enterprise, the daring, and faith of the men who have achieved this new and important conquest, and joined the New World to the Old, and especially to Mr. Cyrus W. Field, to whom the world is mainly indebted for it. See our sketch of Mr. Field for further particulars.

*Bacon's Descriptive Handbook of America—*Comprising History, Geography, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Railways, Mines, Finance, Government, Politics, Education, Religion, etc. By GEORGE WASHINGTON BACON, F.R.G.S., and WILLIAM GEORGE LAREKINS, B.A. G. W. Bacon & Co., London, and 5 Beekman-street, New-York. The lengthy title page indicates the character of this work. The execution is good. A vast amount of information, in the form of description, statistics, and maps, is here brought together and arranged skilfully. It is an admirable book to put into the hand of any traveller, and especially the intelligent foreigner, thousands of whom we may now expect will flock to our shores, and desire just the aid and information which it contains.

A R T.

Litho Photography is the name given by the inventors and patentees, Messrs. Bullock Brothers, of Leamington, to a process by which a photograph may be transferred to stone or zinc, and impressions taken from these. It is no part of our duty to describe the process; a copy of the specification of the patent now in our hands would enable us to do this; but of its results we can judge from several printed specimens which have been forwarded to us. These pictures, consisting of landscapes and of architecture, certainly do not impress us very favorably that the invention in its present state is likely to take the place of any other mode of illustrative printing; they are, especially the landscapes, comparatively weak in color and indistinct in detail; how far these defects may be attributable to the photograph itself, we cannot say, but it is just possible they may be traced to an absence of brilliancy in the original copy of the subject. There is, however, a remedy for any such, or even other, defects, inasmuch as we are informed that the stone or zinc-plate to which the picture is transferred, may be worked upon by an artist to any extent, in the same manner as if he had to draw the entire subject upon either material. The chief, perhaps we should add the only, advantage desirable from the process, so far as we can see, is cheapness of reproduction. These litho-photographic prints, which look very like ordinary lithographs, can be produced at a far less cost than photographs, and much lower than lithographs on which the draughtsman has employed his time and talents. Probably further experiments will enable Messrs. Bullock to improve upon their invention, for we can only at present see in it the elements of lasting success.

The Portrait of the Queen for Mr. Peabody is now to be seen at Messrs. Dickinson's in Bond-street—that is, the likeness on cardboard from

which the enamel is to be painted, for be it understood this is the step preliminary to the working of a careful enamel picture. The occasion which has called forth this really admirable work, and the circumstances in association with its production, render it one of the most interesting portraits of the Queen that has yet been seen. It is in the form of a large vignette of exquisite finish. The size is fourteen inches long by nine or ten in width, dimensions beyond those of any panel that has yet been attempted in enamel portraiture. In order that the likeness should be wanting in nothing as far as her Majesty was concerned, she gave the artist, Mr. Tilt, the number of sittings necessary to its perfect completion, and she has been pleased to express her entire satisfaction at the success of the drawing, which will be added to the royal collection. The Queen's attire consists of a black silk dress, trimmed with ermine, a Mary Stuart cap, over which is the demi-crown—the only ornaments are the Koh-i-noor and a cross richly set with jewels, a gift of Prince Albert. The enamel will be effected on a plate of gold, a long and tedious process, the conduct of which is a source of incessant anxiety. It is the intention of Mr. Peabody to place it in his native town, Boston, where the public can have access to it. There is also at Messrs. Dickinson's a portrait of Mr. Peabody in progress for the trustees of the Peabody Fund, which we shall have much pleasure in describing when completed.

Turner's Hidden Drawings.—More than eight years ago Mr. Ruskin, to whom was intrusted the duty of examining and classifying Turner's drawings, reported upon them in these words: "The remainder of the collection consists of miscellaneous drawings, from which many might be spared, with little loss to the collection in London, and with great advantage to the students in the provinces. Five or six collections, each illustrative of Turner's mode of study, and succession of practice, might easily be prepared for the academies of Edinburgh, Dublin, and the chief manufacturing towns of England." These drawings and sketches—with some paintings, we believe, which have never been hung—are the property of the country, and are carefully stowed away in sundry rooms in the National Gallery. We are at a loss for a reason why works of such relative value and interest are still kept in concealment. They might, at least, be lent in accordance with Mr. Ruskin's suggestion, even if it is ultimately determined to give them a public position in the new National Gallery we are looking for. Perhaps Mr. Boxall, now director of the National Gallery, may consider it a matter to which it would be well to call the attention of the trustees. Some such movement would not be an inappropriate inauguration of his new official duties.

VARIETIES.

Mexican History.—We are informed by a friend at Mexico that, in conformity with an order of his Majesty the Emperor, the *Diario del Imperio* will publish an edition of the instructions which the Viceroy of Spain left to their

successors. The announcement of this important publication has given great satisfaction to the students of Mexican history, who have hitherto only been able to obtain with great difficulty ms. copies of a few of the instructions. The *Diario* proposes to publish the instructions of the Viceroy which exist in the general archives, including some which the said Viceroy received from the Court. If we are correctly informed, only the following are preserved in the archives: "Instrucción del Sr. conde de Revillagigedo (el primero) al Sr. marques de las Amarillas.—El conde de Revillagigedo al marques de las Amarillas, sobre el establecimiento del real de minas de Bolaños.—Instrucción al corregidor de dicho real.—Instrucción militar al mismo.—El conde de Revillagigedo al marques de las Amarillas. Ocurencias del Nuevo Santander, y su pacificación.—El mismo al mismo, sobre el Real de minas de Bolaños.—El mismo al mismo, sobre establecimiento del jugado de bebidas prohibidas.—El mismo al mismo, sobre secularización de curatos.—Instrucción general que trajo de la corte el marques de las Amarillas.—Instrucción particular del consejo al Sr. marques de las Amarillas.—Instrucción reservada del rey al marques de las Amarillas.—Noticias instructivas que por muerte de Sr. marques de las Amarillas, dió su secretario D. Jacinto Manrí al Sr. Cagigal de la Vega.—Instrucción del Sr. Cagigal al Sr. Cruillas.—Instrucción del Sr. Flores al Sr. conde de Revillagigedo (el segundo).—Instrucción del Sr. Branciforte al Sr. Azusa.—Documentos relativos a la misma.—Instrucción del Sr. Marquina al Sr. Iturrigaray.—Instrucción muy reservada, del mismo al mismo." This last is one of the most interesting. There seems to be no doubt that copious and interesting as is this collection, it might be largely augmented, and we find that the well-known Mexican scholar, Sr. Don Joaquín García Icañbalceca, has already addressed a letter to the editors, in which he points out the existence of two or three other pieces of a similar kind, which might with advantage be attached to the collection about to be published. The papers quoted by Sr. Icañbalceca are "Instrucción del Duque de Linares al marques de Valero," which the Mexican historian, Alaman, has already made use of in one of his works—*Instrucción del marques de Mancera al Duque de Veraguas*. This paper is printed in the 21st volume of the "Colección de Documentos, inéditos para la Historia de España," pág 438, & 552.—"Instrucción del primer Virrey D. Antonio de Mendoza a D. Luis de Velasco," published in the 26th volume of the *Colección de Documentos inéditos*.—"Instrucción del Segundo conde de Revillagigedo al marques de Branciforte" (of this a separate edition was printed in 1831). Besides the instructions, properly so called, there are some other papers which might figure among them. Señor Icañbalceca records the following as belonging to this class:—"Estado del reino de la Nueva-España, a tiempo de entregar el baston al duque de la Conquista, dirigido al rey por el ilustre Sr. Vizarron; printed at Mexico in 1740, in folio. Cited by Beristain.—Advertimientos sobre algunos puntos del gobierno de la Nueva-España, que el marques de Montes Claros envió a S.M.

cuando dejó de ser virey de aquel reino; made at Acapulco, on the 2d of August, 1607, and inserted in the 26th volume of the *Coleccion de Documentos inéditos*."—*Trübner's Record*.

A new periodical, under the title *La Civilisation*, has just been started at Paris. It is conducted by Charles de Labarthe, well known through his ethnographical works, and devoted to the ethnography of America and the Eastern nations. Subscription price, *four shillings a year*.

Brahmatism.—The parallelism which has often been observed between continental and Indian thought on theological subjects has lately received a remarkable illustration. A Calcutta paper gives the summary of a lecture, which would have been considered striking and able in England, delivered by a Bengali gentleman of fortune to an enthusiastic audience of more than two thousand of his countrymen. This gentleman—Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen—is an accomplished English as well as Sanskrit scholar, but we have no idea that he is acquainted with either French or German literature. Yet, if he had been brought up at the feet of Renan, the identity of his views with those of the great French writer regarding the place of Christ in Christianity could hardly be more faithful. There is the same passionate attachment to the character of Jesus and the spirit of his teaching, together with a disregard of all pretensions to a divine personality on his behalf. The chief difference is that, whereas M. Renan is, above all, literary and scientific, and addresses himself to scholars and critics, Baboo Keshub Sen has the temperament of an orator and apostle, and is devoting himself with tact and untiring fervor to erect his theory into a popular religion. And his success has been far from contemptible. He is the head of the sect of Brahmaists, or Vedic Unitarians, which is moderately estimated to number fifty thousand disciples, including a large proportion of the most respected, the best educated, and most energetic natives both in Bengal and Bombay. The principle of Brahmatism, and its connecting link with Christianity, is *self-sacrifice* for the sake of mankind and in duty to God, in imitation, as its noblest example, of Him who "went about doing good." The progress of Brahmatism and the character of its chief missionaries are attracting keen interest among those best qualified to judge of the comparative depth and force in the various currents of modern Indian thought. Anybody disposed to pursue the subject will find an exceedingly interesting article upon it, entitled "Christian Civilization in the East," by M. Emile Burnouf, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 1st.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, July 21st.

Indian Revenue.—The revenue of India amounts to £46,547,483, and, after defraying local charges upon it, to £36,985,318. The cost of administration, including interest upon the public debt, amounts to £29,814,211. There is, therefore, a surplus of no less than £7,000,000. For public works in 1865, £5,685,817 were charged, and £1,895,285 for interest on railway and other stock guaranteed by Government. The slight apparent deficit in revenue over expenditures, little more than a quarter of a million, in 1865,

was owing to the large sums expended in public works, which in due time will be greatly remunerative. For eight years the revenue has steadily increased at the rate of above £1,000,000 per annum. For three years before the mutiny, 1854-57, the revenue averaged £31,980,000 a year. In 1861 it was £43,000,000; in 1863, after remitting £1,300,000 of taxation, it was £44,000,000. For 1865 the revenue was £46,500,000. The whole taxation of India was estimated by Mr. Laing at an average of 4s. per head; and, as half of this may be viewed as rent of land, the taxation per head is not more than 2s. In Great Britain the taxation per head is £2 6s. 8d.; in France £2; in Italy £1; in Russia 16s. 8d. The revenue of India is, therefore, in a safe and sound condition, and the resources of the country unlimited, as cultivation and commerce extend.

Mr. Cobden's First Speech in Parliament.—Mr. Cobden entered the House of Commons in the year 1841, two years before I became a member of that House. I believe I was in the gallery of the House on the night when he made his first speech. I happened to sit close to a gentleman not now living—Mr. Horace Twiss—who had once himself been a member of the House, but who was then occupied in the gallery writing the Parliamentary summary of the proceedings which was published morning after morning in the columns of the *Times* newspaper. Mr. Cobden had a certain reputation when he went into Parliament from the course he had taken before the public in connection with the corn-law out of doors. There was great interest as to his first speech, and the position he would take in the House. Horace Twiss was a Tory of the old school. He appeared to have the greatest possible horror of anybody who was a manufacturer or calico-printer coming down into that assembly to teach our senators wisdom. As the speech went on I watched his countenance and heard his observations; and when Mr. Cobden sat down he threw it off with a careless gesture, and said: "Nothing in him: he is only a barker."—*Mr. Bright*.

The Old French Court Supper in Public.—I was present at the King's public supper, or what the French call *le grand couvert*. The room was small and excessively crowded. In the middle was a horse-shoe table, covered. The king entered about nine o'clock, preceded by several noblemen and great officers of state, and the royal family followed him. When he got to his place he put his hand in his pocket, out of which he drew three long rolls, and laid them upon the table. When he was seated, the Dauphin placed himself on his right hand, but much below him; the Count de Provence next, and the Count d'Artois lowest. Opposite the Dauphin, on the King's left hand, sat the Dauphiness, then the Countess of Provence, and the mesdames of France, who, though young, are very fat and far from handsome! There was a large piece of roast beef before the King, of which he ate very heartily; and I thought the beautiful Dauphiness played her part very well, and showed she had an excellent constitution, if one might judge from her stomach. When the King chooses to drink, a taster calls out with a loud voice, "Drink for the King!"

on which a salver is brought him with an empty covered glass, and two decanters, one with wine, the other with water. The taster hereupon takes off the cover of the glass and turns it upside down in a small flat silver cup, then places it again on the salver; after which he pours a spoonful or two of the wine into the silver cup, and a little of the water with it. Then another taster divides it into another cup, and each drinks. After this the first taster presents the salver to the King, who mixes and drinks. This ceremony is repeated as often as the King is thirsty. I observed he drank no wine by itself, nor was he served on the knee. I do not recollect any sovereign but the King of England who is so served. When the Dauphin or his brothers drank, his attendants called out, "Drink for the Dauphin!" etc.; but they had no taster as the King had. Old Louis did not seem cheerful, but sat in his arm-chair without speaking more than two or three words to the Dauphiness: to every other person he was silent.—*Sir G. Collier's "France before the Revolution."*

Monthly Periodicals.—The *Shilling Magazine*, edited by Samuel Lucas, M. A., literary critic of the *Times*, has ceased to live. Miss Braddon's new magazine will soon appear, it is said, and Mr. Pitman has issued the first number of the *Shorthand Magazine*—a Miscellany of Original and Select Literature, Lithographed in Pitman's Phonography. Several years ago one of the Pitman brothers commenced the publication of a weekly journal called the *Phonetic News*, every word of which was spelled exclusively as sounded. Thus the paper itself was called the *Phonetic Nuz*. It was short-lived, but had become such a curiosity that a large sum has occasionally been paid for a specimen number.

Lace Made by Caterpillars.—A most extraordinary species of manufacture, which is in a slight degree connected with copying, has been contrived by an officer of engineers residing at Munich. It consists of lace and veils, with open patterns in them, made entirely by caterpillars. The following is the mode of proceeding adopted: Having made a paste of the leaves of the plant on which the species of caterpillar he employs feed, he spreads it thinly over a stone, or rather flat substance of the size required. He then, with a camel's-hair pencil dipped in olive oil, draws the pattern he wishes the insects to leave open. The stone is then placed in an inclined position, and a considerable number of caterpillars are placed at the bottom. A peculiar species is chosen which spins a strong web; and the animals commence at the bottom, eating and spinning their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring every other part of the paste. The extreme lightness of these veils, combined with some strength, is truly surprising. One of them, measuring twenty-six and a half inches by seventeen inches, weighed only 1·51 grains.—*Babbage on "The Economy of Machinery."*

The Paston Letters.—This very curious collection of manuscript letters, and other autographs, collected by Sir John Fenn (who edited the *Paston Letters*), has been distributed by auction, in London. Five letters from Sir Thomas Browne, author of *Religio Medici*, relating to the tumuli in

Fens, dated Norwich, 1658, sold for \$18; and a letter from Queen Mary I., January, 1553, on Wyatt's revolt, went for \$21. A letter from George Washington, Mount Vernon, 5th May, 1772, to the Rev. Mr. Boucher, was bought by Mr. Appleton for five guineas, and one from Lawrence Sterne ("Tristram Shandy"), dated Rome, April 19th, 1767, was run up to \$23. Among the ancient documents disposed of was the charter of King Stephen, granting to the Church of St. Peter of Eye and the Monks there all valuable possessions which they held in the time of Robert Malet, and before the King (Stephen) came to the throne, free from all exaction, dated at Eye, 1137. This fetched \$150. The gross proceeds of the sale have not been stated, but must have been large.

Mr. Gladstone's Homer.—It is said that, during the parliamentary recess, which will probably not terminate until next February, Mr. Gladstone will finally revise, for early publication, his translation of Homer, begun many years ago, and lately kept back from a desire not to be considered as being in rivalry with the Earl of Derby's which, by the way, has reached a fifth edition. The profits already realized to the author, amounting to nearly \$8000, have been presented by Lord Derby to a public benevolent institution connected with literature. As our readers know, his lordship has only dealt with the *Iliad* as yet. It is believed that he had made considerable progress in a blank-verse translation of the *Odyssey*, which, perhaps, he may be able to complete during his next six months of comparative political idleness.

Von Bismarck's Bed on the Night of the Battle.—M. de Bismarck arrived in Horzitz on the night of the great battle. No preparations had been made for the accommodation of the headquarters, which were established in the morning at Gitschin. He was hungry and weary, but all the houses were closed. There was no bread, and all the straw that could be had was used for the wounded. In this state of things the President of the Council lay down on the pavement of the Place of Horzitz, and, without a pillow, slept that pleasant sleep which the soldier who has won a victory knows.—*Correspondence of the Herald.*

The Koran.—Sale's translation of the *Koran* (Al Koran, the Book, as we say the Bible) is so very carelessly executed that it is surprising a better has not been published, long ago. The Rev. J. M. Rodwell, rector of one of the great parishes in London, has brought out a new version, which is well spoken of by the critics across the water. He has closely rendered the Arabic into English, appended notes and an index, and given an introduction which gives the dates of the different parts of the book, with a history of the manner in which it grew into existence.

Mathematical Wind.—The late Professor Vince, one morning (several trees having been blown down the night previous) meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's College, Cambridge, was accosted with "How d'ye do, sir? quite a blustering wind this." "Yes," answered Vince, "it is a rare mathematical wind." "Mathematical wind!" exclaimed the other; "how so?" "Why," replied Vince, "it has extracted a great many roots."



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of manner, a quiet dignity of style, which, while it impresses all readers by its calm purity, appeals more especially to the cultivated and refined. *Restful* is, perhaps, the term that can best be applied to her writings. She does not look deep down into the inner conflicts, the great moral struggles of our nature from which George Eliot draws back the veil; nor can she reach the pure and lofty air of poetic inspiration in which George MacDonald soars; she does not even give us the broad, pleasant, infinite variety of human character and life which Anthony Trollope depicts, but she takes some quiet corner of the earth, which is planted with roses perhaps, or perhaps brings forth thorns and briars chiefly, and she says: "See, men and women have lived and suffered here. Be patient and steadfast, you who live and suffer; endure as they endured, and you also will find rest and peace. Do right, do your duty, and be patient: all must be well, for God is over all."

Very pathetic is this teaching, very powerful too in its earnest, absolute purity and goodness; for this is an author whose pages are unsullied by any taint. Good is good, and evil is evil; she believes in no doubtful border-land, no debateable ground between the two, and thinks that evil is not to be palliated or extenuated. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of a pure moral tone in the literature of fiction; for the influence of fiction on the manners and morals of a nation is almost incalculable—it acts most powerfully either for good or evil. A writer of fiction having first excited the imagination or kindled the enthusiasm of readers, who are for the most part young and susceptible, can present them with an image of exalted virtue or of vice made attractive, which shall be all-powerful in its after-effects. It is no mean task to make the timid trust in God, and to help the trustful to hope; to make those who hope strong in faith, and the faithful victorious.

A writer of fiction who neglects his high vocation, and accepts only the low one of paid entertainer—paid to amuse or excite, careless of means or result—commits a crime against the age in which he lives, and against all future ages. So far as he has any influence, he uses it for

evil and not for good. So far as he is able to act upon his generation he will leave it shallower, more flippant, more tolerant of evil, and indifferent to good than he finds it. And yet what is the aim of a great number of authors of the present day? Mainly to amuse indolent and languid people, and to excite in them a glow of feeling. As pain is a coarser and stronger stimulant than pleasure, they use crime and suffering as a goad to quicken the attention of the reader. At the same time many of the writers of "sensation" novels give the homage which vice pays to virtue, by acknowledging that the outer form of virtue is desirable. Their "*Lady Audleys*" and "*Aurora Floyds*" assume even to themselves an air of innocence. They are worshippers of the world and the flesh, but beyond this they hesitate to advance.

It is reserved for Mr. Wilkie Collins alone to glorify and embody the world, the flesh, and the devil. In *Armadale*, the *Woman in White*, and others, we have an incarnation of every evil. These books do not teach a disbelief in purity and goodness, for the simple reason that they show no purity and goodness in which to disbelieve. So far as they contain any recognition of a high intelligence, it is embodied in the detective police. The world is shown to be a world of force and fraud and universal devilry, held fitfully in check by the police in plain clothes. It is notable in works like these that any man or woman who stands in any way apart from, or struggles against, the general moral depravity is represented as either maniac or monomaniac. The character of virtuous men or women seems, however, to offer less difficulty. Virtue appears to be the negation of character and intellect, and to mean the non-commission of crime. If, in addition to the non-commission of crime, a man or woman acts like a born fool, that is a virtuous man or woman. The gradations of character and intellect are born fool, monomaniac, clever villain—male or female. The interest of such stories is the interest of vicious natures, unbridled passions, and open licentiousness; at the last come in the detective police, cleverer, more wicked, more unscrupulous than the criminals whom they hunt down. The "*Miss Gwilt*" and "*Mother Oliver*"

shaws" are not so much an insult to woman as an outrage on humanity, and the "passion" of old Bashwood is a thing to make one weep with shame and indignation. If it were not for this one article of faith we might well say that such books contain an open avowal of crime, an unblushing advocacy of vice, that they have a polluting and depraving influence not second to that of the worst French novel ever written; but they do show the conviction that nothing in the heavens above or the earth beneath is so omnipotent as the detective police. It does not occur to the reader that Miss Gwilt will repent or relent, but he sees from the first that clever as she is, nay, great as she is, an "overruling providence"—the police in plain clothes—will ultimately assert itself. This higher power is treated with reverence and respect, never introduced unless some extraordinary agency is needed, and the universal vicious cleverness cannot keep itself in check.

"Can good men love guilty women, knowing them to be guilty?" we ask in amazement. Oh, yes! what does that signify? these minor points do not affect them. If a man is a fool, he may be good and honest: if a woman is nine times worse than a fool, she may be virtuous; but even then there is no security in either case; for goodness, honesty, virtue, are accidental ingredients of our nature. But given to any human being as much brains as a bird, and that human being will be vicious; for vice is a component part of intellect.

Miss Gwilt, Mother Oldershaw, and the Doctor are by far the cleverest people in *Armada*; and yet to say that the reader is uncertain which of them will murder the other, is very feebly to describe his realization of their capacity for crime. Still there is one thing for which even Mr. Wilkie Collins deserves the gratitude of the public; he has never written about children.

With what relief do we turn to the pages of one of the purest of our novelists, of one who does honestly believe in God and in his government of the world! And yet, perhaps, George MacDonald would offer a more perfect contrast to Mr. Collins than even Mrs. Craik. John Halifax is a good man, Hilary Leaf is a

good and true woman; but we miss in both books the fervent glow of faith and love which shines through the pages of *Alec Forbes of Howglen*. It seems as impossible for George MacDonald to portray vice as for Mr. Wilkie Collins to delineate virtue. He points upwards to the high ideal of our humanity, to the Christ who is our God and also our fellow-man; to God the Father, the Father of us all. He tells us that however low we may fall, the love of God can touch our hearts and raise us and call out the true man—the man made in the image of God. And this, with beauty as a poet and eloquence as a man of genius, George MacDonald shows us. We rise from his books with higher aspirations and nobler aims, with more reverence for humanity and more faith in God. He has also the power of idealizing, of seeing the ideal; and therefore, in the delineation of character, he works from within outwards. When, in *Alec Forbes* he tells how the child Annie is taken to the forge, he looks down into the heart of the smith and sees the tenderness and reverence for the "woman-child" which such a pure, pale snowdrop can call out:

"So Annie was left with the smith, of whom she was not the least afraid, now that she had heard him speak. With his leathern apron caught up in both hands, he swept a space on the front of the elevated hearth of the forge, clear of cinders and dust, and then, having wiped his hands on the same apron, lifted the girl as tenderly as if she had been a baby, and set her down on this spot, about a yard from the fire on a level with it; and there she sat, in front of the smith, looking at the fire and the smith, and the work he was about, in turns. He asked her a great many questions about herself and the Bruces, and her former life at home; and every question he asked, he put in a yet kindlier voice. Sometimes he would stop in the middle of blowing, and lean forward with his arm on the handle of the bellows, and look full in the child's face till she had done answering him, with eyes that shone in the fire-light as if the tears would have gathered, but could not for the heat.

"Ay! ay!" he would say, when she had answered him, and resume his blowing, slowly and dreamily. For this terrible smith's heart was just like his fire. He was a dreadful fellow for fighting and quarrelling, when he got a drop too much, which was rather too often, if the truth must be told; but to this little woman-child his ways were as soft and tender as a woman's; he could burn or warm.

"'An' sae ye likit bein' at the ferm (*farm*) best?' he said.

"'Ay. But you see my father deid (*died*)'—

"'I ken that, my bairn. The Lord haud a grip o' ye!'

"It was not often that Peter Whaup indulged in a pious ejaculation. But this was a genuine one, and may be worth recording for the sake of Annie's answer.

"'I'm thinkin' he hauds a grip o' us a', Mr. Whaup.'

"And then she told him the story about the rats and the cat; for hardly a day passed just at this time, without her not merely recalling it, but reflecting upon it. And the smith drew the back of his hand across both of his eyes when she had done, and then pressed them both hard with the thumb and forefinger of his right hand, as if they ached, while his other arm went blowing away as if nothing was the matter but plenty of wind for the forge-fire. Then he pulled out the red-hot *gad* or iron bar, which he seemed to have forgotten ever since Annie came in, and, standing with his back to her to protect her from the sparks, put it on his anvil, and began to lay on it as if in a fury; while the sparks flew from his blows as if in mortal terror of the angry man that was pelting at the luminous glory laid thus submissive before him. In fact, Peter was attempting to hammer out more things than one upon that *study* of his; for in Scotland they call a smith's anvil a study, so that he ranks with other artists in that respect. Then, as if anxious to hear the child speak yet again, he said, putting the iron once more in the fire, and proceeding to rouse the wrath of the coals:

"'Ye kent Jeames Dow, then?'

"'Ay; weel that. I kent Dooie as weel as Broonie.'

"'Wha was Broonie?'

"'Ow! naeboddy but my ain coo (*cow*).'

"'An' Jeames was kin' (*kind*) to ye?'

"To this question no reply followed; but Peter, who stood looking at her, saw her lips and the muscles of her face quivering an answer, which if uttered at all would come only in sobs and tears.

"But the sound of approaching steps and voices restored her equanimity, and a listening look gradually displaced the emotion on her countenance. Over the half-door of the shop appeared two men, each bearing on his shoulder the socks (*shares*) of two ploughs, to be sharpened or set. The instant she saw them, she tumbled off her perch, and before they had got the door opened was half way to it, crying, 'Dooie! Dooie!' Another instant and she was lifted high in Dowie's arms."—*Alec Forbes of Howglen*, vol. i., p. 184.

It is impossible to read this account without being struck by its beauty as a

picture. The artist looks not merely at the forge, and the man and the child, and gives an accurate photograph of their appearance, but he looks into their hearts, and so can let us see not only *how* they are, but *why* they are; can give the subjective and idealistic treatment at the same time that he is master of the realistic. In addition to the beauty of the picture, we cannot fail to admire the beauty of the execution, for language is to George MacDonald the luminous medium of thought.

Mrs. Craik, as we have said, stands invariably on the side of truth and goodness. These we never miss, but her books somewhat lack the great charm of beauty, of poetic richness of style. It is one of the chief misfortunes of almost every female novelist that her own education, as a woman, has been wretchedly defective. Her first novel stands ordinarily as an exercise in composition, and enables her to write English grammatically. Perhaps we ought rather to say, that it helps her to understand her own language. We find, for example, all Mrs. Oliphant's earlier novels disfigured by grammatical errors and verbal inaccuracies, of which the more careful of her later books show few traces. She has, after some twenty years of practice, reached what should have been the starting point; her early novels were exercises in composition which the public was called on to criticise and correct. In addition to this, that which is called the education of the majority of women leaves them not only without information, but without intelligent interest in any subject that does not immediately concern them. The past, with all its wealth of words and deeds, does not exist for them. They are shut in to the present, or, rather, to some small fragment of the present. They are, as women, keenly alive to moral excellence; they have an instinctive perception of, and appreciation for it—they never lose their faith in it; no woman could write such a book as *Armada*; no woman could either believe in or delineate Miss Gwilt. At the same time, their intellectual insight is limited, and this must be the case while the intellect is dwarfed as it has been hitherto. It seems impossible for a woman to realize what an intellectual man is, what he does and says.

Clever female novelists never let such a man speak at all; they know that they can see only the outside, and that they are ignorant of the machinery which sets the thing going, and the principle of the machinery, and so they discreetly tell you what kind of case it has, but nothing more.

Christian's Mistake is one of the most perfect of Mrs. Craik's stories, but the *Master of St. Bede's* is a shadow. If he were not a shadow, the reader must find out that he was very unlike the master of a college, and that, although a good, kind, quiet man, his mind is a blank. Mrs. Gaskell, again, has always put women in the foreground of her stories, very exquisitely and delicately painted; and with consummate skill she has left the men distant and shadowy like the mountains. The "Author of John Halifax" shows equal discretion in her later and more perfect stories.

We have said that this lady lacks some of the higher beauties of style, but she possesses the great charm of simplicity and directness. She tells you a simple story, and she wishes you to know and feel that it is simple, and to receive it in all simplicity. The brook winds on, clear and fresh, through the meadows. You can see the pebbles and moss in its bed, and here and there a quiet trout beside a stone; it is all so simple and still that sometimes you are surprised at the life—that is the thought—there is in it.

Any reader who has failed to realize the excellence of a simple style should read a chapter of *Cradock Nowell*; under other circumstances such a penance need not be imposed upon him. Mr. Blackmore's aim appears to be to make his stream of thought and talk so turbid that it shall be impossible to ascertain if it is deep or shallow; to write a garble of Greek and Latin and unintelligible English, which is alike hateful and foreign to all three languages. For example:

"But John, though fully alive to the stigmotype of his position, allowed his epidermis to quill toward the operator, and abstracted all his too sensitive parts into a sophistic apory."

He would be a bold man who should venture to predict either that there was or was not anything under this film of pedantic conceit. Mr. Blackmore should

either have put the story into English or into the fire. If we turn from such a writer to the "Author of John Halifax," we feel that she is not trying to impose upon us, and to make us believe that there is more than meets the eye in what she writes. We repay her by looking carefully for delicate shades of meaning and subtle thoughts, and are rewarded by finding them. In her later works her aim has become very obvious. She tries, as we have said, to tell a simple story simply. She acknowledges that there are great crimes and great criminals in society, many in every age who are overtaken by some extraordinary fate; but she sees that the greater part of mankind lead externally quiet and unexciting lives, and yet these are also life-dramas. They have their great apotheosis, and are consecrated by grief and pain. The child brings his share of joy and love and hope, and the man must see it perish on the cold earth, fade away amid the daily cares and in the trivial routines of life; must see his hope grow wan and pale and then die. But joy and love and hope shall rise again, glorified even here upon earth; and he, too, shall rise with them, glorified, and able to look beyond the grave to the everlasting in the heavens. It is appointed to each one of us thus to learn to believe in the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. We have to find each one of us that the world—the temporal and visible—is not enough for an immortal soul, and that the invisible and spiritual can only satisfy its longings. We learn this lesson, each in a different manner, but sorrow and suffering are the ministers appointed to proclaim it. Taking this view, the lady of whom we write does not seek for any extraordinary incidents to excite and awaken the interest of her readers, for with such a faith she can dare to take a simple, healthy good nature, and show how it is purified and refined by the fire of affliction.

It is interesting to compare the first novel of a writer like Mrs. Craik with the work of her later and mature age. *The Ogilvies* was published seventeen years ago. It is a story of wilful, passionate first-love, and is written with a fire and enthusiasm wanting in later works; it gives also a promise of dramatic power

which has never been fulfilled. We miss, however, the high moral tone of *John Halifax, Mistress and Maid*, and *Christian's Mistake*. It is not that Eleanor Ogilvie and Philip Wychnor are not as good and true as any of Mrs. Craik's later heroes and heroines, but that her sympathy and that of the reader is centred on Katherine Ogilvie and Paul Lynedon, who are not so good. Katherine Ogilvie is a girl of sixteen, who falls in love—*falls* is scarcely the right word—she shuts her eyes and plunges headlong into love. Neither can we say that she falls in love with Paul Lynedon, for Paul Lynedon is unconscious of the state of this young lady's affections, being at the time in love with her cousin Eleanor. There is an overwhelming amount of sentimentalism in the first volume, and an evident conviction in the author's mind that fascinating men like Paul Lynedon ought to marry girls who passionately admire their fine eyes and wavy hair. But there are occasional scenes of remarkable power, and an indication from the first, of the struggle in the author's mind between her sympathy with Katherine's passionate love and the conviction that there is something higher and nobler than passion. Paul Lynedon is intended to be strong and dark, a lady's hero of the Byronic school; but he and all the other men in the book stand too prominently forward; so that the reader not only sees them, but sees *through* them—discovers that they are gauze and pasteboard. Paul Lynedon is rejected by Eleanor Ogilvie, and then takes the natural course of such men—he goes to Italy. Meanwhile Katherine marries her cousin Hugh, but does not promote, by this step, either his happiness or her own. After a few years, Paul Lynedon returns to England. He had forgotten the plain, dark, affectionate Katherine, but in a novel, he naturally loves at first sight the young and beautiful Mrs. Ogilvie. Just at the right moment the husband, poor Hugh, breaks his neck, and, after a short widowhood, Katherine Ogilvie consents to become Mrs. Lynedon.

Up to this point *The Ogilvies* might have been the first work of any sensational writer, but at this point we find an indication of character which is well worthy of notice. The author feels that

this story of passion and wrong-doing cannot end to Katherine Ogilvie either happily or peacefully—that it ought not to do so. Perhaps in real life Katherine's Nemesis might not have come as heart disease, but it must have come in some form, and the scene here described has great dramatic force:

"Paul made her sit by the open window, while he leaned over her, pulling the rose from outside the casement and throwing them leaf by leaf into her lap. While he did so, she took courage to tell him of the letter to her mother. He murmured a little at the full confession, but when he read it he only blessed her the more for her tenderness towards himself.

"May I grow worthy of such love, my Katherine," he said, for the moment deeply touched; 'but we must not be sad, dearest. Come sign your name—your new name. Are you content to bear it?' continued he, with a smile.

"Her answer was another, radiant with intense love and perfect joy. Paul looked over her while she laid the paper on the restrewn window-sill, and wrote the words, 'Katherine Lynedon.'

"She said them over to herself once or twice with a loving intonation, and then turned her face on her bridegroom's arm, weeping.

"Do not chide me, Paul; I am so happy, so happy. Now I begin to hope the past may be forgiven us—that we may have a future yet."

"We may? We *will*!" was Lynedon's answer.

"While he spoke, through the hush of that glad May-noon came a sound—dull, solemn! Another, and yet another! It was the funeral bell tolling from the near church tower.

"Katherine lifted up her face, white and ghastly. 'Paul, do you hear that?' and her voice was shrill with terror. 'It is our marriage-peal—we have no other; we ought not to have. I knew it was too late!'

"Nay, my own love," answered Paul, becoming alarmed at her look. He drew her nearer to him, but she seemed neither to hear his voice nor feel his clasp. The bell sounded again. 'Hark! hark!' Katherine cried. 'Paul, do you remember the room where we knelt, you and I; and *he* joined our hands, and said the words—"Earth to earth—ashes to ashes?" It will come true; I know it will, and it is right it should.'

"Lynedon took his bride in his arms, and endeavored to calm her. He half succeeded, for she looked up in his face with a faint smile. 'Thank you! I know you love me, my own Paul, my—'

"Suddenly her voice ceased. With a convulsive movement she put her hand to her

heart, and her head sank on her husband's breast.

"That instant the awful summons came. Without a word, or sigh, or moan, the spirit passed!"

We have scarcely alluded to Eleanor Ogilvie and Philip Wychnor, the good people of the book. They are, in fact, very uninteresting. No doubt, from the first, Mrs. Craik has desired to show that there is something nobler than high birth, more attractive than beauty, more powerful than intellect; she has always felt this, but has not always possessed the power of depicting moral worth in a pleasing form. There is a want of artistic power and insight in many of her books. She chooses in *Olive* a deformed girl for a heroine; finding great difficulty in making this a pleasing or even a prominent figure in a work of art, she has to soften down the deformity; and so she gives you to understand that though *Olive* was deformed, no one noticed it. This is a mistake: the introduction of deformity in a work of art can only be justified if it teaches a higher lesson than beauty; it may do so; but clearly we must recognize it for what it is; and it must not deceive us by trying to *appear* beauty while it is deformity.

Again, in *A Life for a Life*, we have the story of a man who is a prey to remorse on account of a murder which he had committed, and who feels that his crime must be expiated by punishment. But Mrs. Craik shrinks from the murderer, and cannot make him a hero; and therefore she is careful to inform you that this was not a premeditated murder, but a mere accidental blow. Now a man may regret an accident his whole life long; but, so long as he is sane, he cannot feel remorse for it, however disastrous its consequences; and the expiation of imprisonment would be a work of supererogation.

Even in the story of *John Halifax* we have the same artistic and intellectual blunder—the characteristic irresolution of this writer. If we could erase half a dozen sentences from this book, it would stand as one of the most beautiful stories in the English language, conveying one of the highest moral truths. If it teaches anything it is the nobility of man as man. The ragged boy, with his open, honest

face, as he asks the respectable Quaker for work, is no beggar; the lad who drives the cart of dangling skins is not inferior to Phineas Fletcher, who watches for him from his father's windows, and longs for his companionship in the garden and the fields; and the tanner—the honest and good man who marries Ursula March, a lady born—is her equal. Mrs. Craik might have shown that men, in the sight of God, are equal, and that therefore all good men must be equals upon earth. But no, she shrinks from the full expression of so startling a theory, and therefore gives John Halifax a little Greek Testament, in which is written "Guy Halifax, gentleman," and we must conclude that all his moral excellence and intellectual worth were derived from *ladies* and *gentlemen* who had been his remote ancestors, but with whom he had never been in personal contact at all, since at twelve years old he was a ragged orphan, unable to read and write. It is impossible to answer the question, "What does the author mean by gentleman?" since this shadowy word in a book is a loophole through which she escapes from the charge of holding the very democratic view that a gentleman is a man of noble nature who leads an unselfish life. She does depict a noble nature and an unselfish life; but seeing that John Halifax did begin the world as a poor friendless boy, she might have allowed us to think that such a development was possible to man as man. We can't all of us find little Greek Testaments with the inscription "gentleman" after the names of our ancestors. Still this book is in many ways remarkable. We find a gradual development in *Olive*, *Agatha's Husband*, and *The Head of the Family*, but not until *John Halifax* does the author throw her whole weight into the scale of goodness. She finds that her power as well as her inclination is in that direction, and henceforth she strips off all outer amenities as of plot and circumstance, and aims at depicting good, but ordinary men and women, leading good and honest lives. Other novelists acquire the art of adding effect to effect, and horror to horror. This one gradually strips off all adventitious circumstances of interest, and tries to make her stories not rich and full but pure and high.

John Halifax is the culmination of her power; and this the author recognizes by invariably styling herself the "Author of John Halifax." In this book she retains something of the fulness and freshness of her youth. There is more vital energy and a greater variety of character than we find in her more recent novels, and then the story is told in such a way that the very deficiencies become merits and virtues. This lady's conception of the masculine character and nature is shadowy, and her children are mere rag dollies. Now the story of John Halifax is told by his friend Phineas Fletcher. Phineas is the son of a Quaker, and has been from his youth a great sufferer and confirmed invalid. His nature is delicate, susceptible, tender, and feminine. Indeed, for all practical purposes a woman might as well have told the story, but then no woman except a wife or sister could have had the necessary intimate relation to the hero. A wife would not have had it long enough, and a sister with another Greek Testament would have been very embarrassing. The author discovered, as we have said, the very best method of telling her story. What should Phineas Fletcher know of mankind and the world! He looks at his hero and his friend as a woman would do—simply believes in him and loves him. How can the lonely man understand children! He is scarcely familiar with the outside of them, and you don't feel sure that he knows they run upon two legs.

It is essential to the truth and unity of the story that it should be told in this manner, and the author could not have told it at all from another point of view. At the same time the reader knows that he sees the life of John Halifax through the mind of Phineas Fletcher, and therefore pictures it as fuller and stronger and more manly than it is; and yet can admire the exceeding delicacy of the delineation, and the beauty of the touches which a stronger man would neither have needed nor desired to give. The friendship of these two men—a friendship like that of Jonathan and David—is told without words; neither of them needs to protest, for we feel its truth and loyalty from the first meeting of the two boys to the last farewell that Phineas takes of his

friend. The story of such a friendship would alone be a noble lesson, but with it is the story of a no less noble life. The friendless boy becomes the prosperous man, the struggles of his youth are succeeded by the sorrows of maturer age, but throughout we see the same resolute figure, bold and honest—the boy who could not tell a lie or deceive his master—the man who could not stoop to a mean or unworthy action. The story of his love is exquisitely told, with the kind of half wistful comprehension which we should expect from Phineas Fletcher. Poor John thinks his love for the lady and the heiress hopeless, and intends to leave England as soon as he has recovered from a severe illness. Phineas contrives to bring Ursula March to see him.

"And now the room darkened so fast that I could not see them; but their voices seemed a great way off, as the children's voices playing at the old well-head used to sound to me when I lay under the brow of the Flat in the dim twilights at Enderley.

" 'I intend,' John said, 'as soon as I am able, to leave Norton Bury, and go abroad for some time.'

" 'Where?'

" 'To America. It is the best country for a young man who has neither money, nor kindred, nor position—nothing, in fact, but his own right hand with which to carve out his own fortune—as I will, if I can.'

"She murmured something about this being quite right.

" 'I am glad you think so.' But his voice had resumed that formal tone which ever and anon mingled strangely with its low, deep tenderness. 'In any case, I must quit England. I have reasons for so doing.'

" 'What reasons?'

"The question seemed to startle John—he did not reply at once.

" 'If you wish, I will tell you; in order that, should I ever come back—or if I should not come back at all—you who were kind enough to be my friend, will know I did not go away from mere youthful recklessness, or love of change.'

"He waited, apparently for some answer—but it came not, and he continued:

" 'I am going, because there has befallen me a great trouble, which, while I stay here, I cannot get free from or overcome. I do not wish to sink under it—I had rather, as you said, "do my work in the world," as a man ought. No man has a right to any unto his Maker, "My burden is heavier than I can bear." Do you not think so?'

" 'I do.'

"Do you not think I am right in thus meeting, and trying to conquer, an inevitable ill?"

"Is it inevitable?"

"Hush!" John answered, wildly. "Don't reason with me—you cannot judge—you do not know. It is enough that I must go. If I stay I shall become unworthy of myself, unworthy of— Forgive me, I have no right to talk thus; but you called me 'friend,' and I would like you to think kindly of me always. Because—because—" And his voice shook—broke down utterly. "God love thee and take care of thee, wherever I may go!"

"John, stay!"

"It was but a low, faint cry, like that of a little bird. But he heard it—felt it. In the silence of the dark she crept up to him, like a young bird to its mate, and he took her into the shelter of his love for evermore. At once, all was made clear between them; for whatever the world might say, they were in the sight of heaven equal, and she received as much as she gave."

Ursula March—afterwards Ursula Halifax—stands quite apart from ordinary heroines. She is not beautiful, but she is young, bright, and resolute. She has decidedly a will of her own, and one suspects a temper also, but it never interferes with the comfort of husband, children, or friends, and only gives that spice of determination which no woman who has not a temper can acquire. She is a good wife and mother, and bears the sorrows which befall her very nobly and patiently: but her first attitude is always one of resistance. This we see not only in the following extract, but in her conduct at a later period, when a woman whose child has the small-pox is in the house, and her own children are exposed to danger:

"They were bonny eyes! lovely in shape and color, delicately fringed; but there was something strange in their expression, or, rather, in their want of it. Many babies have a round, vacant stare—but this was no stare, only a wide, full look, a look of quiet blankness, an *unseeing* look."

"It caught Dr. Jessop's notice. I saw his air of vexed dignity change into a certain anxiety."

"Well, whose are they like, her father's or mine? His, I hope—it will be the better for her beauty. Nay, we'll excuse all compliments."

"I—I can't exactly tell. I could judge better by candle-light."

"We'll have candles."

"No, no! Had we not better put it off altogether till another day? I'll call in to-morrow and look at her eyes."

"His manner was hesitating and troubled. John noticed it."

"Love, give her to me. Go and get us lights, will you?"

"When she was gone, John took his baby to the window, gazed long and intently into her little face, then at Dr. Jessop. 'Do you think—no—it's not possible—that there can be anything the matter with the child's eyes?'"

"Ursula coming in, heard the last words."

"What was that you said about baby's eyes?"

"No one answered her. All were gathered in a group at the window, the child being held on her father's lap, while Dr. Jessop was trying to open the small white lids, kept so continually closed. At last the baby uttered a little cry of pain—the mother darted forward, and clasped it almost savagely to her breast."

"I will not have my baby hurt! There is nothing wrong with her sweet eyes. Go away; you shall not touch her, John."

"Love!"

"She melted at that low, fond word; leaned against his shoulder, trying to control her tears."

"It shocked me so, the bare thought of such a thing. O! husband, don't let her be looked at again."

"Only once again, my darling. It is best. Then we shall be quite satisfied. Phineas, give me the candle."

"The words—caressing, and by strong constraint, made calm and soothing—were yet firm. Ursula resisted no more, but let him take Muriel—little, unconscious, cooing dove! Lulled by her father's voice, she once more opened her eyes, wide."

"Dr. Jessop passed the candle before them many times, once so close that it almost touched her face; but the full, quiet eyes never blenched nor closed."

"He set the light down."

"Doctor!" whispered the father, in a wild appeal against—ay, it was against certainty. He snatched the candle, and tried the experiment himself."

"She does not see at all. Can she be blind?"

"Born blind!"

"Yes, those pretty baby-eyes were dark—quite dark."

"There was nothing painful nor unnatural in their look, save, perhaps, the blankness of gaze which I have before noticed. Outwardly, their organization was perfect; but in the fine inner mechanism was something wrong—something wanting. She never had seen—never would see—in this world."

"Blind!" The word was uttered softly, hardly above a breath, yet the mother heard it. She pushed every one aside, and took the child herself. Herself, with a desperate incredulity, she looked into those eyes, which never could look back either her agony or her love. Poor mother!

"John! John! oh, John!" — the name rising into a cry, as if he could surely help her. He came, and took her in his arms, took both wife and babe. She laid her head on his shoulder in bitter weeping. 'Oh, John! it is so hard. Our pretty one, our own little child!'

"John did not speak, but only held her to him—close and fast. When she was a little calmer, he whispered to her the comfort—the sole comfort even her husband could give her—through whose will it was that this affliction came.

"And it is more an affliction to you than it will be to her, poor pet!" said Mrs. Jessop, as she wiped her friendly eyes. 'She will not miss what she never knew. She may be a happy child. Look, how she lies and smiles.'

"But the mother could not take that consolation yet. She walked to and fro, and stood rocking her baby, mute indeed, but with tears falling in showers. Gradually her anguish wept itself away, or was smothered down, lest it should disturb the little creature asleep on her breast.

"Some one came behind her, and placed her in the arm-chair, gently. It was my father. He sat down by her, taking her hand.

"Grieve not, Ursula. I had a little brother who was blind. He was the happiest creature I ever knew.'

"My father sighed. We all marvelled to see the wonderful softness, even tenderness, which had come into him.

"Give me thy child for a minute,' Ursula laid it across his knees; he put his hand solemnly on the baby-breast. 'God bless this little one! Ay, and she shall be blessed.'

"These words, spoken with as full assurance as the prophetic benediction of the departing patriarchs of old, struck us all. We looked at little Muriel as if the blessing were already upon her; as if the mysterious touch which had sealed up her eyes for ever, had left on her a sanctity like as of one who has been touched by the finger of God."

The blind child Muriel moves for a short time in a soft dreamy way through the story, with an influence felt by all. The relation to her father is very beautifully described:

"To see her now, leaning her cheek against his—the small soft face almost a miniature of his own, the hair, a paler shade of the same bright color, curling in the same elastic rings—they looked less like ordinary father and daughter than like *a man and his good angel*: the visible embodiment of the best part of his youth."

The influence of Muriel is indeed an

abiding influence, and in this again we see the writer's earnest truth, and her truthfulness to nature. The child is not introduced for the sake of two or three pathetic scenes; her death does not remove her from our view any more than it takes a child from the home and the heart of parents who have once realized the true and abiding tie between parent and child. Ursula can look down upon the face of her dead husband and say: "How glad her father will be to have her again, his own little Muriel!" for she knows that death has been absence but not loss.

Mrs. Craik has, indeed, the rare power of indicating the ideal of every relationship; she can not always show it, but she can, as we said, indicate it. How beautifully, in the following passage, she points out the very truth of one side of parental duty:

"But if things had been otherwise—if you had not been so sure of Maud's feelings"—

"He started, painfully; then answered—'I think I should have done it still.'

"I was silent. The paramount right, the high prerogative of love, which he held as strongly as I did, seemed attacked in its liberty divine. For the moment, it was as if he too had in his middle-age gone over to the cold-blooded ranks of harsh parental prudence, despotic paternal rule; as if Ursula Maud's lover and Maud's father were two distinct beings. One finds it so, often enough with men.

"John," I said, 'could you have done it? could you have broken the child's heart?'

"Yes, if it was to save her peace—perhaps her soul, I *could* have broken my child's heart.'

"He spoke solemnly, with an accent of inexpressible pain, as if this were not the first time by many that he had pondered over such a possibility.

"I wish, Phineas, to make clear to you, in case of—of any future misconceptions—my mind on this matter. One right alone I hold superior to the right of love—duty. It is a father's duty at all risks, at all costs, to save his child from anything which he believes would peril her duty—so long as she is too young to understand fully how beyond the claim of any human being, be it father or lover, is God's claim to herself and her immortal soul. Anything which would endanger that, should be cut off—though it be the right hand—the right eye. But thank God, it is not thus with my little Maud."

John Halifax is, as we have said, up to

the present time, the culminating effort of the author. She seems to stand, as it were, above herself, and to direct her own powers. She has thrown her whole strength into it, so that it is full and rich in incident beyond any other of her works. The simplicity of her style and the beauty of her pure nature have nowhere so full a grace, and we feel that it is a life-long acquisition to have known such people as John and Ursula Halifax and Phineas Fletcher. Finding, however, that her power lay in the delineation of good men and women and of home scenes, she has, in her later works, abandoned still more the interest of plot and the delineation of varied character. Not one of her later works is in any respect, so rich or so complete as *John Halifax*—not one, with the exception of *Christian's Mistake*, so healthy.

Lord Erlistoun is a story told also by a man, but then Mark Brown is strong and commonplace, and so we cannot see why he should write a sentimental story. *A Life for a Life* is not so much sentimental as morbid. Besides, the story is told twice over, and as there is very little of it, we don't care to read it once in a man's diary and once in a woman's. And a diary, as the novelist uses it, is such an incredible thing. It contains every incident which can at any time be available in the development of the story, and shows that the diarist was always in the right place at the right time, so as to hear and see everything that was essential he should hear and see. Now a diary out of a novel shows, curiously enough, that the diarist very rarely noticed, at the time they occurred, words and actions which proved afterwards to be of great importance, and the omissions of such a diary are far more remarkable than the entries. For this reason, the use of a diary is the only utterly improbable way of getting a story told, and to use two diaries instead of one, is to convert the improbable into a direct impossible. These faults, however, lie on the surface; whereas, if we look beneath the surface, we see the abiding excellence of the author. There is a noble self-renunciation in Jean Douglas, and an earnest endeavor to depict true Christian repentance in *A Life for a Life*.

Mistress and Maid is again a very good book. With characteristic indecision, the writer seems to have changed her plan, and her first intention is not carried out. Mistress and maid are separated while the character of the latter is still unformed, so that we do not see the life-long influence of the mistress on her maid. We see just enough to make us wish to know more. The uncouth girl is gradually tamed by two of her mistresses, and undergoes a very salutary discipline at the hands of a third, whose tongue and temper are a scourge. We want to know more about her, and to trace the development of her mind and character. This we cannot do, but we get occasional hints and glimpses, and at length the character of Elizabeth Hand stands out clear and strong. We recognize its truth, fidelity and beauty, and acknowledge this to be an accurate delineation of a class of women whom we are proud to call English servants. The sympathy of the writer gives her a true insight into the nature of any good woman, and the parting between Elizabeth and her faithless lover is quite perfect in its way:

"Tom stood there alone. He looked so exactly his own old self; he came forward to meet her so completely in his old familiar way, that for the instant she thought she must be under some dreadful delusion; that the moonlight night in the square must have been all a dream—Esther, still the silly little Esther, whom Tom had often heard of and laughed at; and Tom, her own Tom, who loved nobody but herself.

" 'Elizabeth, what an age it is since I've had a sight of you!'

"But though the manner was warm as ever—

'In his tone
A something smote her, as if Duty tried
To mock the voice of Love, now long since flown,'

and quiet as she stood, Elizabeth shivered in his arms.

" 'Why, what's the matter? Aren't you glad to see me? Give me another kiss, my girl, do!'

"He took it; and she crept away from him and sat down.

" 'Tom, I've something to say to you, and I'd better say it at once.'

" 'To be sure. 'Tisn't any bad news from home, is it? Or'—looking uneasily at her—'I haven't vexed you, have I?'

" 'Vexed me,' she repeated, thinking what a small foolish word it was to express what had

happened, and what she had been suffering. 'No, Tom, not vexed me, exactly. But I want to ask you a question. Who was it that you stood talking with, under our tree in the square, between nine and ten o'clock, this night three weeks ago?'

"Though there was no anger in the voice, it was so serious and deliberate that it made Tom start.

"Three weeks ago! how can I possibly tell?"

"Yes, you can; for it was a fine moon-light night, and you stood there a long time."

"Under the tree, talking to somebody? What nonsense. Perhaps it wasn't me at all."

"It was, for I saw you."

"The devil you did!" mumbled Tom.

"Don't be angry—only tell me the plain truth. The young woman that was with you was our Esther here, wasn't she?"

"For the moment Tom looked altogether confounded. Then he tried to recover himself, and said, crossly: 'Well, and if it was, where's the harm? Can't a man be civil to a pretty girl without being called over the coals in this way?'

"Elizabeth made no answer, at least, not immediately. At last she said, in a very gentle, subdued voice:

"Tom, are you fond of Esther? You would not kiss her if you were not fond of her. Do you like her as—as you used to like me?"

"And she looked right up into his eyes. Hers had no reproach in them, only a piteous entreaty, the last clinging to a hope she knew to be false.

"Like Esther? of course I do. She's a nice girl, and we are very good friends."

"Tom, a man can't be 'friends,' in that sort of way, with a pretty girl of eighteen, when he is going to be married to somebody else. At least in my mind, he ought not."

"Tom laughed, in a confused manner. 'I say, you're jealous, and you'd better get over it.'

"Was she jealous? Was it all fancy, folly? Did Tom stand there, true as steel, without a feeling in his heart that she did not share, without a hope in which she was not united, holding her, and preferring her, with that individuality and unity of love, which true love ever gives and exacts, as it has a right to exact?"

"Not that poor Elizabeth reasoned in this way, but she felt the thing by instinct without reasoning.

"Tom," she said, 'tell me outright, just as if I was somebody else, and had never belonged to you at all, Do you love Esther Martin?'

"Truthful people enforce truth. Tom might be fickle, but he was not deceitful; he could not look into Elizabeth's eyes and tell her a deliberate lie; somehow, he dared not.

"Well, then—since you will have it out of me—I think I do."

"So Elizabeth's 'ship went down.' It might have been a very frail vessel, that nobody in their right senses would have trusted any treasure with, still she did; and it was all she had, and it went down to the bottom like a stone.

"It is astonishing how soon the sea closes over this sort of wreck; and how quietly people take—when they must take, and there is no more disbelieving it—the truth which they would have given their lives to prove was an impossible lie.

"For some minutes Tom stood facing the fire, and Elizabeth sat on her chair opposite, without speaking. Then she took off her brooch, the only love-token he had given her, and put it into his hand.

"What's this for?" asked he, suddenly.

"You know. You'd better give it to Esther. It's Esther, not me, you must marry now."

"And the thought of Esther—giddy, flirting, useless Esther—as Tom's wife, was almost more than she could bear. The sting of it put even into her crushed humility a certain honest self-assertion.

"I'm not going to blame you, Tom; but I think I'm as good as she. I'm not pretty, I know, nor lively, nor young; at least, I'm old for my age; but I was worth something. You should not have served me so."

"Tom said the usual excuse, that he 'couldn't help it.' And suddenly turning round, he begged her to forgive him, and not forsake him.

"She forsook Tom! She almost smiled.

"I do forgive you; I'm not a bit angry with you. If I ever was, I have got over it."

"That's right. You're a dear soul. Do you think I don't like you, Elizabeth?"

"Oh yes," she said, sadly, 'I dare say you do, a little, in spite of Esther Martin. But that's not my way of liking, and I couldn't stand it.'

"What couldn't you stand?"

"Your kissing me to-day, and another girl to-morrow. Your telling me I was everything to you one week, and saying exactly the same thing to another girl the next. It would be hard enough to bear if we were only friends, but as sweethearts, as husband and wife, it would be impossible. No, Tom, I tell you the truth, I could not stand it."

"She spoke strongly, unhesitatingly, and for an instant there flowed out of her soft eyes that wild, fierce spark, latent even in these quiet, humble natures, which is dangerous to meddle with.

"Tom did not attempt it. He felt all was over. Whether he had lost or gained, whether he was glad or sorry, he hardly knew.

"I'm not going to take this back, anyhow," he said, 'fiddling' with the brooch; and then going up to her, he attempted with trembling hands, to refasten it in her collar.

"The familiar action, his contrite look, were

too much. People who have once loved one another, though the love is dead (for love *can* die), are not able to bury it all at once, or if they do, its pale ghost will still come knocking at the door of their hearts, 'Let me in, let me in.'

"Elizabeth ought, I know, in proper feminine dignity, to have bade Tom farewell, without a glance or a touch. But she did not. When he had fastened her brooch, she looked up in his familiar face, a sorrowful, wistful, lingering look, and then clung about his neck.

"O Tom, Tom, I was so fond of you!"

"And Tom mingled his tears with hers, and kissed her many times, and even felt his old affection returning, making him half oblivious of Esther; but mercifully—for love rebuilt upon lost faith is like a house founded upon sands—the door opened, and Esther herself came in."

The heroine of the story, however, is the Mistress—not the Maid. And we turn from Elizabeth to the bright and resolute Hilary Leaf, who, of the three sisters, is, we conclude, the mistress. Hilary Leaf is a self-reliant, energetic little woman, who tries to keep school unsuccessfully, and then—a lesson to many other women under similar circumstances—keeps a shop successfully. She is really a very good little thing, and deserves a better fate than to marry the reticent Scotchman to whose lot she falls.

Robert Lyon and Hilary Leaf have been intimately acquainted, and have loved each other for some years. At length he leaves England for India, having first begged Hilary "to trust him" in his absence. No one can be surprised that in an absence of ten years, during which he corresponds with her sister, but—in accordance, we presume, with Scottish notions of propriety—never writes one line to Hilary, she has many doubts as to whether she is to *trust him* as a friend or as a lover. The man who really loves a woman, and intends to marry her, and yet leaves her *free*—that is, imagines the possibility of her loving and marrying some one else—must lack either self-respect or true love, and most probably both. Robert Lyon could only have refrained from telling Hilary that he loved her and asking her to marry him when he returned to England, for her sake or his own. Now, Hilary would have gone down on her knees and thanked God for the assurance of Robert's love any and every day of his ab-

sence; it would have helped her in every trial that she had to endure. If he had loved her unselfishly he would have known this. Is it not probable that he actually did marry in India, and that he returned a widower, having left his children to the care of his wife's relatives in India? If not, his silence was neither true nor honest, nor creditable to him as a man. In fact, he has no more heart than a tailor's dummy. He is no more than a carved wooden head on an oak stick, and he has to be kept carefully out of the way that the reader may not see he is a stick. He comes home, however, and then there can no longer be any doubt. The good little woman will marry him after all, but she cannot go to India and leave the lonely sister—her only friend—now old and feeble. She tells him so, but the masculine element in his nature, which had apparently been dormant for fifteen years, revolts, and Hilary has every right to the sympathy of the reader.

"Robert, I want to talk to you about Johanna."

"I guess what it is," said he, smiling; "you would like her to go out to India with us. Certainly, if she chooses. I hope you did not suppose I should object?"

"No; but it is not that. She could not go; she would not live six months in a hot climate; the doctor tells me so."

"You have consulted him?"

"Yes, last week; confidentially, without her knowing it. But I thought it right. I wanted to make quite sure before—before. Oh, Robert—"

"The grief of her tone caused him to suspect what was coming. He started.

"You don't mean that? Oh, no, you cannot! My little woman—my own little woman—she could not be so unkind."

"Hilary turned sick at heart. The dim landscape, the bright sky, seemed to mingle and dance before her, and Venus to stare at her with a piercing, threatening, baleful lustre.

"Robert, let me sit down on the bench, and sit you beside me. It is too dark for people to notice us, and we shall not be very cold."

"No, my darling;" and he slipped his plaid round her shoulders, and his arm with it.

"She looked up pitifully. 'Don't be vexed with me, Robert, dear; I have thought it all over; weighed it on every side: nights and nights I have lain awake, pondering what was right for me to do. And it always comes to the same thing.'

"What?"

"It's the old story," she answered, with a feeble smile. "'I canna' leave my minnie.'" There is nobody in the world to take care of Johanna but me, not even Elizabeth, who is engrossed in little Henry. If I left her, I am sure it would kill her. And she cannot come with me, dear!' (the only fond name she ever called him) 'for these three years—you say it need only be three years—you will have to go back to India alone!'

"Robert Lyon was a very good man; but he was only a man, not an angel; and though he made comparatively little show of it, he was a man very deeply in love. With that jealous tenacity over his treasure, hardly blameable, since the love is worth little which does not wish to have its object all to itself, he had, I am afraid, contemplated, not without pleasure, the carrying off of Hilary to his Indian home: and it had cost him something to propose that Johanna should go too. He was very fond of Johanna; still—

"If I tell what followed, will it forever lower Robert Lyon in the estimation of all readers? He said coldly, 'As you please, Hilary,' rose up, and never spoke another word till they reached home."

Mrs. Craik's last novel, *A Noble Life*, is by no means a happy effort. It has neither the interest nor the merit of an authorized biography. The original of the "Earl of Cairnforth" is carefully photographed, and is accurate in every painful detail: this was unnecessary, and ought to have been impossible. The story, as a story, is too shadowy for analysis, and does not deserve the dignity of its two volumes, its broad margins, and large type. But *Christian's Mistake*, which preceded this, is a very beautiful story. The title is rather puzzling, and the *mistake* not very obvious. Christian is a young governess, the orphan child of an unworthy father, and she marries an elderly and respectable college don, a widower with two children, whom she does not love. Of course *this* is not the *mistake*—if it is anything it must be called by a stronger name. But the Master of St. Bede's not only knows that Christian does not love him, but knows from letters which have fallen into his hands before they were married, that she has felt a transient girlish affection for a worthless undergraduate. Again, that the Master did not return these letters was something much graver than a *mistake*. Ultimately, however, the sister of the

Master's first wife suspects a previous intimacy with the undergraduate, and Christian has the satisfaction of an explanation with her husband. There must have been a mistake somewhere, but as we have said it is not obvious.

The author of *John Halifax* takes the unpromising material of this story, and it is pliant in her hands. She does not say that young girls should marry elderly men whom they do not love, but she sees this as a fact, and shows how a good man and a good woman would act, supposing they stood in this relation to each other. Dr. Grey does love his young wife, therefore he meets with no trials and no difficulties, and occupies a very subordinate place in the story. It is Christian whose life we follow with the keenest interest. She has great respect for her husband, and is very grateful for his kindness to her, but neither respect nor gratitude guides her; it is *duty* which is her watch-word. She has undertaken the duties of wife and step-mother, and resolves to fulfil them righteously. We follow with increasing interest the still calm figure of the young wife, who bears so patiently all the discomforts of her new home. She has to suffer insolence from servants, insolence from the children, insolence from the sister of her husband's first wife, and to bear with a very exasperating habit of the Master's, that of reading at meals. But she endures to the end, and so finds with duty love, love awakened in herself, and called forth towards her from those whom she serves so faithfully. It would seem impossible to love the children—who are only interesting in so far as they are disagreeable, and yet they are gradually brought under the sweet influence of the young mother-in-law.

Great care has been bestowed on the three women who are alone prominent in this story—Miss Grey, Miss Gascoigne, and Christian. Miss Gascoigne, sister of the first wife, is second only in interest to Christian, and is cleverly but very imperfectly sketched. Like the children, she is excessively disagreeable; still, the author assures us that—

"It may seem an odd thing to assert, and a more difficult thing still to prove, but Miss Gascoigne was not at heart a bad woman."

She had a fierce temper and an enormous egotism, yet these two qualities, in the strangely composite characters that one meets with in life, are not incompatible with many good qualities.

"Miss Gascoigne was not a bad woman, only an utterly mistaken and misguided one. She meant no harm—very few people do deliberately mean harm—they only do it. She had set herself against her brother-in-law's marriage—not in the abstract, she was scarcely so wicked and foolish as that; but against his marrying this particular woman. Partly because Christian was only a governess, with somewhat painful antecedents, one who could neither bring money, rank, nor position to Dr. Grey and his family, but chiefly because it had wounded her self-love that she, Miss Gascoigne, had not been consulted, and had no hand in bringing about the marriage.

"Therefore she had determined to see it, and all concerning it, in the very worst light; to modify nothing, to excuse nothing. She had made up her mind that things were to be so-and-so, and so-and-so they must of necessity turn out. *Audi alteram partem* was an idea that never occurred, never had occurred, in all her life, to Henrietta Gascoigne. In fact, she would never have believed there could be 'another side,' since she herself was not able to behold it."

We must add the last sentences of this book, because they are the key, not only to this story, but to every story by the author of *John Halifax*. "At last this hope had quite to be let go, and its substitute accepted—as we most of us have, more or less, to accept the will of heaven, instead of our will, and go on our way resignedly, nay, cheerfully, knowing that, whether we see it or not, all is well."

Looking back, as we are now able to do, we find that this author has insight only through her sympathy, and that this fact accounts at once for her strength and weakness. She cannot paint enthusiasm, she does not seek strength or height of character, but she looks for goodness. She knows a good woman through and through, but other women from the outside only. It is not that she understands all women and no men, for she cannot delineate the internal life of all women. Lady Caroline Brithwood in *John Halifax* is a complete failure. Miss

Gascoigne is rather a clever sketch than a finished picture. At the same time her sympathy with a good man is complete on the moral, but defective on the intellectual side; and this deficiency is felt more in men than in women, because we need to feel the intellect of a man in whom we take any sustained interest. An accurate delineation of children needs also intellectual insight as well as sympathy; they are in a stage of growth and transition, and the physical and intellectual preponderate. Aaron and Eppie in *Silas Marner*, Ninna and Lillo in *Romola*, are the perfection of children, round, soft, lovable realities. Goodness in a lovable child is latent rather than developed, and it is certainly not the only attraction of childhood. But Mrs. Craik must find that or nothing in children. The disagreeable Atty and Titia are, therefore, spiteful, ill-natured grown people on a small scale, and the children whom she depicts are such in virtue only of their using baby-talk.

This lady lacks the deep and full insight of George Eliot; lacks even the knowledge of the outside look of all ordinary characters, which distinguishes so many novelists of only average ability. In language she has no wealth of poetical imagery; her views are neither broad nor profound, she has no wide field of vision, and the depths of spiritual struggle are unknown to her; but she looks high into the pure heavens, and points always upwards and onwards. All her charm and all her power lie in this marvellous purity of moral tone. There is no trifling with sin, no extenuating or making light of it. Right may be painful, it may entail suffering and self-denial, but it must be done. Wrong must be avoided. The petty meannesses and falsehoods of society, and its general insincerity, she never for a moment tolerates or condones. Her good men and women are absolutely honest and truthful to their superiors, their equals, and their inferiors. Surely we have a right to say that such teaching has at the present time an almost inestimable value, and that the "Author of *John Halifax*" is doing good service both in her generation and for all time.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE CAMPAIGN IN GERMANY.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

FOR the last two months I have been wandering about Europe in search of a war. From a variety of causes, which I need not enter into here, I have always—north as well as south of the Alps—been just too late for the battle. In fact, if I am to speak the plain honest truth, though I have been in the midst of great armies since the very outbreak of the war, I have never seen a corpse lying unburied on the ground till the other night, when I myself was all but being one of the victims of the great railway accident at Wildenschwert. This being the case, I could only give you second-hand reports of battles I have not witnessed. It is true that, if I had been present at the series of great victories by which Prussia has overthrown the military power of Austria, I should probably have known very little more about them than I do now. People talk vaguely about seeing a battle; but it is only those who have seen battles who are aware how very little is to be seen after all. Years ago there was an exhibition of a model of the field of Waterloo shown in London. In order to give additional attraction to the show, the exhibitor was an old Waterloo soldier. He had his story by rote, and could explain most lucidly the operations by which the great Napoleon was defeated; but, when he was asked what his own personal observation of the battle amounted to, he used to confess candidly that he had stood all day in the centre of a square, and had seen nothing but a great deal of smoke. Now, if all eye-witnesses of battles were equally truthful with this poor sergeant—who, I need not add, never made a fortune as an exhibitor—I believe the written records of battle-fields would be far more barren of detail than they are at present. The instances are very rare when, from the configuration of the ground, spectators can see much of a fight; and actors have neither the time nor the opportunity to mark much of what is passing around them. Sondernburg was one of these rare exceptions; the battle-fields of Bohemia and Silesia, as far as I can learn, were not. At any rate, whether there was much to

be learned by actual observation or not, I did not learn it. Still I flatter myself, rightly or wrongly, that what I lost was not altogether uncompensated by a corresponding gain. Short of the power which the Irishman attributed to the birds, nobody could have seen anything like the whole of the campaign; and I observe that those among my acquaintances who really were spectators of some portion of it have lost all sense of the proportionate importance of what they did, and did not, witness. I fancy, therefore, that I am perhaps better qualified to give a general view of this seven-days' war than I might have been if I had actually been in any degree a partaker in its vicissitudes.

I have had very considerable opportunities of judging of the Prussians and their army—that engaged in actual war, if not in actual fighting; I have heard much from all sort of quarters about the character of the campaign; and from my own observation, and the information I have collected, I have formed a decided opinion of my own as to the causes of the Prussian success. It is that opinion, and the grounds on which it is based, which I want to explain in this article. At the time I left England not only was public sympathy very strongly in favor of the Austrians, but the almost universal conviction was that, if France did not interfere to help her, Prussia would inevitably be defeated. The reason why we bestowed our sympathies on what proved to be the weaker side are obvious enough. We thought the Prussians were the aggressors in the war, as they undoubtedly were; we considered they had behaved most unjustifiably towards Denmark—a matter about which there was a good deal to be said on both sides; and we believed, with truth, that they had treated us most cavalierly in the abortive London conferences, though we forget that it was entirely the fault of our own Government if we placed ourselves in a position where Prussia could slight us with impunity. And, what perhaps weighed with us more than deeper considerations, we did not like the Prussians personally. Every English traveller knew that the Austrians were much better behaved, much more courteous to strangers, much pleasanter to meet with,

much greater gentlemen in manners and dress and language, than their northern neighbors; and this experience of the tourist world had produced a deep impression on the public mind. In truth, so long as our national views of foreign questions are to be based on sentimental considerations instead of cold study of facts, we had rather better reasons than usual in such cases to show for our preference for Austria. No great national or political issue appeared to common English apprehensions to be involved in the struggle; and, in spite of the event, we have no particular cause, I think, to feel ashamed if most of us at first wished success to the defeated party.

It is, however, more hard to understand what led us to believe that the "*causa victa*" would prove the "*causa victrix*." It was popularly supposed that Austria was united to resist invasion, while the Prussian people were bitterly averse to the war; and that the lesser German States would rally like one man round Austria. Assuming the theory to have been grounded on fact, the conclusion drawn would have been most logical. Unfortunately, the facts were diametrically opposed to the theory, so that our conclusion turned out to be erroneous. But a more inexplicable circumstance than this popular delusion is the extent to which it was shared in by professional military men. Every English officer almost pooh-poohed the notion that the Prussians could possibly defeat the Austrians. That Benedek would be in Berlin before a month was over, was a received article of faith at all regimental messes; and the diplomatic world was equally convinced that Prussia would have to cede the Rhine provinces to France, as the price of the intervention which was to rescue her from utter destruction at the hands of Austria.

I only allude to the state of public opinion which preceded the Austro-Prussian war, in order to point out the danger of jumping to a premature conclusion about the causes of the non-fulfilment of our expectation. Women, so their detractors say, have a way, when their assertions are disproved by unmistakable evidence, of arguing that they would have been right after all, if they had not omitted something from their calculations

they could not reasonably be expected to remember; and this feminine style of argument seems to be in fashion with us on the present occasion. We have all agreed, by a sort of tacit consent, that, whatever people may choose to think, we were really correct in our assumptions, and that Austria would certainly have won, if it had not been for the needle-gun, about which we knew nothing, and could know nothing. Now, that our military men did know nothing or little about breech-loaders, I believe to be the truth. Though our military administration is the most costly in the world, we never seem to have any officers competent to profit by experience at any place where experience is likely to be learned. Our military *attachés* are generally well-connected officers—out of employment or out at elbows—to whom the post is given as a convenient sinecure; while in time of war, we either, as in Schleswig, send out no professional commissioners at all, or else, as in the case of this last conflict, we send them out just too late to be of any practical use. Still, though we individually were unacquainted with the "*Zündnadel-Gewehr*," yet other nations—and Austria above all—had studied the weapon carefully beforehand; and, though different opinions were formed as to its imperative excellence, no competent military judge even imagined for one moment that the possession or non-possession of the needle-gun was of sufficient importance to decide the fate of a campaign. Of course the whole world may have been mistaken; but, to say the least, the antecedent probability is immensely strong in favor of the supposition that the campaign was decided by many other causes besides the especial efficacy of that peculiar weapon. A few of these causes may be ascertained easily enough by any one who is content to look at facts as they are.

In the first place, Prussia is a united country, while Austria is a mere conglomeration of different nations connected by a dynastic union. Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia, Venetia, Galicia, Silesia, and Austria proper, have little other tie between them than that which for a hundred years bound France to England. They do not like each other, and most of them have no particular affection for their

common sovereign. But in Prussia the case is different. If we omit a part of Posen, there is not a more homogeneous country in all Europe than Prussia. She has no Venetia, no Algeria, no Ireland. Her people speak the same language, are trained with the same uniform system, have to a great extent the same common faith. Any person who has followed at all attentively the long wearisome conflict between the Prussian Parliament and the Court, must have been struck by two circumstances. First that, even when the struggle was at its bitterest, and when Herr von Bismarck pressed most cavalierly on the popular party, nobody ever proposed or mooted the idea of a change of dynasty: and secondly, that there never was the slightest talk of any disruption of the monarchy. It is little more than a century ago since Frederick the Great took Silesia by force from Austria, and yet this province is now as loyal and as intensely Prussian as Brandenburg itself. And, when the whole force of the kingdom was engaged in a gigantic struggle, the Rhine provinces were left utterly denuded of troops, without the least apprehension of any local outbreak being even possible.

Then, too, the Prussians have the great advantage of being contented with their own government on the whole; an assertion which cannot be made about the Austrians. The Prussians wished, and rightly wished, for fuller political liberties than they now enjoy; but, whenever they obtain what they want, they will not have to use their power to rectify gross abuses in the administration. In most things which affect the daily life of ordinary men, Prussia is, and has been for years, excellently well governed. In all social relations there is absolute personal liberty; justice is administered with proverbial fairness, and the bureaucracy, however vexatious in its dealings, is utterly free from the taint of corruption; the system of national education is the best in Europe; the people are very lightly taxed; there is next to no national debt; and the whole government of the country, from the Court downwards, is conducted with a more than republican economy. Now, not one of these statements could be applied to Austria. With an enormous debt, an ignorant and priest-

ridden population, an enormous taxation, a body of officials notoriously corrupt, and an extravagant administration, she entered the lists against Prussia hopelessly overweighted.

When the war was first seriously anticipated, it was undoubtedly unpopular in Prussia; but the character of this unpopularity was hardly understood abroad. The war was objected to by the people, not because they did not sympathize with the object for which it was to be waged, but because they hesitated to believe that these objects could be promoted by it. The patriotism of a Prussian has inevitably a sort of dual nature which it is difficult for an Englishman to appreciate. The Prussians—I am speaking of the educated classes, who alone make their voices heard abroad—are patriots first as Germans, then as Prussians. Their first ambition is to see Germany great, united, powerful, and free; their next is to see Prussia aggrandized. For a long time it was believed, even in Berlin itself, that Herr von Bismarck simply wished to make war in order to enlarge the territories of Prussia, and that he had no intention of making Germany identical with Prussia. But, when it once became clear that, willingly or unwillingly, knowingly or ignorantly, the war with Austria meant a war for the creation of a united Germany under the leadership of Prussia, popular feeling changed; and the cause of the Government became forthwith the cause of the nation. Moreover, the northern Germans, though they received with distaste the idea of a conflict with their southern brethren, were firmly convinced that such a conflict was, sooner or later, inevitable. Prussia was, in their judgment, the representative in the Fatherland of free thought, intellectual culture, material progress, popular government, and national independence; while Austria, by virtue or vice of her conditions of existence, was the representative of Ultramontanism, aristocratic rule, internal weakness, and foreign intervention. Between the two antagonistic principles thus embodied there could be no permanent peace. One of the two must make place for the other; and the contest could never be decided without an appeal to arms. Even taking a lower ground, it was evident there

ld never be one Germany, unless Prussia or Austria ceased to exist a great German power; and Austria never likely willingly to recede from hereditary position, unless she was compelled to do so by force. How far these views were founded on fact, it is necessary to consider now. It is enough to say, that they were generally believed among the Germans of the north, and the circumstance of their being so proved secured for the war against Austria the sympathy, not only of the Prussians, but of the people of the northern states. Nobody who has talked much of Prussians at this period, whether civilians or soldiers, but must admit that they imagine themselves to be engaged in a just and noble cause. They may be wrong, but this conviction gives them a strength not conceded to their adversaries. The only thing which could have supplied

Austrians with a similar enthusiasm would have been a feeling that they were fighting for national independence. Unfortunately, Austria is not a nation, but what Metternich once called Italy—a geographical expression; and five thirds of the empire did not consider attack upon the position of Austria Germany to be in any sense an attack upon their separate national independence.

Thus, Count Bismarck—if popular opinion is right in crediting him with the authorship of this war—must have known beforehand that his country had certain great advantages in entering on a contest, which diminished materially the apparent temerity of his enterprise.

Had a united nation at his back, a popular enthusiasm, a full exchequer, and a reserve of more or less trained troops, coequal in number with the able-bodied adult male population of the country.

But, on the other hand, he had to counter this great difficulty—that he could not afford a prolonged contest. It was necessary for him not only to win, but to win rapidly. In a country so rich and prosperous as Prussia has been of late years, the calling out of the militia reserves creates an amount of rate loss and expense and inconvenience which is almost incredible. We

imagine pretty well what English opinion would be if some three hundred

thousand of our volunteers were summoned from their homes and business, by a highly unpopular Government, to fight, hundreds of miles away from England, in a cause which, at first sight at any rate, was not one of national existence. If the war was one succession of brilliant and rapid victories, the nation would bear the infliction patiently enough; but, if the war languished, no very evident progress were made towards its end, and the campaign were attended with heavy loss of life, there would be an irresistible outcry that enough had been done already for the honor of the country, and that it was folly to waste our strength on a needless struggle. A similar outcry would certainly have been raised in Prussia if the war had gone on week after week, and month after month, without inflicting any decisive blow upon Austria. Besides this, a protracted war, with varying fortunes, would have encouraged the governments of the petty states—all anti-Prussian at heart—to use their power upon the side of Austria, while it would have led almost with certainty to foreign intervention. Under these circumstances, it was necessary for Count Bismarck to carry all before him; and the courage with which he determined on staking everything on one throw entitles him to the same sort of repute as Sherman earned by his march through Georgia. As a common rule, it is a mistake at whist to play out all your trumps at starting; but a great player knows when it is worth while to risk the trick for the chance of the game.

Accident plays a very important share in all wars; and I suspect that many brilliant military operations, held up to the youths of Sandhurst and Woolwich as examples of far-sighted calculation, were never anticipated beforehand. But the campaign which has just ended can hardly have been much modified by accidental circumstances. The war proceeded all through with as much order and regularity as if the invasion of Austria had been a mere march from Potsdam to Berlin. There can be no doubt about the tactics of the Prussian generals; they consisted solely in the simple maxim to strike at once, to strike home, and to strike hard. From the moment that the famous note of the French Government,

which had given the cause—or, if you like to call it, the pretext—for war, not an hour was lost by the Prussians. As each corps is quartered habitually in the province from which it is recruited, the army can be mobilized—or, in other words, the men who have completed their normal time of service, but are still liable to be recalled to arms at any moment, can be brought back to the ranks—with extreme expedition. The call to arms was responded to with extreme alacrity; and the Prussian army was ready to take the field, while a great majority of the Austrian regiments were only half filled up. According to the whole theory of war, the Prussians ought to have gathered a large force to defend Berlin, and then advanced towards the Austrian frontiers, leaving garrisons behind them at every stage to keep open their communications with their bases of operations, and dispersing any force, and capturing any fortress, which lay in their way. It was on this theory that the Austrian plan of defence was based. Unfortunately the Prussians neglected the established maxims of strategy. They left the capital undefended, after removing the only danger which threatened them in their rear by the dispersion of the Hanoverian army, and then they marched straight on for Vienna, via Saxony and Bohemia. The Austrians were taken by surprise. They had meant to occupy Dresden, and give fight in Saxony on the borders of their enemy's dominions; but, as usual, they were not ready when the decisive moment arrived. In the same way the Austrians reckoned on the Prussians not attempting to pass the gorges of the Bohemian mountains without extreme caution and circumspection. The calculation was unimpeachable; but, as the Prussians simply pushed on as hard as possible, they again found the Austrians unprepared to resist their advance. Even after the fatal and disastrous defeat of Königgrätz, the Austrians still repeated their original blunder, and assumed that the enemy would never leave the fortresses of Olmütz, Josephstadt, and Königinnstadt uncaptured in his rear; and the consequence was, that the Prussians did the very thing they were expected not to do, and actually arrived within sight of Vienna before the

Austrians were prepared to defend the capital of the empire. Nor can there, I think, be any reasonable doubt that, if the Emperor had not consented to buy peace on terms which amounted to a surrender at discretion, the successor of Frederick the Great could have entered Schönbrunn as a conqueror. Had this not been known to be a matter of certainty, no Hapsburg sovereign could ever have submitted to abdicate his position in Germany while an army remained in the field.

If you talk to Austrians, as I have done of late to many, about the causes of this succession of disasters, they always tell you that their defeat was due to the incompetence and inefficiency of their generals. I have no doubt their generals were very indifferent ones; as, indeed, they have been at most periods of their history. General Benedek had an immense reputation before the war, that was based on as small evidence as that of any commander I have ever heard of, not excepting General McClellan or poor Lord Raglan. The Austrians chose to make up their minds that they would never have been defeated at Magenta or Solferino if somebody else had been in command; and, as Benedek was considered a dashing officer, and was believed to have remonstrated against the tactics of Giulay, it was decided by popular acclamation that he was the military genius who would have saved Austria, like Radetzky, if he had only had the opportunity. In spite of his blunders, the people still assert that he is a brave and gallant soldier, and such assertions are generally correct; but it is clear that, whatever else he was, he was not a great general. Of the archdukes, counts, and high-born nobles, who held command under Benedek, not a single one has given proof of military ability. The stories which are popularly repeated by the Austrians of the want of nerve and utter neglect of duty shown by some of the highest of Benedek's generals are, I hope, grossly exaggerated; still the fact that such stories should be commonly current shows the estimation in which the superior officers of the army are held by their own countrymen. But, in estimating the damage that the Austrians suffered from the want of generalship, it

ould be mentioned that they were not posed by troops led by commanders high repute and genius. The chief command was intrusted to the King, to the Crown Prince, and to the King's nephew, Prince Frederick Charles. Now the experience of all nations has shown that royal princes are seldom, if ever, good commanders-in-chief, and I believe the present campaign has been no exception to ordinary rule. Even in the Prussian camp, where respect for all constituted authorities is carried to an exaggerated degree, complaints were rife as to the extent to which the rights of royalty interfered with the efficient conduct of military affairs. Without in the least wishing to deny the merits of the Prussian royal generals, who, one and all, are brave men and gallant soldiers, I think I may assert that the success of the campaign was in no sense due to their military abilities. Generals Steinmetz and Herwath von Bittenfeld, had a considerable reputation among their troops; but I doubt if either of these had occasion to give proof of first class, or even second class, military talent. In as far as the credit of the campaign was due to any single person, it was doubtless due to General Moltke, who from Berlin dictated by telegraph the movements of the Prussian armies.

But still, even placing the utmost estimate upon the ability of the princes and the ennobled generals who commanded the Prussian armies, it would be the greatest flattery to say that their success was chiefly owing to the military superiority of their commanders. Nor, as I have said before, do I think undue weight should be placed upon the superiority of the needle-gun. In the first place, a very considerable portion of the Prussian army, as I can vouch from personal observation, was not armed with breech-loaders, but with old-fashioned muzzle-loading muskets; in the second place, in any of the engagements, in all of which the Prussians proved victorious, the musket, whether breech-loading or muzzle-loading, played a very insignificant share. Both before and since the war, Prussian officers have assured me that the artillery was really the finest arm in their service; and, from what I saw at Sonderburg, I am inclined to believe the statement is

correct; but, owing to the circumstances of the war, the Prussians were never able to employ any portion of their artillery, with the exception of the light field guns. I have no doubt that the prestige of the Zünd-nadel-Gewehr, the rapidity with which it was fired, and the precision with which it hit its mark, did much to discourage the Austrian regiments. But this fact alone is not sufficient to account for the issue of the campaign.

The plain, simple, unvarnished truth I take to be, that the Prussians uniformly defeated the Austrians, because, man for man, they were better and braver and stronger soldiers. They were not so well drilled, they were worse dressed, they were not so rapid in their movements, they were far less soldier-like looking; but they were much more ready to encounter danger, they were animated with a far higher and more intelligent courage. Physically, they were stronger, stouter, and more powerful men than their opponents; mentally, they were immeasurably superior to the mixed hordes of Croats and Bohemians and Hungarians arrayed against them. They knew, or fancied they knew—which comes much to the same thing—what they were fighting about; they had a strong sense of duty; they were steady, orderly, God-fearing men. From the highest general to the lowest private, they had learned how to obey; and they had implicit confidence that their officers, whether able or not, were prepared to do their duty also. All estimates of the men I have yet seen seem to me to leave out of sight the power of what I may call the religious element of the Prussian army. You may call it superstition, or bigotry, or fanaticism, as you choose; but no person who has studied the subject carefully can deny that the Prussian soldiers had a sort of reliance in their own cause, as being that of duty and religion, which was entirely wanting among the Austrians. The phrase of "Holy Prussia," about which we in England have laughed so often, when it was used by the King in his addresses to his people, had a real meaning and purport for the Prussian peasant. And so the Prussian armies, in my judgment, conquered for much the same reason that the Puritans conquered the Cavaliers, the Dutch conquered the Spaniards, and the

Federals conquered the Confederates—because they were more in earnest, more thoughtful, more willing to risk their lives for a principle, whether false or true, more imbued with a sense of duty.

If this explanation be true, as I hold it to be, the apparent mystery of the campaign vanishes. Given the knowledge which Herr von Bismarck undoubtedly possessed—that his countrymen, on anything like equal terms, would be more than a match for the Austrians—all he had to do was to secure that the Prussians should be placed in a position to choose their own fields of battle; and this was secured by the daring strategy of pushing forward at all risks and all costs. But I doubt whether this campaign, any more than the bold move by which Garibaldi marched on Naples from Sicily, will be cited hereafter as any great achievement of military genius. It is very easy to show that one crushing defeat would have been almost fatal to the Prussian armies. They were completely isolated in a strange and hostile country; they had but one, and that a most circuitous line of retreat, open to them; they were liable at any moment to be cut off from their supplies and resources. If Sadowa had been a defeat instead of a victory, the Prussians could hardly have hoped to regain their own territory. But the fact for which, I think, in a military point of view, they deserve chief credit is that, having resolved upon a most hazardous plan of campaign, they sacrificed every other consideration to that of success; they took no tents with them; they provided, I may say, no resources; they relied on the country in which the war was to be carried on to give them food and shelter. According to their own notions, they paid honestly enough for what they took. The farmers whose carts and horses they seized; the cottagers upon whom they quartered themselves; the shopkeepers whose stores they took—were all furnished with acknowledgments of the debt, which the Austrian Government may present as part payment of the indemnity it is required to pay Prussia for the cost of the war. By this system, and by an economy so rigid as to be almost parsimonious, Prussia will now be able to carry on the war without loans, without ex-

traordinary taxation, and without any important addition to her insignificant national debt.

At the same time, it must fairly be owned that the campaign, however brilliant, has not enabled the world to pronounce a decisive judgment upon the merit of Prussian troops as compared with those of other nations. The Prussians have shown that they are able to march well and fight gallantly; and more than this they have not had the opportunity to prove. It is still an open question how they would stand a serious defeat, or how they would bear the fatigues and sufferings of a protracted campaign. *Veni, vidi, vici*, might well be the motto of the Prussians in this war. Scarcely a month passed between the declaration of war and the conclusion of the armistice; and the actual fighting, which decided the campaign, only lasted seven days in all. The amount of sickness in the army after the truce commenced was something terrible. In official reports it was attributed to the prevalence of cholera; but I believe that the cholera itself was mainly due to the bad state of health to which the army had been reduced by over-fatigue and insufficient nourishment. Under no conceivable circumstances could the war have ended more opportunely for Prussia than when it did; and, though the army was naturally disappointed at not entering Vienna in triumph, the higher officers were only too thankful for a solution which relieved them from grave and increasing difficulties. If I am to give a hypothetical opinion concerning what might have occurred if something had happened which did not happen, I should say that the same qualities which secured the victory for Prussia, in this short campaign, would have ultimately secured it to her if the war had proved a more arduous and protracted one. As it is, she has gained the object of her ambition, she has fulfilled her "*manifest destiny*," with so slight a sacrifice as to be of no comparison with the ends achieved.

For henceforth, whatever may be the exact terms of peace, Prussia will be Germany. It is all very well for foreign admirers of Austria to talk of the grand future which is still open to her; but, as a matter of fact, the empire of the Haps-

burgs, as we have known it, has received its death-blow. It is possible, though not probable, that a ruler of genius, who is prepared to throw aside his German predilections and connections, might create a great Slavonic monarchy out of the *débris* of the old "Reich." But the task would be one of herculean difficulty; and the Hapsburgs are not Napoleons. The real nature of the old Austrian rule is seldom understood in England; it was not altogether unlike our own rule in India. By sheer force of superior talent, energy, and culture, a small minority of Germans reigned supreme over a large number of different races and nations, immeasurably outnumbering themselves. But this German minority prized the supremacy thus obtained far more for the importance it acquired thereby in Germany, than for its intrinsic value and profit. Austria was at once the first of German powers, and a great non-German state ruled over by Germans. It has lost its pristine and most important character. The empire can no longer compete with Prussia in the Fatherland; her Teutonic population, who share, equally with their northern kinsmen, the pride and prejudice and aspirations of Germans, will now look to Prussia, not to Austria, as the representative of their nationality abroad and at home. How Austria is to retain the affections of her German subjects, and yet to become the centre of a great non-Teutonic empire, is a problem for which nobody has yet ventured even to suggest a solution.

Thus the long and weary struggle between Austria and Prussia, which dates from the day that the Electors of Brandenburg first became independent princes, has terminated finally in the triumph of the Northern Power. The seven-days' war was the grand sequence of the wars of Frederick the Great. As Prussia has grown in strength Austria has declined; and the final issue has been decided by causes which have been operating for centuries, not by any mechanical device, or any discovery in musketry. That a nation is always more powerful than an army—this, I think, is the true lesson to be learned from the war which has changed the face of Europe, and has created a power that, happily for the

world, can afford to be independent both of France in the south, and Russia in the north.

London Society.

THE HOUSE OF OVEREND, GURNEY AND COMPANY.

THE Gurneys hold a place almost unique in commercial biography. Nearly all the great merchants of the world have been men who have risen from the crowd by their own enterprise, and, beginning in small ways, have made for themselves names and reputations as successful traders and men of wealth and influence; and their sons or grandsons have generally abandoned the commerce which has helped them to distinction, eager to mix with those of rank and title older than their own, and willing, if they can, to forget by what means they have been enabled to enter the circle of aristocracy. A goodly number of the titled families of England owe their origin to old merchants and shopkeepers; but their modern representatives have nothing to do with trade, and look upon it as a thing all together beneath them. In the Gurneys, on the other hand, we see the almost solitary instance of an ancient family that, in later times, has not been ashamed to engage in commerce, and has drawn from it a dignity as great as any that could come from lengthy pedigrees and the traditions of bygone ages.

They are descended from a Hugh de Gournay, Lord of Gournay and the adjacent Barony of Le Brai, who in 1054 commanded at the battle of Mortimer, and in 1066 accompanied William the Conqueror to England. To him and his successors were made large grants of land in Norfolk, Suffolk, and elsewhere; and the Gournays were men of mark during the ensuing centuries. One of his descendants was Edmund Gournay, Recorder of Norwich, in the reign of Edward III.; and from that time to this Norwich has always been the residence of some members of the family. The most notable of his successors, as far as we are concerned, was a Francis Gournay or Gurnay, who was born about the year 1560. He seems to have been a native of Norwich, and he married the daughter

of a Norwich merchant ; but the greater part of his life was spent in London. In 1606 he was made a member of the Guild of Merchant Tailors, and for some years he lived in Broad-street ward, in the parish of St. Mary Benetfinck, working as a merchant.

There was another merchant of his name, and a much more famous man, living in London at the same time, though apparently not of the same family. Sir Richard Gurney was born at Croydon in 1577. He was apprenticed to Mr. Richard Coleby, a silkman in Cheapside, who so liked him that, at his death, he bequeathed to him his shop and a sum of six thousand pounds. Part of that money he spent in travelling through France and Italy, "where," says his old biographer, "he improved himself, and by observing the trade of the respective marts as he passed, laid the foundation of his future traffic." Soon after his return, it is added, being himself of no great family, he discreetly married "into a family at that time commanding most of the money, and, by that, most of the nobility, gentry, and great tradesmen of England." Thereby he became a great merchant and a very wealthy man. He was Sheriff of London in 1634, and Lord Mayor in 1641. He was a great benefactor to the Clothworkers' Company, of which he was a member and warden, and he gave freely to all sorts of city charities. He also, being a sturdy Royalist, lent or gave immense sums of money to King Charles I.; at one time, on his majesty's return from Scotland, spending four thousand pounds in entertaining him. He was one of the great champions of Charles's cause in the city, during the commencement of the Commonwealth struggle. In 1640, when he was sixty-three years old, it is recorded, "one night, with thirty or forty lights, and a few attendants, he rushed suddenly out of the house on thousands, with the city sword drawn, who immediately retired to their own houses, and gave over their design." This excess of loyalty, however, caused his ruin. In 1642, he was ejected from his Mayoralty and lodged in the Tower. There, for refusing to pay the fine of five thousand pounds appointed by Parliament, he was kept a

prisoner for seven years, and there he died in 1649.

His contemporary, Francis Gournay, had his share of trouble. On the 17th of June, 1622, the corporation of Lynn lent to him and two partners of his a sum of two hundred pounds, for "setting the poor to work within the town." According to the terms of the agreement between them, the money was to be repaid in three years' time, and in the meanwhile Gournay was "to freely provide, find, and deliver sufficient wool and other material to all those poor people dwelling within the borough, who should come to be set on work in spinning of worsted yarn." He was also to instruct all the poor children who were sent to him in the spinning of wool; in fact, he was to do all he could to establish in the town a branch of the woollen manufacture that for some time past had formed the chief business of Norwich and its neighborhood. Therein, however, he failed. Good churchmen attributed the failure to the circumstance that his factory was a desecrated church. A century before, it seems, the corporation of Lynn had received certain monasteries and ecclesiastical foundations during the spoliation under Henry VIII. One of these, the church of Saint James in Lynn, according to Sir Henry Spelman, was "perverted to be a town house for the manufacture of stuffs, laces, and tradesmen's commodities, whereby they thought greatly to enrich their corporation and themselves. Great projects and good stocks, with a contribution from some country gentlemen, were raised for this purpose—two several times to my knowledge. But the success was that it came to nought, and all the money employed about new building and transforming the church hath only increased desolation; for so it hath stood during the whole time almost of my memory, till they lately attempted by the undertaking of Mr. Francis Gournay and some artisans from London to revive the enterprise of their predecessors; but, spending no better than they did, have now again, with loss of their money and expectation, left it to future ruin."

Whatever was the cause of it, Francis Gournay's experiment failed. He was not able to pay back the money he had

borrowed from the corporation; and he seems to have been in trouble by reason of it, to the end of his life. His son, Francis, born in 1628, was a merchant or shopkeeper in Maldon, in Essex, and apparently a man of not much substance. But the fortunes of the house were revived by old Francis Gournay's grandson, John Gurney, or Gurney, of Norwich. He was born at Malton, on the 7th of October, 1655, and, as soon as he was old enough, was apprenticed to Daniel Gilman, a cordwainer of Norwich. For a time his business energies were restrained by the bigotry of his fellow-townsmen. Some five-and-twenty years after George Fox's public preaching of the doctrines of the Society of Friends, before 1678, at any rate, John Gurney became a convert to those doctrines. He was one of the fourteen hundred and sixty Quakers imprisoned on account of their religious opinions, and for three years he lay in Norwich gaol. After that he was released; but still considerable difficulty arose through his refusal to take the freeman's oath required before he could be allowed to practice as a merchant within the city walls. At last, however, an exception was made in his favor, and for some thirty years or more he was a famous and very thriving merchant in Norwich, living at a house in Saint Augustine's parish. He was chiefly engaged in trade with the silk and wool dealers of France and the continent. He had connections in Holland, among others with the Hopes of Amsterdam, just then entering on their wonderful career of commercial prosperity. Like them, he added a sort of banking business to his occupation as a merchant. He was also a manufacturer. A brother of Sir Thomas Lembe who established the celebrated silk-mill at Derby was a Quaker, and for a time, a fellow-prisoner of Gurney's. Gurney afterwards bought of Sir Thomas some property that he possessed in Norwich, and placed thereon a silk-mill, imitated from that set up at Derby. In these ways he soon grew rich, being much aided in his business by his wife, Elizabeth, a daughter of Sir Richard Swanton. It was said, indeed, that Elizabeth Gurney had the greater business abilities of the two, and that she was the real founder of the commercial greatness

of the Norwich Gurneys.* Be that as it may, the business prospered mightily, and when John Gurney died, in 1721, he left a goodly fortune and very profitable connections to his sons, John and Joseph.

These sons were partners in both the manufacturing and mercantile concerns, prosecuting both with considerable success. John Gurney, the younger, who was born on the 16th of July, 1688, and died on the 23d of January, 1740, was a famous man in his day. He was an intimate friend of both the Walpoles, and by them urged to enter Parliament; but he preferred to devote himself to his business, and take all his relaxation at home. In 1720 he was examined before the House of Lords concerning the intended prohibition of Indian calicoes, which had lately come to be freely imported into England. He drew a dismal picture of the evils consequent to the woollen trade from this innovation. Worcester and

* This amusing letter was addressed by her to her husband while he was up in London, in 1716: "*For John Gurney, Senr., att Theodore Ettleston's, in Crown Court, in Gracechurch-street London.*"

"NORWICH, ye 17 of 3d mo., 1716.

"MY DEARE—These are to acquaint thee that I have drawn a bill on John Ettleston, to William Crowe, or order, for James Paynter. Thou told me he nor his father would want no money, but he have been with me twice for some, but I had none for him nor nobody else, I never knew such a week of trade all the hard weather as I have known this week. I could have some if Richard How had sent calord and the book muslin and those goods I have sent for; but when he have served all his customers, so that they have forestalled the market, then I shall have the rubbish they leave. I take it very ill that thou tye me to those people, for I am sure we are both sufferers by it. He know right well if there be anything to do, it is at this time of yeare, but I have been served so severall years. Branthwaite have not sent me the money, nor Lilly have paid none, nor the country have sent none, nor I have taken scarce any; so I know not what they wil do att John's. What pleasure thou meet withall at London much good may it doe thee; but I am sure I am in trouble enough. I can hardly tell how to forgive Richard How, to think how he have done by me. My neibour Alice desire thee to buy her 2 hundred of gold and 2 pound of the best coffee. Pray desire John to think to buy me sum silk gloves of the maker, as I ordered him by my letter. So with deare love to thee and my children, I conclude,

"Thy discontented Wife at present,

"ELIZ. GURNEY.

"My daughter Hannah have now sent for me strait. Her child is taken very ill."

Gloucester, Bristol and York, he said, were being ruined through the preference that was being shown to cotton over woollen clothing. In York, "the poverty of the manufacturers was so great that they were obliged to eat unwholesome diet, which had occasioned a distemper among them." In Norwich, he represented, there was the greatest distress of all. Thousands of workpeople were thrown out of employment; and the paupers were so numerous, that on many of the houses twenty-four shillings were assessed for every pound of rent for poor-rates. These arguments, and the arguments of other monopolists prevailed. A law was made in 1721, "to preserve and encourage the woollen and silk manufactures," whereby all cotton clothing was forbidden, with a fine of five pounds for each offence upon the wearer, and twenty pounds upon the seller; and John Gurney was henceforth known as "the famous advocate of the weavers."

Joseph Gurney, four years younger than his brother, survived him by ten years, inheriting the entire manufacturing business, and leaving most of the mercantile work to be conducted by his nephews. In 1747 he was rich enough to buy the Old Hall at Keswick, which, with subsequent additions and improvements, was made a splendid possession for his descendants. His two elder sons, John and Samuel, succeeded him as manufacturers. They introduced into Norwich the Irish plan of making home-spun yarns, besides employing great numbers of native Irish, and were in their time accounted great benefactors both to the eastern counties of England and the northern districts of England. Samuel Gurney left only a daughter, and Richard's three sons soon retired from the manufacturing business; Richard and Joseph to settle down as country gentlemen; John, after some prosperous work as a woolstapler and spinner of worsted yarn, to become a partner of his cousin, Bartlett Gurney, in the management of the Norwich bank. This bank had been founded by John and Henry Gurney, sons of the John Gurney who had defended the woollen monopoly before the House of Lords in 1720. Succeeding their father as merchants, they followed

the example of many other wealthy traders, and added an irregular banking business to their ordinary trade. Finding this a great source of further wealth, they at last devoted themselves exclusively to banking, and to that end converted the old house in Saint Augustine's parish into the original Norwich bank, in 1770. From them the business descended in 1779 to Bartlett Gurney, Henry Gurney's son, and by him it was transferred to its present quarters, and enlarged by the admission of other partners, the principal being the younger John Gurney already named, and he, after Bartlett Gurney's death in 1803, was the chief proprietor and manager.

Himself a good and useful man, he was the father of a famous family. One of his daughters was Elizabeth Fry, another married Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, and a third was Priscilla Gurney. His two most notable sons were Joseph John Gurney the philanthropist, and Samuel Gurney the millionaire.

Samuel, the one whose history most concerns us, was born at Norwich on the 18th of October, 1786. He was John Gurney's second son and ninth child. At the age of seven he was put to school with the celebrated Doctor Parr, and at fourteen he was apprenticed to the Clothworkers' Company in London, and placed in the counting-house, in Saint Mildred's Court, Poultry, in which his brother-in-law, Joseph Fry, as partner in the firm of Frys and Chapman, carried on an extensive trade as a tea merchant, with some irregular employment as a banker. "He took to business and liked it," according to the report of the niece, whose first remembrances of him were as an inmate in the Saint Mildred's Court household. "In the counting-house, as well as in domestic life, he was extremely amiable and cheerful, and was beloved by the whole establishment. Although not brought up in conformity to the costume or speech of the Society of Friends, he showed no propensity to follow fashions or gayety of appearance, beyond a suitable neatness of attire." From the very first, indeed, he seems to have been so thoroughly a man, or rather a boy, of business, as to have cared for no lighter occupations. In 1807, when his sister Hannah married Thomas Fowell Buxton,

he went down to the wedding, but, it is recorded, tired of the festivities long before they were over, and was glad to get back to his bookkeeping and money-changing.

In the following year, however, Samuel Gurney was married himself, his wife being Elizabeth, the daughter of James Sheppard of Ham House, in Essex, a handsome residence that soon descended to the young couple and was their place of abode during nearly the whole of their married life. The wealth that came to Samuel Gurney from his father-in-law, as well as that bequeathed to him by his father, who died in 1809, helped him to make rapid progress in the new business in which he had embarked a little while before, on his reaching the age of twenty-one.

The business had begun a few years earlier than that, growing out of a yet earlier connection between Joseph Smith, a wool factor in London, and the Norwich bank. Joseph Smith had found the advantage of applying part of his savings as a merchant to the then very slightly developed trade of bill-discounting, and John Gurney of Norwich, with whom he had been acquainted long before, when both were simply dealers in raw wool and manufactured cloths, also found the advantage of sending up to him some of the surplus money of the Norwich bank, for investment in the same way, paying to Smith a quarter per cent. on the money laid out in each transaction as his commission. This arrangement having continued for some time, it occurred to Smith's confidential clerk, John Overend, by whom most of the bill business had been done, that there was room in London for a separate establishment devoted to trade in bills. He asked his master to open an establishment of that sort, taking him as managing partner therein. This Joseph Smith refused to do, and Overend resigned his clerkship in consequence. He found the Norwich Gurneys, however, more favorable to his project, and about the year 1800 the house of Richardson, Overend and Company was founded, the chief management being in his hands, and for a few years in those of Thomas Richardson, formerly chief clerk in the bank of Smith, Wright and Gray, afterwards

Esdaile and Company. Simon Martin, an old clerk, and afterwards partner in the Norwich bank, went up to London to help to build up the business and to watch its movements on behalf of the bank, whence most of the money was obtained for investment. The enterprise thrived wonderfully from the first—one great source of its popularity being the change introduced by the new firm, which charged the quarter per cent. commission against the borrowers of the money, instead of the lenders as heretofore; and in 1807 John Gurney added vastly to its strength by introducing his son Samuel as a partner. About that time Thomas Richardson retired from the business, and it was carried on under the name of Overend and Company, even after John Overend's death, until the secret of its connection with the Norwich house could no longer be kept, and it assumed its world-famous title of Overend, Gurney and Company.

Its prosperity was in some measure the cause, but in much greater measure the consequence, of the new views on banking and trade in money that came into force in the early part of the nineteenth century. Banking, which had existed in some other countries for a long time before, came into fashion in England about the middle of the seventeenth century, soon to lead to the foundation of the Bank of England, at William Paterson's suggestion, in 1694. It immediately proved very helpful to British commerce in lowering the rate of interest for borrowed money, strengthening all sorts of financial operations, and in other ways giving encouragement to all the branches of trade and industry. The Bank of England, however, was from the first, and is to this day, only a private bank on a large scale, endowed with special privileges on account of its loans to the Government, amounting at its foundation to £1,200,000, and now to upwards of £11,000,000. Its first charter offered no obstacle to the establishment of other like institutions, and no law could ever be passed preventing private individuals from following the banker's trade. But in 1709 the governors of the bank obtained an act forbidding the formation of any banks of issue under more than six proprietors, and so secured for themselves a practical monopoly in joint-stock bank-

ing. Their company was allowed to issue paper money to the extent of its loans to the state, but no paper money not covered by government securities was allowed, and the quantity issued could not be forced on people against their will. During the eighteenth century a great number of other banks were formed, both in London and in the country. In 1750, there were in England hardly a dozen bankers out of London; in 1793 there were more than four hundred. Scotland also, untouched by the law in favor of the Bank of England, had three joint-stock banks, with branches in various parts, besides a great number of private establishments. These banks, growing out of the commercial prosperity of the country, helped the tide of speculation which, if it might have been fortunate in times of peace, led to terrible failures on the revival of a European war and the disasters consequent thereupon. In 1784 there were in circulation six millions of bank notes, that is, of the paper vouchers given by bankers for the money deposited with them, which in those days took the place for ordinary trading purposes of the modern checks. In 1792 the number had risen to nearly eleven millions and a half. Next year war was declared between England and France, and in the panic that ensued at least one fourth of the English country banks stopped payment, most of the others being grievously shaken. The London banks also suffered considerably, the suffering being everywhere attributed in great measure to the restrictive policy of the directors of the Bank of England, who, in spite of the advice of the Government and the prayers of thousands of merchants and manufacturers, sought to strengthen their own position by issuing as little money as they possibly could for the assistance of their neighbors. For this their best excuse was in the fact that their resources had been, and continued to be yet more and more, materially crippled by the immense drains made upon them by Government on account of the expenses of its continental wars. In October, 1795, the directors, brought almost to bankruptcy, informed Pitt that they could not hold out much longer. Other messages followed, and at last, in February, 1797, the bank was authorized by the Privy Council to

refuse cash payment for its notes, or the issue of any coin in sums larger than twenty shillings. In the following May an act was passed enforcing that resolution, and sanctioning an almost unlimited issue of notes. Sheridan declared it "a farce to call that a bank whose promise to pay on demand was paid by another promise to pay at some undefined period," and Sir William Pulteney introduced a bill "for the erection of a new bank in case the Bank of England did not pay in specie on or before the 24th of June, 1798." But this opposition was ineffectual, and the Bank Restriction act remained in force for two-and-twenty years, without any serious attempt at overturning the monopoly of the Bank of England.

Great advantage sprang from this Restriction act through its encouragement of sound and enlightened views as to the value of paper money and the nature of credit; but, while it lasted, it also brought serious mischief by its depreciation of the bank note in value to the extent, at one time, of from twenty-five to thirty per cent. Almost the greatest of the many great benefits conferred on commerce by Sir Robert Peel was his act of 1819, abolishing the restrictions on gold and silver currency and the fixed issue of paper money. The directors of the Bank of England were still allowed to issue as many notes as they chose, but they were compelled to exchange them for gold on demand, and thus were vitally prohibited from giving out more than the public felt it safe to take at the full price of their equivalent in bullion. This was a national avowal of the principle that money, that is, the circulating medium, is not gold and silver alone, but gold, silver, paper, and anything else which can be regarded as a trustworthy agent in the interchange of commodities, and the bartering of capital, labor, and the like.

This was the principle which gave vitality to such concerns as the one of which Samuel Gurney was for a long time the head, and which, not a little through his help, has been a source of extension to modern commerce. "Credit," said Daniel Webster, "has done more a thousand times to enrich nations than all the mines of all the world." Where we

forced now to carry on all our commercial dealings by means of gold and silver, it would only be possible, in spite of the increase of our stores of these metals, to continue a very small portion of our present trade. This, however, no one now attempts to do. The legal currency, whether gold, silver, or bank notes, is only a sort of pocket money in comparison with the real currency of trade. It serves for the smaller sort of retail purchases, for payments across the counter and the like; but the great merchant has not in his possession all through his lifetime actual money equal in amount to the paper equivalent of money that passes through his hands every day of the week. All his important business is carried on exclusively by means of bills, bonds, checks, and the other materials included in the terms "commercial debt" and "credit." His ready money is lodged with a banker, as has been the practice since the beginning of the eighteenth century, except that now he draws checks for so much as he needs for use from time to time, instead of receiving from his banker a number of promissory notes, to be passed to and fro, while the actual deposit was in the banker's hands to be used in whatever safe and profitable way he chose. Now, however, the checks are in comparatively few cases exchanged for real money, they being piled up by the bankers into whose hands they come and paired off one with another, or in heaps together, while the deposits that they represent are left untouched. In this way the money does double work, being itself available for use by the banker or his agents, while the equivalent checks are quite as serviceable for all the purposes of trade. And this is only the simplest instance of the modern principle of credit. In all sorts of ways, every bit of money and everything else that can be taken as a representative of wealth, whether actual or prospective, is turned over and over, each turning being a creation to all intents and purposes, of so much fresh money. A merchant, for example, buys a thousand pounds' worth of goods for export, say to India, China, or Australia. He pays for the same by means of a bill of exchange, accepted as soon as possible, but not payable till two or three months after date. The manu-

facturer or agent of whom he buys the goods, however, does not wait all that time for his money. In all probability he immediately gets the bill discounted, thereby losing some £15 or £20, but having the sum of £980 or £985 available for appropriation in other ways, and thus for the acquisition of fresh profits. Before the original bill falls due he has built perhaps twenty fresh transactions on the basis of the first one, and so, in effect, has turned his £1000 into £20,000, less the £300 or £400 that have been deducted by the bill broker as discount. And the same original transaction has been made the groundwork of a number of other transactions on the part of the merchant who bought the goods. He bought them for £1000, to sell again for, say £1200, part of the difference being his profit, part being absorbed in freight, insurance, and so forth. He is not likely to be paid for the goods in less than six months' time; and he has to pay for them in two or three months. But long before either of those terms expires he has raised part of the money on the security of his bill of lading, and so is enabled to enter on other transactions, just as the manufacturer had done. Or he sends out his bill to some partner, agent, or deputy in the district to which the goods are consigned, and that, being accepted, is available for the payment of debts already contracted in that part, or for immediate transmission home, or to some third place, for use in any way that is found desirable. In such ways as these, and they are numberless, a very small amount of actual money goes to the building up, on the one side, of a vast structure of credit, and, on the other, of a vast structure of commerce.

There was a hazy comprehension of this system long centuries ago. "If you were ignorant of this, that credit is the greatest capital of all towards the acquisition of wealth," said Demosthenes, "you would be utterly ignorant." But the modern theory of credit is very modern indeed, having almost its first exemplification, on a large scale, in the establishment of Overend, Gurney and Company. This house, as we saw, was established to make a separate business of bill-discounting, much more complete and extensive than the chance trade in bills that

had formerly been, and that continued to be, carried on by bankers, merchants, and all sorts of irregular money-lenders. Very soon after the time of Samuel Gurney's supremacy in it, it began to assume gigantic proportions, and it was, for some thirty or forty years, the greatest discounting house in the world, the parent of all the later and rival establishments that have started up in London and elsewhere. At first only discounting bills, its founders soon saw the advantage of lending money on all sorts of other securities, and their cellars came to be loaded with a constantly varying heap of dock-warrants, bills of lading, shares in railways and public companies, and the like. To do this, of course, vast funds were necessary, very much in excess of the immense wealth accumulated by the Gurneys in Norwich and elsewhere. Therefore, having proved the value and stability of his business, Samuel Gurney easily persuaded those who had money to invest to place it in his hands, they receiving for the same a fixed and fair return of interest, and he obtaining with it as much extra profit as the fluctuations of the money market and the increasing needs of trade made possible. He became, in fact, a new sort of merchant buying credit—that is, borrowing money—on the one hand, and selling credit—that is, lending money—on the other, and deriving from the trade his full share of profits.

Great help came to his money-making and to his commercial influence from the panic of 1825. That panic arose partly from the financial disorganization consequent on the enforcement of Sir Robert Peel's act of 1819—very good in itself but promotive of much trouble until it had brought matters into a healthy condition. Its more immediate cause, however, was the excessive speculation in joint-stock companies at home as well as in continental mines, American cotton, and other branches of foreign commerce.*

* This is an enumeration of the joint-stock companies projected in 1824 and 1825, the great years of joint-stock company mania:

	Capital.
74 Mining Companies,.....	£38,370,000
29 Gas do.,.....	12,077,000
20 Insurance do.,.....	35,820,000
28 Investment do.,.....	52,600,000
54 Canal and Railroad do.,.....	44,051,000

Several London banks failed, and at least eighty country banks fell to the ground, the Bank of England itself being only saved by the accidental finding of two million one-pound notes that had been packed away and lost sight of some time before. Even Joseph John Gurney, much more of a philanthropist than a banker, suffered from the pressure. "Business has been productive of trial to me," he wrote in characteristic way in his journal, "and has led me to reflect on the equity of God, who measures out His salutary chastisement, even in this world, to the rich as well as the poor. I can certainly testify that some of the greatest pains and most burdensome cares which I have had to endure have arisen out of being what is usually called a 'moneyed man.'"

His brother, however, was much more mixed up in the turmoil. "Knowing intimately as he did the sufferings which awaited those who could no longer command credit or obtain supplies from other quarters," said one of Samuel Gurney's old friends, "his anxiety was felt more on others account than his own"—the fact being that his own financial dealings were so sound that he had no fear for himself, and only had to settle how to make most money with most secondary advantages to those he dealt with. "His desire," it is added, "was to act fairly and justly to his fellow-creatures, as well as to himself; and thus did he move onward cautiously and step by step through those troublous times, lest he should lead any into error by his judgment. It was a remarkable sight to witness him plunge day by day into the vortex of city business and return thence to his own domestic hearth without any trace of a mammon-loving spirit." We can well believe that the honest Quaker was reasonably free from the "mammon-loving spirit;" but he knew well how to

67 Steam do.,.....	£2,525,000
11 Trading do.,.....	70,400,000
26 Building do.,.....	15,701,000
23 Provision do.,.....	8,000,000
292 Miscellaneous do.,.....	148,100,000

624

£372,170,000

Of these, however, only 245 companies were actually formed, and the actual capital paid up amounted to only £17,605,000.

seek and secure his own advancement, and this he did very notably, by lending to many houses money enough to enable them to ride through their difficulties, and so bringing to himself much fresh favor and much new custom during the following years. From this time forth he came to be known as a banker's banker, taking the place, for many, of the Bank of England. Hundreds of private banks fell into the way of sending him, from time to time, their surplus cash, finding that they were as sure of getting it back whenever they wanted it, as if they had lodged it in the Bank of England, and that in the meanwhile they were getting higher interest for it than that bank would have granted. "We do not feel the slightest dependence upon the Bank of England," said one of the number, Mr. Robert Carr Glyn, before the Bank Charter Committee in 1832, "nor do we feel the slightest obligation to it in any way."

Samuel Gurney was thus the cause of an injury to the Bank of England for which he was not easily forgiven. And in other ways the old bank privileges were being assailed during these years. In 1826 an act was passed sanctioning the establishment of joint-stock banks throughout the country, except in London and within a distance of sixty-five miles thereof. "The present system of law as to banks," said Lord Liverpool, in supporting the measure, "must now be altered in one way or another. It is the most absurd, the most inefficient legislation; it has not one recommendation to stand upon. The present system is one of the fullest liberty as to what is rotten and bad, but of the most complete restriction as to all that is good. By it a cobbler, or a cheesemonger, may issue his notes, without any proof of his ability to meet them, and unrestricted by any check whatever; while, on the other hand, more than six persons, however respectable, are not permitted to become partners in a bank with whose notes the whole business of the country might be transacted. Altogether the whole system is so absurd, both in theory and practice, that it would not appear to deserve the slightest support if it was attentively considered even for a single moment." It would certainly have been altered long

before, but for the influence of the Bank of England directors, eager to have as much of a monopoly as possible in their own hands. This bill, permitting joint-stock banks at a distance, however, was passed in 1826, and a few years later the wonderful discovery was made that joint-stock banks were legal even in London, and had been so from the beginning. James William Gilbart, having begun life as a banker's clerk in 1813, and after twelve years so spent, having gained fresh experience and influence in Ireland, pointed out that the act of 1709, while forbidding joint-stock banks of issue, offered no obstacle to joint-stock banks of deposit. The consequence was the immediate formation of the London and Westminster bank in 1833. Before that bank was fairly established, however, Parliament had complied with the demands of the free traders in money and passed a bill intended to give legal countenance to the institutions against which it was found that there was no legal prohibition. Therein it was "declared and enacted that any body politic or corporate, or society, or company, or partnership, although consisting of more than six persons, might carry on the trade or business of banking in London or within sixty-five miles thereof." That was a full concession of the grand point at issue. Other matters of dispute arose, and for the first four years of its history the London and Westminster bank was in constant altercation and litigation. But at last common sense prevailed, and the London and Westminster bank not only entered itself upon a career of wonderful prosperity, but also became the parent of a number of other joint-stock banks, destined in due time, we may fairly believe, altogether to supersede the older private banks.

It was really to atone for that apparent infringement of the bank's monopoly, though ostensibly, according to the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day, "to prevent as much as possible fluctuations in the currency, of the nature of those which have, at different times, occasioned hazard to the bank and embarrassment to the country," that the Bank Charter Act of 1844 was passed. Sir Robert Peel entered heartily into the work, thinking that thus he would complete

the financial reform begun by his act of 1819, and in some of the wealthiest bank directors he had very eloquent and persuasive guides. Part of the new Charter was unquestionably beneficial. By it the bank was separated into two distinct establishments, one solely for issuing bank notes, the other for transacting ordinary business. The banking department is only a huge joint-stock bank, and deals with the public just in the same way as do the London and Westminster, or Coutts's or Child's bank. The issue department, subsidized by Government, receives all the bullion intended to be held in reserve and promulgates an exact equivalent for it in bank notes, issuing also paper money, for which there is no corresponding bullion, to the extent of £14,650,000 on the security of Government debts and other securities produced by Government. Whether the Bank Charter has on the whole been helpful to the progress of commerce need not here be discussed. It has been, beyond all question, very helpful to the bank and to the many wealthy men whose wealth has brought them into connection with it.

Among these, though as wealthy as any, Samuel Gurney was not reckoned. His house was too much in rivalry with one branch of the Bank of England's business for him to have more connection with it than was necessary. He took no prominent part, therefore, either in favor or in disapproval of the reconstruction of the Bank Charter in 1844. But he was as zealous as any of the men in office in Threadneedle-street in his opposition to the movement in favor of joint-stock undertakings. It may be that in this he was somewhat influenced by his anticipations of the rivalry that would come through them to the vast business that he had formed. The only rivals that appeared during his lifetime, however, were private speculators. Of these, the first was Richard Sanderson, originally a clerk of his own. After learning the mystery of successful money lending in the house of Overend, Gurney and Company, Sanderson started in business for himself. He married a daughter of Lord Canterbury's, and became a member of Parliament, thus advancing his social position, but perhaps damaging his commercial prospects. He failed in 1847;

soon revived the business in partnership with a Mr. Sandeman, and therein prospered for a few years, to fail again in 1857. More uniformly successful was another and younger bill broker, a Mr. Alexander, who had for some time been a clerk in the banking house of Roberts, Curtis and Company. In 1856, the year of Samuel Gurney's death, it was estimated that Overend, Gurney and Company held deposits amounting to £8,000,000, while Alexander and Company were in possession of documents valued at £1,000,000, and Sanderson and Sandeman of £3,500,000 worth of paper—the wealth of the three houses together being no less than £15,500,000.

During many years before that, Samuel Gurney had had very little to do with the business, its chief management being then in the hands of Mr. David Barclay Chapman. While he was young and vigorous, Gurney made money-getting his one grand business. It is said of him that when once an elder friend warned him against too close attention to the things of this world, he replied that he could not help himself, that he could not live without his business. During the last ten or twelve years of his life, however, he left nearly all the management in the hands of others, and found his occupation in the enjoyment of his princely fortune and application to various charitable and philanthropic undertakings. Charitable he had been all through his life. "Many are the solid remembrances of the more prominent features of Mr. Gurney's charities," says his friendly biographer; "but besides those deeds more generally known to the public, there were many lesser streams of silent benevolence, still flowing from the fountain of love to God and man, which spread refreshment around. We have already alluded to his kindly aid to many members of his large family connection, but it might be said that not only there, but elsewhere, he was wonderfully gifted, not only with the will but with the power to help. Besides his efficiency in action his very presence seemed to impart strength, courage, and calm, in any emergency, while his practical wisdom, his clear and decisive mind and noble spirit of charity, led many to bring cases of difficulty before him, knowing from

experience how sure and effective was his aid. It may be truly said of Samuel Gurney that he loved to do good service, whether by advice or money—by his sound judgment or well-apportioned aid. He really took trouble to serve his fellow creatures, and a narration of his mere alms-giving, extensive as it was, would give a limited idea of the good he effected during the journey of life." During many years of his life he is reported to have spent ten thousand pounds a year in charities, and one year, it is said, the amount exceeded sixteen thousand pounds.

Many are the records of his kindly disposition, shown in little ways and great.

"One afternoon," says one of his clerks, "as Mr. Gurney was leaving Lombard-street, I saw him taking up a large hamper of game, to carry to his carriage. I immediately came forward and took it from him. He looked pleased, and in his powerful and hearty voice, exclaimed: 'Dost thou know it—'s in Leadenhall Market?' I replied in the affirmative. 'Then go there and order thyself a right down good turkey, and put it down to my account.'"

A more important instance of his generosity is in the circumstance that when on one occasion a forgery had been committed to the injury of his Lombard-street house, and the culprit lay in prison with clear proof of guilt, Gurney refused to prosecute him, and so obtained his release. At another time, we are told, "one of the first silversmiths in the city, and a man of high esteem for his uprightness, was accused of forgery. The excitement as to the probable result of this inquiry was intense, and the opinions of men differed widely. On the morning of the decisive day," says the merchant who tells the story, "I chanced to hear that my friend Gurney was prepared to stand by the prisoner in the dock. I immediately proceeded to Lombard-street, where I found him occupied with the vast interests of his business, and asked him hastily whether common report were true. Upon which he said: 'After a most anxious investigation of the matter I am firmly convinced of that man's innocence. I deem it my duty to express this conviction publicly, and will

join him in the felon's dock.' And most assuredly he went; nor could any one easily forget the intense sensation produced in the crowd of spectators when, on the prisoner being conducted to his place, the stately figure of Samuel Gurney presented itself to the public gaze by the side of the innocent silversmith."

In mitigation of the laws regarding forgery, in company with his brother-in-law, Thomas Fowell Buxton, Samuel Gurney first showed himself to the world as a philanthropist. He also took a lively interest in all plans for improving and increasing refuges and reformatories. He was for many years, after the death of William Allen, treasurer to the British and Foreign School Society, and to other like institutions he was always a good friend. Visiting Ireland in 1849, he astonished the inhabitants by the liberality with which he drained his purse to relieve them, when he could, amid their sufferings from the potato famine. At Ballina he found the town so full of paupers that there were none able to pay poor rates, and the workhouse was consequently bankrupt. "I found an execution put into it," he said in one of his letters, "and all the stock furniture is to be sold off this week, when the poor people will have to lie on straw, and the guardians must feed them as well as they can." He bought up the whole of the furniture for two hundred pounds, in order that, being his property, it might be saved from the creditors.

In 1818 Gurney gave one thousand pounds to the government of Liberia, and he always took great interest in the prosperity of the little colony of freed slaves. Nor was he, like some anti-slavery worthies, careful only for the freedom of the blacks. In 1852 he sent a petition to the King of Prussia, on behalf of his dissenting subjects, praying that full religious liberty might be accorded them. The King answered that he did not mean to do anything that could distress "his good friend, Gurney."

Gurney was not a bigot. Some one having written to him in 1855, complaining of the way in which Fox and Penn had been spoken of by Lord Macaulay, in his *History of England*, he answered thus: "It is a little mortifying that Ma-

caulay should so have held up our honorable predecessors; not that they were perfect, or were ever held up as such, as far as I know; but they were extraordinary men, wonderfully elucidating and maintaining the truth. I am not prepared, however, to say that Fox was clear of eccentricities, and that, at times, he was not, to a certain extent, under such influence on his conduct; but taking him for all in all, he was wonderfully gifted and enlightened. It will probably be considered by Friends whether there should be an answer somewhat official to these attacks on our two worthies. I rather lean to it, although it would be impossible to reach wherever Macaulay's book may go; yet, if well done, it might have a beneficial effect upon the public mind, and upon our young people. There is, however, one consolation: 'The truth as it is in Jesus' — the truth as maintained by Friends is unchangeable, and remains the same, however feeble, or even faulty, its supporters may have been and are." That letter was written from Nice, whither Samuel Gurney had gone very soon after the death of his wife, hoping to improve the health that had been greatly shattered by his loss and the anxiety that preceded it. But in that he was mistaken. Growing worse in the spring of 1856, he hurried homewards, hoping to end his days in his own country and among his kindred. He reached Paris, but could go no further. There he died, on the 5th of June, 1856, seventy years of age, and one of the richest and most envied men in Europe.

We need not trace the history of his family any further; but the history of the house which became famous all the world over, chiefly through his enterprise and ability, may be followed right to the end. Samuel Gurney had not much to do with the business of Overend, Gurney and Company, for some time previous to his death. On his withdrawal from it, the chief management was during many years with Mr. David Barclay Chapman, who retired, in his turn, at the end of 1857, having first led the establishment safely through the panic of that year. Then the business fell into less skilful hands, and the disastrous failure of last May was the consequence.

The circumstances of that failure are well worth careful noting, helping us, as they do, to an understanding of the entire series of financial troubles to which it led the way, or served as a stepping-stone. The difficulties began last year, or even sooner, convincing proof—to those who cared to be convinced—of the weak condition of the business being in its exchange from private hands into the form of a Limited Liability Company. Those difficulties had, in part, resulted from the great error, persistently avoided by old Samuel Gurney, of combining commercial speculation with legitimate financial operations. A man who simply lends money of his own can never fail, so long as he makes profits enough to pay his working expenses. If he borrows money to lend again at a profit, the principal part of all bankers' business nowadays, he is still quite safe, provided he takes care to deal only with customers who can be relied upon, and who are pledged to return the funds lent to them within reasonable time. But if he borrows money on the pretence of lending it for short terms, and to trustworthy borrowers, and then locks it up in mining undertakings, railway companies, or other commercial speculations, whence it cannot possibly be drawn out at a short notice if necessary, he has only himself to thank when he gets into trouble. This seems to have been the grievous fault of Overend, Gurney and Company, before it was reorganized under the Limited Liability act, in August, 1865. It was continued after that change, and the great discounting house found itself worse off than ever in the spring.

Its embarrassments were shared by other banking establishments—the high rates of interest offered by the trading or mining companies for all money lent to them being temptations too great for resistance. Nearly all the banks that failed during the summer of 1866, owed their failure, in part, to this source of weakness. The Birmingham and the Preston banks, last in the order of failure, had been crippled for years through their having made large advances to speculators in the iron and cotton trades. The Agra and Masterman's Bank, with a much larger field of operations, had erred in the same way, risking its safety through

connection with the great cotton houses of Bombay and other parts of India. The house of Overend, Gurney and Company, as we saw, was chiefly involved with railway and iron contractors.

This seems to have been the immediate cause of the disasters. On the 9th of May, three suits brought against the Mid-Wales Railway Company by Overend, Gurney and Company, and two other discounting houses, were decided in the Court of Common Pleas. The suits were for bills of exchange amounting to £60,000, drawn by the three houses named and accepted by the railway company, but dishonored by it on their falling due. The court decided that the railway company had no power to accept such bills, and that they, and all others like them, were mere waste paper. By these transactions themselves Overend, Gurney and Company did not lose much; but they were known to hold immense quantities of the same sort of paper; and, if all this was good for nothing, the establishment was in a very dangerous position. That, at any rate, was the general opinion among city men on the morning of the 10th of May. The result was a rush on the Lombard-street house, which ended in the closing of its doors before the day was out, and next morning all England was startled by the news that it had failed with liabilities exceeding £10,000,000. That news led immediately to the breaking of the Bank of London for about £4,000,000, the Consolidated Bank for nearly as much, and several other establishments for lesser sums: the crowning though not the final event of the panic being the failure of the Agra and Masterman's Bank for upwards of £15,000,000. To say that the total losses occasioned by the panic amounted to £80,000,000 would be certainly within the mark.

But they were not all losses; and the financial blunders to which we have referred were not the only causes of the catastrophe. Two very different sorts of people have made profit out of the troubles of their neighbors. Of the one sort are the great capitalists who have had money to lend at the exorbitant rate of ten per cent., or at a higher interest still; the body of rich men whose

most successful possession is the Bank of England, endowed with very considerable privileges and opportunities of money-making in return for its services to the State. The other and much less respectable class comprises a body of men known vaguely as stockjobbers, whose wits are their principal capital, and who have lately found congenial employment for those wits in what are called "bearing" operations. In Stock Exchange jargon, "bulls" are the jobbers who speculate for a rise in the price of shares, that is, who buy when shares are low, with the intention of selling them again when they have risen in price; "bears" are those who make their profits out of a fall in the value of shares. The inferior and less honest stockjobbers were "bulls" last year and ever since the mania for limited liability companies that began in 1858, making it their business to bolster up the companies whose shares they really or nominally held, till they could be disposed of at a satisfactory profit: during the last eight or ten months they have been "bears," setting themselves to bear down or depreciate all sorts of establishments, in order that they may make money out of the fall. This they do by straining to the utmost the Stock Exchange rule which provides that stocks and shares, though they may be bought or sold any day, shall only be delivered or transferred at stated periods—generally once a fortnight for ordinary commercial shares, and once a month for consols and the like. "To the uninitiated," as the author of a clever little book on *The Profits of Panics* has said, "it may be unnecessary to explain that this selling of shares on the Stock Exchange does not require that the seller should have in his possession what he sells. The sale is always made for delivery at a future day, and even at that time it is very rare for the shares themselves to be delivered, but merely the difference of price between the quotations on the day the shares were sold and that on which they are delivered. Let us suppose that, on the 1st of March, Mr. Smith sells a hundred bank shares at £14 premium. Smith has not, and never had, these hundred shares, but he is bound to deliver them on a given day, say the 14th of the same month. If he can in

the mean time procure these shares at say £10 premium, he will be the gainer of £4 per share, or make £400 without putting his hand in his pocket. But if, on the other hand, the value of these shares rise in the interval, and Smith must buy them for say £18 premium, it is very easy to see that he will be a loser to the amount of £4 per share, or £400 on the transaction. It being, therefore, Smith's interest to procure these shares as low as possible, he does his best to run down their value." Everybody knows how unscrupulously and disastrously this practice was adopted during last May and June. The stockjobbers are more than half responsible for the failure of Overend, Gurney and Company, and for all the other incidents of the panic of 1866.

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RAWLINSON'S ANCIENT MONARCHIES OF THE EAST.*

LET us now see something of the extent and appearance of the ruined cities of the valley. And let us begin with those of Assyria, which were the last to arise and the first to perish. The earliest capital of Assyria was Asshur, on the west bank of the Tigris, where extensive ruins still exist. Long lines of low mounds mark the position of the old walls, forming a quadrangle; and within their circuit the chief object is a square mound or platform, two and a half miles in circumference, and rising to the height of a hundred feet above the level of the plain. The summit of the platform is covered with crumbling walls and heaps of rubbish, the remains of the palaces which had stood there; and at one end of the platform the ruins rise in the form of a high cone or pyramid, perhaps marking the site of a temple. But as the Assyrians grew in power, they transferred their capital some fifty miles farther up the valley, and to the other side of the Tigris. They chose as the headquarters of their power the angle of country formed by the confluent streams of the Tigris and the Greater Zab; and the western half of which angular district (namely,

that abutting on the Tigris) is further protected by several lesser streams which flow between the Zab and the Tigris, whose channels offered subsidiary lines of defence, and whose waters could be employed to fill moats and canals. Here, in the western portion of the interfluvial triangle, they formed a series of royal cities. First, Calah, now called Nimrud, was the new capital, situated at the southern apex of the district, on the banks of the Tigris, and almost at the point of confluence of that river and the Zab. Next, Ninua (Nineveh) became the chief city, likewise situated on the Tigris, about eighteen miles above Calah. Keremles, though never the capital, became a third great city of this royal district, situated about twelve miles from Calah, and nearly as much from Ninua. And lastly, Khorsabad, the royal city of Sargon, was built, about ten miles north-by-east of Ninua, and about seventeen north-by-west of Keremles. All of these four cities were adorned with palaces, where the kings resided; two of them, Calah and Ninua, were recognized as capitals, and Khorsabad was doubtless, *de facto*, the capital during the reign of its royal founder.

Thus far we have been travelling on sure ground. But now a question arises which has given birth to a keen controversy. Of the great ruins of cities existing within this narrow district, which are those of Nineveh? Since the recent explorations commenced, some authorities have said that the true position of ancient Nineveh was at Nimrud (Calah); M. Botto declares it was at Khorsabad; Professor Rawlinson denies that it was anywhere but at Ninua, opposite Mosul; while Mr. Layard and others hold that ancient Nineveh included all of those cities, and also Keremles.

Local tradition and ancient writers unite in placing Nineveh on the tract opposite Mosul. Nearly all of them state that it was built on the banks of the Tigris, but Strabo says merely that it was situated in the middle of Aturia, the angular district inclosed by the Zab and the Tigris. Immediately opposite Mosul, on the east bank of the Tigris, are some huge mounds of ruins, one of which is still called by the Arabs Nebbi Yunus, or the "Tomb of Jonah;" here also are

* Concluded from page 397.

the remains of great palaces, including that of Sennacherib; and, if we understand Mr. Rawlinson aright, the name "Ninua" is found stamped on the bricks. Here then, despite the claims of Nimrud and Khorsabad, we should unhesitatingly place the site of ancient Nineveh, were it not for the disparity between the size of the ruined city opposite Mosul and that universally ascribed to ancient Nineveh. The ruins opposite Mosul show a city barely three miles long, with an average breadth of one mile; which is a mere fraction of the magnitude ascribed to Nineveh by ancient writers. It is undoubted that the walls of Babylon were more than forty miles in circumference, and a still greater extent was ascribed to the Assyrian capital. Diodorus (probably following Ctesias, who visited Mesopotamia while Babylon was still standing) says that the city of Nineveh formed an oblong, about eighteen miles long by twelve miles in breadth. And the writer of the book of Jonah, who lived while Nineveh was at the height of its greatness, says that it was "an exceeding great city, of three days' journey," that is, sixty miles. Now, if this "three days' journey" be meant to apply to the circuit of the city, which is the most probable meaning, then the circumference ascribed to the city by Diodorus, and by the Book of Jonah, is the same. On the other hand, the "Nineveh" of Mr. Rawlinson has a circuit of only eight miles; it is only big enough to be a corner of the ancient Nineveh. Mr. Layard adopted the theory that the ruins of Koyunjik (Ninua), Khorsabad, Nimrud, and Keremles were integral parts of the ancient Nineveh—citadels and royal quarters forming the angles of the oblong described by Diodorus. Professor Rawlinson scouted this idea, and points out two objections to it: firstly, that no trace of a wall surrounding this vast space is discernible; and secondly, that the four cities, so far as is known, were fortified equally on all sides, which would not have been the case had two sides fronted the inside of the town. Ninua, he especially points out, had her most elaborate defences on her southeast front, which, if the four cities had been joined by a wall, would necessarily have been free from attack until the assailants had got

into the capital. It seems sufficiently certain that the four cities were not inclosed by a fortified wall; but to our mind this does not settle the question. It is a good argument against the theory as maintained by Mr. Layard, but it does not touch the theory in the form which we are inclined to support.

It is unquestionable that the four cities, or "royal quarters," of Ninua, Khorsabad, Calah, and Keremles, occupy the angles of such an oblong as Diodorus describes—that is, of which the longer sides were eighteen miles and the shorter sides twelve miles, giving a circumference of sixty miles, exactly as the Book of Jonah does. Diodorus and the author of the Book of Jonah are as mutually independent authorities as can be imagined; neither borrowed from the other, neither did they acquire their knowledge or information from the same source. Their testimony also is express, and identical; and there is no statement of any other ancient writer which contradicts it. In such circumstances it is absurd to maintain that ancient Nineveh is represented by the small circuit of ruins opposite Mosul. Instead of having a circumference of sixty miles, and consequently an area of more than two hundred square miles, these ruins are only eight miles in circumference and three square miles in area. Mark off such an area upon the map of London, and see how small it is. A line drawn westward from King's-Cross to where the Marylebone Road joins the Edgware Road; thence south by the Marble Arch and Park Lane to Piccadilly; then eastward through the Green Park, along Pall Mall, the Strand, and Fleet-street; then northward up Farrington-street, Holborn, and Gray's Inn Lane, to King's-Cross: this is the whole area which Professor Rawlinson assigns to "an exceeding great city, three days' journey," according to the Book of Jonah, and which Diodorus, in like manner, affirms to have been sixty miles in circumference. Moreover, in Eastern cities, population is much more sparse than in ours. In populous Oriental towns, the average of inhabitants is less than one hundred to an acre, which estimate would give to Mr. Rawlinson's Nineveh only one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants; whereas the Book

of Jonah states that the young children in the city—"persons not able to distinguish their right hand from their left"—amounted to one hundred and twenty thousand, indicating a total population of at least six hundred thousand.

The difficulties of the question may be narrowed to these. Against Mr. Layard's theory it is to be noted that, so far as our present knowledge goes, the proofs negative the supposition that Nimrud, Keremles, Khorsabad, and Koyunjik ever formed integral parts of one fortified city. And as regards Professor Rawlinson's theory, we hold it to be impossible that a walled circuit, containing an area of only three square miles, can be accepted as the representative of the Nineveh which was sixty miles in circumference. What, then, is to be said? The most probable solution of the difficulty appears to us to be this: that the "Nineveh" of Diodorus and the Book of Jonah applies not to any single walled town, but to the cluster of cities which in succession, and in part simultaneously, were the capitals or royal seats of Assyria. These four cities stood close together; and there is reason to believe that the intervening space was occupied by lesser towns and villages, some of them (like the ruins at Salemiyeh) of considerable size. In such conditions, it is quite conceivable that to strangers* the name of "Nineveh" should be applied to this metropolitan district—to this cluster of royal cities which rose like separate citadels, protecting and forming the angles of the great oblong within which lay a number of villages or buildings spreading along the main roads. For an illustration, though not a very perfect one, let us take the case of London. Hammersmith and Kensington, Highgate and Brixton, are, or at least were, separate towns, and yet are parts of London; and if they had been built in times of war and spoliation, doubtless each of them would have been surrounded by a wall, just as "the City" was. And had these walls been maintained, what would be the aspect of London? It would be a cluster

of walled towns, with intervening spaces partially occupied by houses, and also by the parks and residences of the princes and nobility. In like manner, the oblong space included and protected by the royal cities of Assyria was doubtless occupied to a considerable extent by buildings, and by the "paradises" or great parks of the kings and the leading nobles. A stranger would certainly say that London was twelve miles long and nine broad, extending from Hammersmith to Blackwall, and from Highgate to Brixton: and this is a perfectly correct description; nevertheless, when Macaulay's New-Zealander comes and searches our records, he will find that we always speak of Hammersmith, Highgate, Brixton, etc., as if they were distinct places. Hence, Professor Rawlinson's argument that the four royal cities could never have been included as parts of "Nineveh," because each has a name of its own, is worthless. Certain we are that his attempt to represent the ruins opposite Mosul as the city described by Diodorus and the Book of Jonah, will have to be abandoned: and, although our own view is not free from obvious objections, still, it seems to us the best, indeed the only feasible one, which in the present state of the inquiry can be formed.

The defences of these royal cities were of the most formidable description; consisting of vast castellated walls, protected by broad and deep moats, and also covered on the points most open to attack by outlying works of defence. This at least was the case of the city now represented by the mounds of Koyunjik and Nebbi Yunus, Professor Rawlinson's "Nineveh," which unquestionably was the chief city of the group. Xenophon, who beheld it in ruins, reckoned that the walls were one hundred and fifty feet high; and Mr. Layard states that it is evident from the state of the ruins at the present day that the walls were one hundred feet high, the height which Diodorus ascribes to those of the Assyrian capital. Their breadth, according to the estimate of Xenophon, was fifty feet, and judging from the existing ruins, it could not have been less. At the gates the breadth seems to have been upwards of one hundred feet. The only gateway fully excavated shows a breadth of about one hundred and twenty

* As the Greek writers regard Ninus as the founder of the Assyrian empire, "Nineveh" to them would mean simply the capital of the kingdom founded by Ninus. The name would be used somewhat in a generic sense.

feet—the outer gate being apparently protected by two inner gates, between each of which there were on either side large chambers in the wall, *places d'armes*, in which a body of soldiers could be posted. These gateways were not open spaces reaching to the top of the wall, but were arched over; and above them, rising above the summit of the wall, were lofty towers from whence missiles could be hurled against the attacking force. Other towers, probably of lesser size, were erected at intervals along the whole circuit of the defences. These immense walls were constructed of sun-dried bricks, faced externally with stone blocks to the height of fifty feet. In truth, they would constitute as formidable a defence, even against artillery, as any that are to be found at the present day. The mud walls of Bhurtpore and Mooltan for long defied alike our artillery and our mining operations; yet, if we mistake not, the breadth of these walls was not one third of those of Nineveh, and their height was equally inferior. On the side of the Tigris, the walls were unassailable; on the narrow southern front, the city was protected by a deep ravine and water-course; and on the two other fronts, which may be roughly called the eastern and the northern, the walls were covered along the whole extent by a broad moat or canal. The stream of the Khosr, which flowed against the middle front of the eastern wall, and which now, following its natural course, runs through the middle of the city to the Tigris, was obstructed in its course—was turned to the right and left by artificial means, and made to flow in a broad and deep moat or canal along the base of the whole eastern and northern walls; while, by means of dams or flood-gates at its points of outfall, the inhabitants were able to raise the water in these canals to the full level. In addition to these defences, important outworks were erected on the eastern front of the city, the side most open to attack. Along the upper (northern) half of this front, the curving stream of the Khosr flows like a great wet-ditch about a mile from the walls, and within this space there are the ruins of a large outwork. On the under (or southern) half of this front, where no less than three roads converge upon the city, the outer defences are still

stronger—consisting first of a lunette, formed of two walls with a moat between them, covering the portions of the front through which the three roads pass; and secondly, about half a mile from the city wall, another outwork of a similar kind, covering the whole eastern front from the bed of the Khosr down to the deep ravine which protects the city on the south.

These defences, which would be extremely formidable even in the present day, were inexpugnable by any skill or force which the ancient world possessed. Neither the rude Scythian hosts nor the combined forces of the Medes and Babylonians (the latter of which peoples was well skilled in siege operations) made any impression upon the strong defences of Nineveh, which fell at last only before a mighty inundation of the river Tigris. But even when a besieging force had penetrated into the city, it would have encountered other defences of no small strength. The royal palaces were so constructed that they could be turned into citadels. They stood upon vast platforms, built of sun-dried bricks faced on all sides with solid stone, rising from sixty to eighty or more feet above the level of the plain. The platforms rose as high as the front of Charing Cross or Westminster Palace hotels, and were a hundred times larger in extent. They were built in rectangular oblongs along the side of the river, alike for the purposes of defence and for the cool air from the river, and the wide unobstructed view of the surrounding country which such a position afforded. To give roughly an idea of the extent of the larger of these palace platforms, we may say: draw a line from the Thames at the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament to the Westminster Palace hotel, from thence across the Horse Guards and Trafalgar-square to St. Martin's church, and thence back to the Thames along the eastern front of the Charing Cross hotel: and imagine that the whole of this vast area was occupied by a platform rising perpendicularly in one unbroken front to the height of seventy or eighty feet. Such were the larger platforms upon which the Assyrian palaces were built. The palaces themselves appear to have been in the main, if not in all cases,

one-storied buildings. Having obtained the magnificence and convenience of height by means of the platforms, the Assyrian monarchs did not rear their palaces in stages, wisely preferring the luxury of a wide extent of courts and halls and minor apartments all upon the same level. Doubtless, as is usual in Eastern countries, they would frequently repair to the level roof of their palaces, to enjoy more fully the open air and the wide view; which they could do, owing to the height of their palaces above the plain, free from the attacks of the gnats and mosquitoes, to which their subjects were liable in the world below. Such vast platforms were usually the work of two or more sovereigns; each adding to the platform of his predecessors when he wished to erect a new palace for himself. Thus Asshur-i-danipal built a palace for himself on the level of the same platform upon which his grandfather, the mighty Sennacherib, had built his. In fact, during the later and more flourishing period of the Assyrian empire, each monarch built a palace for himself; and Esarhaddon built no less than three. The palace never occupied the whole of the summit of the platform—one half of the level summit being usually laid out in open paved courts, sometimes with a ziggurat or temple-tower occupying one corner of it. Nevertheless, as may be inferred from the vast size of the platforms, the palaces were of great extent, embracing large halls of state, wide open courts, and a vast number of lesser and chiefly private apartments. All the chief entrances or doorways of the palace were adorned on either side by colossal winged bulls or lions with the head of a man, sculptured in fine limestone; and the chief halls and apartments were lined to the height of nine or ten feet with slabs of the same material, on which were represented in color the exploits of the king who built the palace, with inscriptions detailing the events of his reign. And above these sculptured and colored bas-reliefs, the walls were faced with enamelled bricks all the way up to the roof of the halls, which were usually from seventeen to twenty feet in height. Beneath these lofty palatial mounds, lay the common buildings of the city, which, if we may judge from the representation

of an Assyrian town on a recovered bas-relief, were dome-shaped in the roof, and lighted not from the sides but from the top, as the palaces also were in the main.

As to the great size of the sister-capital, Babylon, there can be no doubt. The existing mounds of ruins correspond accurately enough with the magnitude ascribed to Babylon by ancient writers. "If we take the Kasr mound as a centre," says Professor Rawlinson, "and mark about it an area extending five miles in each direction, we shall scarcely find a square mile of the hundred without some indications of ancient buildings upon its surface." But of the walls of Babylon, which were reckoned among the wonders of the world, no distinct traces have been found. Considering their magnitude, this fact is certainly surprising: probably their disappearance has been caused by some great inundation of the Euphrates, sweeping away the mass of crumbling brick of which the ruins consisted.

During the heyday of Assyria, the defences of Babylon could not have been very strong, for a single campaign appears to have sufficed for the repression of each of the numerous rebellions of the Babylonians. The semi-dependent position of the Babylonian rulers, and the well-grounded jealousy of the Assyrian monarchs, combined to prevent the city from being walled in by formidable defences. It was during the short-lived second monarchy, after the fall of Nineveh, that the great wall was built. It was under Nebuchadnezzar and his successors that Babylon became not only a magnificent but an impregnable capital. Herodotus, an eye-witness, states that the walls were fourteen miles square; and the lowest estimate given by any writer is upwards of ten miles square; so that they must have inclosed an area larger than that of London. Herodotus and Ctesias, our two earliest authorities, and both of whom spoke from personal observation, reckon the height of the walls at the enormous altitude of fully three hundred feet; and the width of the walls, according to Herodotus, was upwards of eighty feet. The historians of Alexander the Great, nearly three centuries afterwards, and after the violence of at least three successive conquerors, reckon the height of the walls at about

eighty feet, and their width upwards of thirty feet. The wall was made of brick, doubtless crude or sun-dried brick in the main, but faced and strengthened with kiln-dried brick. Along the broad summit a series of lower towers, two hundred and fifty in number, served as guard-rooms for the soldiers, from which they could watch, in comfort and security, the movements of the besieging army. And beneath, along the outer front of the wall, ran a wide and deep moat. Against such a rampart the operations of scaling or mining were alike hopeless.

A clear open space or belt, nearly a quarter of a mile in width, lay within the wall, running all around, upon which no houses were allowed to be built, and which doubtless (like the *pomarium* of the Romans) was reserved for cultivation. The area of the city was laid out in quadrangular blocks. The wall, on each of its fronts, was pierced by twenty-five gates, and from these, straight streets or roads ran across the city, cutting it into squares. The bed of the Euphrates, which ran through the city, dividing it nearly in half, was lined on either side by quays of solid brick, surmounted by walls which guarded the banks along their whole length. "In each of these walls were twenty-five gates, corresponding to the number of the streets upon the river, and outside each gate there was a sloped landing place, by which you could descend to the water's edge if you had occasion to cross the river. Boats were kept ready at the landing places to convey passengers from side to side." There was likewise a bridge (about one thousand yards long and thirty feet wide) of somewhat peculiar construction—consisting of a series of drawbridges resting on stone piers erected in the bed of the river. At night these drawbridges were withdrawn in order that the bridge might not be used in the dark. Diodorus affirms that the sides of the river were also connected by a tunnel, fifteen wide and twelve high to the spring of the arched roof. If this tunnel really existed, we need not point to the much shorter Thames tunnel as a proof of the advance which we have made in engineering skill. As regards the general aspect of the city, we are told that the

houses were generally lofty, being three or even four stories high. And they are said to have had vaulted roofs which, owing to the dryness of the climate, were not protected externally with tiling.

The great wall, the bridge, and the tunnel have wholly disappeared, but the vast mounds which still rise above the flat plain attest the magnitude of the public buildings of Babylon. Chief among these are the palaces and the temples. There were three great palaces—the old palace, the great palace of Nebuchadnezzar, and a smaller one on the right bank of the river. Of the old palace we have no descriptions; it was abandoned for, and eclipsed by, the great palace before the time of Herodotus. Its ruins are supposed to be represented by the mound of Amran, an ill-defined triangle, of which the longest side is one thousand yards and the shortest seven hundred. The bricks found in the mound bear the names and titles of some of the earlier Babylonian kings. The ruins of the palace on the right bank of the river have been washed away by a change in the bed of the stream. Its western front appears to be indicated by a rampart twenty feet high and a mile in length, about one thousand yards from the old course of the stream; and at either extremity this rampart turns at a right angle, running down to the river—being traceable towards the north for four hundred yards and towards the south for fifty or sixty. "It is evident that there was once, before the stream flowed in its present channel, a rectangular inclosure a mile long and one thousand yards broad, opposite to the Amran mound; and there are indications that within the *enceinte* was at least one important building, which was situated near the southeast angle of the inclosure, on the banks of the old course of the river. The bricks found at this point bear the name of Neriglissar"—who reigned B.C. 559-556. This smaller palace (like the great palace) is said to have been inclosed by a triple wall, the entire circuit measuring thirty stades. The inclosing walls were covered with battle scenes and hunting scenes, vividly represented by means of painted and enamelled bricks. It also contained a number of bronze statues, which the Greeks believed to represent

the god Belus, and the sovereigns Ninus and Semiramis, together with their officers.

Local tradition, which so frequently shows itself marvellously faithful, still points correctly to the site of the great palace of Nebuchadnezzar. The mound under which the ruined palace is buried still bears the name of "El-Kasr," or the palace. This edifice was the largest of all the buildings of Babylon. It is said to have been situated within a triple inclosure—the innermost wall, which was eighty feet high, being fully two miles in circumference, and the outermost nearly seven. The outer wall was built of plain baked brick, but the two inner walls were faced with enamelled bricks, representing hunting scenes, in which were depicted, in greater than life size, a variety of animals, and also some human forms. Among these latter were two—a man transfixing a lion with his spear, and a woman on horseback aiming her javelin at a leopard—which the later Greeks believed to represent the mythic Ninus and Semiramis. The palace, we are told, had three gates, of which two were of brass, and were opened and shut by a machine. The Kasr mound, which marks the site of this great palace, is an oblong square, about seven hundred yards long by six hundred broad, and rises more than seventy feet above the plain. The bricks found in this mound are of the best possible quality, nearly resembling our fire bricks, and all of them are stamped with the name and titles of Nebuchadnezzar.

The two other large mounds which specially attract attention among the wide ruins of Babylon were evidently temples. These are the Babil mound and the Birs-i-Nimrud. The latter of these, which towers much higher than any other above the level of the plain, appears at first sight to have the best claim to be regarded as the remains of the great temple of Belus. Rising from a platform upwards of two hundred and seventy feet square, it towers aloft in seven stages to the height of nearly one hundred and sixty feet. The seven stages represented the seven spheres, in which (according to ancient Chaldean astronomy) moved the seven planets, and each stage was colored with the peculiar hue ascribed to the planet which it represented. The first

stage was black, the second orange, the third red, the fourth (assigned to the sun) was covered with plates of gold, the fifth was yellow, the sixth was blue, and the seventh (assigned to the moon) was covered with plates of silver. On the summit was a shrine, probably richly ornamented within and without. The ascent to the shrine was on the shady northeastern side of the edifice, and "consisted probably of a broad staircase extending along the whole front of the building." This, then, one might conjecture, was the famous temple of Belus, renowned in the ancient world. But plainly it was not; for, on mature investigation, it appears to be the remains of the temple of Nebo at Borsippa—a walled town close by Babylon, but not included within its circuit.

The Babil mound appears to mark the true site of the ancient temple of Belus, which the Persians destroyed, and Alexander intended to restore. It stands within a square inclosure, the sides of which are about four hundred yards long. The mound itself is about two hundred yards square, and its sides rise to a height of one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty feet. The excavations tend to show that the original structure imbedded in the mound was a vast platform rising perpendicularly from the plain. The broad summit is flat, and we entertain little doubt that originally there stood upon it the great temple tower described by Herodotus, and which was violently destroyed by Xerxes, or some later Persian king. We are told that when Alexander resolved to restore this temple, ten thousand men were employed for several weeks in clearing away the rubbish, and laying bare the foundations of the building. Regarding, as we do, the present mound as the true foundations, or basement platform, of the temple, we may infer that the enormous mass of rubbish cleared away by the workmen employed by Alexander was the remains of the *Ziggurat*, or temple tower, which Xerxes had destroyed. This tower was the chief feature of the great temple of Belus. It was a solid mass of brickwork built in stages, each being emplaced on square, each surpassing in size, as they rose upwards to the summit, on which was placed the

shrine of the god. Herodotus states that the basement platform of the temple was rather more than two hundred yards square, a description which corresponds with the size and shape of the Babil mound; and that it consisted of eight stages, among which he probably included the basement platform as one. The temple, according to Strabo, was fully six hundred feet high;* and the ascent was by an inclined plane or steps, carried round the outside of the building, winding up to the summit, with a resting place half way up, where persons usually sat a while on their way upwards. The shrine which surmounted the edifice was large and rich. Before it was despoiled by the Persians, it is said to have contained three colossal statues of gold—one of Bel, one of Beltis, and one of Rhea or Ishtar. In front of these statues was a golden table forty feet long and fifteen broad, upon which stood two huge drinking cups, each thirty talents in weight; before the image of Beltis, two golden lions, and near them two large serpents of silver. The shrine also contained three golden bowls, one for each of the deities, and two enormous censers. In the time of Herodotus, however, the shrine contained no image—only a golden table, and a large couch covered with a handsome drapery.

In Assyria the temple was a mere adjunct of the palace; but in Babylonia the temple outstrips in grandeur all other buildings. If not absolutely larger than the palaces, the Babylonian temple was much loftier and more conspicuous, and rivalled if it did not surpass them in richness of ornamentation. The Babylonian palaces appear to have resembled the Assyrian; the only differences being that the Babylonian palace was constructed

wholly of burnt brick, while in the Assyrian mere sun-dried bricks were employed to a larger extent; and further that in Babylonia the decoration of walls consisted of brightly colored representations upon the enamelled brickwork, whereas in Assyria the walls were cased with slabs of sculptured and sometimes colored alabaster. In Assyria the palatial decorations consisted of bas-relief, whereas fresco-painting (if we may so call it) predominated in Babylonia.

We cannot conclude this necessarily incomplete review of Professor's Rawlinson's great work without paying a well-deserved tribute of praise to the author. He has produced a model work upon a difficult and most extensive subject. He has with great care and labor collected a vast amount of information—he has elaborately sifted his materials—and he has excellently arranged them. He writes with great clearness, and he gives his authority for almost every statement in the work. His judgment is also sober and solid; and if he errs at all, it is on the safe side. He is careful never to exaggerate, and is almost too prone to minimize the statements of the ancient writers. It were more than human if in so extensive a work he could have satisfied and convinced all his readers; but we certainly know of no work of a similar kind which to so great degree commands the assent of the reader to the statements and opinions of the author.

There is one point in the third volume to which we would invite his consideration or reconsideration. It seems to us a mistake, and, if not a mistake, it at least requires more investigation than Professor Rawlinson seems yet to have bestowed upon it. We refer to the racial character of the Cossæans, who in the time of Cyaxares occupied the Persian desert to the east of the settlements of the Medes. Professor Rawlinson regards them as an Arian people, and hesitatingly follows the opinion of some writers who say that their name is Kohsians, dwellers in Mount Koh, a spur of the Elburz chain which runs down a short way into the Persian desert. We incline to the opinion that they were a Cushite people—the most northern remnant of the Cushite or Cossæan population, which in early times occupied Bab-

* Professor Rawlinson refuses to credit this statement, but we see no reason for his incredulity. The Great Pyramid was nearly five hundred feet high. Moreover, as the temple at Birs-i-Nimrud rose to a height of one hundred and sixty feet, on a base of two hundred and seventy two feet, the temple of Belus, which was built more perpendicularly, might well have risen to a height of six hundred feet on a base of two hundred yards. In fact, in the case of a pyramidal building, the height is usually equal to the base. Moreover, Herodotus tells us that the base was a stade in length (six hundred and six feet), which is the exact height which Strabo gives for the height.

ylonia, and to a later date preserved a distinct or at least recognized nationality in Elam and the southern parts of Persia. The great Nimrod himself was one of this stock—a Cossæan, a son of Cush. One of the eastern gates of Babylon was called to latest times the Kissean gate—the gate from which issued the road which led to the country of the Cossæans. Now, we believe that the Nomad Cossæans, who occupied the Persian desert so late as the time of the Median monarchy, were a branch of this ancient Cushite population, which, favored by the inhospitable and comparatively inaccessible character of the region they inhabited, had maintained a separate existence for a longer time than the other and more civilized branches of the same stock, whose territories were at an early period invaded, and their distinctive nationality effaced by Arians and Samites. These Cossæans of the Persian desert appear to us to have held the same relation to the general Cushite population that the nomads in Arabia bear to the settled and more civilized branches of the same people. Whether this opinion can be substantiated is a point upon which Professor Rawlinson is eminently fitted to decide; and we invite his attention to it in his fourth volume, which is to be devoted to the history and character of the Persian monarchy.

Saturday Review.

MR. SWINBURNE'S NEW POEMS.*

It is mere waste of time, and shows a curiously mistaken conception of human character, to blame an artist of any kind for working at a certain set of subjects rather than at some other set which the critic may happen to prefer. An artist, at all events an artist of such power and individuality as Mr. Swinburne, works as his character compels him. If the character of his genius drives him pretty exclusively in the direction of libidinous song, we may be very sorry, but it is of no use to advise him and preach to him. What comes of discoursing to a fiery tropical flower of the pleasant fragrance

of the rose or the fruitfulness of the fig tree? Mr. Swinburne is much too stoutly bent on taking his own course to pay any attention to critical monitions as to the duty of the poet, or any warnings of the worse than barrenness of the field in which he has chosen to labor. He is so firmly and avowedly fixed in an attitude of revolt against the current notions of decency and dignity and social duty, that to beg of him to become a little more decent, to fly a little less persistently and gleefully to the animal side of human nature, is simply to beg him to be something different from Mr. Swinburne. It is a kind of protest which his whole position makes it impossible for him to receive with anything but laughter and contempt. A rebel of his calibre is not to be brought to a better mind by solemn little sermons on the loyalty which a man owes to virtue. His warmest prayer to the gods is that they should

“Come down and redeem us from virtue.”

His warmest hope for men is that they should change

“The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice.”

It is of no use, therefore, to scold Mr. Swinburne for grovelling down among the nameless shameless abominations which inspire him with such frenzied delight. They excite his imagination to its most vigorous efforts, they seem to him the themes most proper for poetic treatment, and they suggest ideas which, in his opinion, it is highly to be wished that English men and women should brood upon and make their own. He finds that these fleshly things are his strong part, so he sticks to them. Is it wonderful that he should? And at all events he deserves credit for the audacious courage with which he has revealed to the world a mind all aflame with the feverish carnality of a schoolboy over the dirtiest passages in Lemprière. It is not every poet who would ask us all to go hear him tuning his lyre in a sty. It is not everybody who would care to let the world know that he found the most delicious food for poetic reflection in the practices of the great island of the *Ægean*, in the habits of Messalina, of Faustina, of Pasiphæa. Yet these make up Mr.

* *Poems and Ballads*. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: E. Moxon & Co. 1866.

Swinburne's version of the dreams of fair women, and he would scorn to throw any veil over pictures which kindle, as these do, all the fires of his imagination in their intensest heat and glow. It is not merely "the noble, the nude, the antique," which he strives to reproduce. If he were a rebel against the fat-headed Philistines and poor-blooded Puritans, who insist that all poetry should be such as may be wisely placed in the hands of girls of eighteen, and is fit for the use of Sunday-schools, he would have all wise and enlarged readers on his side. But there is an enormous difference between an attempt to revivify among us the grand old pagan conceptions of Joy, and an attempt to glorify all the bestial delights that the subtleness of Greek depravity was able to contrive. It is a good thing to vindicate passion, and the strong and large and rightful pleasures of sense, against the narrow and inhuman tyranny of shrivelled anchorites. It is a very bad and silly thing to try to set up the pleasures of sense in the seat of the reason they have dethroned. And no language is too strong to condemn the mixed vileness and childishness of depicting the spurious passion of a putrescent imagination, the unnamed lusts of sated wantons, as if they were the crown of character and their enjoyment the great glory of human life. The only comfort about the present volume is that such a piece as "Anactoria" will be unintelligible to a great many people, and so will the fevered folly of "Hermaphroditus," as well as much else that is nameless and abominable. Perhaps if Mr. Swinburne can a second and a third time find a respectable publisher willing to issue a volume of the same stamp, crammed with pieces which many a professional vendor of filthy prints might blush to sell if he only knew what they meant, English readers will gradually acquire a truly delightful familiarity with these unspeakable foulnesses; and a lover will be able to present to his mistress a copy of Mr. Swinburne's latest verses with a happy confidence that she will have no difficulty in seeing the point of every allusion to Sappho or the pleasing Hermaphroditus, or the embodiment of anything else that is loathsome and horrible. It will be very charming to hear a drawing-room

discussion on such verses as these, for example:

"Stray breaths of Sapphic song that blew
Through Mitylene
Shook the fierce quivering blood in you
By night, Faustine.

"The shameless nameless love that makes
Hell's iron gin
Shut on you like a trap that breaks
The soul, Faustine.

"And when your veins were void and dead,
What ghosts unclean
Swarmed round the straitened barren bed
That hid Faustine?

"What sterile growths of sexless root
Or epicene?
What flower of kisses without fruit
Of love, Faustine?"

We should be sorry to be guilty of anything so offensive to Mr. Swinburne as we are quite sure an appeal to the morality of all the wisest and best men would be. The passionate votary of the goddess whom he hails as "Daughter of Death and Priapus" has got too high for this. But it may be presumed that common sense is not too insulting a standard by which to measure the worth and place of his new volume. Starting from this sufficiently modest point, we may ask him whether there is really nothing in women worth singing about except "quivering flanks" and "splendid supple thighs," "hot sweet throats" and "hotter hands than fire," and their blood as "hot wan wine of love"? Is purity to be expunged from the catalogue of desirable qualities? Does a poet show respect to his own genius by gloating, as Mr. Swinburne does, page after page and poem after poem, upon a single subject, and that subject kept steadily in a single light? Are we to believe that having exhausted hot lustfulness, and wearied the reader with a luscious and nauseating iteration of the same fervid scenes and fervid ideas, he has got to the end of his tether? Has he nothing more to say, no further poetic task but to go on again and again about

"The white wealth of thy body made whiter
By the blushes of amorous blows,
And seamed with sharp lips and fierce fingers,
And branded by kisses that bruise."

And to invite new Félises to

"Kiss me once hard, as though a flame
Lay on my lips and made them fire."

Mr. Swinburne's most fanatical admirers must long for something newer than a thousand times repeated talk of

"Stinging lips wherein the hot sweet brine
That Love was born of, burns and foams
like wine."

And

"Hands that sting like fire,"

And of all those women,

"Swift and white,
And subtly warm and half perverse,
And sweet like sharp soft fruit to bite,
And like a snake's love, lithe and fierce."

This stinging and biting, all these "lithe lascivious regrets," all this talk of snakes and fire, of blood and wine and brine, of perfumes and poisons and ashes, grows sickly and oppressive on the senses. Every picture is hot and garish with this excess of flaming violent color. Consider the following two stanzas:

"From boy's pierced throat and girl's pierced
bosom
Drips reddening round the blood-red blossom,
The slow delicious bright soft blood;
Bathing the spices and the pyre,
Bathing the flowers and fallen fire,
Bathing the blossom by the bud.

"Roses whose lips the flame has deadened
Drink till the lapping leaves are reddened
And warm wet inner petals weep;
The flower whereof sick sleep gets leisure,
Barren of balm and purple pleasure,
Fumes with no native steam of sleep;"

Or these, from the verses to Dolores, so admirable for their sustained power and their music, if hateful on other grounds:

"Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel
Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
The heavy white limbs and the cruel
Red mouth like a venomous flower;
When these are gone by with their glories
What shall rest of thee then, what remain,
O mystic and sombre Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain?"

"By the ravenous teeth that have smitten
Through the kisses that blossom and bud,
By the lips intertwined and bitten
Till the foam has a savor of blood;
By the pulse as it rises and falters,
By the hands as they slacken and strain,

I adjure thee respond from thine altars,
Our Lady of Pain.

"Thy skin changes country and color,
And shrivels or swells to a snake's.
Let it brighten and bloat and grow daller,
We know it, the flames and the flakes,
Red brands on it smitten and bitten,
Round skies where a star is a stain,
And the leaves with thy litanies written,
Our Lady of Pain.

"Where are they, Cotytto or Venua,
Astarte or Ashtaroth, where?
Do their hands as we touch come between
us?
Is the breath of them hot in thy hair?
From their lips have thy lips taken fever,
With the blood of their bodies grown
red?"

It was too rashly said, when *Atalanta in Calydon* appeared, that Mr. Swinburne had drunk deep at the springs of Greek poetry, and had profoundly conceived and assimilated the divine spirit of Greek art. *Chastelard* was enough to show that this had been very premature. But the new volume shows with still greater plainness how far removed Mr. Swinburne's tone of mind is from that of the Greek poets. Their most remarkable distinction is their scrupulous moderation and sobriety in color. Mr. Swinburne riots in the profusion of color of the most garish and heated kind. He is like a composer who should fill his orchestra with trumpets, or a painter who should exclude every color but a blaring red, and a green as of sour fruit. There are not twenty stanzas in the whole book which have the faintest tincture of sobriety. We are in the midst of fire and serpents, wine and ashes, blood and foam, and a hundred lurid horrors. Unsparing use of the most violent colors and the most intoxicated ideas and images is Mr. Swinburne's prime characteristic. Fascinated as everybody must be by the music of his verse, it is doubtful whether part of the effect may not be traced to something like a trick of words and letters, to which he resorts in season and out of season with a persistency that any sense of artistic moderation must have stayed. The Greek poets in their most impetuous moods never allowed themselves to be carried on by the swing of words, instead of by the reality,

though buoyant, flow of thoughts. Mr. Swinburne's hunting of letters, his hunting of the same word, to death is ceaseless. We shall have occasion by and by to quote a long passage in which several lines will be found to illustrate this. Then, again, there is something of a trick in such turns as these :

" Came flushed from the full-flushed wave.
Grows dim in thine ears and deep as the
deep dim soul of a star.
White rose of the rose-white water, a silver
splendor and flame."

There are few pages in the volume where we do not find conceits of this stamp doing duty for thoughts. The Greeks did not wholly disdain them, but they never allowed them to count for more than they were worth. Let anybody who compares Mr. Swinburne to the Greeks read his ode to "Our Lady of Pain," and then read the well-known scene in the *Antigone* between Antigone and the Chorus, beginning *ἔπος ἀνικατέ μᾶχαν*, or any of the famous choruses in the *Agamemnon*, or an ode of Pindar. In the height of all their passion there is an infinite soberness of which Mr. Swinburne has not a conception.

Yet, in spite of its atrocities, the present volume gives new examples of Mr. Swinburne's forcible and vigorous imagination. The "Hymn to Proserpine" on the proclamation of the Christian faith in Rome, full as it is of much that many persons may dislike, contains passages of rare vigor :

" All delicate days and pleasant, all spirits
and sorrows are cast
Far out with foam of the present that sweeps
'to the surf of the past ;
When beyond the extreme sea-wall and be-
tween the remote sea-gates
Waste water washes and tall ships founder
and deep death waits,
Where mighty with deepening sides, clad
about with the seas as with wings,
And impelled of invisible tides and fulfilled
of unspeakable things,
White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-
toothed and serpentine-curved,
Rolls under the whitening wind of the future
the wave of the world.
The depths stand naked in sunder behind it,
the storms flee away ;
In the hollow before it the thunder is taken
and snared as a prey ;
In its sides is the north-wind bound ; and
its salt is of all men's tears ;

With light of ruin, and sound of changes and
pulse of years ;
With travail of day after day, and with
trouble of hour upon hour ;
And bitter as blood is the spray ; and the
crests are as fangs that devour ;
And its vapor and storm of its steam as the
sighing of spirits to be ;
And its noise as the noise in a dream ; and
its depth as the roots of the sea ;
And the height of its heads as the utmost
stars of the air ;
And the ends of the earth at the might
thereof tremble, and time is made bare."

The variety and rapidity and sustentation, the revelling in power, are not more remarkable here than in many other passages, though even here it is not variety and rapidity of thought. The anapaest to which Mr. Swinburne so habitually resorts is the only foot that suffices for his never-staying impetuosity. In the "Song in Time of Revolution" he employs it appropriately, and with a sweeping force as of the elements :

" The heart of the rulers is sick, and the high
priest covers his head ;
For this is the song of the quick that is
heard in the ears of the dead.
The poor and the halt and the blind are
keen and mighty and fleet ;
Like the noise of the blowing of wind is the
sound of the noise of their feet."

There are, too, sweet and picturesque lines scattered in the midst of this red fire which the poet tosses to and fro about his verses. Most of the poems, in his wearisomely iterated phrase, are meant "to sting the senses like wine," but to some stray pictures one may apply his own exquisite phrases on certain of Victor Hugo's songs, which, he says,

" Fell more soft than dew or snow by
night,
Or wailed as in some flooded cave
Sobs the strong broken spirit of a wave."

For instance, there is a perfect delicacy and beauty in four lines of the hendecasyllabics—a metre that is familiar in the Latin line often found on clocks and sundials, *Hore nam pereunt et impulantur* :

" When low light was upon the windy reaches,
When the flower of foam was blown, a lily
Dropt among the sonorous fruitless furrows
And green fields of the sea that make no
pasture."

Nothing can be more simple and exquisite than

"For the glass of the years is brittle wherein
we gaze for a span."

Or than this :

"In deep wet ways by gray old gardens
Fed with sharp spring the sweet fruit
hardens ;
They know not what fruits wane or grow ;
Red summer burns to the utmost ember ;
They know not, neither can remember,
The old years and flowers they used
to know."

Or again :

"With stars and sea-winds for her raiment
Night sinks on the sea."

Up to a certain point, one of the deepest
and most really poetical pieces is that
called the "Sundew." A couple of ver-
ses may be quoted to illustrate the graver
side of the poet's mind :

"The deep scent of the heather burns
About it ; breathless though it be,
Bow down and worship ; more than we
Is the least flower whose life returns,
Least weed renascent in the sea.

"You call it sundew : how it grows,
If with its color it have truth,
If life taste sweet to it, if death
Pain in soft petal, no man knows :
Man has no right or sense that saith."

There is no finer effect of poetry than
to recall to the minds of men the bounds
that have been set to the scope of their
sight and sense, to inspire their imagina-
tions with a vivid consciousness of the
size and the wonders and the strange
remote companionship of the world of
force and growth and form outside of
man. "*Qui se considérera de la sorte,*"
said Pascal, "*s'effraiera, sans doute, de
se voir comme suspendu dans la masse que la
nature lui a donnée entre ces deux abîmes de
l'infini et du néant.*" And there are two
ways in which a man can treat this
affright that seizes his fellows as they
catch interrupted glimpses of their posi-
tion. He can transfigure their baseness
of fear into true poetic awe, which shall
underlie their lives as a lasting record of
solemn rapture. Or else he can jeer and
mock at them, like an unclean fiery imp
from the pit. Mr. Swinburne does not
at all events treat the lot of mankind
in the former spirit. In his best mood,
he can only brood over "the exceeding

weight of God's intolerable scorn, not to
be born"; he can only ask of us, "O
fools and blind, what seek ye there high
up in the air," or "Will ye beat always
at the Gate, Ye fools of fate"? If he is
not in his best mood he is in his worst—
a mood of schoolboy lustfulness. The
bottomless pit encompasses us on one
side, and stews and bagnios on the other.
He is either the vindictive and scorn-
ful apostle of a crushing iron-shod de-
spair, or else he is the libidinous laureate
of a pack of satyrs. Not all the fervor
of his imagination, the beauty of his
melody, the splendor of many phrases
and pictures, can blind us to the absence
of judgment and reason, the reckless con-
tempt for anything like a balance, and
the audacious counterfeiting of strong
and noble passions by mad intoxicated
sensuality. The lurid clouds of lust or
of fiery despair and defiance never lift
to let us see the pure and peaceful and
bounteous kindly aspects of the great
landscape of human life. Of enlarged
meditation, the note of the highest poetry,
there is not a trace, and there are too
many signs that Mr. Swinburne is with-
out any faculty in that direction. Never
have such bountifulness of imagination,
such mastery of the music of verse, been
yoked with such thinness of contempla-
tion and such poverty of genuinely im-
passioned thought.

Cornhill Magazine.

GOOD LOOKS.

PEOPLE'S notions of beauty differ.
Tamerlane's wife, who had no nose,
was thought a belle by her contem-
poraries. A patrician of Venice had a
scurvy little proboscis, and that was held
of itself a sufficient disqualification for
the doge's cap and ring. Cicero admired
the squinting eye, such as Greek sculp-
tors often gave to Venus, and Minerva
was sometimes figured with a complex-
ion as dusky as any gypsy wife on Epsom
downs. Some of the Greeks held blue
eyes to be hideous, and Dioscorides tells
us they had an art—the same practiced,
perhaps, centuries afterwards at Donny-
brook fair — of making them black.
Hunchbacks have had their admirers,
who contend that the dorsal curvature is

the true line of beauty, and that the hump, so far from being a deformity, "as dull fools suppose," is in itself a graceful ornament, seeing that, in its outline, it approximates the figure so many illustrious objects in nature assume, to wit, the sun, the terrestrial globe, the span above us of aerial blue, the head of man, seat of his intellect and organ of his will.

Still, however much men may differ in their conceptions of the beautiful, certain it is that whatever they esteem beautiful invariably engages their affections and provokes their desires. They invariably recognize its claims to consideration, and by the very constitution of their minds, are prone to associate its presence with everything that is good, pure, and virtuous. Suetonius tells us that, at all periods of his life and health, Augustus was beautiful, and owed to his good looks his uniform good fortune. We know that he took unusual care to preserve his personal appearance; for, to guard himself against the deteriorating influences of atmospheric changes, he would clothe himself with such a vast variety of garments, as that it was popularly said he carried the wardrobe of a family upon his single back. Alexander Severus was so anxious to delay the approach of decrepitude, with its attendant crowsfeet and wrinkles, and retain, as long as might be, the bloom and beauty of youthfulness and vigor, that, although free from all gluttonous propensities whatever, he would devour a whole hare daily; for the consumption of hare's flesh was, in his days, accounted a sovereign antidote for the withering effects of time, and an efficient prophylactic against the damaging consequences of old age. The warlike emperor was well aware how much his outward man contributed to his influence, and acted a wise part, accordingly, in seeking to preserve in its freshness what Shakespeare irreverently enough calls the "muddy vesture of decay." These are antique examples; some may be cited belonging to more recent times in which the possession of beauty is esteemed a kind of merit.

Without referring to the well-known anecdote of Baptista Porta having dedicated one of his first works to the Cardinal d'Este, merely, as he says, because

the cardinal was a good-looking fellow, we find a Parliament of Edward IV. thinking it neither unbecoming their dignity nor that of the King, in an address of both houses to the throne, to advert to the "beauté of person that it have pleased Almighty God to bless you (with);" and we also find the grave Lord Burghley, himself comely even in old age, if he be limned aright in the canvas which has descended to us, in writing to his son Robert Cecil, then Secretary of State, respecting some new judges about to be made, observing: "As for choice of Baron (of the Exchequer), I think Serjeant Heale able both for learning and wealth, and strength of body to continue, being also a *personable man, which I wish to be regarded in choice of such officers of publick service.*" And the Queen, his mistress, was of exactly the same mind, as Sir Robert Naunton, a contemporary writer, remarks: "The Queen," he says, "in this had much of her father; for, excepting some few of her kindred, and some few that had handsome wits in crooked bodies, she always took personage in the way of her election, for the people hath it to this day in proverb, 'King Harry loved a man.'"

Like her father, Elizabeth was careful to admit into her household none but those, says Osborne, of "stature and birth," and positively refused the services of a gentleman, in these respects well qualified to attend her, because one of his jaws was deficient of a tooth! Her successor, James I., as Lord Thomas Howard once wrote from the court to Sir John Harington, "dwelt on good looks and handsome accoutrements. Eighteen servants," he adds, "were lately discharged, and many more will be discarded who are not to his liking in these matters." The celebrated Lord Derby, too (the one who was beheaded at Bolton), in his "Advice to his Son," is careful to remark, "It is very handsome to have comely men to serve you." Of slender build himself, James disliked corpulency in others. He would say of a stout and burly divine that "fat men were apt to make lean sermons," while he would certainly have promoted Dr. Bennet to the episcopal bench, had he not already attained that honor, on account merely of his agreeable exterior,

remarking of the Doctor that if he, the King, "were to choose a bishop by his aspect, he would certainly choose him of all men he had seen for a grave, reverent, and *pleasing* countenance." There is a story told of Henry IV. of Germany going once into a church where a remarkably ugly-looking priest officiated; so ugly was he that the emperor wondered within himself whether God could possibly accept sacrifices rendered by so ill-favored a ministrant. The imperial meditations were, however, interrupted by the priest's boy mumbling, almost unintelligibly, the versicle in the 100th Psalm, "*Ipsæ nos fecerit, et non ipsi nos* (It is He that hath made us, not we ourselves)"—whereupon the priest reproved the acolyte for his indistinct and defective enunciation, and repeated himself in a clear and sonorous voice the Psalmist's words, which the emperor took as a real if undesigned rebuke to his own uncharitable thoughts; so when the service was ended he made himself known to the priest, on whom some time afterwards he conferred the honors of the mitre and crosier. Still, however unprepossessing the aspect of this priest may have been, the Church of Rome, as is well known—following therein the spirit of the Mosaic law (Leviticus, 21: 17)—invariably refuses her orders to such as are physically deformed or exhibit any outward hideousness.

Indeed, throughout the middle ages it was a prevalent belief that the ugliness of the wicked—and the wicked were ever ugly—was in precise proportion to their wickedness, and so the Spirit of Evil himself was ever pictured as abominably hideous and revoltingly frightful; very unlike the "not less than archangel ruined," as his outward presentment is portrayed by Milton. "As ugly as sin, diabolically hideous," are phrases to be found in other languages besides our own. In the same way virtue and goodness, the attributes of the saint, the characteristics of the angel, are habitually linked, both in idea and expression, with either majestic charms or enchanting loveliness. "As beautiful as an angel, seraphic beauty," are modes of expression familiar to our lips; and furthermore, it is usual enough, when the desire is to convey approbation of a certain line of conduct, to say such conduct was "de-

cidedly handsome." Hereby we discover the connection which unconsciously, perhaps, subsists in our minds between things which are true, honest, and just, and things which are lovely.

The Thracians, we read, were accustomed to shed tears on the birth of a child, and, if we are to credit M. Bouchet, a learned etymologist, the child itself exhibits no less regret on its appearance in a world of which yet it knows nothing. Indeed, according to M. Bonnet, its first articulate expression is a reproach on our first parents, but for whom its birth would have been impossible; the boys, as he says, crying *A, A*, indicative of their indignation against Adam, and the girls whining *E, E*, their feeble invective against Eve. The tears of the Thracians are, in our opinion, susceptible of easy explanation, bearing in mind the innate repugnance of mankind to ugliness. The Thracian wept with apprehension that the red-faced, flabby, dabby baby might possibly in its growth exhibit itself as unattractive and uninviting as it was at its beginning; and the squalls of the newly-arrived innocents may be referred to their consciousness that they were making their *début* into life with an exterior decidedly unbecoming, if not actually repulsive. Madame de Bourignon is said to have been so hideous when born, that the notion was seriously entertained of smothering her, and thus spare her a life of contempt, of scornful pity, and crushing humiliation.

Of course, people who set up for philosophers, especially those to whom nature has acted the part rather of the step-mother than the nursing mother, affect to underrate the importance of a shapely figure and agreeable visage, and have many a well-worn proverb, such as "Beauty is but skin deep," "Handsome is that handsome does," and the like, to vindicate their opinions, or console them in their misfortune. Mr. Hay, however, a wealthy Sussex gentleman of the last century, who wooed the muses without much success, and had a seat in Parliament to boot, was as misshapen a dwarf as any that of old made sport in royal or baronial halls. In his *Essay on Deformity*, he frankly admits, while he ingeniously palliates, the disadvantages which belong to an uncouth exterior. "Bodi-

ly deformity," he says, "is very rare, and therefore a person so distinguished has ill luck in a lottery where there are a thousand prizes to one blank. Among the five hundred and fifty-eight gentlemen in the House of Commons, I am the only one that is so. Thanks to my worthy constituents, who never objected to my person, and I hope never to give them cause to object to my behavior. They are not like a venal borough, of which there goes a story that although they never took exceptions to any man's character, they once rejected the best bidder because he was a negro." The sarcasm here is unmerited, inasmuch as the negro owed his rejection to the opinion, well-founded or not, that nigritude was only a synonyme for intense ugliness; and the venal borough, although in its immorality it bent a good deal too much to the *virtus-post-nummos* doctrine, and was less solicitous about a candidate's principles than the state of his purse, still was not so deeply plunged in iniquity as to believe *quarrenda pecunia primum*, for they scorned the bribe when it was tendered them by uncouth hands. True that Fuller had before this affirmed that the black man was God's image, only cut in ebony instead of ivory; but the constituency Mr. Hay would stigmatize with illiberality, thought the negro an ugly-looking fellow, and so, in spite of his "yellow persuaders," declined to have aught to do with him.

When Job Ben Solomon, an African chief, was in England, he visited Dr. Watts, who inquired how it chanced he and his countrymen were black, when, in common with Europeans, they were descended from Adam, a white man? The retort was immediate and incisive—"Adam white! How know you Adam white? we tink Adam black; how came you white?" Now, there are writers on æsthetics who, in defiance of popular prejudice, maintain that black is the normal hue of men's complexion, and that the "pale faces" of Europe must have passed through some process of degeneration before they acquired the pallor they now exhibit. Ethnologists teach that in the course of time, and when exposed to certain climatic influences, the dusky races of mankind generally be-

come fairer, while of the reverse no instance is known. There is a strong presumption, then, that our first parents had more of the sable than the brunette in their complexions, and, for aught we know, might have rivalled Sambo himself in the depth of his ebon hue. To no imputation of a lack of beauty can the negro, on account of his color, be fairly held obnoxious, while it becomes doubtful whether we of the white families of humanity have not ourselves degenerated from the original condition of the species as it existed "when Adam dived and Eve span." It is doubtful, then, whether, with all his good intentions, Dr. Beddoe was not attempting to do his blackamoor servant an actual disservice in endeavoring to bleach his dingy "pickers and stealers" by steeping them in a strong solution of muriatic acid oxygenized.

The glory of man, says an authority not to be disputed, is in his strength, and we may safely affirm that the glory of woman is in her beauty; and just as a man, when natural strength is denied to him in the fulness he desires, resorts to artificial means for supplying the defect, so does woman endeavor to redress the injustice and counteract the parsimony of Nature by a recourse to the ingenuities of art—the innocent deceptions of the toilet table and the wardrobe. Of course there are some who, on one ground or another, will object to this practical mendacity, not the less real because it finds no expression in words; but such cynicism may be dismissed with contempt. It arises, in nine times out of ten, from that base and wretched jealousy of woman's influence which too often haunts the masculine heart, and whose bitterness can only be exceeded by its impotence. Could there be anything more contemptible than the bill of indictment which Euripides preferred against Jove for having sent woman into the world only to reduce man to bondage with her charms—as though the poor henpecked deity was not himself as much a slave to beauty as any terrestrial mortal, and did not pass his miserable days under the thumb of all the pretty goddesses in Olympus? Milton did not hold it unbecoming the dignity of manhood to pen the puling lines—

"But yet I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same from woman to begin;"

and Aristophanes—that scoffer at excellence, that condemner of virtue—while in his *Lysistratus* he affirms that there is no living with woman, palpably because of her caprice, adds, with unwonted candor, that there is no living without her—plainly because of her charms. A like sentiment, if we may credit Aulus Gellius, was given expression to in a speech of the censor, Metellus Numidicus, one of the duties of whose office required him to persuade the citizens to marry for the benefit of the commonwealth. Yet do we find him indorsing the vulgar scandals to which woman had been long exposed at the hands of those who had been struggling against a yoke from which they could not release themselves. "If, Romans," quoth the mordant orator, "we could do without a wife, we should be all free from that source of vexation; but as Nature has so ordered it that we can not live without them happily, or without them at all, we had"—for that is his real meaning—"best take our physic like sensible men."

Men of these convictions are, of course, averse to every thing that tends to enhance the power under whose oppression they groan; and perhaps Mrs. Dorothy Tearsheet never displayed more palpably the depth of her affection for her corpulent lover, than when on parting she exclaimed, "Prove that I ever dress myself handsome till thy return!" The looking glass, one of the choicest pieces of artillery in woman's arsenal, was loudly denounced by Clemens Alexandrinus. The old father—if we may with propriety ascribe that title to a celibate—asserts that every woman who looks in the glass, violates a divine commandment, for she makes an image of herself for idolatrous purposes. But the Egyptian mistakes the matter widely if he supposes it is the woman that is the idolater. Take it at the very worst, woman commits no idolatry herself: she does not worship her own reflected loveliness—she only gives opportunity for others to do so; she is but the occasion of idolatry to others, but does not herself share in the sin. One of Lalage's tresses wandered astray, and Lalage, luckless damsel, knew nought of

her misfortune until she had consulted her glass, and ascertained a recalcitrant pin falling from its rightful place had disturbed the position of her ringlet. So—although, by the way, Martial might just as well have kept the matter to himself—Lalage, in a moment of not unnatural vexation, cast her polished mirror on the floor, which shivered into a thousand fragments. The act was foolish enough, but Lalage well knew what important weapons a woman's hair supplies her in her career of conquest; how much it contributes to those good looks which compensate her for the lack of physical vigor on which man founds his title to dominion. Indeed, there was a time when feminine tresses were supposed to possess certain strange magical qualities: pluck (if you dare) some hairs from the head of a pretty woman when her coiffure is in process of arrangement, and consign them at once to the fire, and from out the flame will crawl noxious, noisome adders, ready no doubt to avenge on you "the rape of the lock."

There was no portion of their toilet on which Roman ladies bestowed more pains than the disposition of their hair. Gray hair was with them, as with others, an abomination; and a sort of soap, called *pila mattiace* was imported from Germany by way of remedy for this disfigurement whenever it occurred. False hair of a light hue was also imported, from the same country, for such as nature had dealt stingily by in the matter of "capillary attraction;" but, as is the case with the belles of modern Italy, *la chevelure rouge*, or what, in allusion to the old tradition respecting Judas's hair, Rosalind calls "the dissembling color," was the hue the most in vogue.* Perhaps, however, there is some exaggeration in this, and that a deep shade of auburn

* Writers who profess conversance with the subject affirm that, for men, chestnut or a deep shade of blonde is the most becoming, as these are ever found associated with intelligence, sagacity, and the possession of high moral qualities. The best of brothers, Castor and Pollux, the kindest of husbands, Menelaus, were ever depicted with hair of either hue. As far as men are concerned, Aristotle thinks the color of the hair is of little consequence; any color will do, provided the hair be not straight, for that is the sure indication of timidity and cowardice. Ajax had curly locks, and so had Cimon, and Augustus's ringlets are well known.

was that to which preference was given; for while Martial compares beautiful hair to the color of the golden field-mouse, he classes fiery-hued locks with cloven feet and blear eyes, inquiring, in the true spirit of one who detects the harmony of good looks and good deeds, whether such as are thus endowed can possibly be honest? To be without hair was of old ever esteemed a ground for reproach, and learned doctors tell us that the origin of the priestly tonsure was derived from an insult passed upon St. Peter at Antioch, when they shaved his head "*like a fool's*."

Baptista Porta, who fills an honorable place among the early physiognomists, demonstrated that, great as is the difference which subsists between mankind and brute-kind, relationship between them is nearer than generally is suspected, and that beauty is nigher akin to the beast than most people suppose. In most of our species, especially in such of them as in any way had rendered themselves conspicuous among their fellow-men, he detected certain facial characteristics which they possessed in common with the lower animals, tracing, for instance, a close resemblance between the lineaments of the divine Plato, and the countenance of a setter dog. "Many human faces" (Baptista Porta thought that almost all) "have a striking resemblance to particular animals," says Francis Grose in his *Rules for Drawing Caricatures*. "Hogarth has given some instances of these resemblances: one in the 'Gate of Calais,' where two old fishwomen are pointing out their likeness to a flat fish; another in the portrait of the 'Russian Hercules,' where, under the figure of a bear, he has preserved the lineaments of his poetical antagonist"—Charles Churchill. Le Brun, the painter, adopted Baptista Porta's physiognomical doctrine, and gave it practical expression by preparing a series of studies of human heads with their corresponding types in the bestial creation, and from a comparison of the two he believed a general law could be deduced, whereby it would be possible to determine, at sight, the disposition and temperament both of the man and his representative among the brutes. Were either of them timid or audacious, savage or placable, he thought

it could be ascertained without difficulty at a glance. He considered the token of courage to be the little protuberance over the nose; in proportion to its size, small or great, was the animal daring or fearful. All great men, and all great animals, he believed to be eminent in the matter of nose—the eagle and Julius Cæsar, to wit; and a fine swelling proboscis was, in his mind, the invariable accompaniment of elevation of thought and grandeur of conception, and thus did both Aristotle and Baptista Porta also think of the straight nose blunt at its termination—"tower-shaped," as Sir Thomas Browne phrases it. Noses, we know, are of all varieties: Grose divides them into the angular, the aquiline or Roman, the parrot's beak, the straight or Grecian, the bulbous or bottled, the turned-up or snub, and the mixed or broken; each of which supplies the indication of its owner's character, as, by some persons, the chin is supposed to do. But the better opinion is that the chin affords a far less reliable index to character than the nose, being less marked and less numerous in its varieties. Indeed, with the exception of the double, the nut-cracker and the cucumber chin, there is nothing specially remarkable in this feature of the face. Far otherwise with the nose, of which Napoleon Bonaparte was accustomed to say that he generally found a long nose, such as that we have been mentioning, associated with a long head, an admission the more singular as his own nasal development was a striking contradiction to his rule.

When Le Brun propounded the theory, of which he was rather the expositor than the author, the inquiry grew current in Parisian society, Which is your beast? Flatterers said there could be no doubt, especially having regard to the nose, judged by Le Brun's standard, that the Prince de Condé had for his congener nose a beast of the very first rank, at once strong, fierce, gentle, placable, terrible in power, but withal full of amenity, courtesy, and graciousness. Mirabeau, on the other hand, with his amplitude of hair, his expansive and expressive countenance to which the small nose had lent a singular appearance, his massive jaws and shaggy eyebrows, all suggestive of both power and will, what inferior (if

inferior) animal could he recall to the mind but the lion of terrible paw and deep-depending mane?

Putting aside all fanciful speculations, there is no doubt that in every age the belief has been common that the inward and informing spirit of man has found expression outwards in the peculiarities of his corporeal structure, and that, in a large measure, the body images the moral and intellectual qualities of the immaterial essence with which it is instinct. Madame de Staël thinks this was the case with the ancients in an eminent degree; that with them "there was a more intimate union between the physical and moral faculties than at present." This will be a consolation to some of us to whom the mirror exists as a perpetual reproach. Had we lived in heroic times, the world which knows nothing of us but our outside, would have been enabled from that to detect those esoteric excellences with which, alas! none are acquainted, save familiars and intimates. Good looks are, no doubt, good things; but even in looks which require another adjective than good, a difference is observable, as is well expounded by Grose. "Ugliness," he says, "according to our local idea, may be divided into genteel and vulgar. The difference between these kinds of ugliness seems to be that the former is positive or redundant, the latter wanting or negative. Convex faces, prominent features, and large aquiline noses, though differing much from beauty, still give an air of dignity to their owners; whereas concave faces, flat, snub or broken noses always stamp a meanness and vulgarity. The one seems to have passed through the limits of beauty, the other never to have arrived at them."

The Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY R. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.*

A FEW months ago I made a pilgrimage to the home and grave of Wordsworth—the haunts he loved, and the

places he has made familiar as household words to millions living and for millions yet to come. I will ask the reader of this Memory to visit them with me:

"In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind."

It is needless to say that "the Lake district" is known to every tourist. If it be not, it ought to be. Shame be to him who travels to view the scenery of the Continent and ignores the landscape beauties of his own land. In Cumberland and Westmoreland there are charms with which, in some respects, no country of the world can compete. I limit my thoughts exclusively to the points and places familiar to readers of Wordsworth; but there are a thousand objects in that lovely and magnificent locality of which even he has made no note. When the great man lived there it was hard to reach; the traveller had days of toil before he saw "lofty Helvellyn;" he may now be at its foot before the sun sets on the day he left his home in London. The wayside inns that gave him little more than shelter, have been displaced by superb "hotels." We need not pause to inquire whether such "palaces" and roads improve the counties of hill and valley, wood and water; at least they afford more comforts to those who there seek health, relaxation, or enjoyment in delights that are derived from nature. "The Prince of Wales Hotel" stands on a border of Grasmere lake, a few yards only from its eastern bank. At the adjacent quay boats are plying from morning till night, either for the pleasure-seeker or the angler, and gay visitors are at all times in the prettily laid out grounds. Perhaps there is no "hostel-rie" in the kingdom more auspiciously placed "for the benefit of tourists;" it is, of course, furnished with all modern appliances, while "charges" will be found unexpectedly moderate.*

Let us, however, set out on our tour to "the land of Wordsworth," first entering the house—Rydal Mount—in which he lived from the year 1813 to the year of

* Wordsworth wrote and published (as Kenelm) "*A Guide through the District of the Lakes*." It is singularly "prosaic;" apparently the poet thought it right to ignore fancy as much as possible, and felt it a sort of duty to be dull in prose.

* Continued from page 465.

his death in 1850. Nay, rather let us, for the moment, pass it by—closing our eyes as we pass—and, a mile or so farther on, drop down upon a little humble cottage by the road-side. “That little cottage (at Town End, Grasmere*) was Wordsworth’s from the time of his marriage, and earlier—in fact, from the beginning of the century to the year 1808.† Afterwards, for many years it was mine.” So writes De Quincey. It was then a white cottage “with two yew trees breaking the glare of its white walls.” The house has undergone little change; the low rooms are unaltered; the flight of stairs to the “drawing room”—“fourteen in all;” the fire-place, “half kitchen and half parlor fire;” the small and contracted bedrooms; the road close in front, the wide open view of mountains, and the steep hill, covered with wild shrubs and underwood that overhung the house behind—these are all as they were when the poet left them more than half a century ago. Such was his first house—his “little nook of mountain ground.”

Rydal Mount is about two miles from Ambleside, on the road to Keswick, and about the same distance from Grasmere. It stands a few yards out of the main road, on high ground—a projection of the hill called “Nab Scar;” ‡ and com-

mands an extensive view to which I shall refer presently. Rydal village is in the hollow underneath, in a narrow gorge, “formed by the advance of Loughrigg Fell and Rydal Nab.” In the immediate neighborhood are some of the finest waterfalls of the district, in the park of Lady Le Fleming—

“Lady of a lofty line.”*

The house is comfortable, without being, by any means, grand; it is covered with jessamine, roses, and ivy. The rooms are many, but small; it has not undergone much alteration at the hands of its present tenant, although by a former occupier, Wordsworth’s small parlor—his “study,” if he had any—has been “deformed” by removing the old jutting-out fire-place, in the corner of which host and guest might, and did often, sit; a little corner cupboard of oak let into the wall remains to suggest that there the half-finished book was placed, when the sunshine or moonshine gave the poet a call to come forth. That, then, was his library; but a library was, † as all know, a secondary consideration with the poet; “he had small need of books,” although, as his nephew tells us, “he was extremely well read in English poetry.” We have also the evidence of Southey that he was intimately acquainted with the poets of Great Britain—had deeply read and closely studied them; was not only familiar with them, but knew them well, even those of whom most others know nothing.

The word “*salve*” still gives its wel-

there; poor erring child of Genius, he never had, never could, with his habits, have had a house of his own. If he was not respected, he was dearly loved by all who knew him.

* It is of this particular place that Mason, the biographer of Gray, writes: “Here nature has performed everything in little which she usually executes on a larger scale, and on that account, like the miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner; not a little fragment of rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides, but has its picturesque meaning, and the little central stream dashing down a cleft of the darkest colored stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description.”

† It is said that a stranger once asked the servant to show him “Mr. Wordsworth’s study,” and received this answer, as she conducted him into a room in which were many books: “This is master’s library, but his study is out of doors.”

* In 1769 the poet Gray described Grasmere village as utterly isolated—“not a single red tile, no staring gentleman’s house breaks in upon the repose of this unsuspected paradise, but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty, in its sweetest, most becoming attire.” It is entirely altered now; here is Mrs. Lynn Linton’s description of Grasmere, in 1865. Grasmere is “a scattered collection of human habitations, cottages, shops, houses, mansions, each with its own garden, or special plot of greenery.” Some idea of its character may be formed from the fact that the postman walks some eight miles in and out and about the village while delivering letters. These are Mrs. Heman’s lines on Grasmere valley:

“O vale and lake, within your mountain urn,
Smiling so tranquilly, and yet so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Coloring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote—
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
The place with holiest harmonies.”

‡ He left the cottage in 1808 for Allen-bank, where he resided about two years; he then went to the Parsonage, also in Grasmere, where he remained until he went to Rydal Mount in 1818.

§ At Nab Cottage, near at hand, unhappy Hartley Coleridge lived; he was but a lodger

come at the door step; it is a mosaic presented to the poet by a friend who brought it for him from Italy.*

A mound, immediately opposite the door, to reach which you ascend half a score of timeworn steps, edged with ferns and wild flowers, commands the prospect on which the poet loved to look—the lovely vale of the Rotha. In front—to the left—is Wansfell; his household, the poet writes, has a favored lot,

“Living with liberty to gaze on thee!”

Underneath it is Ambleside; to the right are the fells of Loughrigg, with its solitary crag that “daily meets the sight.” Immediately in front are—Windermere to the left, Rydal Water to the right. From the summit of Nab Scar, within ken, are Windermere, Rydal, Grasmere, and Coniston lakes. The tarns also of Loughrigg, Easedale, Elterwater, and Blellam; while far away, Solway Frith is distinctly visible. On the summit of Helm Crag, seen in all directions in the locality, are two singular rocks, known throughout the district as “the Lion and the Lamb;” they convey the idea—the lesser crouching at the feet of the larger animal, supplicating mercy.† Such were the sights that

“From this low threshold daily meet my sight,
When I step forth to hail the morning light.”

Now and then, the sound of the not far-off cascade greets the ear, softened by distance into melody. Immediately underneath is the modern church—Lady Le Fleming’s chapel; it is there, with its holy response to the poet’s prayer when first the woods embraced that daughter of her pious care—

“Heaven prosper it—may peace, and love,
And hope, and consolation fall,
Through its meek influence from above
And penetrate the hearts of all.”

* In 1826, “the poet’s home” was pictured by Maria Jane Jewsbury—

“Low and white, yet scarcely seen,
Are its walls, for mantling green
Winding walk, and sheltered nook
For student grave and graver book.”

† Wordsworth calls these singular rocks “the astrologer and the ancient woman.” I cannot say how, why, or when their title was changed.

“Dread pair that speak of wind and weather
Still sit upon Helm Crag together.”

It is, however, the walks about—the Poet’s Walk especially—that pilgrims will visit as a shrine; they are sufficiently “trim,” but Nature is let to have her will, and they are full of wild flowers—the fox-glove, the wild strawberry, and various ferns abounding. At the extremity of one of them is a summer-house lined with fir cones, which must be recruited now and then, for they supply pilgrims with relics.*

The Poet’s Walk leads from the house, through a shaded and narrow pathway; he consigned it to the care of “those pure minds who reverence the muse.”† For

“A poet’s hand first shaped it; and the steps
Of that same bard, repeated to and fro
At morn, at noon, and under moonlight
skies,
Through the vicissitudes of many a year
Forbade the weeds to creep o’er its gray
line.”

It is, I rejoice to say, carefully kept; an aged gardener, who was there in Wordsworth’s time, still trims the borders, and weeds the banks. And the gentleman who dwells there—whether he reverences or is indifferent to the Muse, I cannot say—keeps the place in order, giving entrance to the public on certain days. But I could not fail, in visiting the poet’s house, to quote the lines written on it by Maria Jane Jewsbury, in 1826:

“What shall outward sign avail
If the answering spirit fail?
What this beauteous dwelling be
If it hold not hearts for thee?”

* “He led me,” said Emerson, “into his garden, and showed me the gravel walks in which thousand of his lines were composed.” Mr. Justice Coleridge writes of him: “He dealt with shrubs, flower beds, and lawns, with the readiness of a practiced landscape gardener; his own little grounds afforded a beautiful specimen of his skill.”

† “The sylvan, or say, rather, the forest scenery of Rydal Park was, in the memory of living men, magnificent, and it still contains a treasure of old trees. By all means, wander away into those old woods, and lose yourselves for an hour or two, among the cooing of cushats, and the shrill shriek of startled blackbirds, and the rustle of the harmless glowworm among the last year’s red beech leaves. No very great harm, should you even fall asleep under the shadow of an oak, while the magpie chatters at safe distance, and the more innocent squirrel peeps down upon you from the bough of the canopy, and then twisting his tail, glides into the obscurity of the loftiest umbrage.”—PROFESSOR WILSON.

You pass out of the grounds by a small gateway, and have a long walk that leads to Grasmere; of this walk, Mrs. Lynn Linton says: "The terrace walk along Nab Scar, with its desolation, sometimes left bare and naked to the sky, and sometimes clothed with fern, and moss, and lichen, is very lovely; lovely, from the first step outside the poet's garden, to the last, by White Moss, and the little pool fringed with water lilies." "Hundreds of times," writes the poet, "have I here watched the dancing of shadows amid a press of sunshine, and other beautiful appearances of light and shade, flowers, and shrubs."

The grounds slope, sometimes with a sudden and steep descent; one of the paths leads to "Dora's field." In that field there is a venerable oak, the branches of which are thickly covered with lichens and ferns, that have thrust their roots deep into the moist bark; and at its foot there is a spring where grow the plants that flourish best in perpetual moisture. There, too, is the stone that at Wordsworth's suit was spared: the lines he wrote are engraved on a brass tablet, let into it:

"In these fair vales hath many a tree
At Wordsworth's suit been spared;
And from the builder's hand, this stone,
For some rude beauty of its own,
Was rescued by the Bard.
So let it rest; and time will come
When here the tender-hearted
May heave a gentle sigh for him
As one of the departed."

In this spot, it seemed to me, and no doubt it will so seem to all visitors who love the bard and reverence his memory, that Wordsworth was more palpably present than he was elsewhere; and it will demand no great degree of hero-worship to utter beside that stone, and that aged tree, his own words applied to his predecessors in his "high calling"—

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays."

From the house our steps naturally pace to the grave in which the mortal part of Wordsworth rests. Happily, he sleeps among the scenes he has made immortal; happily, it was not his destiny

to "moulder in a far-off field of Rome." The little graveyard of Grasmere, "the Churchyard among the Mountains," was familiar to all readers of the *Excursion*, before the poet was laid there. It receives mournful, yet happy interest as the place in which he "sleeps" among the dalesmen of Grasmere valley, upon whose shoulders—"the shoulders of neighbors," in accordance with his wish, expressed long years before—he was borne to his grave. By the side of his beloved Dora he was buried.* It is a humble grave; they are plain, erect stones that record his name, and those of his immediate relatives. He reposes under the green turf; no weight of monumental marble keeps the daisies from growing there. Others, no doubt, have done as I did—transplanted a wild flower from his "walk" to the mound that rises over his remains; and others, no doubt, for generations yet to come, will do as I did, breathe a prayer of fervent and grateful homage to his memory at the foot of the grave in which his mortal part is at rest from labor—

"The common growth of mother Earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears!"

A group of yew trees throw their shadow on the grave; they were planted by his own hands, "principally, if not entirely;" and who is there that will not say "Amen" to the poet's wish, "May they be taken care of hereafter;" and to his hope that some future generation may see them rivals to the "Pride of Lorton Vale," and the forlorn sisters Borrowdale?

* Dora Wordsworth, the poet's only daughter, was married in 1841 to Edward Quillinan, an estimable and accomplished gentleman, an author of no mean power, and a poet who might have stood, as he did stand, without any shame by the side of the great bard. Dora was his second wife; his first was a daughter of the bookworm, Sir Egerton Brydges. "Few men were more esteemed and respected than was Mr. Quillinan, by a large circle of acquaintances, of whom I had the privilege to be one. His beloved Dora died in 1847, and her venerable father "was never the same man afterwards." Mr. Quillinan is buried near to the grave of Wordsworth by the side of Dora, and Hartley Coleridge lies there too. The spot was selected by Wordsworth, who said in reference to poor Hartley: "I know he would have liked to be where I shall be."

The river Rothay meanders round the churchyard; it may be rude and harsh in winter, but it pursued its course to Lake Grasmere with a gentle and harmonious melody when I was there. Alone for a long half hour I stood—mute. Suddenly a group of children passed through the little gate, arranged some wild flowers under the church porch, and laid them on the poet's grave, "under the yew trees and beside the gushing Rothay," the spot "he had chosen for himself."

The subject of religion was not prominent—certainly not intrusive—in his writings, yet it breathes through almost everything he wrote; the essentially holy mind of the poet is everywhere manifest. No writer, living or "dead," has better taught us how

"To look through Nature up to Nature's God."

I found in Mr. Dillon's collection of autographs a letter written by Wordsworth to the painter Haydon, dated January 20th, 1817, which, I believe, has never been in type. I am, therefore, induced to print it.

"Thelwall, the politician, many years ago lost a daughter. I knew her; she was a charming creature. Thelwall's were the agonies of an unbeliever, and he expressed them vigorously in several copies of harmonious blank verse, a metre which he writes well, for he has a good ear. These effusions of anguish were published; but though they have great merit, we cannot read them but with much more pain than pleasure. You probably know how much I have suffered in this way myself, having lost, within the short space of half a year, two delightful creatures, a girl and a boy, of the several ages of four and six and a half. That was four years ago, but they are perpetually present to my eyes. I do not mourn for them, yet I am sometimes weak enough to wish that I had them again. They are laid side by side, in Grasmere churchyard; on the headstone of one is that beautiful text of Scripture: 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' And on that of the other are inscribed the following verses:

'Six months to six years added, he remained
Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained;
O blessed Lord, whose mercy then removed
A child that every eye that looked on loved.
Support us—teach us calmly to resign
What we possessed—and now is wholly Thine!'

These verses I have inscribed because they

are imbued with that sort of consolation which you say—is deprived of. It is the only support to be depended upon, and happy are they to whom it is vouchsafed."*

We turn from the churchyard and the church, the church that contains a memorial stone, with a medallion portrait (Harriet Martineau tells us), "accompanied by an inscription adapted from a dedication of the Rev. John Keble." Wordsworth described that church in 1790. It has been "renovated" since; but still the roof is upheld by "naked rafters," and still "admonishing texts" speak from its white walls.†

You cannot walk a mile in that rugged and wild and grand and fair district, without quoting some passage from the poet; linking it, as it will be linked for ever, with the place or object on which you look.‡ Every spot is consecrated by his genius; he has left his mark everywhere; the lakes, the rivers, the hills, the mountains, the dales and dells, the rocks and crags, the islands and waterfalls, are all signed with his name: §

* "In this just and high sense of the word, the education of a sincere Christian, and a good member of society upon Christian principles, does not terminate with his youth, but goes on to the last moment of his conscious earthly existence—an education, not for time, but for eternity."—(From an address by Wordsworth at the Foundation of a Schoolhouse at Bowness, May 6th, 1836.)

† Another local memorial was raised to the memory of Wordsworth in November, 1853, in his native town of Cockermouth. It took the form of a church decoration—a stained-glass window (by Hardman), costing upwards of £300, and containing figures of saints and evangelists, with an inscription on a brass tablet beneath the window.

‡ "The brook that runs through Easedale, which is in some parts of its course as wide and beautiful as a brook can be. I have composed thousands of verses by the side of it."—WORDSWORTH.

§ I have limited my notes to Wordsworth's pictures of the district in which he lived. It is needless to say, however, that his Muse had a far wider range—in Scotland, in Wales, and in several countries of the Continent. Most unhappily Ireland had no share of the wealth given to other lands. He visited Ireland in 1829, but it was in the company of a gentleman—John Marshall, M.P., of Leeds—who drove him through it in "a carriage and four." No wonder, therefore, that his muse was uninspired and idle; yet he coveted a ramble in Kerry county, with an artist as his companion. He visited Killarney, but it was in October. "To the shortness of the days, and the speed with which he travelled," he writes,

"Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms, and
dizzy crags,
And tottering towers."

"Wordsworth has himself told us that nine tenths of his verses were murmured in the open air, and about them there is an outdoor fragrance. We sniff the mountain breeze, and hear the murmur of the forest, and gaze into the clear depths of the rocky stream; and even in his loftiest mood, when raised into a purer atmosphere than we breathe on earth, his thoughtful brow is still fanned by its gales, his inspiration is colored by its beauty, and finds a fit local habitation amid its natural scenes."*

There is the Derwent, "fairest of all rivers," that blent its murmurs with his nurse's song; "glory of the vale," the "bright blue river" that was a joy to the very last; there is drear Helvellyn, with its ravines, "a history of forgotten storms"—"lofty Helvellyn," on the summit of which he stood side by side with the "Wizard of the North," when Scott revelled in "his day of strength." There they stood rejoicing; and, as Mrs. Linton writes, "Let any one haunted by small cares, by fears worse than cares, and by passions worse than either," go "stand in the midst of that great majesty, the sole small thing, and shall his spirit, which should be the noblest thing of all, let itself be crippled by self and fear, till it lies crawling on earth, when its place is lifting to the heavens? Oh! better than written sermon, or spoken exhortation, is one hour on the lonely mountain top, when the world seems so far off, and God and his angels so near."

"When inspiration hovered o'er this ground."

St. Herbert's cell is yet on an island in

"may be ascribed the want of notices, in my verse, of a country so interesting." Ay, it was, indeed, a misfortune for Ireland that he was not a traveller there, as he so often was by the banks of Windermere. "The deficiency," he adds, "I am somewhat ashamed of." Out of his Irish tour came only the lines "To the lone Eagle," which he saw at the Giant's Causeway, or rather near it, at Fairhead. One of the most delightful conversations I had with the poet concerned that brief and unsatisfactory tour. When talking of Killarney he fully conceded that the Killarney lake, considered as *one* lake, surpassed in grandeur and beauty any *one* of the lakes of Cumberland.

* John Dennis.

Derwentwater; the cell of the saint who in his "utter solitude" prayed that he and the man he loved as his own soul—a far-away fellow-laborer, St. Cuthbert—"might die at the same moment,"

"Nor in vain
So prayed he!"*

There is bleak Skiddaw, the poet's love—

"What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
Mount Skiddaw!"

There is the Greta, giving its gently mournful voice, as it rolls onward to join the Derwent, gliding together into Bas-senthwaite,

"Among this multitude of hills,
Crag, woodlands, waterfalls, and rills,"

with her sinuous banks, her "thousand thrones,"

"Seats of glad instinct, and loves carolling."

There is the mightiest of all the cataracts. Often

"O'er the lake the cataract of Lodore
Pealed to his orisons."

There is still the road the Roman conquerors laid down—

"The massy ways carried along those heights
By Roman perseverance."

There are the "piled up stones"—Druidic relics laid where they now stand, by British hands, centuries before the Romans were a power in Britain; "long Meg" and her daughters, the "giant mother" and her brood:

"A weight of woe, not easy to be borne,
Fell suddenly upon my spirit; cast
From the dread bosom of the unknown past
When first I saw that sisterhood forlorn."

And still you may visit the cairn heaped over the bones of Dunmail,

"Last king of rocky Cumberland."

We see the "rocks of St. John"—the crags that, at distance, "resemblance wild to a rough fortress bore;" and became a turreted castle when magic se-

* "There is beauty in the tradition that the man of action and the man of meditation, the propagandist and the recluse, were so dear to each other, and so congenial."—HARRIET MARTINEAU.

duced King Arthur within its walls, to waste his time and his strength in guilty dalliance.

Here, too, is "the Eden"—a name that, though borrowed from Paradise, is borne rightfully; for here

"Nature gives the flowers
That have no rivals among British bowers."

And here is majestic Lowther,

"Lowther, in thy majestic pile are seen
Cathedral pomp, and grace, in apt accord,
With the baronial castle's sterner mien."

There is the river Duddon, "the cloud-born stream," "cradled among the mountains"—Duddon, so often his sole listener, and here are the

"Tributary streams
Hurrying with lordly Duddon to unite."

Here are the nooks with woodbine hung,
"half grot, half arbor;" and here is still
"the fairy chasm," and here

"The gloomy niche, capacious, blank, and cold."

Still Duddon shelters the startled scaly tribe, and the "dancing insects forged upon his breast;" still passing winds memorial tributes pay, and torrents chant their praise.

And here is his own Rydal. It hath, and will ever have, "a poet of its own," who

"Haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
Ground flowers, beneath your guardianship
self-sown."

Here are yet "the Stepping Stones"—

"Stone matched with stone,
In studied symmetry;"

and here is "the Wishing Gate,"

"Surviving near the public way
The rustic Wishing Gate,"

leading to a field sloping to the river's bank. "Time out of mind" has a gate been there. May no evil chance remove it! for there "wishes formed or indulged have favorable issues."

"And not in vain, when thoughts are cast
Upon the irrevocable past."

The yew tree, "which to this day stands

single," "of vast circumference and gloom profound," is "still the pride of Lorton Vale;" the tree that furnished weapons to those who

"Drew their sounding bows at Azincour."

And there flourish yet the four solemn sisters — yew trees planted a thousand years ago:

"Fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove."

The "golden daffodils" are still here in rich abundance:

"Beneath the lake, beside the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze!"

And if we wander there in spring-time, we cannot fail to see

"A primrose by a river's brim,"

and, it may be, an ass

"Cropping the shrubs of Leming Lane,"

to recall the gentle brute that would not leave its dead master, and taught the savage potter to be a wiser and a better man. There are violets on the same "mossy stone," "half hidden from the eye;" and there is "the meanest flower that blows"—the meek daisy—"the poet's darling," "the unassuming commonplace of nature," that had power to give the poet

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Still the butterflies sparkle from bud to bud — descendants of those he chased when a boy, with "leaps and springs," while his tender sister stood by:

"But she, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off its wings."

Still we may hear the cook straining its clarion throat,

"Threatened by answering farms remote"

That, surely, is the very redbreast the poet welcomed over his threshold; the whole house was his cage. He springs about from bank to bank along the Poet's Walk, knowing well that none will make a stir

"To scare him as a trespasser."

And the lark, is it the same the poet hailed "upspringing?" "pilgrim of the sky,"

"Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

"I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day."

No doubt it is the bird of whom the poet
sang so sweetly and so oft. Still

"Along the river's stony marge,
The sand-lark chants a joyous song;
The thrush is busy in the wood,
And carols loud and strong."

There are all the mountains—"a mob of mountains," as Montgomery called them—go where we will; and the lakes larger and lesser, that greet the eye from every hilltop; majestic Ullswater, "wooded Winandermere"—"shy Winander,"

"That peeps
'Mid clustering isles, and holly-sprinkled steeps;"

lovely Derwentwater, lonely Haweswater; they were, each and all, familiar to the poet almost as his own Walk above the Rotha—

"Ye know him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander;"

they all knew him, and of all he was the Laureate. The "brook" I reverently cross is that

"Whose society the poet seeks,
Intent his wasted spirits to renew."

It runs "through rocky passes among flowery creeks;" and that "little unpretending rill of limpid water" is the very one that to his mind was brought "oftener than Ganges or the Nile."

Is that "Emma's dell?" for here we we can see

"The foliage of the rocks, the birch,
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,
With hanging islands of resplendent furze."

Is that "Johanna's rock" by Rotha's bank, at which we pause

"To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower,
That intermixture of delicious hues,"

turning to look up at

"That ancient woman seated on Helm-crag"?
Is that the cliff "so high above us;" an
"eminence"—

"The last that parleys with the setting sun"?

Is that

"The loneliest place we have amid the clouds"?

Is that "the lonely summit" to which his beloved gave his name? Is that "narrow girdle of rough stones and crags" by the eastern shore of Grasmere—is that the place the poet named "Point Rash Judgment"? for that he there learned and taught

"What need there is to be reserved in speech,
And temper all our thoughts with Charity."

At least we may rest awhile at "The Swan"—

"Who does not know the famous Swan?"

The small wayside hostelrie is still a palpable reality, and if you drink nothing else at its porch, you may there take in as full and rich a draught of nature as any country on God's earth can supply.

These are the "facts" of the district: the poet, has clothed them in glory and in pride—living realities—Romance unveiled by Truth. He is, as John Ruskin says, "the great poetic landscape painter of the age." He did indeed so paint with words as to bring vividly before the mind's eye the grandest and loveliest things in nature.

But who can walk in this favored locality without calling *Fancy* to his aid? I know that some of his pictures were drawn far away from the scenes so inseparably linked with his name; but it will be hard to separate any one of them from the district that is so especially *his*.

It is the high privilege of genius—more especially it is that of the poet—to consecrate the common things of life,

"Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn."

Time has changed many of them, no doubt; indeed, we know that ruthless railroad layers have swept away some of the "nooks of English ground" that genius had made sacred; but others remain associated with the poet's history. Let all who love the district, and have power there, preserve them, as they would the cherished children of their homes and hearts.

The plank that in a dell half up Blencathra crosses yonder stream, under which it glides so gently, now that summer, self-satisfied, laughs from the mountain tops—is that the plank where Lucy Gray left her footmarks half-way over, when the storm was loud, and snow was a foot thick above the perilous pathway?

"But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen."

Is that "straggling heap of unhewn stones" at Green-head-gyll a remainder of the sheepfold reared by "Michael," and "the son of his old age," ere the boy

"In the dissolute city gave himself
To evil courses,"

and broke the old man's heart?

Give an alms to the "female vagrant" you meet in highway or in byway, for does she not recall to memory her whose sad story was poured into the poet's ear?—

"And homeless, near a thousand homes, I stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food."

Surely charity cannot be withheld from any wayworn beggar you encounter on the roadside here. That thorn must be the very thorn—"so old and gray"—under the scant shade of which safe, at all times of the day and night, that lonely woman,

"In misery near the miserable thorn,"

whose doleful cry was "Misery, oh misery!" Poor Ruth! that may be the very "greenwood tree," by the banks of Tone, under which she sate; it overhangs the rocks and pools she loved—

"Nor ever taxed them with the ill
That had been done to her."

Will it not well repay a visit to distant Ennerdale to read the story of "The Brothers" beside a nameless grave—to see the gray-haired mariner standing there, his fraternal home desolate? Ah! if the touching tale can move us to tears—"a gushing of the heart"—beside a city home-fire, what may it not do in that lonely graveyard, where was nor epitaph, nor monument, tombstone, nor name—

"Only the turf we tread"?

Is that the fountain where, beneath the spreading oak, beside a mossy seat (we see them both), there talked a pair of friends, though one was young, the other seventy-two? Was it beside this hedge, on this highway, the shepherd mourned the "last of his flock"?

"A healthy man, a man full-grown,
Weep in the public roads alone."

That little maid—"a simple child"—is she the great-grandchild of her—"one of seven"—of whom two slept in the churchyard beneath the churchyard tree?

"Her beauty made me glad."

Sitting under "Dungeon-ghyll Force," do we see in the boys who saunter there descendants of those who, having "no work to do," watched the poet—

"One who loved the brooks
Far better than the sage's books,"

as he rescued the lamb from the troubled pool and gave it to its mother?

"And gently did the bard
Those idle shepherd boys upbraid."

Let us search for the roofless hut in which he met "the Wanderer," a poet, "yet wanting the accomplishment of verse;" who had "small need of books;" whose character was God-made; who learned from nature to worship him in spirit and in truth? Can we see the well, shrouded with willow-flowers and plummy fern," at which he bade the poet drink? the hut in which "the wife and widow" dwelt, a-weary, a-weary for the beloved who never came?

"If he lived
She knew not that he lived; if he were dead
She knew not that he was dead."

Is that the spot "among the mountain fastnesses concealed," where "lonesome and lost" the Solitary lived,

"At safe distance from a world
Not moving to his mind"?

Is that far-off valley, with its gray church tower, environed by dwellings "single or in several knots"—is that the valley where the poet, the wanderer, and the recluse encountered the good priest, the

coursing of things that no gross ear can hear,

"And to the highest last,
The head and mighty paramount of truths—
Immortal life in never-fading worlds
For mortal creatures conquered and secured"?

Is that indeed "the veritable church-yard among the mountains," where rest so much of human joys and griefs, hopes and blights—records that live but in the pastor's memory; where green hillocks only mark the graves—

"Free
From interruption of sepulchral stones"?

But I might go on, page after page, touching every portion of the sublime and beautiful district where the poet had his home and haunts, for you can hardly move a step or turn the eye on a single point without finding something he has given to fame, some association of his glory—

"Contented if he might enjoy
The things which others understand;"

ever preparing a feast for millions upon millions, who will be his debtors to the end of time.

He lived down "indifference," almost the only human malady to which he had been subjected; he lived to know that he was valued in a measure approaching desert; acknowledged by the senate and "the masses" as a benefactor of all human kind—not for a day, but for ever—in high and holy consciousness that he had done the work of God for the good of man. To WILLIAM WORDSWORTH have been, and will be given, by universal accord, as long as language can utter thought, "Perpetual benedictions!"

The Contemporary Review.

THE POETICAL FEELING FOR EXTERNAL NATURE.

"To those who have studied history with care," wrote Gustave Planche, "the chronology of thoughts and feelings is not less evident than that of events." In this sentence is touched the keynote of a portion of inquiry and speculation much dwelt on in recent years. The last century, tired of the existing state of things, full of feverish dreams, and pos-

sessed by a vague idea of human perfectibility, expanded its imaginative power in ideal theories of the past, and visionary hopes of a near approaching future. To these have succeeded, with us, patient endeavors to interpret the history of that past, and a conviction, which frees us from enthusiasm while it encourages us to toil, that there has been a real education of the human race conducted slowly but steadily, by which "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," and which is still in progress. Education, however, is not merely a culture of the intellect, and accordingly we can trace also a moral culture of mankind through which the true principles of our nature are drawn out, and the rude mode of action proper to the child transformed into the fine honor, the thoughtful sympathy, and the serious sense of duty proper to the man. But this is not all. In the passage from childhood to manhood, not only is the intellect expanded, not only is the moral nature taught to listen to and interpret itself; new feelings come into play, and old feelings are refined and deepened, placed upon firmer foundations, and modified by contributions from or relations to those parts of our nature which are receiving development from day to day. And so it has been with the human race. Just as "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," just as there have been indisputable extensions of men's intellectual horizon and discoveries of unvoyaged seas and continents in the world of speculation and science, so from age to age have there been deepening and retreating of the emotional horizon, and new territories opened in the world of literature and art. Even the most primitive feelings of our nature are not the same they once were. Old men are still venerable—as they were when Homer sang—and wives are dear, and children a light of homes. Yet, putting all else aside, it is certain that the reception into the general heart of one assurance—the assurance of immortality—has modified even these simple home affections in a material way. Children are no longer so passionately desired, and clung to as the means of gaining the semblance, at least, of a perpetuity of earthly life and power; but we look into the face of a

little child with a pure joy and a tender dread unknown to the old world; grief for the newly lost is still cruel, but we sorrow not as those who have no hope: love that was strong as death is stronger now, even more than words will tell.

In the history of emotions, few chapters to us of the present day would be more interesting than that on the poetical feeling for external nature; but it is a chapter that is yet unwritten. Perpetually self-repeating have been the phenomena of dawning and sunset, day and night, seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, while no two generations have looked at them in precisely the same way. They are elementary and simple; but in their very simplicity, in the fact that the pleasures they afford are not artificial, constructed pleasures, lies their inexhaustible fullness of meaning and delight. Wordsworth was thinking how "the earth abideth forever" when he wrote in his beautiful sonnet to Twilight:

"Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,
To the rude Briton when in wolf-skin vest,
Here roving wild he laid him down to rest
On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
Looked ere his eyes were closed."

But he partly forgot that "one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh," in a deeper sense than that of mere living and dying. The rude Briton did *not* see the same vision which Wordsworth beheld. Wordsworth has himself taught us that:

"Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive."

And just in proportion to the vast conferring power of Wordsworth's mind differed from that of the Briton, so did his perceiving capacity. There are a thousand things which we see, and from which we claim delight, which to our ancestors were either invisible, or regarded with horror or aversion. If the author of *The Seasons* had been born a few centuries earlier, when poets were writing Romances of the Rose and Lancelots of the Lakes, but one of his four books could have been written. All the year round, at that happy period, the poet's calendar recorded spring. The birds never ceased

to make melody nor the flowers to blossom. "Except on Friday and the vigils of the great holidays, Lancelot bore always, winter and summer, a chaplet of fresh roses on his head."^{*} No troubadour ever enjoyed a winter morning's walk, any more than he ever enjoyed "the cups that cheer but not inebriate." But more recent than the discovery of winter has been the discovery of mountains. Vast protuberances of the earth were indeed long since known to exist, but the word *mountain* meant at one time something ugly and repulsive, afterwards something "picturesque" and terrible if approached too near, and now it means something full of a strange wonder and glory, which makes the heart leap up with joy, and yet controls its beatings—something which has made us feel that the beauty of the plain, in comparison, is sensual and timorous, like the beauty of a slave.† The beef and mutton of Derbyshire would require to be very good, Victor thought, in Cotton's continuation of the *Complete Angler*, to make amends for the ill-landscape about the Dove. If the hills could only be got out of the way it would be so much improved! About thirty years later, however, Berkeley would have made light of the "high, bleak, and craggy" hills of Derbyshire. "Green fields and flowery meadows and purling streams are nowhere in such perfection as in England; . . . but to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps." Yes, for Berkeley had himself been carried in an open chair over Mount Cenis, "one of the most difficult and formidable parts of the Alps

* Saint-Beuve, *Portraits Littéraires*, vol. I, p. 107.

† So Robert Browning in *The Englishman in Italy*. It is perhaps worth contrasting a passage from Addison with the description of mountains in this poem: "We are quickly tired of looking upon Hills and Valleys, where everything is flat and settled in the same Place and Posture, but find our thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the Sight of such Objects as are ever in motion, and sliding away from beneath the Eye of the Beholder."—*Spectator*, No. 412.

"Oh, those mountains, their infinite movement!
Still moving with you;
For ever some new head and breast of them
Thrusts into view
To observe the intruder; you see it
If quickly you turn,
And, before they escape you, surprise you!"

that is ever past over by mortal men," and there he found rocks that are "steep enough to cause the heart of the most valiant man to sink within him," and there he broke his sword, his watch, and his snuff-box. So he writes to Pope and Prior; and Pope certainly, but not for want of mountains in England, did not succeed in describing "rocks and precipices;"* the truth being that Pope (for whom our admiration is sincere and great) was born too soon to see a mountain, and would not have found one had he lived at Rydal. Nay, it is to be feared that if one delightful household had been transported some night from Olney to the neighborhood of the lakes, next morning Cowper would have sighed with a tender regret for the wilderness at Weston (the only vast wilderness in which the sociable poet would really have cared for a lodge), for Mr. Throckmorton's chestnut avenue, and "a field one side of which formed a terrace, and the other was planted with poplars, at whose feet ran the Ouse, that I used to account a little Paradise." "The best image which the world can give of Paradise," writes Mr. Ruskin, "is in the slope of the meadows, orchards, and cornfields on the sides of a great Alp, with its purple rocks, and eternal snows above."

Yet let us not flatter ourselves. The education of our senses has only begun. We do not yet see many things; we can recognize things by a mark or two, without seeing them, sufficiently for our getting and spending purposes. We have learned some few elementary facts of nature, because we have been taught to look at them, or because, on some happy morning for a moment, when we were alone, our eyes were opened, and we saw. We hear, when we are not too deaf through selfish anxiety or pride, and when our passions and vanities are not too noisy, some of the *forte* passages in the symphony of the world; but how small a fragment of the symphony these constitute, those who have heard most of it best know. Not every one, indeed, is capable of vigor of observation in a high

degree, but obvious facts should be, and at some future time will be, familiar to all. This is still far from being the case. No person surely can have looked many times at water—a lake, a quietly running river, or a woodland pool—without having had opportunities of witnessing the phenomenon of "interrupted reflection"—the reflection of some object, a tree suppose, a portion of which is effaced by a breeze. Yet Mr. Hamerton, who has set a good example to all studious observers in making public the contents of his *Liber Memorialis*, writes:

"I was solemnly warned by a dealer never to introduce interrupted reflection in any picture, because, as he assured me on the strength of a long experience, such phenomena always lessened the salableness of landscapes, as people could not understand them."

The truth is, we have as yet rather begun to *feel* that there is around us a world of wonder and beauty than actually to see it. It is in the preparation for seeing Nature, in the willingness to learn from her, the confidence in her teaching, and that receptive perception, that wise passiveness, proper to the poet rather than the painter, that we are to look for our chief general progress. But what we anticipate is, that the results of active observation, the laborious, self-conscious analysis of the appearances of the world, will after sufficient time become the inherited possession of all men, and will form a new and wider basis for that effortless perception, with all its emotionless syntheses, in which lies the secret of the poetical representation of nature.

In its simplest form the poetical feeling for nature is a sublimate of many elements, intellectual, emotional, sensuous; it is not so much a feeling which belongs to any special organ of spiritual sensibility, as the whole vital movement of our being when turned in a particular direction; and it is tremulous to almost every influence that in any way, physically or mentally, affects us. It grows with our growth, passes from mood to mood as the eye becomes active and observant or passive and receptive, follows the alterations of our moral character (so that, from seeing and loving what Angelico loved and saw, we may bring ourselves

* One important observation Pope made—which has never been reversed—that mountains are broader at the base than the summit:

"Here, where the mountains, *lessening as they rise*,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies."

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to see only such things as were the troubled delight of Salvator Rosa's eye), receives a gleam or shade from every joy or sorrow we experience, and is not quite the same at any two periods of our lives. Never were days more closely "bound each to each by natural piety" than those of Wordsworth. The rainbow at which his heart leaped up in childhood never became to him, according to the dictionary definition, a meteoric phenomenon in which the sun's rays are separated into the colors of the prismatic spectrum; yet the apparition came and went at one time with the glory and freshness of a dream, which partly faded away. Wordsworth's love of nature, while to his boy's heart and senses the blinding gladness of life was overmasteringly strong, and at a later period, when he was tyrannized over by the mere organic pleasure of sight, little resembled the spiritual communion with nature of his later years, so calm and yet so rapturous—so full of passion and yet so full of thought. Still numberless as are the forms which this feeling assumes, we discern after a while certain great typical forms among them, which it is possible to study with some hope of arriving at the chief causes of their differences. Such a study we would at present in part attempt.

In part; for many of the most important of these causes it is not our intention to investigate. Let the reader consider how the feeling for external nature is modified by the differences of individual organization, physical and mental; by the different characteristics of races; by the influence of climates—a climate in which each morning renews the bridal pomps of the earth and sky, or one in which the years, before they are very old, if we reckon from their birth in spring, are ruined with rains and snow; of a soil teeming with life, and giving birth, with unassisted throes, to monstrous vegetation, or of one in which every daisy is as a pearl, and the furrows must be settled with anxious hands: let him consider the influence of social and political conditions;* of periods when the atmos-

phere is one of sorrow, and others when it is one of joy; the influence of times of war and times of peace, of city and country life, of art, of travel, and much more that he will think of; and then he will be able to diminish what we have to say to its true proportion in reference to the entire subject.

In this enumeration one capital omission has been made—philosophical, religious, and scientific views of the external world, and our relations to it, which obviously must affect to some extent the feeling with which it is regarded. But do they affect it to any considerable extent? Are the results of art really subject to the influence of philosophical beliefs? Are we justified in speaking of the philosophy of a poet or artist? We must try to give some answer to these questions.

Two answers we find ready to our hand. Clough wrote from Oxford in 1838—

"Werè it not for the happy notion that a man's poetry is not at all affected by his opinions, or indeed character and mind altogether, I fear the *Paradise Lost* would be utterly unsalable, except for waste paper, in the University."

This is really the popular view. Art is not supposed to be the finest effluence of the entire nature of the artist, but to be the offspring of a special faculty, imagination—the faculty of giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name, which operates best when judgment, reason, and reflection are laid to sleep. We shall say nothing in reply to this, but must consider another answer, the extreme opposite to the popular one, which has recently been given by a writer of high literary and philosophical attainments. "Though it is not the power of speculative reason alone that constitutes a poet," writes Mr. Masson, "is it not felt that the work of a poet is measured by the amount and depth of his speculative reason?" By this Mr. Masson does not mean that if we take a sounding of a poet's depth in the speculative region we shall so obtain a fair measure of his depth in all other directions. Even this statement would be indefensible. Shelley, for instance, judged by the amount and depth of his speculative reason, can not hold a place among the great poets of

* De Tocqueville has some ingenious remarks on the influence of the democratic spirit on the feeling for nature. *De la Démocratie en Amérique*, vol. 3, chap. xvii., ed. 1841.

this century. Still less can Keats; and it must be acknowledged that the poetry of Shelley is food too ethereal, and that of Keats too richly fruit-like, to support human nature alone. Yet what a wealth of beauty, what a satisfying fulness of imagination, what a warmth of coloring, what a splendor of life, what a joy, what a sadness below the joy, we find in the best poems of Keats! And what a grace, what a delicacy, what an aerial loveliness, what a fair-like tinting, what a white heat of intellectualized passion, what a melody, piercing sweet, we find everywhere in Shelley! "The good stars met in his horoscope, made him of spirit, fire, and dew." But Mr. Masson's meaning is, that the worth of a poet's work, "ultimately and on the whole, is the worth of the speculation, the philosophy on which it rests, and which entered into the conception of it."* What Shelley enjoyed and suffered accordingly—what he saw, what he imagined—are of slight significance compared with the "philosophy," the "speculation" which entered into his work. We shall measure the worth of the best of his poetry in this way only when we have advanced to the higher criticism of those German writers who find cosmogonic theories, and inquiries into psychology, in the symphonies of Beethoven, and who urge the artists of the present day to explore with instrumental music the field of history, as the great musician of Bonn explored that of philosophy.†

The greatest of modern creators in literature, speaking of his own work, said :

"*Wilhelm Meister* is one of the most incalculable productions; I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it. People seek a central point, and that is hard and not even right. I should think a rich, manifold life, brought close to our eyes, would be enough in itself, without any express tendency, which, after all, is only for the intellect."

Again, Goethe said :

"*Faust* is quite incommensurable, and all

* These words occur in *British Novelists*; but it is evident that Mr. Masson measures the worth of the poet's and the novelist's work by the same standard.

† See Charles Beauquier's *Philosophie de la Musique*, pp. 100-1. (Germer Baillière, 1866.)

attempts to bring it nearer to the understanding are in vain."

These sentences are from the *Conversations with Eckermann*, and let us add another which states, with almost the boldness of a paradox, the truth on this subject :

"The conversation now turned on *Tasso* and the idea which Goethe had endeavored to present by it. 'Idea!' said Goethe, 'as if I knew anything about it. I had the life of Tasso—I had my own life. . . . I can truly say of my production, it is *bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh*. . . . The only production of greater extent in which I am conscious of having labored to set forth a pervading idea, is probably *Wahlverwandtschaften*. This novel has thus become comprehensible to the understanding; but I will not say that it is therefore better. I am rather of the opinion that the more incommensurable, and the more incomprehensible to the understanding, a poetic instruction is, so much the better it is.' "

The speculative and the artistic natures, their modes of operation, and their products, are in truth different throughout. The artistic spirit does not operate by analysis and generalization; it does not acquire a knowledge of flowers by studying vegetable anatomy; it does not acquire a knowledge of human nature by philosophical investigation; it acquires it chiefly by realizing, through a profound sympathy with living men and women, and through the experience of life, that large fund of humanity which is the possession of every great artistic nature. Mental anatomy may be worth the dramatist's study, as physical anatomy is worth the sculptor's; but let us remember that there were no anatomical lectures in the days of Homer or of Phidias. As to the conclusions of the speculative intellect, they hardly become available for artistic purposes till they have ceased to be conclusions, till they have dropped out of the intellect into the moral nature, and there become vital and obscure. And obscure all great art is—not with the perplexity of subtle speculation, but with the mystery of vital movement. How complex soever the character of some *dramatis persona*,

* *Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann*, translated by John Oxenford, vol. i., pp. 200-1, 415-16; vol. ii., p. 210.

for instance, may be, if it has been elaborated in the intellect, another intellect can make it out. How simple soever it be, if the writer has made it his own by a complete sympathy, it is real, and therefore inexhaustibly full of meaning. It seems very easy to understand Shakespeare's Celia, or Goethe's Clarchen or Philina, they seem such simple conceptions; yet we never quite comprehend them, any more than we do the simplest real human being, and so we return to them again and again, ever finding something new. They are as clear as the sea, which tempts us to look down and down into its unresisting depths; but, like the sea, they are unfathomable by any eye.

Hence it is that the artistic product—the work of art—so far from being measurable, as regards its worth, by the speculation which entered into it, is far richer than any intellectual gift the artist could have offered. It rests not so much on any view of life (all views of life are unfortunately one-sided) as on a profound sympathy with life in certain individual forms; and in proportion as the whole nature of the artist is lost in his work—his perceptive powers, his sensuous impulses, his reason, his imagination, his emotions, his will, the conscious activity and unconscious energy interpenetrating one another—will his work come forth full, not of speculation, but what is so much better, of life, the open secret of art.*

Are we then justified in speaking of the philosophy of a poet? Yes, certainly. In the first place, the poet is a thinker, though not of the speculative kind. He has his views of life, and these enter consciously and unconsciously into his work; only we are to look for them there not as views, but as a part of the movement of

life itself. Goethe, for example, was a thinker of the highest order, and, perhaps more than any other, resumes in himself the diverse tendencies of modern speculation. Into *Faust* entered the quintessence of fifty-eight years' experience and meditation of the greatest modern mind, and *Wilhelm Meister* is fuller of profound suggestion than most of the treatises on human nature and philosophies of life. But the suggestion is of that unbroken, that deep and pregnant kind, which real action and suffering whisper to whoever has ears to hear; and all his life Goethe had a disdain, remarkable in one of such rare intellectual tolerance, of the systems and formulas of philosophy. But, secondly, it is a strange mistake to regard the philosopher as a mere machine for the manufacture of systems. Deeper than the region of the elaborative intellect lies a region of active and moral tendencies, in which we find the main causes of the differences between one man and another, and these tendencies, often quite as much as ideas, are the material out of which a man's philosophy shapes itself. Here, then, we have right to compare speculative and artistic natures, and separate each of the two into corresponding groups. The warfare of thinkers is not a mere warfare of ideas, but of intellectualized tendencies as well; and hence the same parties that occupied the field two thousand years ago occupy it to-day. It is not pure force of logic commonly which compels one of us to enter the porch and another to enter the sty; more often we have some dim, affectionate reminiscence of antenatal porches, or a congenital fancy for scenting hog-wash. One of us has an excess of earthy particles in his complexion, and he becomes a materialist; another is born with a sensibility to all the skyey influences, and his first coverings were the rudiments of an idealistic philosophy. Zeno can be understood only by the Zeno that is in us; and if he has expelled Epicurus, we shall be to Epicurus of Samos as the deaf adder which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely. But the Stoic or Epicurean, the materialist or idealistic tendencies, may exist in us, and not find their most natural development in the intellect. We may be gifted

* "It has been long perceived that in art all things are not performed with a full consciousness; that with the conscious activity an unconscious energy must unite itself; that the perfect union and reciprocal interpenetration of the two is that which accomplishes the highest in art; works wanting this seal of unconscious power are recognized by the evident want of a self-sufficing life, independent of the producing life; while, on the contrary, where this operates, art gives to its productions, together with the highest clearness of the understanding, that inscrutable reality by which they resemble works of nature."—*Schelling on the Relation between the Plastic Arts and Nature*, p. 9.

with active rather than speculative powers, and then these tendencies will realize themselves in a practical way; or we may be gifted with an artistic nature, and then, deriving sustenance from all the elements, they will spring up, blossom, and bear fruit in poetry and art.

The question—we may call it, as we like, a philosophical or a religious question—first in importance with reference to the feeling for external nature is this—How does the external world stand related to me—in a hostile or friendly way? Is it in itself good or is it evil? And are its intentions with regard to me benevolent or the reverse? Is it estranged from God and full of snares for the soul of man, or is it still God's world and lovingly disposed towards us? And since it is evident that to the senses, the imagination, and the simple human heart, the earth and sky do speak lovingly, and receive from them a prompt and joyous response, there is another question closely connected. Is the heart in such movements as these to be trusted or to be suspected? May I live with open senses and free spirit, or is a higher life to be attained by the renunciation of freedom, even though, with the renunciation of freedom, joy and beauty disappear?

We can not do better here than listen to M. Sainte-Beuve:

"To understand and to love nature, one must not be always intent on inward good or evil—incessantly occupied with spiritual self-defence, moral discipline and restraint. Those who make a kind of cold and colorless limbo of the earth, who see here only exile and a twilight full of fear, may pass through the world and pass out of it without even perceiving, like Philoctetes at the moment of departure, that the fountains were sweet in this so long bitter Lemnos. Although no philosophical or religious doctrine (except those of absolute mortification and renunciation) is contrary to the feeling for nature; although in this great temple, from which Zeno, Calvin, and Saint-Cyran voluntarily shut themselves out, are many worshippers from every region—Plato, Lucretius, Saint Basil from the depth of his hermitage in Pontus, Luther from the depth of his garden at Wittenberg or at Zeilsdorf, Fénelon the Savoyard vicar, and Oberlin—it is true that the first condition of this worship of nature seems to be a certain yieldingness, a light and trustful surrender of the heart to her,* an assurance that she is

good, or at least henceforth pacified and purified; an assurance that she is beneficent and divine, or at least near to God in the inspirations breathed by her; lawful in her love-makings; sacred in her nuptials. With Homer, the first of all painters, it is when Jupiter and Juno are veiled in a golden cloud on Ida that the earth blooms below, and the hyacinths and roses are born."

What we may call the Puritan theory of life is therefore decidedly unfavorable to the poetical feeling for external nature—unfavorable in proportion as it approaches its highest, its ideal expression. First, the earth is under a curse. Secondly, our own nature, in whatever is truly natural, is to be suspected; self-restraint and mortification take the place of self-development. To those who are duly mortified the world should be "a potter's house," "an old threadbare-worn case," "a smoky house," "a rotten plastered world," "an ashy and dirty earth." "The earth also is spotted (like the face of a woman once beautiful, but now deformed with scabs of leprosy) with thistles, thorns, and much barren wilderness." "The creation now is an old, rotten house that is all dropping through, and leaning on one side." The roses and lilies are made "vanity sick" by the sin of man, yet so abandoned are we (who even when children were "young vipers, and infinitely more hateful than vipers") that they can seduce us to look on them with pleasure "through our two clay windows," "these cursed eyes of ours."† This disagreeable cento of quotations we owe to the scrutiny of seventeenth-century theology by a writer who, however insensible to the stern loveliness and moral greatness of the Puritan spirit, did not, we believe, misinterpret its tendency to asceticism. And the force of these quotations is much increased, when we consider that there is nothing merely casual or personal in them, when we consider their consistency speculatively with the doctrines on which the asceticism rested, and practically with the entire Puritan conduct of life.

into English the delicate meanings of M. Sainte-Beuve's language—"une certaine facilité, un certain abandon confiant vers elle."

* *Portraits Littéraires*, vol. ii, p. 111.

† The "young vipers" extract is from Jonathan Edwards. For the rest see Buckle's *History of Civilization*, vol. ii., notes, pp. 388-9.

* We have found it impossible to carry over

Such are the thoughts which Protestant writers have expressed: yet essentially Protestantism, enlarging as it does the law-making power of the individual, is favorable to the recognition of the natural rights of the heart which Luther, our chief of men, illustrated by his life and did not scruple to embody with German plainness of speech in a famous proverb. But let us compare, in reference to the feeling for external nature, with the Puritan spirit the spirit of another asceticism—one founded not on theological doctrine, but on an enthusiastic piety, and a passion of benevolence.

Bonaventura writes:

"Who can form a conception of the fervor and the love of Francis, the friend of Christ? You would have said that he was burned up by the divine love, like charcoal in the flames. As often as his thoughts were directed to this subject, he was excited as if the chords of his soul had been touched by the plectrum of an inward voice. But as all lower affections elevated him to this love of the Supreme, he yielded himself to the admiration of every creature which God had formed; and from the summit of this observatory of delights, he watched the causes of all things as they unfolded themselves under living forms. Among the beautiful objects of nature he selected the most lively; and in the forms of created things he sought out with ardor whatever appeared especially captivating; rising from one beauty to another as by a ladder, with which he scaled to the highest and the most glorious."

All creatures seemed to Francis to possess "a portion of the divine principle by which he himself existed:"

"Doves were his especial favorites. He gathered them into his convents, laid them in his bosom, taught them to eat out of his hand, and pleased himself with talking of them as so many chaste and faithful brethren of the Order. In the lark which sprang up before his feet, he saw a Minorite Sister, clad in the Franciscan color, who, like a true Franciscan, despised the earth, and soared towards heaven with thanksgivings for her simple diet. . . . His own voice rose with that of the nightingale in rural vespers; and at the close of their joint thanksgiving, he praised, and fed, and blessed his fellow-worshipper."*

* The quotations are from Sir J. Stephen's *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*, and Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of the Monastic Orders*.

And let us hear, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's translation, some verses of the *Canticum Solis*:

"O most high Almighty, good Lord God, to Thee belong praise, glory and all blessing.

"Praised be my Lord God with all his creatures; and especially our brother the sun, who brings us the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he and shining with a very great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us Thee!

"Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which He has set clear and lovely in heaven.

"Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and cloud, and all weather, by which thou upholdest in life all creatures.

"Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean.

"Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom Thou givest us light and darkness; and he is bright and pleasant, and very mighty and strong.

"Praised be my Lord for our mother, the earth, the which doth sustain and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits of many colors, and grass."

There is what Mr. Arnold might call "natural magic" in the epithets here descriptive of our brother fire—"e ello è bello, e jocondo e robustissimo e forte."

Let us then suppose that we approach Nature (we can hardly help falling into this personification) with a trustful, unclouded spirit, assured that she is loving and good; the next question is this: Is she noble? What kind of love has she to give us? And the answer is—She will be noble or not as you have the heart to understand her. She will give you the love that you desire.

In other words, the feeling for nature may be either what we may call the epicurean or what we may call the spiritual. The eye sees what it has the power of seeing. We shall, according to our faculty, gaze with the vivid pleasure of a child upon the illuminated capitals and the flowers upon the margin of the book, or behold the visions of its prophecies and hear the sound of its evangels. But let it be observed, we use the word Epicurean in no positively invidious sense. Without a sensuous enjoyment of the beauty of the external world—a delight unknown to common men in its mere colors, and forms, and sounds

—there can be no great poet, whether (if we may suggest materials for a chapter on the physiology of poets) that delight reside exultingly in the animal spirits as with Byron, or richly in the blood as with Keats, or intensely in the nervous system as with Shelley, or now with a tranquil, now with a passionate fullness, in the entire physical sensorium, as with Wordsworth. But the merely Epicurean poet rests satisfied with the delight of colors and sounds; he receives through them no intimations of spiritual presences and powers; he loves green places and bowers, and voices of the west wind; but no flower ever brings him thoughts that lie too deep for tears; his profoundest reflection is that death is inevitable, his most serious conclusion that life should therefore be enjoyed; and even death he tries to look forward to, according to the beautiful expression of our own most perfect Epicurean poet, Herrick, as “the cool and silent shades of sleep.”

Much here of course depends on individual temperament and disposition. Yet it is true that certain philosophical and religious creeds (and conditions of society which gave birth to such creeds) are especially favorable for certain forms of the feeling for external nature. The tendency of Herrick (although he could write “Noble Numbers” as well as “Hesperides”) was so decidedly Epicurean, that it is hardly to be supposed that any religious creed which he could have embraced would have made him care less for roses, and the roses on Julia’s cheeks, or for :

“Those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun.”

But we can imagine that another Epicurean poet, Horace—a much more serious spirit than the author of “Hesperides”—had he once believed that the truth he sought for lay in his friend Virgil’s spiritual philosophy, or had he possessed a Roman faith in the gods not only on a day when it thundered in a clear sky, but on all days, and had thus been delivered from that skepticism which is so kindly a soil for the growth of the Epicurean feeling—we can image that Horace, though he would never have lost his ‘gracious *bonhomie*, might have sung

as well as moralized about other things than roses and myrtles, the Falernian and the Massic, and Lalage and Lydia. A materialism not too definite, a skepticism free from passionate regret for a lost faith, and somewhat tranquil in itself, and a loose-fitting, indulgent ethical system—these are excellent conditions for the development of the Epicurean feeling for nature. They do not create it, they do not even contain its germ; but they supply a soil and atmosphere in which it is fostered and sustained.

Here observe an important distinction. The Epicurean poet, though he sees only the surfaces of things, and of them attends only to such as are agreeable,* is still a poet; it is under the influence of emotion that he writes, an emotion through which the sensuous life of nature is interpreted and made “magically near and real.” The merely descriptive writer, the literalist, though he writes in verse, is not a poet at all; the essence of poetry—the essence indeed of art of every kind—emotion—is wanting in him; he may produce a frigid and imperfect copy, but he does not interpret. A materialism, not too definite, we said, favored the growth of the Epicurean feeling; a definite, a clear and elaborate materialism, is deadly to poetical feeling in any form, is essentially prosaic, and in it will be found the appropriate creed of the literalist.

An apt illustration is afforded by the literature of the last century. The conceptions of nature which lie at the basis of physical science were, for the most part, both in France and England, materialistic, and the shape which the materialistic philosophy assumed was that of a dry, geometrical mechanism. There was a mechanical theism and a mechanical atheism; but a spiritual philosophy was hard to find. A few protesting voices indeed were raised; preëminently in the first half of the century that of Berkeley, who in *Siris* is not more earnest in enforcing the virtues of tar-water for the body than those of the Platonic philosophy for the soul. But the Platonists were in a feeble minority; and before Berkeley’s time even Cudworth,

* And note how extremes meet: the Epicurean and the Purist being almost equally indisposed to acknowledge the dark side of nature and of life.

the believer in the Plastic medium, had declared his opinion that the Democritic hypothesis of nature "doth much more handsomely and intelligibly solve the phenomena than that of Aristotle and Plato." It was not, however, till the second half of the century that the mechanical philosophy obtained its complete development. Then the feeling of mystery arising from the presence of power in, or appearing through, the material universe had all but disappeared. A kind of dead force was either produced by the juxtaposition of atoms of matter, or had been introduced into them several thousand years before by an intelligent Author of Nature. The mysterious presence of power was little regarded, but there existed an eager curiosity about the arrangement of atoms, the position of parts, the construction of things. The intelligent Author of Nature was a kind of supreme watchmaker; the world was shown to be a highly ingenious piece of workmanship; and syllogisms could be constructed which could prove almost to a certainty that He, in whom we live and move and have our being, existed at least a great while ago.

It is evident how prosaic from core to surface this way of thinking was. The poetical tendency is to spiritualize the material element of nature, but here the spiritual element was materialized. The phenomena of the world could *intimate* nothing, but from certain final causes and marks of design something might be *inferred*. To murder, to dissect, and from dissection to derive an argument, probable or demonstrative, for the existence of a "First Cause"—this assuredly is not the method according to which the poetical spirit loves to work. Life and beauty, it seems to the poet, utter far deeper things than do final causes or evidence of design. Were this goodly frame the earth but a silent temple, its beauty would speak to him of a divine occupant; but when the presence of the Lord—

"In the glory of His cloud,
Has filled the house of the Lord;"

when the voices of worshippers are heard in solemn adoring, or in choruses of triumphant jubilation—he has no need of a physico-theological argument, and is apt perhaps to think it an impertinence. To

the mechanical philosopher the phenomena of nature suggest inferences; to the poet they supply intimations. From the natural sign he goes directly to that which it signifies, never needing two premises to warrant a conclusion. He is a lover, not a logician; and as to the lover the mere "touch of hand and turn of head" may be signs of profound and exquisite meaning, better than any words, because the simplicity and totality of emotion is destroyed in the analysis of language, so to the poet every stir, and start, and sound of life within him—the tremble of leaves beneath an unfelt wind, the inland murmur of rivers, the upgrowing, tender light over the margin in a summer dawn, the wreathings of mountain mists, the scud of stormy lights across the sea on a wayward day of June, and the innumerable voices of waves—these, and such things as these, are natural signs, the meaning of which often it is impossible to render into words, but which fill him with a lover's yearning and tenderness and dread, a lover's joy and sorrow. But to the mechanical philosopher all this seems at best only a pretty madness, a fine disorder in the intellect. Poor philosopher! he also is not greatly honored by the poet. Goethe wrote:

"If we heard the Encyclopedists mentioned or opened a volume of their monstrous work, we felt as if we were going between the innumerable spools and looms in a great factory, where, what with the mere creaking and rattling—what with all the mechanism embarrassing both eyes and noses—what with the mere incomprehensibility of an arrangement, the parts of which work into each other in the most manifold way—what with the contemplation of all that is necessary to prepare a piece of cloth, we feel disgusted with the very coat which we wear upon our back."

It would be interesting to inquire how far the great eighteenth century precursors of the Romantic school of France—Rousseau, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre (who set a high value on final causes, while he was thoroughly averse to the methods of science), and Buffon were influenced by the mechanical philosophy of their time, and how far they escaped its influence. We cannot here enter on this inquiry, but we have something to say of a writer who was more closely related to the Ro-

mantic movement, a writer whom its leaders seemed pleased to regard less as one of their predecessors than as one of themselves. A Byzantine by birth, son of a Greek mother, enjoying his childhood beneath the blue sky and among the delicious streams of Languedoc, drinking in, with a magical sense of its freshness and grace, the lyrical poetry of Greece and Rome, borne into political life in the stormiest of times, a captive for some spring months at Saint-Lazare, perishing finally on the scaffold in the bloom of early manhood, and when the year was heavy with the pomp of mid-summer, André Chénier, both by his life and his writings, exercises over our hearts a subtle fascination of beauty and sadness. But what calls for our attention at present is, that he was the most exquisite of modern Epicurean poets, and at the same time was in close connection with the philosophy of his age, and projected, and in part wrote, a remarkable philosophical poem. With even more than his usual felicity M. Sainte-Beuve characterizes this poet, for whom he has always shown a peculiar regard. "A voice pure, melodious, cultured; a brow noble and sad; genius beaming forth from youth, and at times an eye dimmed with tears; the voluptuous joy of life in all its freshness and naturalness; nature in her fountains and her shady places; a flute of box, a bow of gold, a lyre of ivory; pure beauty—this in a word, is André Chénier." We do not know that we could anywhere find a perfecter representation and embodiment of the Epicurean feeling for nature than in some lines by Chénier, giving an account of his own poetical talent; and we will quote them entire. Let the reader observe the lightness, the purity, and the graceful animation in every touch. The poem is addressed to Camille:

"Mes chants savent tout peindre; accours,
viens les entendre;
Ma voix plait, O Camille, elle est flexible
et tendre.
Phlômèle, les bois, les eaux, les pampres
verts,
Les Muses, le printemps, habitent dan mes
vers.
Le baiser dan mes vers étincelle et respire.
La source au pied d'argent, qui m'arrête et
souple,
Y roule en murmurant son flot léger et pur.
Souvent avec les cieux il se parent d'azur.

Le souffle insinuant, qui frémit sous l'om-
brage,
Voultige dan mes vers comme dan le feuil-
lage.
Mes vers sont parfumés et de myrte et de
fleurs,
Soit les fleurs dont l'été ranime les couleurs,
Soit celles que sieze ans, été plus doux en-
core,
Sur ta joue innocente ont l'art de faire
éclore."

But André Chénier, though an Epicurean, "*un païen aimable*," in his feeling for nature cared for other things besides the summer flowers and the silver-footed streams. He felt the majesty as well as the sensuous beauty of the world. But in a way of his own. M. Sainte-Beuve, writing at a time when the *Méditations Poétiques* were haunting men's hearts with their yearning chords and melodies of unattaining aspiration, well observes that the emotion which Chénier experienced in presence of the sublimer aspects of nature had little in common with that silent prostration of the soul "under the burden of the infinite," which has been so fully interpreted for us (as fully perhaps as such a mode of feeling can be interpreted) by later poets. The emotion of Chénier is determined and controlled by his philosophical conceptions of the universe. There is no spiritual presence behind the material phenomena, in which he yearns to lose himself; he is never—

"Rapt into still communion, that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise."

"What he admires most in the starry heavens is that which physical science has revealed to him—the worlds rolling in the floods of ether, the stars, and their weights, their forms, their distances. . . . The mind of the poet condenses and materializes itself in proportion as it is enlarged and elevated."

After all, Chénier's true place was among the bright flowers and beside the sweet French streams.

But Chénier's connection with the philosophy of the period is best understood from the design which remains to us of his philosophical poem, *Hermès*. We should be surprised if we found him a disciple of the school of dry geometrical mechanism; we should be more surprised if we found him a disciple of the spiritual philosophy; in fact, we find that he was neither one nor the

other. Mr. Carlyle has spoken of Diderot, in his essay on that remarkable man, as if he was a representative of the mechanical philosophy of France. In this Mr. Carlyle has shown more of the passionate earnestness which treats all who are not on our own side as equally our enemies, than of the disinterested discernment of the critic. The materialism of Diderot (who, however, was not always consistent with himself) was not a geometrical mechanism, but "a confused vitalism, productive and full of power, a spontaneous fermentation, unceasing, self-evolving, where in the smallest atom sensibility, latent or free, was always present." And it is remarkable that Goethe, whose disdain of the Encyclopedists we have seen, makes an exception in favor of one writer—Diderot. Now it is from Diderot's point of view (or perhaps Diderot's made more definite by Lamarck) that André Chénier, as a philosophic poet, looks at the world. He speaks not of atoms but of "secret living organs," the infinity of which constitutes—

"L'océan éternel où bouillonne la vie."*

It is this eternal movement of nature in birth, death, decay, and resurrection, that engaged the imagination of the poet. Matter, as it appeared to him, was not inert and lifeless; but neither was it a mode of the manifestation of a spiritual power; it was quick with life, but the life was blind, unconscious, necessary.

The complete emancipation of literature from the influence of the mechanical philosophy becomes apparent in the two greatest of modern poets—in Goethe and Wordsworth; and both Goethe and Wordsworth possessed in an eminent degree the spiritual feeling for nature. But Wordsworth, while he found the Divine everywhere in the natural world, interpreted it nearly always through definite human emotions and imaginative tendencies; Goethe, in some of his most remarkable poems, endeavored to grasp the Divine life of nature in itself, and not in details but in its totality. We shrink even from the appearance of viewing in a class one the movement of whose mind

was so free (with a majestically ordered freedom) and whose sympathies were so all-embracing as those of Goethe. We shrink still more from applying to him a word which has been at all times so convenient to vulgar lips, and the meaning of which has been so blurred and soiled, as "Pantheist." Yet we might say truly that the spiritual feeling for nature in many of Goethe's writings is of a pantheistic kind. To explain, however, the precise meaning of this, to distinguish the dynamism of Goethe from that of Diderot, to show how this dynamism is related to the free pantheistic doctrine which emerged in Goethe's mind from the dogmatic system of his one great philosophical teacher, Spinoza, and to trace in his work as an artist the results of this transformed Spinozism, would be more than enough to occupy a separate article. We are fortunate in being able to refer the reader (if he has not been already reminded of them) to the admirable series of essays by M. Caro in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, not yet concluded, the first of which appeared in the second October number of last year.

More purely than anywhere else, the spiritual feeling for nature, and the power of spiritually interpreting it, will be found in the poetry of Wordsworth. We use these words in no vague, unintelligible sense. In the simplest sense the appearances of the world around us are *natural signs*, appealing through the senses to the heart and soul, and interpreted by the imagination. The depth and fulness of the interpretation varies according to the faculty of the interpreter, but when this is of the true kind it never operates arbitrarily. The objects and phenomena of the external world, by laws as strict and universal as any law of science, produce in us certain appropriate emotions, and in these emotions reside principles which guided (unerringly in a great poetic nature) the interpreting power of the imagination. I cannot look upon a flower fully and freely developed without feeling, besides the sensuous delight, if so I choose to call it, which its wealth of color and beauty of soft contour afford, another emotion—a joyous sympathy with the fulness and freedom of its life. The connection between the sight of the flower and the appearance of this emotion,

* Notes sur *J. Hermin* (Extrait du *Portraits Littéraires*, de M. Sainte-Beuve). Poésies de André Chénier, p. 356, ed. 1862.

though a thousand disturbing causes may modify the result, is uniform and constant in minds of ordinary sensibility. Here, then, the imagination receives the principle which is to direct it, upon which it endeavors to enhance our sympathy and joy by making the life of the flower clear to us, whether by painter's brush or poet's pen, in its innermost reality. Are we deluded in this sympathy and joy? We do not know. Which of us can prove false the faith of Wordsworth, "that every flower enjoys the air it breathes"? Mr. Ruskin, in a recent work, writes:

"It seems to me, on the whole, that the feelings of the purest and most mighty passioned human souls are likely to be the truest. . . . You may at least earnestly believe that the presence of the spirit which culminates in your own life, shows itself in dawning, wherever the dust of the earth begins to assume any orderly or lovely state.*

The man of science knows just as little of the real nature of that Being of which the world is a manifestation, of that Power which moves through earth and air and sky, as the merest child. But, whether delusions or not, we are so constituted that the joy and sympathy do naturally appear. They may be corrected or suppressed when we have freed ourselves from certain other delusions—when we have rationalized ourselves sufficiently to behold, in points projected on our retinas, a colorless earth and sky, when we have ceased to imagine that the air is full of murmurs of water and songs of birds, and bear in mind that it is only in a disturbed state of vibration, when we speak no longer of the perfumes of flowers, but of the motions of odorless effluvia—then, and not before.

The imagination, we have said, does not interpret arbitrarily. The appearances of the world are natural signs, not arbitrary symbols or allegorical figures. Just as a child is moved instinctively in different ways by a frown and a smile, so instinctively arise emotions corresponding to the expressions of joy or sadness, love or anger, on the face of nature. The mind, however, is not passive; it con-

tributes an element of its own to the phenomenon, so that the sight of beauty may at one time fill us with gladness, and at another stir the source of tears. Hence the "liberal applications" that lie in nature and in art.* But still the interpretation of neither nature nor art is arbitrary. The tears or smiles would appear on any other human face as well as on ours, if only some natural cause brought that other human heart into a like condition. When David Gray, dying in the Merkleland cottage, with all his dreams of poetry and fame unfulfilled, wrote—

"Oh, beautiful moon! oh, beautiful moon!
again
Thou persecutest me until I bend
My brow, and soothe the aching of my
brain"—

we feel the utter truth of that. We understand, although the experience is no common one, the persecution of that too much beauty, and understand also, in the close of the sonnet, the true poet's self-transcending joy (with a continuing undertone of sadness) in the immortal loveliness of the world—a joy like that with which Egglamor, letting fall one great tear, printed a kiss upon the hand of his victorious rival Sordello. There is a universal truth for the hearts of all men and women in that sonnet, though few of us are poets, and none of us in the precise circumstances of the dying Scotch lad. If we might turn a Scriptural phrase from its precise meaning (misunderstanding it in the popular way), and apply it to our subject, we should say: "No writing in God's natural revelation is of any private interpretation." When we disregard the significance of natural signs, and the real relations between external appearances and human emotion, and when we *read into* the appearances of nature some private allegorical meanings of our own, our poetry is always bad, and our piety, if we understand what we are doing, often doubtful. When Mr. Keble for example writes—

"The works of God above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages of that book to show
How God himself is found.

"The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run:

* *The Ethics of the Dust*, p. 211. Read also Frederick Robertson's *Sermons*, Second Series, p. 166.

* Tennyson's *Day Dream*, Moral.

But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows from the sun.

"The saints above are stars in heaven—
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand whom God has given,
Our Eden's happy birth"—

when Mr. Keble writes this, and more of the same kind, he is not interpreting the pages of God's book, but reading his private meanings into them. *De mortuis nil nisi verum*. Mr. Keble had no power of vision, no penetrative imagination, no gift of "natural magic;" he wrote poetry (somewhat of the later Wordsworthian type, yet matched with even that "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine"), but he was not a poet. He had, however, a true though feeble feeling for nature; but a desire to render the external world peculiarly sacred by establishing unreal relations between its phenomena and ecclesiastical and religious concerns, at times effectually succeeded in denaturalizing what feeling he possessed. Because our opinion is *not* that of the majority, we feel the more bound to express it. The time and money spent on bad poetry are, as Mr. Palgrave says, a direct loss to good; much more the thought and feeling. And all feeble poetry is bad poetry. If we are in a minority in not thinking highly of the writings of the author of the *Christian Year* as poetry, we believe we are also in a minority when we set an inestimable value on the writings of Wordsworth, Milton, Chaucer, Dante. And in each case we believe our opinion is no result of individual feeling, but capable of critical demonstration. At present, however, we have to notice only one occasional characteristic of Mr. Keble's poetry. When Mr. Keble tells us the moon is a type of the Church, and the stars of the saints, we feel that he interprets nothing, though he may be fortunate in making a point for the intellect. These relations or analogies, and such as these, are developed as a general rule not through energy of imagination, but ingenuity of thought. When, in his poem "The Oak," he finds a number of points of comparison between oaks and priests, we feel that there is no sympathy with nature in this, and no true imagination.

Oaks are quite as like priests as senators; but with Keats, sympathy with the life of nature is real, and the power of imaginative rendering perfect:

"As when upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty
woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest
stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a
stir,
Save from one gradual, solitary gust,
Which comes upon the silence and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went."

But did not Keats here read his private meanings into nature? Was the night really "tranced"? Were the stars "earnest"? Did the oaks "dream"? We answer, Perhaps not: we do not know. But we do know that any one who has moved in a summer wood at night will say, These are the right words; they interpret what I indeed felt; they find me in the heart of my imagination. And every word of the passage is also subservient to the interpretation of *That's* forlorn voice and utterance. Perhaps the oaks did not dream. Perhaps also they were not green; only, as we are not acquainted with the one real metaphysical color or colorlessness (probably it is a kind of gray), it seems better to call them green than blue; and so we think it better to have poetry interpret for us what human beings do feel, than what they do not. Better even if the feeling be a delusion. We have great faith in these delusions, and think them more sacred than the most perfect system of divine *concessions*.

Here we conclude: we began this article with a dream of saying much beside what we have said — something about classical mythologies, Oriental pantheism, Hebrew monotheism, modern science, modern skepticism both of the positive and the sentimental kinds, and of the influence of all these on the feeling for external nature. The dream evidently cannot come true. But if the reader sees how little we have really said, and considers how much more the subject contains, and is left by us very much dissatisfied, we shall take it as a consolation.

EDWARD DOWNER.

Bentley's Miscellany.

ESTELLE.

I.

My mother died when I was very young, and after her death, my father having no settled home, I was sent to receive my education in a convent, where I remained almost entirely till I was seventeen. My life there was, on the whole, a very happy one, for, if I knew little of the pleasures of the outside world, I knew also little of its sorrows. I was very fond of the sisters, and had several bosom friends, "girl-like," among the pupils. It was rather dull during the holidays, as very often I was the only one who had no home to which I might go, and I was left entirely alone with the sisters; but they were so kind, that, although years have elapsed since then, I always recall with pleasure that period of my life.

My father died unexpectedly when I was about seventeen, and, as my education was then considered finished, I went to live with my aunt, Mrs. Verecroft, who was my father's sister. My Aunt Verecroft was a widow, and she had only one child, my cousin Estelle. Estelle was then, I fancy, about five or six-and-twenty, very beautiful, with large flashing dark eyes, dark hair, tall and well developed, with the air and carriage of a princess.

I felt very lonely the first night I arrived at Gundringham, a large old-fashioned house, situated in one of the midland counties. It was built in red brick with deep mullioned windows, and was surrounded by a richly wooded park, with a river winding away in the distance, forming altogether a pretty landscape. My aunt, who seemed to be a very gentle, quiet woman, received me most kindly, but my cousin Estelle, after the first salutations were over, scarcely noticed me at all. I think she looked upon me as a child, and I dare say I appeared to be one to her, and being quite fair, with blue eyes, and altogether petite, I fancy I looked younger than I really was; at all events, I overheard her saying that I might, perhaps, be considered pretty, but I seemed more babyish in looks and manners than even my years war-

ranted, which she supposed was the result of my convent education.

There was one other person whom I must not omit to mention, as he made up the family party at Gundringham, although he was not there when I arrived, and this was Cousin Geoffrey. He was no relation to me really, being a cousin of my aunt's husband, Mr. Verecroft, but he was always called Cousin Geoffrey, so I fell into that way of addressing him quite naturally with the rest. He was not supposed to live with them, my aunt told me, but that he was constantly there, and that at her death the property would become his, as it was strictly entailed, and he was the next heir.

I was very glad when Cousin Geoffrey did come, for Estelle hardly took any notice of me, and my aunt was a great deal in her own room, and even when she was not, she sat quite quietly in an arm-chair, working or reading a book. The real management of everything seemed to fall to Estelle, and I think in her heart my aunt would have been afraid to interfere. Cousin Geoffrey took quite a load off me the first day he arrived. He was about seven-and-twenty, tall, and very good-looking, with a certain careless freedom of manner that seemed to oblige people to let him have his own way whether they would or no; even Estelle was different to him. I did not know what power he had over her, but he certainly influenced her as I did not think any one could have done, and she deferred to his opinions and consulted his wishes in a manner that surprised me; and she was softer, too, in her manner to him than any one else, and I noticed her eyes would follow him when she thought no one observed her. Cousin Geoffrey was very kind to me; he helped me to arrange my collection of wild flowers, and sometimes he took me out walking, and he never on any occasion seemed to overlook me as the others did.

There was a good deal more bustle at Gundringham after his arrival, and to me, who had lived so quietly all my life, it seemed an endless round of gayety; but I suppose it only *seemed* so, for I heard Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey saying it was very stupid, and they hoped something would happen soon to enliven

them. Some guest or another dined nearly every day, and, as I seldom talked myself, I enjoyed listening to the conversation about the neighborhood, and whatever happened to be going on. I don't think any one thought about me at all. I had a high white dress, so I put it on every day for dinner, though I was not told to do so. Estelle was always most beautifully dressed herself, and appeared to be very much admired, but somehow I fancied she cared more about Cousin Geoffrey's opinion than any one else's.

She and Cousin Geoffrey used to go out riding. Estelle looked particularly attractive on horseback; the tight-fitting habit showed her figure, and she rode exceedingly well, and after those rides it struck me that she always came back looking bright and happy. My aunt said they had been brought up together, she and Cousin Geoffrey, so that naturally they liked each other's society; at all events, they seemed very intimate.

About a fortnight after Cousin Geoffrey's arrival my aunt asked me if I should like to go to a ball, as there was to be one given in the neighborhood, and they had been invited. I hardly knew what to say. Estelle, I thought, looked as if she did not want me to accept, but it was finally settled by Cousin Geoffrey, who said, decisively, that of course I was to be introduced some day or another, and that this was a very good opportunity; and so it was arranged. A few days after, we drove into Allington, a town about five miles off, for Estelle to select dresses. Cousin Geoffrey went with us, but declined going into the milliner's, saying, gayly, that he hated seeing the raw materials, and that he could only judge of the effect when the things were worn. We watched his handsome face and figure going leisurely down the street, and then we went in by ourselves to Madame Mackenzie's. The milliner seemed to know Estelle, and I felt quite bewildered by all the lovely things she drew out of cupboards and boxes for her inspection. After a great deal of talking and choosing, a pink silk with white lace was settled upon, and Estelle was leaving the shop without even remembering me at all, when I ventured to ask if I was not to have a dress also. So she stopped, and

told Madame Mackenzie, hurriedly, to make me something—whatever she liked, only it was to be white, and quite plain. When my dress did come home, I thought it looked very pretty, although it was only white tarlatan, and I felt quite childishly anxious to put it on, as I had never worn a low dress before.

At last the night of the ball arrived, and at about eight o'clock I went up stairs, and plaited my hair quite simply, as usual, and then rang to have my dress fastened, as I found I could not do it for myself. Both my aunt's, and Estelle's maids were engaged, so one of the other servants very kindly offered to do her best, and succeeded, with some difficulty on her part, and a good deal of patience on mine. I had no ornaments, except a string of pearls for my neck, which had belonged to my mother; but I was rather pleasantly surprised at my own appearance in the looking glass.

Just as I was thinking of going down stairs, a knock came to my door, and a hand put down on a table close by it a beautiful bouquet and one large white rose. It was Cousin Geoffrey's hand, and a voice said: "The rose is for your hair;" but, before I had time to speak, the door had shut again, and he was gone. I took up the rose. I don't think I have ever seen such a rose since, and the perfume of it lingers in my memory still. I felt my fingers tremble with pleasure as I fastened it in my hair, at the thought that I was not forgotten after all.

When I went down, my aunt said we were late, and that Cousin Geoffrey had gone on. We waited some time for Estelle, who presently sent us a message, desiring us to get into the carriage, as she was coming immediately. How beautiful Estelle looked that night! When she came down stairs she had forgotten her fan, so she stood waiting for it, and trying to button her glove, just under the hall lamp, so that I had a good view of her, and I thought pink silk and white lace the most magnificent costume, especially when contrasted with Estelle's masses of black hair.

When we arrived at the ball, which was given in the Assembly Rooms by some officers who were quartered at Allington, I felt quite bewildered by the lights and the music, and I kept close to

my aunt as we passed up the grand staircase, which had a guard of honor stationed on either side. Nor did the ball-room reassure me; it all seemed like the fairy land I had read about, and I felt that I must be the enchanted visitor to some genii's palace. Presently I was startled by Cousin Geoffrey asking me to dance. I hesitated for a moment with a kind of uneasy conviction that Estelle would not like it; he seemed to understand my thoughts, for he pointed to Estelle, who was quite at the other end of the room, leaning on the arm of some grand-looking man, with a moustache, and a uniform all covered with gold lace; so I put my hand into Cousin Geoffrey's arm, and he led me into the middle of the room, and then he put his arm round my waist, and he seemed to float rather than dance to the most lovely music I had ever heard. When he stopped, he said: "You dance very well, little Mabel, and you look very well."

I tried to thank him for his flowers, but he only laughed, and danced off with me again. I felt my cheeks flush with pleasure, I was so unused to flattery, and I had received none since I left the convent; and the praise of the sisters was not often given to anything but my lessons, work, or general conduct.

When the dance was over, he took me to get some ices, and then I went again and sat by my aunt. I did not expect to dance any more. I thought it very kind of Cousin Geoffrey to have danced with me at all, when there were so many beautifully dressed people in the room, and I thought him especially good-natured when he brought up some officer for the very next waltz, saying something about his wishing to be introduced. Of course he could not have really cared to be introduced to me, but I was very glad not to be sitting still, although I did not like dancing with him quite so much as with Cousin Geoffrey. After that, several other partners were presented to me, and I had so many engagements, that Cousin Geoffrey said later in the evening, quite gravely, that he should be offended if I did not mean to dance with him again. I know it was very foolish, but I thought he was angry, and I could not help the tears

coming into my eyes; but he only laughed, took my card and put his name down, and then went off to Estelle.

I enjoyed that other dance with Cousin Geoffrey very much, and then he took me into supper, and after that we went home. I could not sleep that night, I was so haunted by the ball. Estelle had not come home with us, but had returned to stay for a few days with some friends in the neighborhood, which my aunt told me she was often in the habit of doing, and that she should send her some clothes in the morning. I think I was glad, and especially the next day at breakfast, when Cousin Geoffrey told my aunt that I had been christened the "White Rose," and that, "after all little Mabel had produced quite a sensation," for I knew Estelle would not have been pleased, although she would have thought that Cousin Geoffrey was only saying so to please me.

After breakfast, when, as usual, I was going out into the garden, there being in it a favorite summer house, where I spent a good deal of my time arranging and drying plants or reading, Cousin Geoffrey stopped me, and asked me if I should not like to go out for a ride. I hesitated for a moment, for, although I felt I should like it very much, I was rather afraid, never having been on horseback.

"You need not be afraid, little Mabel," he said; "I will promise not to let you come to any harm."

I felt myself coloring at his guessing my cowardice, and I was ashamed that I had let it be seen; so I said at once that I should like it exceedingly, but that I feared my aunt might not. He shook his head, and promised to make it all right, if I really did wish it, and on my reassuring him, he went straight and asked her, and brought back her consent.

Then I remembered I had no habit; this perplexed him, but he sent for the housekeeper, and finally a cloth skirt of Estelle's was produced, which I wore with one of my own winter jackets. I shall never forget how much I enjoyed that ride. At first I was naturally a little timid, but Cousin Geoffrey reassured me, and led me insensibly from thinking of myself at all by telling me all sorts of

amusing stories, and pointing out all objects of interest in the country through which we rode.

I had been out so little since I arrived at Gundringham, and, indeed, so little anywhere all my life, that every lane we went through had a charm for me which I could not find words to express; and if I ever fancied that my horse was getting restive, there was Cousin Geoffrey's hand upon the bridle-rein, and his dark gray eyes smiling down into mine. When we came home, he said, if I liked, we should ride again the next day, and I eagerly acquiesced; nor was that all the pleasure I had in store. In the evening my aunt was tired, and went early to bed, and Cousin Geoffrey and I went out walking. Generally his evenings were spent with Estelle, so that I had got quite used to wandering about by myself, and it seemed so nice having a companion.

There was an avenue called the Lovers' Walk, which ran by the side of the river. It was some way down the park, but I often went there, and took my books or work, and sat upon some rustic benches which were placed against the tree, knowing that I should not be disturbed; and it was to this spot that Cousin Geoffrey and I bent our steps that evening.

We stayed there till it got quite dusk, and then we returned to the house, and Cousin Geoffrey said that he was my guest, and that I was bound to amuse him; so he took me into the music room and asked me to play. No one had asked me to play since I had left the convent, and I felt that I would rather do anything than try for the first time before Cousin Geoffrey, but I did not like to refuse. At first my fingers trembled so that I could hardly go on, but at last I felt my courage growing, till my old love of music came back so strongly with the familiar sounds, that I forgot even Cousin Geoffrey, and on looking up some time after, I saw, with surprise, that he was sitting with his face buried in both his hands. I closed the piano softly, and went to him. I wondered if he had been listening, or if he had fallen asleep. No, not asleep, I felt sure, for there was an expression of pain in his face when he looked up. "I have tired you," I said.

But he shook his head. "Then you have not liked it?"

"Yes, little Mabel, I have liked it very much—perhaps too much." And he got up, and wished me good night quite suddenly.

We rode the next day, and the next; indeed, every day that week, till Estelle's return. I was sorry when Estelle came back. Gundringham was no longer the same place to me. Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey rode together, and I was nearly always alone. I missed Cousin Geoffrey so much, but I don't know if he even thought of me; sometimes I fancied he did, but Estelle never offered to take me anywhere with them, and I knew he would not ask her.

One day when I was sitting alone in the music room, my aunt having given me leave to practice as much as I liked, Cousin Geoffrey came in. He was waiting for Estelle, who had gone to put on her habit and hat. I stopped playing at once.

"Why don't you go on?" he said.

"It was nothing you would like," I replied.

"Perhaps I might like anything you played," he said.

I shook my head.

"Little Mabel!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "were you ever in love?"

The question surprised me very much, but I replied "No" at once.

"Do you think you could be?"

He had come nearer, and was looking at me intently, so intently that I felt myself color, and at that moment Estelle came into the room. There was an angry flash in her eyes; I was sorry Estelle was vexed. I thought, perhaps, she fancied we were talking about her.

The next day Cousin Geoffrey asked me to ride, and I was so glad that I ran up stairs quite eagerly to put on my things, but I could nowhere find the cloth skirt. Estelle passed my door at the moment, and I ventured to ask her for it, although I saw by her face that she was vexed about something.

"It is a pity," she said, coldly, "that my habit won't fit you, for I have given that skirt to the gardener's wife to make jackets for her boys." And then, without another word, she swept past on her way down the passage.

I was so disappointed that I felt inclined to cry as I went slowly back again to Cousin Geoffrey. That was the first time that I had ever seen Cousin Geoffrey's handsome face look really angry; but it did so after I had explained my difficulties.

"Never mind, little Mabel," he said, "you shall ride in spite of everything; wait for one hour, and I will come back to you."

At the end of an hour he returned, triumphantly holding up a dark gray skirt.

"You must be a conjurer," I said, as I took it from him.

He laughed. "A conjurer who has time, a good horse, and a willing friend, can work wonders."

I ran up stairs and put it on; when I came down again Cousin Geoffrey was waiting to lift me on to the horse, and, as we rode away, we saw Estelle standing at her open window. She smiled and nodded to Cousin Geoffrey, but I thought her eyes had the same angry flash in them which I had observed the day before.

We had a lovely ride; I remember every detail of it so well, for it was the last. I was not quite sure if Cousin Geoffrey was out of spirits or not, but he was just the same to me—if anything, more tender than usual. He never spoke to me of Estelle, and it struck me that he avoided the subject on purpose; but he was always amusing, and had a great deal to say on various kinds of interesting subjects. That day was marked by two other events; one was, that after our return home, when I was walking in the garden, I came quite suddenly upon Cousin Geoffrey and Estelle. They were talking very earnestly together; indeed, so earnestly, that I don't think they even saw me, and I walked away at once in another direction, but I could not help hearing Estelle say:

"It's all very well for you to say so, Geoffrey, but I cannot bear it much longer."

I wondered so, what Estelle had to bear!—Estelle, who was so grand and indifferent—Estelle, whose slightest wish seemed to be law throughout the entire Gundringham establishment.

The other event occurred later, and

came upon me as a terrible enlightenment.

There was a dinner party that day, and Estelle went away with some of the guests for one of her little visits, and I went up stairs to bed early with a vague feeling of happiness. I opened my window and leaned out. Cousin Geoffrey and I should have some more pleasant days alone together; we should ride, walk, and do so many little things which were impossible when Estelle was there. I had not lit my candle, so that I could not be seen. It was a very hot night, but dark, as there was no moon; presently I heard footsteps on the gravel walk beneath. I could not distinguish *whose* they were, but two fiery cigar ends glowed warm and bright through the darkness. The figures stood for a second directly under the window, and I heard something about the White Rose. That was Cousin Geoffrey's name for me, so it attracted my attention. I leaned forward, but nothing more was said till a minute after, when, just as they were turning the corner, the other voice replied:

"Bah, that *must* be imagination. I tell you I know for a *fact*, that Geoffrey Verecroft is to marry his cousin, Estelle, in six weeks."

I started back. I felt as if I had been stunned. Why had it never struck me before that Cousin Geoffrey and Estelle might marry? Perhaps it was that I was so inexperienced about love and lovers, that Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey had been lovers all this time without my ever knowing it. The idea pained me intensely. I think it was that I was afraid Estelle would not make him happy, and I felt, too, something like indignation that Cousin Geoffrey had never told me himself. Perhaps he thought me too childish to be trusted with his secret—a secret that all his other friends seemed to know. I had never felt so miserable as I did that night; all my anticipated pleasure had vanished, and I went to bed and lay awake, saying to myself over and over again:

"Geoffrey Verecroft is to marry his Cousin Estelle in six weeks."

II.

The next day I avoided Cousin Geof-

frey. After breakfast I went up stairs to my own room, and did not go down again until I had seen him get on his horse and ride off, and then I went to the music room. I had not been there more than a quarter of an hour when Cousin Geoffrey came in.

"Mabel," he said, "I came back, for I thought, perhaps, you would like to ride with me."

"No, thank you," I said, quite coldly.

He looked surprised. "Will you tell me why, little Mabel?"

"Because I had rather not," I replied.

He did not ask me again, but he looked hurt, and went out, shutting the door after him. In a few minutes I heard his horse's feet pass the window, and he was gone. It only took me a moment to say what I had said, but it took me all the rest of the day to repent it. I hoped that I should see him at dinner, but I was disappointed, and quite accidentally I heard during the evening that he had sent a message to say that he had been persuaded to remain for a few days somewhere—at the same place, I fancied, where Estelle was staying. That night, when I went to bed, I was so miserable, so much more miserable than I had ever been in all my life, that I cried myself to sleep, and found my pillow all wet with tears in the morning.

For the next three or four days I was entirely left to my own devices. My aunt was always more or less of an invalid, and I only saw her occasionally. I think I fretted more than was good for me; at all events, I was very unhappy. One afternoon I took up a book and went out to sit in my favorite avenue. It had been oppressively hot all day, and the cool, shady trees were very refreshing. I laid the book on my lap and began to think instead of reading. I don't know how long a time passed, but when I did look up I was startled by seeing Cousin Geoffrey standing before me. I felt so guilty, for I knew that there were tears in my eyes, and I saw that he noticed them.

"What are you unhappy about, little Mabel?"

I laid my hand upon the book, as if to imply that its imaginary sorrows had been the cause.

He took it from me, and smiled as he

turned it towards me. It was an illustrated botany. I felt my cheeks grow crimson.

"Never mind, little Mabel," he said; "let us take a turn." And he took my hand and drew it within his arm.

"You are come back," I said.

He nodded.

"For good?" I added.

"That is to be proved. If you mean to remain—yes."

I did not know what to make of Cousin Geoffrey that afternoon, but I knew that I felt very glad to have him back again. We walked up and down almost in silence, and then he said something about its being late, and we turned in the direction of the house, and I then found that Estelle had come back also; so, in reality, except that the house seemed more cheerful, I saw very little of either of them. The next day my aunt sent for me, and asked me if I should not like to be Estelle's bridesmaid, for that she and Cousin Geoffrey were going to be married. I thought that I would much rather not, but I did not like to refuse; so it was settled, and an order given to have my dress got ready. I believe several other young ladies had been selected by Estelle, but I did not know any of them, and Estelle never mentioned the subject to me herself.

After that day the whole house seemed in a constant bustle of bridal preparation. Estelle's trousseau was evidently intended to be as magnificent as money could make it, and I supposed everything else was to be on the same grand scale. A great many guests were expected, and I heard rumors about a ball. I wondered if Cousin Geoffrey and Estelle were very happy. I did not think they looked so. Cousin Geoffrey was pale, and he was much quieter than usual, and Estelle's face had an anxious, restless expression.

One day, about a fortnight before the wedding, my dress came home. It was very pretty, I thought—some clear white material with a broad lilac silk sash, and a wreath of white and lilac lilacs. I fancied perhaps my aunt would like to see me in it, so I put it on and went to her room to show myself. As I was returning, I met Cousin Geoffrey, and he started so on seeing me that I thought he did not recognize me, so I said:

"This is my bridesmaid's dress, Cousin Geoffrey. Do you like it?"

"Your bridesmaid's dress!" he repeated. And he shaded his face with his hand, as if the light were too strong.

"Yes," I replied; "did you not know that I was to be your bridesmaid—yours and Estelle's?"

"God grant, little Mabel," he said, hastily, "that I may be able to bear it." And without another word he turned away abruptly and left me.

I went back to my own room, and laid my finery in a drawer. I felt somehow as if I had vexed Cousin Geoffrey. Perhaps he did not like my mentioning his marriage, as he had never done so himself, and I certainly thought that for the rest of the day he avoided me.

A day or two after this, my aunt sent me with a message to one of the lodges, and, happening to look out into the high road, I was surprised at seeing Cousin Geoffrey apparently in very earnest conversation with a foreign-looking man, who wore a dark beard and moustache, and very shabby clothes. I did not know that Cousin Geoffrey had seen me at all, but he overtook me before I reached the house.

"Mabel," he said, hurriedly, "don't mention that you saw me with a stranger just now. I have reasons for not wishing it to be known."

Of course I promised.

"Thank you," he said. "I knew I could trust you, little Mabel."

I thought his manner very singular, more so than I had ever known it, and he left me the moment we reached the hall door. The next morning my aunt told me that he had left Gundringham, and would not, in all probability, be back before the wedding day. I certainly thought it unkind his not having wished me good-by, but there was so much I did not understand that I had almost ceased to wonder.

The bridal preparations still went on, and, to all appearance, Estelle was as brilliant as usual. She received numbers of visitors and took the greatest apparent interest in everything, but somehow I thought she was not happy. There was a wan, anxious look in her face that I could not understand. Was she not going to marry Cousin Geoffrey—and some-

how I felt she loved him—and was not Gundringham her own home now for life?—what more could she want?

The Verecrofts were a very old Roman Catholic family; they had been so for centuries, and there was a chapel attached to the house. I had always been used to saying my prayers in the chapel during my convent life, and at Gundringham I continued to do the same thing. Going down by myself quite early one morning, I was attracted by seeing some faded flowers, which I recognized as having been worn by Estelle the evening before. I took them up, and the thought flashed across me that Estelle visited the chapel after the rest of the household had gone to bed. I did not think Estelle was religious, so that I was the more surprised.

The same night, about twelve o'clock, I crept softly down stairs, and gently opened the chapel door. Estelle was kneeling before a shrine of the Virgin Mary. There was a perpetual light burning, so that I could just dimly see her figure, her back being towards me. Her hands were folded on her breast, and she swayed backwards and forwards, as if in great grief, while every now and then something like a moan came from her lips. I shut the door again, and went back to my own room, but I could not sleep. What was the mystery which was hanging over Gundringham and the Verecrofts, the mystery of which I, although I lived in the same house, knew absolutely nothing?

The next day Estelle seemed the same as usual, and so a week passed by. One evening I was walking in the avenue, when I was startled by hearing footsteps; it was about eight o'clock, and the avenue being a long way from the house, a kind of nervous terror took possession of me.

"You need not be afraid, little Mabel," a voice said; and in the stranger I recognized Cousin Geoffrey.

"Cousin Geoffrey!" I exclaimed, "here—and at this hour!"—

He took my hand, and said, gravely, "I wanted to see you. I have waited to see you all the afternoon, and I fancied you would come here this evening."

I wondered why Cousin Geoffrey wanted to see me, and I felt as if something were going to happen.

"Little Mabel," he continued, "I know

I can trust you—I have trusted you, and I have come here to-night, because I want you to do something for me. Will you promise to do it, and ask no questions?"

I promised. I should have promised to do whatever Cousin Geoffrey asked me. He drew a sealed packet out of his breast pocket.

"Will you give this to Estelle?" he said. "Will you give it to her to-night, when she is in her own room and alone?"

I took the packet in my hand. It had no direction. "For Estelle," was simply written upon the cover.

"I dare not stay any longer," he said, "and I can offer no explanation now, but I promise, 'God willing,' that on some future day you shall know the reason for my strange visit here to-night. Heaven bless you, little Mabel!" And, before I had time to say another word, he was gone.

I went home directly; I felt afraid of being out alone; my life had begun to seem haunted and unreal. I carried the mysterious packet about with me till bedtime, and then I waited in my own room till I thought Estelle would have dismissed her maid, and at about twelve o'clock I went to fulfil my promise.

Estelle's room was in exactly the other side of the house to mine, hers being in one of the wings, and mine in the other. Strange as it may seem, I had never been inside Estelle's room; she had never asked me. I knocked softly at the door, and, in answer to the "Come in," I entered. What a strange room I thought it. Gundringham was a very old place, but this room looked older than any other part. The walls and bed were hung with faded tapestry, and a curious oak wardrobe stood against the wall; but the most striking thing of all was a large and beautifully carved black crucifix, beneath which was a prie-dieu, the black velvet covering of which seemed worn away by being constantly knelt upon. Estelle was sitting by the fireplace, in which, although the night was hot, the embers of a fire were smouldering. She was wrapped in an embroidered cashmere dressing gown, with all the mass of her raven hair hanging over her shoulders. She started on seeing me, and said:

"You, Mabel, and at this hour!"

I closed the door behind me, and bolted it.

"I have come, Estelle," I said, "because I promised to give you this letter, and to give it to you when you were alone."

She seized the packet with trembling fingers, and hurriedly broke the seal. I watched her reading it, for I did not like to go away till she had spoken. I never saw any face change as Estelle's did. It not only turned white, it became absolutely gray and livid. Her teeth chattered as if from severe cold; and, when she did look up, her eyes were dilated, as if she had been horror-stricken. She moved her hand to her head as if to recall her senses, and then for the first time she seemed to remember me.

"Who gave you this?" pointing to the letter.

I told her how I had received it.

"And you know nothing of its contents?"

"Nothing," I replied.

She came across the room and stood before me.

"Mabel, you must never mention to any living being what you have seen here to-night; do you promise?"

I promise.

"Now you may go."

"Estelle!" I exclaimed, "can I do anything for you?"

Something like a mocking smile came across her ghastly lips as she said: "Nothing; you have done your work, Mabel, and done it well." And she waved her hand in the direction of the door.

I looked back as I went out; Estelle was still standing pointing to the door, and I thought her hair looked unnaturally long and black, contrasting as it did with her ashy face, and involuntarily I shuddered with an undefined feeling of terror, as I crept back to my own room.

I could not go to bed. I was fascinated to watch Estelle's window, which, being in the opposite gable to mine, was well in view. Her lamp never went out, and all night long I saw her shadow passing to and fro. What was the mysterious letter that had been so fatal in its effects? What was the mystery hanging over the Vericrofts and Gundringham?

The next day I heard that Estelle was ill, but that no one was allowed to go near her except her own maid, who was a Frenchwoman. My Aunt Verecroft sat and cried in her arm-chair, and all the bridal preparations were suspended. I wondered and wondered till I felt my brain turn giddy, but I arrived at no conclusions. Cousin Geoffrey never came, and was never mentioned, and no other visitors were admitted. The wedding day came, and went by. I suppose all the guests had been put off; but whether it caused any surprise I don't know.

Every day I heard that Estelle was ill, and sometimes I thought she would die, and that unknowingly I had been made the instrument. At last, one evening, my Aunt Verecroft told me that she and Estelle were going away for a time at all events, and that she wished me to remain at Gundringham under the care of the housekeeper.

"I shall write to you, Mabel," she said; "and in the mean time I wish you not to go beyond the park gate, and to receive no visitors."

Of course, situated as I was, I could only promise obedience, but I felt more lonely and miserable than ever; and when I saw myself in the glass, I looked so pale and frightened, that I thought the sisters would hardly have recognized the little Mabel Lyndhurst, from whom they had parted when she left them to go into the world only a few months before.

The next day, when I got up, I found that my aunt and Estelle had gone. A fortnight after I received a letter from my aunt, who told me that Estelle had decided upon becoming a nun.

III.

I can hardly recall all the weary miserable weeks and months which passed away before I saw any of them again. I had no companions, and nothing to do, so that I wandered about the place till I felt myself becoming full of sickly fancies, from which I could not get away. One was, that I could see Estelle's lamp burning in her room every night as I looked out of my window, and the shadow pass up and down; of course it must have been fancy, for I found that no one ever went into that room, Estelle having locked it and taken the key away with

her. The trees, too, seemed to moan and shudder in the strong autumn winds, and throw their weird arms about till they assumed strange fantastic shapes, and the dead dry leaves would go whirling down the walk as if pursued.

I was obliged to remain a great deal indoors, as sometimes, for days together, a dull heavy rain would patter down upon the windows, and going out became quite impossible. The housekeeper, under whose care I had been left, was very kind and respectful, but she was also very old and deaf, consequently no use as a companion. Most of the other servants had been sent away, so that we were nearly alone in the house, she and I. Sometimes (for she had always lived with the Verecrofts of Gundringham) she would tell me stories of those she had known in her youth—Verecrofts who had long been dead and sleeping in the chapel vault, and whose portraits now only remained. They were not cheerful stories, but I fancy she liked dwelling upon anything that could be made horrible or a mystery.

My Aunt Verecroft had forbidden my going beyond the park gates; but to this rule there was one exception, and that was on Sunday. On Sunday the old housekeeper and I attended service in a little chapel belonging to the village, about half a mile off. One Sunday, just before Christmas, as I was kneeling in the pew belonging to the Verecrofts, I happened to look up suddenly, and was startled by seeing Cousin Geoffrey sitting just opposite to me, only on the other side of the church, and watching me intently. For a moment I fancied that it was one of my mistakes, but I saw that the housekeeper had observed him also. I can't describe my intense joy. I felt as if I must burst into tears, and I did not realize till then how very miserable I had been before. I had hardly patience to wait till the service was concluded.

Cousin Geoffrey was standing at the door, and looking out for us.

"I have come back, little Mabel," he said. And he drew my hand within his arm, and we went home together.

"No, not indoors," I entreated, when he reached the house, so we turned again, and walked straight down to the old avenue.

"Little Mabel," said Cousin Geoffrey, "you look pale and unhappy!"

I could not help it any longer. I burst into tears. How sweet it was to be soothed by Cousin Geoffrey. How often I had wept for whole hours, and there had been no one even to notice it. Still I tried to stop my choking sobs, for I was afraid Cousin Geoffrey might be vexed.

"I am not unhappy now," I said, as soon as I could speak; "but oh! I have been so lonely."

He drew me more closely to him.

"Poor little Mabel, you shall not be lonely any longer. Mabel, do you know why I have come back?"

I shook my head.

"I have come back to ask you to be my wife. Little Mabel, can you learn to love me?"

I had never thought of it before, but I felt then that I had always loved him. I could hardly realize that such happiness could be for me, but, somehow, I crept into his arms as if they were my natural resting place.

"God bless you, little Mabel," he said, "and grant that I may be worthy of your love."

And it was so that Cousin Geoffrey and I became engaged.

"Tell me," I said, as we walked slowly on, "something of Estelle."

"Estelle has taken the veil."

"Cousin Geoffrey, I want to know something more. Why did you not marry Estelle?"

He looked pained.

"Mabel," he said, "there is a mystery connected with Estelle that I cannot tell you now, but which I promise you shall know one day, when the time comes. Can you trust me, Mabel?"

I could not help saying that I trusted him, for I did down in my heart so fully and entirely; but I felt something like a pain, as I remembered that he had loved Estelle. I think he guessed what I wanted to know, and that my face had no secrets from Cousin Geoffrey, for he went on, quite gravely:

"Estelle and I were brought up together, and betrothed when almost children by our parents, with the intention that in future years we should be married. I liked Estelle, and never thought of

freeing myself from the bond; and, in a way, Estelle liked me. I went abroad when I was about nineteen, and circumstances occurred to prolong my stay for some years. On my return our engagement still continued, but the wedding was indefinitely postponed. I was quite willing for it to take place, but I think the mutual belief that we should at some future day fulfil our promised relationship made us linger out the intervening time. At last, just before you arrived, all the arrangements were made. I think, until then, I was more anxious for it than Estelle; for although I felt that Estelle liked me better than she had ever appeared to do before, still she had wished to put off the marriage."

I looked up at Cousin Geoffrey. What difference had my coming made?

"I never loved Estelle," he said, "after I knew the White Rose; but I must have married Estelle—I was bound by every tie of honor to do it. What I suffered, little Mabel, God only knows; and my release came to me in a manner that was too terrible."

"Then something happened?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, "a fearful revelation was made to me—what, little Mabel, I cannot tell you now, but you shall know it some day, when the time comes. Can you trust me?"

"Yes," I said, "fully and entirely."

Oh, what halcyon days those were! the days of my early engagement to Geoffrey, before I had got used to being happy, when I trembled for fear something would come, and that I should wake, and find it was a dream. Cousin Geoffrey did not stay at Gundringham, but in the neighborhood; still he managed to see me every day, and we walked and rode together as we had done before. At last my Aunt Verecroft came back, and we were married quite quietly in the little chapel.

My Aunt Verecroft was just the same except that she looked older, and there was a frightened expression in her eyes. She talked even less than usual, but dreamed away her days with her hands folded, and sitting in an arm-chair. She never mentioned Estelle, and I did not like to do so either. She seemed very anxious that Geoffrey and I should go back and live at Gundringham, but this

Geoffrey refused to do till the place became his own, and I was very glad, for I thought I could go back to it better when some of the old memories had worn away.

We went abroad, Geoffrey and I, all through sunny Italy, guided only by our own sweet will, revelling in its lovely scenery and cloudless skies, its marble palaces and gorgeous scenery. Everything was so new to me, everything both in nature and art.

"You have the wondering look of a child in your blue eyes, little Mabel," my husband would say; and I did feel as if I had never really lived before. We came home by Paris. How dazzled I was by all the beauties of that enchanting city! How lovely it was to walk and to ride in the Boulevards with Geoffrey, and watch all the gayly-dressed people, and listen to the bands of music playing.

One day, as Geoffrey and I were riding home, we passed a nunnery, and this circumstance reminded me of Estelle. I checked my horse, and, bending down my head, whispered:

"Geoffrey, has the time come?"

And he answered, "Yes, little Mabel, it has. To-morrow you shall know."

All the next morning I watched my husband's face, but I did not like to ask him any questions, for I felt sure he had not forgotten me. In the afternoon an open carriage came to the door, and Geoffrey handed me into it. After giving some directions to the coachman, he placed himself at my side, and we drove off. We left Paris, and went out for some miles in the country, out among the fields and lanes, and the waving corn bright with scarlet poppies.

"Where are you taking me to, Geoffrey?" I said.

"Wait," he replied, "and you shall see."

We stopped at last, and he took me out of the carriage, put my arm within his, and led me through an iron gate. It was a little cemetery. There was a tiny chapel in the middle, where a light was burning, and all around were graves—graves marked by wood or marble crosses, bearing their inscriptions to the memory of the dead who slept beneath. Bright immortelles were thrown on some, and natural flowers on others, which had

been placed there by the mourners—mourners who even then were kneeling about in different parts of the burial ground, dressed in their deep black dresses, and shedding bitter tears over those loved ones who would never come back to them again.

Involuntarily I clung more closely to my husband's side, but he led me past all these far away to the other side of the grounds, and there we paused before one little grave. There was no cross to mark the name—no immortelle—no flowers laid there by loving hands—only long dank grass. I looked wonderingly up into my husband's face.

"Mabel," he said, "that little mound of earth covers Estelle's child."

"Estelle's child," I exclaimed, starting back.

"I told you, Mabel, that I left England for some years, but what happened during that time I never knew till within ten days of my expected marriage. The packet you delivered to Estelle revealed my knowledge of it to her. It came to me quite accidentally, through a relative of Estelle's French maid—a man who expected to make money by it. I started at once for Paris, in order to make investigations, and my worst fears were confirmed."

"Poor Estelle!" I said, "if she has sinned, how fearful must be the expiation."

"Poor Estelle!" he repeated. "God grant that she may be forgiven; but there is a crime connected with that little grave which even you must never seek to know. I have told you this, little Mabel, because I love you so dearly, and because there should be no secrets between a man and his wife."

How good and noble he was. I drew closer to him, and my hot tears fell upon his hand. We lingered on for some minutes more, and then he led me away and put me back into the carriage.

We were very silent for all the rest of that day. Estelle's story had sunk deep into my heart. "Surely," I said to myself, "if she has repented, though her sins may have been as scarlet, the mercies of God are infinite."

Some years after, when Mrs. Verecroft died, we went back to live at Gundringham. Estelle had taken the black veil,

so she was dead to the world and to us. Her room was never afterwards reopened. People used to say a light was really seen burning there, and a shadow passing up and down; but I fancy it must have been imagination, or a tale that had got about in consequence of one of the old housekeeper's stories—stories which are likely still to be handed down to other generations of the Vericrofts of Gunningham.

Quarterly Review.

THE HUGUENOTS AT THE GALLEYS.*

THE mournful yet glorious annals of religious persecution form a chapter of undying interest in human history. The names of persecutors and of martyrs stand out on its pages in conspicuous and unfading colors. Imagination invests both alike with something of the superhuman. In the former a perfection of malignity, an induration of the heart and conscience, naturally suggest the idea of fiendish inspiration; in the latter a sublime combination of fortitude and meekness seems to exalt our poor human nature to the confines of the divine. In all that band of heroes, who, in various countries and periods, have given their lives for their religion, we find a common type. Minor differences of race and character are merged in the assimilating element of a victorious faith. Englishman and Frenchman, Hollander and Italian, Asiatic and African, have in their turn undergone the fiery trial; yet it would be difficult to discriminate the special features which have distinguished each, or to award the palm of fortitude among the rival martyrs. All of them, in truth, were fellow-soldiers in that "noble army," and the banner under which they fought was the common standard of Christendom.

The sufferings of the Protestants of

France in the reign of Louis XIV., subsequent to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are in their general features familiar to most readers of history. The "Dragonnades," which, under the influence of his Minister Louvois and of his jesuitical and priestly counsellors, the King inflicted upon his unoffending Huguenot subjects, will affix an everlasting stigma on the reign of the "Grand Monarque." A brutal soldiery, subject to no check or restraint, were quartered in the homes of the families who adhered to the Reformed faith, and they exercised the utmost rigor of pillage, torture, and outrage, without distinction of sex or age, upon the helpless recusants. Neither was escape permitted to those who found the persecution in their homes intolerable. The strictest precautions were adopted to deprive the victims of tyranny of that alternative. The guards were doubled at the frontiers; the peasants were enjoined to aid in arresting fugitives; soldiers were dispersed over every part of the country, and rigorous orders were given to stop any person passing the frontiers without a passport. In spite of all these precautions, it is true, great numbers of the persecuted did find means to escape, and settled themselves in foreign countries, of which they and their descendants became some of the most valued citizens. But the escape of these fortunate persons was not effected without fearful risk: confinement to the galleys for life was the penalty of the arrested fugitive.

The condition of those upon whom this sentence was carried out may be described without any exaggeration as "worse than death." It was death in a multitude of cases without the elevating consciousness of martyrdom, or the mercy of a speedy release from suffering. It was a gradual death from excessive labor and ill-usage, terminating a servitude in which the wretched victim underwent almost every form of misery most terrible to human nature—cold, hunger, chains, scourging, sickness—superadded to the occasional horrors of naval warfare and the perils of shipwreck. Descriptions of other forms of persecution have often moved our sympathies. We have shuddered at the martyrdoms of the stake, the pincers, or the rack—

**Les Forçats pour la Foi. Etude Historique, 1684-1757.* Par ATHANASE COQUEREL, Fils. Paris: 1866.

Mémoires d'un Protestant condamné aux Galères de France pour Cause de Religion. Paris: 1864. Arnold Delahaize; or the Huguenot Pastor. London: 1863.

Henri de Rohan; or the Huguenot Refugee. By FRANCISCA INGRAM OUVRY, author of "Arnold Delahaize." London: 1865.

"the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel,"

but the condition of the galley slave, the details of whose sufferings were out of sight and little known, excite in our minds a much less keen emotion. It conveys, indeed, a vague notion of severe and unremitting labor; but we do not recognize in it what it really was—a form of martyrdom more calculated, perhaps, than any other to test to the uttermost the capacity of endurance in human beings.

Of the sufferings of these unhappy "Forçats pour la Foi," as they were popularly called by their contemporaries, some interesting records have been preserved in such of the memoirs and narratives, drawn up by the sufferers themselves, as have come down to us. The compilation of M. Athanase Coquerel, under the above title, furnishes a good, though brief, account derived from such sources, of the nature and extent of the persecution of which the galleys were the scene. Among the documents comprised in this volume is a catalogue, formed from a collection of various extant lists, of the Protestants under sentence at the galleys from 1684 to 1762, specifying their names, and, in the majority of cases, their places of birth, age, sentence, period of suffering, and the date of its termination, whether by release or death. One of the most complete of these lists, that of M. M. Haag, gives a total—probably below the truth—of no less than fourteen hundred and eighty convicts condemned to the galleys for adherence to the reformed faith during the period referred to. Almost every variety of age, class, and condition, is represented in these rolls. The youth of fifteen or sixteen, sentenced for attending with his parents at their prayer meetings, and the old man of seventy years and upwards, whose brief remnant of life was in most cases speedily cut short by the rigors of his treatment, are found there. There, among the humble and low-born members of the reformed church are enrolled no less than forty-six gentlemen of birth, and two chevaliers of the order of St. Louis. There are the names of some men, such as the erudite Louis de Marolles, eminent for their attainments in science and learn-

ing, and who found even in their vile floating dungeons some consolation from, and means to carry on, their cherished studies. Of the ministers of the proscribed religion but very few names occur, which is explained by the fact that it was only in rare exceptions that the sentence of death in their case was commuted for the doubtful mercy of the galleys. What is more remarkable is the appearance in this martyr-roll of a few individuals, born and educated as Roman Catholics, who embraced, in the very midst of the storm that raged against it, the persecuted side. One of these converts was Jean Bion, the chaplain of the "La Superbe" galley, who has recorded in his touching narrative, published in London and at Amsterdam in 1708-9, the circumstances which impelled him "to preach the faith which once he destroyed." It was when he visited in the hold of the vessel the mangled and bleeding sufferers who had undergone the terrible "bastonnade" for refusing to kneel at the celebration of the mass, and when shocked at that spectacle he found himself addressed by them in words of comfort and encouragement, that his heart was melted and his creed changed. "Their blood," he says, "preached to me, and I felt myself a Protestant."

The account of the treatment and condition of the convicts on board the galleys, which is to be found in M. Coquerel's volume, is mainly derived from the other work, of which the title is also prefixed to this article, the *Mémoires of Jean Marteilhe*. The genuineness of this narrative, which was originally published at Rotterdam in 1757, and is referred to in several contemporary publications, appears to be beyond question. The work had, however, become extremely scarce; only two or three copies were known to exist, and it was with some difficulty rescued from oblivion. It was known, however, to M. Michelet, who in the thirteenth volume of his *History of France*, giving an account of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, referred to and cited from the volume, characterizing the neglect to republish it as discreditable to Protestants, and describing it in these terms:

"C'est un livre du premier ordre par la charmante naïveté du récit, l'angélique dou-

ceur, écrit comme entre terre et ciel. Comment ne le ré-imprime-t-on pas ? ”

The republication of the volume in Paris in 1864, under the editorship of M. Paumier, is the answer to this appeal; and we do not hesitate to say that a more valuable contribution to the records of genuine martyrology could hardly be found. The style of the narrative in its graphic simplicity reminds us of Defoe; but the well-authenticated facts which it relates are more interesting than fiction, and the incidents not less strange. The pictures which Miss Ouvry has drawn in her two pleasing tales of the sufferings of the high-minded Huguenot martyrs, though delineated with ingenuity and skill, must yield in interest to the unadorned but vivid records of personal experience contained in Marteilhe's pages. The narrator is a young Frenchman, who from the year 1700 to 1713, when, through the intervention of our Queen Anne, he and some hundreds of his fellow Protestants were released from bondage, underwent the punishment of the galleys. The tale of suffering is told with a candor and ingenuousness extremely captivating, and in a spirit of moderation and forbearance towards his persecutors which increases our sympathy for the writer. In addition to the personal narrative, Marteilhe gives a very full and interesting description of the French galleys—their construction and equipment, the organization of their crews, their discipline, and the treatment of the miserable beings who worked in them. His volume contains also an unusual variety of striking incidents and illustrations of human character, exhibited sometimes in its lowest degradation, sometimes in its noblest aspects of fortitude and devotion. The constancy of those humble confessors who endured patiently for many years the abominations of such a hell upon earth as the convict ships, from which, at any moment a simple declaration of conformity to the faith of their persecutors would have set them free, entitles them beyond all question to a high place in the roll of martyrs. We believe that a summary of the leading points of Marteilhe's narrative will interest our readers, and we shall be glad if it should be the means of making his touching narrative better known.

“I was born,” says the writer, “at Bergerac, a small town in the province of Perigord, in the year 1684, my parents being persons of the middle class engaged in trade, who, by the grace of God, lived and remained constant unto death in the principles of the reformed faith, and whose conduct was without reproach, bringing up their children in the fear of God and instructing them in the tenets of the true religion, and avoidance of the papal errors.”

It was in the year 1699 that the Duke de la Force, a renegade from the principles of the reformed faith, which his ancestors had nobly upheld and suffered for, obtained a commission from the King to go down to Perigord, in which province he had large estates, “to convert the Huguenots.” The instruments which he employed for this service were of two kinds—they were four Jesuit fathers and a regiment of dragoons. The keen blades of the latter were found even more efficacious in subduing heresy than the arguments of the former. There were no cruelties which these booted missionaries did not put in force to compel their miserable victims to attend the mass, and to abjure the Protestant religion with the most dreadful forms of imprecation. No less than twenty-two of these ruthless dragoons were quartered in the house of the Marteilhe family. The father was consigned to prison; two sons and daughters, who were but children, were sent into a convent. The mother alone was left in the house with this gang of ruffians, who inflicted shocking cruelties upon her. Having destroyed or plundered all that was in the house, and left only the four walls standing, they dragged the unhappy woman before the Duke, who compelled her by violence and menaces to sign the formulary of conversion, protesting as she did against the force which was put upon her will. Jean Marteilhe, then but sixteen years of age, managed to effect his escape from Bergerac by night, in company with a young friend and fellow-townsmen of about his own age; they entered into a compact together, while they implored the divine protection, to remain firm and constant to the reformed faith, even at the peril of death or the galleys. How nobly this vow was kept will appear by the sequel.

Provided with a small sum of money

for their journey, the fugitives reached Paris without hinderance, and there procured directions for a route by which they hoped to evade the vigilance of the guards at the frontiers, and make their way to Charleroi, at which place they would be outside of the French pale, and under the protection of a Dutch garrison. Great caution and presence of mind were necessary as they approached the confines of their land of refuge, but they had escaped some imminent perils, and were actually out of France, when a sudden alarm caused them to deviate a little from the prescribed route, and to reënter French territory at the town of Marienbourg. A spy, however, had watched their movements and suspected their intentions, and hoping to get a reward for his information, he had them arrested at a tavern in Marienbourg and brought before the governor of that town. After a brief examination, in which they avowed their religious profession, but denied their intention to quit France (a breach of truth for which the writer afterwards warmly reproached himself), they were committed to prison, and the governor sent a courier to Paris for instructions how to deal with his captives. The rescript directed that the fugitives should be put upon their trial for the offence of being at the frontier without a passport, but that, meanwhile, the curate of Marienbourg should use his efforts to bring them back to the fold of the Church, and that in the event of his succeeding and abjuration being made, they should receive a free pardon and be taken back to their homes. The officer in whose charge they were, himself a concealed Protestant, and full of sympathy for his prisoners, reported to them this answer: "I give you no advice," he said, "as to what you ought to do—your own faith and conscience will best direct you. All that I have to tell you is that your abjuration will open your prison doors; without it you will certainly be sent to the galleys." Thanking him for his kind intentions, the prisoners declared that, placing their trust in God's mercy and support, they would never betray the faith that was dearer to them than their lives. The curate then proceeded to try his polemical skill, but finding them well primed on the usual topics of controversy,

and being himself but indifferently skilled in arguing, he soon desisted from the attempt to convince their minds, and tried to sap their resolution with another kind of weapon. Having a young and pretty niece with a fair dowry, he proposed to bestow the damsel in marriage on Marteilhe, as the reward of his conformity, but met with so peremptory a refusal that he at once reported to the authorities that the conversion of the prisoners was hopeless, and that they were "reprobates under the dominion of the devil." Thereupon a process of trial was instituted, and a sentence passed by the local judge, which recited that the prisoners being of the reformed religion, and convicted of an attempt to leave the kingdom, were condemned to the galleys for life, with confiscation of their goods and other consequences. This judgment, however, required to be confirmed before it could be put in execution, by the Parliament of Tournay, and to that city the prisoners were marched, bound together with cords, lodged in vile prisons in the towns at which they halted, and treated as criminals of the worst class.

At Tournay they were again consigned to a dungeon, and the hearing of their cause was postponed at the instance of the curate, who desired to have time allowed for their conversion. This process, however, it was sought to effect rather by temporal than spiritual arguments. With the latter he troubled them but little, contenting himself with inquiring when he paid his visits at intervals whether they were not tired of suffering, and reminded them that their liberation rested with themselves, "if they would only renounce the errors of Calvin." The trial to which their faith was now exposed was a very painful one. For many weeks they lay in this dungeon, their only food being a portion of bread per day, so insufficient as to reduce them almost to starvation. "We became so weak and emaciated," says Marteilhe, "that it was well for us that a little rotten straw filled with vermin, on which we lay, was close to the door of our cell, through the grating of which our bread was thrown to us, as if we had been dogs, for had we been farther from the door we should not have had strength to get at it." In this extremity they

were surprised one day by having two other prisoners placed in the same cell with them, who turned out to be acquaintances and school-fellows of their own, and who had been apprehended for the same cause as Huguenot refugees. The new comers had money with them, which enabled their half-starved friends to gain some relief from the pangs of hunger. But their arrival introduced a new temptation and trial of faith. Less stern in their principles, these men had been prepared to leave their country for their religion, and once out of France would doubtless have remained good Protestants, but they had no stomach for the galleys, and when the alternative was placed before them of a life of misery and bondage with adhesion to their principles, or pardon and freedom on making abjuration, their resolution broke down. They avowed their weakness, and wept over it to their companions, who earnestly remonstrated against such a betrayal of the cause of truth, and strove to inspire them with a fortitude like their own, but to no purpose. The Romish Church recovered back the two pretended converts, who having after some trouble obtained their pardon, received commissions in the King's service, and were not long after killed in action.

At length after several fruitless attempts to procure their abjuration, Marteilhe and his companion were summoned before the court of the Parliament of Tournay. The evidence of their intention to quit the kingdom was by no means clear, for the accused, who showed much intelligence in their defence, made a skilful use of the fact that they had actually crossed the French frontier, and had voluntarily reentered it, added to which one of the judges had for some reason, which does not appear, been biassed in their favor. The result was that they were actually acquitted by the court of the charge of attempting to escape, and they expected nothing less than immediate liberation. But in this hope they were cruelly disappointed. Being prisoners of State, their discharge could not be decreed without the sanction of the Government. Reference was made to Paris, and after a fortnight's delay arrived the fatal rescript from the Marquis de la Vrillière, Minister of State,

conveying the king's order, that "Jean Marteilhe and Daniel le Gras having been found at the frontier without a passport, should be condemned to the galleys." This decree, though contrary to its own finding, the Parliament of Tournay was obliged to register, and the sentence was accordingly pronounced, that the prisoners having been duly convicted of professing the reformed religion, and having attempted to leave the kingdom with a view to the free possession of the same, were condemned to serve for life as convicts in the king's galleys.

Under this sentence the prisoners were at once removed to Lille, where the gang, or "chain," of galley slaves was formed previously to their being sent to their destination. At Lille they were cast into a dark and filthy dungeon, into which no light was admitted night or day, and which was already tenanted by about thirty ruffians, who had been convicted of every kind of crime, and who were allowed to exercise outrageous license against their fellow prisoners. Here also the poor Protestants endured cruel treatment from the gaoler and his myrmidons, who grossly abused their authority, but after a time they found a friend and protector in one of the chief officials of the prison, who, having some Protestant connections settled near Bergerac, had been interested by them on behalf of these young men. From him they received much kind treatment, and were relieved as far as possible from the rigors of the prison; he procured for them also a respite of some months on the plea of sickness when the other prisoners were sent off to the galleys. Such mitigations, however, could be but temporary; the time came at last for another gang to be removed to Dunkirk, and being advised that their condition at that place would be one of less suffering than if they waited till the departure of the next body destined for Marseilles, they submitted to their fate. On arriving at Dunkirk Marteilhe was separated from his companion, and put on board a galley called, in cruel mockery, "*La Heureuse*," being one of a squadron of six which were stationed at that port.

The French galleys, of which the principal stations were at Calais, Marseilles, and Dunkirk, were vessels of about 160

feet in length, and 40 in width. On either side of each galley were twenty-five tiers or benches, to each of which was attached a long and heavy oar pulled by six convicts, who were chained by one leg to their bench. The complement of rowers to each galley was three hundred, of whom a sixth part were Turks, who had been purchased as prisoners by the French Government. In addition to these there were about fifty free mariners, who worked the sails and otherwise helped in the management of the vessel; there were also about a hundred soldiers, and a considerable body of officers, who were required both for the command of the soldiers and mariners, and for the custody and supervision of the slaves. Each galley had at her bow five guns carrying from eighteen to thirty-six pounds each, and the mode of warfare adopted by them in attacking another vessel was to bear down with all the force of their oars, so as to drive the prow of the galley into the enemy's stern, then, firing all their guns into him, to board with their soldiers and mariners. In this warfare there were some advantages on the side of the galleys; while, on the other hand, there were considerable drawbacks. In the first place, their great force of oarsmen gave them much advantage of speed and facility of manœuvring. In a time of dead calm, when a frigate would be powerless to move, the galley had it all her own way, and with her numerous armed force on board was a very formidable adversary. On the other hand, the structure of the galley, lightly built, and very low in the water, made it impossible for her to venture out to sea, except with great caution, and in settled fine weather. It was impossible to navigate such vessels in a heavy sea, and to encounter a ship of war at a time when the latter could use her sails would have been almost certain destruction, for at such time it was in the power of the enemy, bearing down full upon the galley, to run her down, and send her to the bottom. Another element of weakness which almost disqualified these vessels for hostile action was the danger to which they were exposed from their own slave crews taking part with the enemy. A considerable proportion of the soldiers on board were kept

in reserve to prevent mutiny, and guns were kept always ready charged and pointed against the rowers; yet the remedy in such a case would have been as bad as the disease, for to destroy the rowers would have been to paralyze the ship, and leave her helpless at the mercy of the enemy. The result was that the galleys were but little used except for coasting service, to make a descent upon an enemy's shores, or to cut off a becalmed straggler. Sometimes, too, they were employed on State occasions to convey persons of eminence, or in the service of the Government, to some port in the Mediterranean. But the chief use of the galleys was as a place of custody and punishment for persons convicted of flagrant crimes, among which, at the time of which we speak, none was regarded as more heinous or meriting severer treatment than the heresy of Protestantism.

The officers on board immediately concerned with the charge and chastisement of these wretched outcasts were styled *Comites*, under whom were two others called *Sous-Comites*. Their implement of office was the formidable *cow-hide* of which we have heard in other slave regions, and not only were they unchecked but stimulated in the use of it by the superior officers of the ship, whenever circumstances made an unusual exertion of speed desirable. At such time the blows would fall like hail on the backs of the rowers who, stripped from the waist upward, were tugging at the oars, while bruises and blood followed every stroke, and a chorus of yells ascended from the unhappy victims. These were the ordinary forms of chastisement, or rather of stimulant, employed; for the definite offences against rule or discipline was reserved the more terrible punishment of the *bastinado*. The offender was stretched face downwards across the wide plank that traversed the galley from stem to stern, separating the benches. His arms projecting over one bench were firmly held by two convicts, and his legs by two more on the opposite side. A powerful Turk, stripped to the waist, scourged with all his force the bare back of the prostrate victim, the *Comite*, thong in hand, standing by and stimulating the Turk in his turn, if he detected any re-

laxation in the energy of the other. Rarely, it is said, after ten or twelve such blows did the sufferer retain speech or motion, but the punishment was continued notwithstanding, the patient being brought to life after it was over by a strong infusion of salt and vinegar rubbed into his back. Twenty or thirty lashes were a common punishment, but as many as fifty, eighty, or even a hundred were occasionally given; such inflictions as these were generally fatal, but who heeded the death of a galley slave?

Apart from the liability to such tortures, the ordinary condition of these unhappy beings was painful in the extreme: constantly chained to the bench at which they sat by day, and under which they slept by night; exposed to all the vicissitudes of the elements (except in winter, when the galleys were taken into harbor, and some shelter was allowed); covered with vermin; scantily clothed, miserably fed, and degraded almost below the brutes by the treatment they received, they were compelled by sheer force of the whip to render an amount of work at the oar which under no other system could have been extracted from human muscles. "The labor of a galley slave," has become proverbial, and not without reason; but probably very few of those who use the illustration realize its force. It is observed by the writer of this narrative that by stress of torture men may be got to do that which would be otherwise impossible. He illustrates this by his personal experience. "No one," he says, "looking for the first time at these miserable slaves, could suppose them capable of sustaining the labor of the oar for half an hour at a time. Yet they were occasionally compelled to pull for ten or even twelve hours at a stretch." Nay, he adds that he had himself been forced to row with all his strength for twenty-four hours at a time without cessation. On such occasions the *Comites* put into the rowers' mouths, as they pulled, pieces of bread dipped in wine, that they might not take their hands from the oar so as to interrupt the stroke. The scene on board a galley at such a time was horrible in the extreme. The incessant crack of the whip as it descended on the rowers' backs, the yells of the wretched bonds-

men bleeding under its strokes, the oaths and threats of the *Comites* enraged at seeing their galley falling out of rank, and the shouts of the officers in command urging them to redouble their blows, formed an assemblage of sights and sounds dreadful to the imagination. Still, at whatever cost of suffering and of life (for many fainted at their work, and never again revived), the end was gained, and an amount of work performed which no voluntary labor could have achieved, nor any bribe or reward extracted from free men. This statement does not rest upon mere conjecture—the experiment was actually tried. Upon one occasion, in the year 1707, the author informs us that the Government of France wished to employ some galleys upon a service in which, on account of the facilities afforded for escape, it was thought undesirable to use the service of the slaves. The galleys were manned accordingly with free mariners—men accustomed to the labor of rowing, but it was found impossible to make them endure the work. The galleys made no way, and the commandant was obliged to write to the Minister and represent to him the impossibility of navigating the vessel otherwise than by slave labor. A striking illustration of the cruel extremities practiced towards the crews is furnished by the following anecdote:

"On one occasion," says Marteilhe, "our galley was at Boulogne, where the Duc d'Anmont, afterwards Ambassador to the English Court, then resided. Our captain, M. de Lagernon, entertained the Duke on board his vessel; and as the sea was then calm, and he wished to give his guest some amusement, he proposed to him an excursion out to sea, to which the other assented. We rowed at an easy rate nearly to Dover, and the Duke observing the rough work and wretched condition of the rowers, remarked, among other things, that he could not understand how these poor wretches could sleep, being so closely packed together, and having no convenience for lying down, except under their benches; to which the captain replied: 'I know very well how to make them sleep, and I will prove what I say by the effect of a good dose of opium, which I am preparing for them.' He then called the *Comite* and gave him his orders to tack about and return to Boulogne. The tide and wind were now against us, and we were about ten leagues from the harbor. Having put the galley about,

the captain gave orders to pull 'hard all' at the double-quick stroke. This stroke is the most severe labor that can be conceived, and takes more out of a crew in one hour than four hours of pulling at the ordinary rate, not to mention that it is impossible to keep it up without sometimes getting out of stroke, and then the whip falls on the rowers like hail. At last we reached Boulogne, but so exhausted and sore with blows that we could hardly move arm or leg. The captain directed the *Comite* to order all hands to lie down, which was done at the sound of the whistle. Meanwhile the Duke and his officers sat down to dinner, and upon their getting up from the table after midnight, the captain told the Duke that he should like to see the effect of his opium, and taking him along the gangway, they saw the wretched crew, of whom the greater part were really asleep, but some unable to close their eyes for pain pretended to be so, having had orders to that effect from the captain, who did not choose that his opium should appear to have failed of its effect. But what a horrible sight was then presented to view! Six miserable creatures cowering in a heap one over the other under each bench, all perfectly naked, for none of them had had strength left to put on their shirts; most of them bloody from the stripes of the whip, and their bodies reeking with sweat. 'See, sir,' said the captain to his guest, 'whether I don't know the secret of making these men sleep; I will now show you that I can make them wake up also.' He then gave the order to the *Comite*, who sounded the whistle. Then appeared the most piteous sight that can be imagined. Scarcely one among them was able to rise, their limbs and bodies were so stiff; and it was only by sharp blows of the whip that they were all forced to get up, putting themselves into ludicrous and painful contortions as they did so."

Such was the kind of existence, a life of toil almost insupportable, of blows, of curses, of association with the vilest criminals, of dangers, and of degradations of every kind, which at this time more than three hundred Protestants, men of respectable condition of life, of irreproachable character, and, in some instances, of saintly piety, were enduring on board the French galleys; a condition from which, as they were constantly assured by the chaplains on board, who generally proved the most rancorous of their persecutors, a single word from themselves would, within forty-eight hours, have set them free. Yet could not all this suffering extort from them a renunciation of their faith.

In some respects, indeed, and especially so far as the influence of priests and Jesuits could be brought to bear against these martyrs of conscience, the "Huguenot dogs," as they were called, were even more hardly treated than their criminal associates.

Marteilhe himself, indeed, as appears from his own candid narrative, obtained from various causes an exemption from some of the most dreadful rigors of his lot. Even in favor of these wretched captives some mitigating influence could be and was exercised through the mediation of their co-religionists in various parts of France. This influence operated in various ways. Sometimes the persons in authority over the slaves were in their secret hearts friendly to the faith which they had not the courage openly to profess; sometimes they were worked upon by Protestant friends or connections. We may collect, too, from this memoir, that there was something in the personal character of Marteilhe—his probity, his truthfulness, his patience, and his superior intelligence—which moved in his behalf the hearts of those who were not utterly steeled to mercy. Nor is it presumptuous to believe that, as in the case of his persecuted servants of old, he to whom these poor men so faithfully bore witness, gave them "favor in the sight" of their stern gaolers and overseers. There were, however, incidents to this cruel service from which there was no privilege of exemption, perils of the sea and perils of war, of which the author of this narrative endured his full share. A striking account is given of a storm in which the galley that he rowed in narrowly escaped foundering. A squall suddenly sprung up in a time of apparently fair weather, and caught the vessel in a situation of great exposure to the wind. All on board gave themselves up for lost, and in that hour of confusion, the bonds of discipline being relaxed, the galley slaves began to triumph, and fearlessly taunted their officers. "Now, gentlemen," they cried, "we shall very soon be all upon a footing—we shall all drink out of the same glass presently." It seemed as if all hope were lost, and they were in the very jaws of death, when they were rescued by the extraordinary skill and

adroitness of a fisherman, one Peter Bart, who was on board, a habitu a drunkard, but in his sober moments an incomparably skilful seaman. To this man, despairing of all other resources, the captain gave an absolute discretion to save the vessel, making over the command into his own hands. By a marvelous effort of skill this daring and dexterous pilot brought round the galley and steered her safely, with only some slight damage to her bow, into Dunkirk harbor.

But to the fettered and closely-packed inmates of these floating prisons there was another danger even more dreadful than the tempest. The galley slaves, when their vessel was in action, were placed between two fires—that of their own guns and that of the enemy. How frightful was the carnage when from the port holes of the tall frigate with which they were engaged, the cannon poured down its volleys into that chained and defenceless mass of human beings below! And however much the enemy might be inclined to spare those whose sympathies were probably on his side, he could hardly disregard the fact that to disable those who constituted the motive power of the vessel was in fact to place the galley at his mercy. A striking illustration of the dangers to which the galley slaves were exposed, and at the same time one of the most spirited descriptions we have ever met of an obstinate sea-fight, is given by Marteilhe, who was cruelly wounded, and escaped with his life almost by a miracle on that occasion. The singular nature of the contest, and the admirable conduct of one of the combatants, the commander of an English frigate, entitle this action to an honorable place in the records of naval daring.

It was in the year 1708, when the French galleys were employed by their Government, then at war with this country, in cruising about the channel to cut off stray ships or make descents on the English coast, that a squadron of six of these vessels, under the command of De Langeron, being not far off Harwich, got sight of a fleet of merchantmen, thirty-five in number, who were coming from the Texel, and making for the mouth of the Thames, under the convoy of an English frigate, the Nightingale, of thirty-six guns. The prospect

of so rich a booty aroused all the ardor of the French commander, who, confident in his superior strength and numbers, instantly formed his plan for capturing the merchantmen and demolishing their convoy. Four of the galleys were ordered to chase and make prize of the merchantmen, which could offer little or no resistance, while De Langeron himself, with his own galley, in which Marteilhe was one of the rowers, prepared to attack the frigate. A sixth galley was in reserve, but did not immediately join in the action. The French captain, who counted on an easy victory, no sooner came within gunshot of his opponent than he poured in a fire from his guns, to which the frigate made no reply; and the galley was thereupon driven, according to the usual style of attack, with all the force of her oars to crush the stern of the English vessel, the marines being prepared to rush on board and complete the capture. But this manœuvre was frustrated by the skill and presence of mind of the English captain. By a sudden turn of the helm he so shifted his course that the enemy's galley, instead of striking his stern, was brought suddenly up alongside the frigate, with a violence that shattered all the oars on that side the galley. At the same moment, and before the enemy could recover from the shock, the Englishman let down his grapnels, with which he had been previously prepared, and made the galley fast to the frigate's side. Holding his enemy thus locked in his grasp, he poured down upon the low and exposed deck of the galley the point-blank fire of his guns, loaded with grape, which caused the most deadly execution. In a few minutes the galley was covered with dead and wounded, and the survivors, seized with panic, threw themselves on their faces and made no resistance, while a party of the English crew, jumping on board with their cutlasses, cut down every one who came in their way, sparing only the unresisting galley slaves. All that the French commander was able to do was to hoist, with his own hand, a signal of distress, calling back the other galleys to his assistance. The consort of the distressed galley quickly came up; and the other four, seeing the signal and the imminent danger of their commander, quitted the mer-

chantmen of which they were just about to make a prize, and which, finding the coast clear, steered with all speed for the Thames. The whole squadron of galleys now surrounded the frigate, and with their swarming crews, and large force of soldiers and marines, in a short time changed the fortune of the day. After every resource of skill and courage had been exhausted in the defence, the numerical force of the assailants prevailed; the crew of the *Nightingale*, and, with one exception, all the officers on board, were disabled or taken prisoners. That exception, however, was the captain. From first to last the object of this gallant officer, whose name unfortunately has not been preserved, was to secure the escape of his convoy. With that noble devotion to duty which stamps the English sailor, he had pledged himself, and was prepared to immolate himself and his frigate, and all on board, in order to save the vessels committed to his charge. So, when all his ship's company were in the hands of the enemy, he fortified himself in the poop, with a number of loaded guns and pistols by his side, with which he threatened destruction to any one who dared to approach. A sergeant and twelve men being sent to dislodge him, he shot down the former, and kept the rest at bay, no one of the party being willing to enter first at the peril of sharing their leader's fate. Meanwhile the officers of the *Nightingale* who had been taken on board the commander's galley magnified, though perhaps not beyond the truth, the reckless daring of their captain, who they declared would not hesitate to blow his own vessel into the air, involving all the galleys in the same destruction, rather than strike his flag. Alarmed at the consequence of such an act of desperation, the French commander now tried the effect of a parley, which the captain, still anxious to gain time for his merchantmen, prolonged as much as possible. At length, when he calculated that all the vessels for whose welfare he was concerned were safe in the Thames, he announced his surrender, and went on board the French commander's galley to give up his sword. De Langeron was surprised to find this lion of the quarter-deck a man of small stature and deformed in person. Addressing him in cour-

teous terms, he promised his prisoner honorable treatment, and strove to console him for the loss of his ship. "I feel no regret," replied the Englishman, "for the capture of my frigate, since I have gained the only object I had in view, which was to save the vessels under my convoy; and I had resolved, as soon as I came in sight of you, to sacrifice my ship and my life also for their preservation. You will find, added he, some small quantity of ammunition on board, which I had not time or opportunity to discharge; besides that, you will discover nothing of any value in the frigate. As for myself, if you treat me as a man of honor, I or some other of my countrymen may have an opportunity before long to return the favor." Charmed with the lofty spirit of his adversary, De Langeron, with much courtesy, returned him his sword. "Receive back your sword, sir," he said; "you deserve too well to wear it; and consider yourself my prisoner only in name."

Meanwhile, what was the fate of the oarsmen of the galley which had first engaged the frigate? One of the guns of the latter being pointed directly down upon the bench to which Marteilhe and his fellow-rowers were chained, his comrades had thrown themselves flat down, hoping thus best to avoid the discharge. A more careful observation convinced Marteilhe that he had a better chance of escaping the contents of the gun by keeping upright; and with great presence of mind he maintained that position, commending his soul with a fervent prayer to God, as he watched the English gunner approach the piece and apply his match to the touch-hole. Stunned and insensible, he was thrown by the shock of the discharge as far as the length of his chain would allow across the gangway which divided the two tiers of oars. When he came to his senses it was night, and he could see nothing around him; but supposing that his comrades were still lying below their bench, he called out to them that the danger was past, but received no answer. At the same time he found himself bathed in blood, from three severe wounds which he had received in different parts of his body. But there was no help or succor to be had, for all around him had been

killed, both on his own bench and the benches immediately before and behind him; so that out of the eighteen persons who had manned these three benches, he, wounded as he was, had alone escaped with life.

The first thing done after the action was over was to throw overboard the dead, and to carry the wounded down into the hold. But in the confusion and darkness which prevailed, there was little discrimination between one and the other, and some, doubtless, were consigned to the deep who had only fainted from loss of blood. Marteilhe himself was in this state when the superintendent approached to unrivet his chain, previously to throwing the body into the sea. The chain was attached to the left leg, and in that limb Marteilhe had received a severe wound. In endeavoring to take off the chain the officer pressed his hand roughly against the wounded part, and the sharp pain brought the exhausted man to his senses, and made him utter a loud cry. Perceiving that he was not dead, they carried him into the hold, and threw him down upon a coil of rope among a number of other wounded wretches too numerous for the surgeon to attend to. In this hole the sufferers, untended and poisoned with stench and foul air, died, like flies, of the gangrene which supervened upon their wounds. Marteilhe, however, survived to get into Dunkirk, where, more dead than alive, he was placed in the sailor's hospital. From the severe injuries and ill-treatment thus received he could scarcely have recovered had it not been for the personal attention and pains bestowed upon his case by the surgeon-major, who, through the friendly intervention of a banker at Dunkirk, well-affected towards the Protestants, was interested in his favor. To the skill and kindness of this good surgeon he acknowledged that he owed his life. For three months he was well treated in the hospital—was again offered his liberty on condition of abjuration—again refused to belie his faith—and was once more sent back to his galley; but the surgeon having certified that he was unable to bear the labor of the oar, he was employed in another department of service on board the vessel. It should be mentioned here that had he been un-

der sentence for any other crime than heresy he would now have been entitled to his discharge, for such was the rule with regard to galley slaves wounded in action with the enemy; but the Huguenots were, by special exception, excluded from this privilege. But even the rude *comite* who had charge of Marteilhe, in assigning him his new and easier post in the galley, could not refrain from bearing testimony, though in a somewhat peculiar form of compliment, to the blameless conduct of his heretical prisoners. "I am very glad," he said, "to have this occasion of showing you the respect I feel for you and those of your religion, for you have done no wrong to any one, and if you are to be damned for your religion, you will have punishment enough in the next world." Not long afterwards it happened that De Langeron, his captain, was in want of a secretary, and Marteilhe, through the recommendation of this same *comite*, was appointed to the situation, in which he gained the entire confidence of that officer, and received good food and lenient treatment for nearly four years of his term of captivity.

The respite was, however, succeeded by a season of terrible suffering to himself and his co-religionists. In 1712 the peace of Utrecht was made; and it was one of the stipulations of that treaty that the fortifications of Dunkirk should be razed, and the harbor blocked up, and that the town should be placed, meanwhile, in the hands of the English. In consequence an English governor and a force of four thousand or five thousand men were established in the place. It was permitted, however, to the French Government to keep their galleys for a time in the harbor until the demolition of the works had begun, and in consequence Marteilhe and his Protestant brethren remained there to witness the arrival of the English detachment. The galleys in the harbor became naturally an object of interest to the new-comers. Both officers and men were permitted to go on board; and it followed naturally enough that the sympathies of both alike were warmly excited on behalf of their persecuted fellow Protestants whom they found groaning under such cruel bondage. The English officers testified the warmest interest on their behalf, and paid them fre-

quent visits; but the indignation of the soldiers was roused to such a pitch at the barbarous treatment sustained by these innocent men, that it was apprehended that some violent attempt would be made on their part to rescue the prisoners. To guard against such an outbreak the French commander resolved to place his prisoners beyond the reach of deliverance, and accordingly he smuggled them away by night in a small vessel, and carried them off to Calais. From thence they were marched in chains to Havre, and after a stay there of some days, during which they received many testimonies of sympathy from their co-religionists in that city, they proceeded by way of Rouen, where also they found numerous friends, to Paris.

Our space will not permit us to notice further the adventures which befell them by the way. Arrived at the capital, they were consigned to the prison of La Tour-nelle, once a royal residence, but then turned into an entrepôt for condemned criminals, destined for the galleys. The aspect of the vast and dismal dungeon to which they were now consigned, shook for a moment even the well-tried fortitude of Marteilhe and his brethren. "I acknowledge," he says, "that, inured as I had been to prisons, chains, fetters, and other engines which tyranny or crime have devised, I could not overcome the shuddering that seized me, and the terror with which I was struck when I first saw this place." He describes it as a vast cavern traversed from end to end by thick beams of timber riveted to the floor. To each of these beams, at a distance of two feet apart, the convicts were secured by a chain a foot and a half long attached to an iron collar, encircling their necks. The beam rising about two and a half feet from the floor, the position of the convict was such that he could not lie down, or sit, or stand upright, but was kept constantly in a half-lying, half-sitting posture, with his head against the beam. The sight of the wretched beings, of whom no less than five hundred were thus kept chained down day and night, of whom some were aged, others suffering from pain and sickness, as they writhed in the torture of their constrained position, was distressing beyond description. Many sunk under the

weight of their misery, others endured anguish difficult to be imagined. Groans and cries enough to melt the most savage heart arose from this den of horrors, but even these expressions of a misery which could not be endured were repressed as far as possible by their merciless overseers, who punished all such infractions of discipline with the whip. For three days and nights Marteilhe and his brother Huguenots had to endure this dreadful treatment; after that time the friendly offices of a wealthy Protestant merchant in Paris procured for them, by means of a present to the governor of the prison, a release from the frightful position in which they had been placed, their chain being transferred from the neck to the leg, and in this state they remained about a month, until the time came for dispatching them to Marseilles.

The journey from Paris to that port, which was made towards the end of December, 1712, was signalized by a treatment of these unhappy galley slaves more barbarous than any before related, inasmuch that Marteilhe declares that in the whole of his previous twelve years of bondage and misery, he had never undergone so great a trial of fortitude. The prisoners were marched in double file, heavily chained, one chain connecting each couple, another passing transversely through rings placed in the centre of the coupling chains, and so fastening the whole gang together. Thus trammelled they had to march each day a distance of ten or twelve miles, being usually lodged in stables or other similar buildings at night, but without any straw allowed to them, very scantily fed, and exposed to all the severities of the weather. At Charenton the gang halted the first night after their march from Paris. The weather was bitterly cold, for it was freezing hard, and the wind blew keenly from the northeast. They arrived heated and exhausted with walking under the weight of their chains. After being shut up for some time in a stable to rest, they were all drawn up on one side of a large yard, inclosed, but open to the weather, and ordered to strip themselves of all they had on, and, leaving their clothes there on the ground, to march to the opposite side of the yard. In this condition they were kept standing in the freezing air of

that inclement night for two long hours, the guards during that time making a pretence of searching their clothes to see if they had any knives or other instruments which might be used as means of escape. After having been kept so long, perishing in the cold, the convicts were ordered to walk back to the spot where they had deposited their clothes. "But, oh cruel sight!" says Marteilhe, "the greater part of these unfortunates were so stiff with cold as to be quite unable to walk even that short distance to their clothes. Then it was that blows of sticks and strokes of the whip rained down upon them, and this horrid treatment failing to animate their poor bodies, frozen as they were with cold, some of them stretched stiff in death, others dying, these barbarous soldiers dragged them along by the collar round their necks like dogs, their limbs streaming with blood from the blows they had received. That night and the next day no less than eighteen of the party died." Marteilhe attributes the saving of his own life and that of his co-religionists to their having imbedded themselves in the warm dung of the stable, where horses had been recently kept, in which they passed the remainder of the night. Many of the survivors were so ill the next day from the effect of that terrible night that it became necessary to hire carts to carry them, though none were allowed this indulgence until it had been proved by the ordeal of the whip that they were really unable to walk. Upon the weakest of these, cold, blows, and sickness soon did their work, and reduced their numbers greatly before the gang reached Marseilles. But the abominable cruelty of the officer in charge was not the effect of mere wantonness; he had a cogent reason for thus thinning out the weaker members of his gang. By his contract with the Government he was to receive a certain sum per head for the convicts delivered at Marseilles. But he was bound himself to pay all charges, and the cost of hiring carts for conveying those who were too ill or weak to walk would not have been covered by the head-money paid for them. He therefore saved the expense both of their food and carriage by letting them perish on the way.

With the arrival of Marteilhe and his

companions at Marseilles, where they found a large body of their Protestant brethren on board the galleys, the worst part of those sufferings which they had so heroically endured came to a close, and their day of deliverance, long vainly expected, began to dawn. The negotiations which were concluded in the peace of Utrecht had raised their hopes; but when they learned that in that arrangement no mention had been made of their deliverance, they ceased to look to any human power for relief. But they were not aware at that time of the efforts that were being made to interest the Queen of England on their behalf. Meanwhile the Jesuits, who were better informed, and who feared that Louis might be induced to yield to the solicitations of Anne in favor of the Protestants, renewed their efforts to induce Marteilhe and his companions to make their submission to the Church. They left no means of insinuation or seduction untried, striving by fair language and specious promises to undermine the faith which had resisted the worst assaults of violence and cruelty. Having invited a deputation of the recusants to an amicable conference on board one of the galleys, the wily Fathers used all their ingenuity to prove to them that they were mistaken in supposing that the punishment they suffered was inflicted on account of their religion, or that it in any way lay at the door of the Church. The following may be instanced as a good specimen of the logic of persecution:

"'Why,' said Father Garcia to me, 'are you now at the galleys, and for what offence were you sentenced?' I answered that, being persecuted in my own country, I wished to leave the kingdom, in order that I might profess my religion in freedom; and that having been arrested at the frontiers, I was condemned to the galleys. 'Do not you see, then,' said he, 'what I just now told you, that you do not know what persecution means. Let me explain to you, then, that it consists in this: when you suffer ill-treatment in order to oblige you to renounce the religion which you profess. Now in your case religion has had nothing to do with the matter, and the proof is this. The King had forbidden his subjects to leave his kingdom without leave. You chose to do so, and you are punished for transgressing the King's edicts. This concerns the police of the country, not the church nor religion.' He then turned to another of our brethren who was present,

asking the cause of his condemnation to the galleys. 'It was because I took part in a meeting for the worship of God,' answered he. 'Another breach of the King's orders,' rejoined the father. 'The King had forbidden his subjects to meet anywhere for public worship except in their parish or other churches. You did the contrary, and you are punished for disobedience to the King's commands.' Another brother said that, 'being sick, the curate came to his bedside to receive his declaration whether he wished to live and die in the reformed religion or in the Roman Catholic; to which he answered, "in the reformed." Upon his recovery he was arrested and sentenced to the galleys.' 'Another violation of his Majesty's decrees!' said Father Garcia. 'It is the King's pleasure that all his subjects should live and die in the Roman Church. You declared that you would do the contrary: that is a transgression of the King's orders. Thus you see,' he continued, 'each one of you has been guilty of disobedience to the King's authority. The Church has had no part in the matter. She interfered in no way in the proceedings against you; in fact, all was done, as it were, behind her back and without her cognizance.'"

This flimsy sophistry was at once dispelled by two simple questions, which Marteilhe, as spokesman for his companions, addressed to the father:

"'Suppose,' he asked, with an air of well-feigned simplicity, 'we should require time to satisfy our minds on some scruples we still entertain, might we meanwhile be restored to liberty before making abjuration?' 'Assuredly not,' answered the priest. 'You will never quit the galleys unless you have first abjured with all formalities.' 'And if we made the abjuration required, might we then hope to be released speedily?' 'Within fifteen days afterwards, on the word of a priest,' replied Garcia. 'You have the King's own word for it.'"

Confuted out of his own mouth, and reproached with his equivocation, the priest broke up the conference in disgust.

While these poor confessors, though without any earthly hope of deliverance, thus clung firmly to their faith, agencies unknown to them were working in their behalf. The Marquis de Rochegude, an aged French refugee, who had already made many efforts on behalf of his co-religionists, undertook a mission of his own accord to the principal Protestant courts of Europe, and obtained from the kings of Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, and

other powers, letters to the Queen of England, recommending the cause of the persecuted Protestants to her powerful intercession. Armed with these credentials the Marquis came to England, and requested the Minister, Lord Oxford, to procure him an audience of his royal mistress. Having placed himself in St. James's park when the Queen was to pass by, he succeeded in attracting her notice. Ordering him to be called to her, she said: "M. de Rochegude, I request you to let these poor men in the French galleys be informed that they may look to be liberated very speedily." The Marquis lost no time in conveying this gracious message, and very soon afterwards an order came from the French Government to Marseilles that a list should be returned of all the Protestants on board the galleys there. The total number was upwards of three hundred. In a few days an order came from Paris for the release of one hundred and thirty-six, specifying their names. That of Marteilhe was the last upon this list. Great as the joy was of those included in the warrant of release, they were deeply concerned for their remaining brethren, who, without any apparent cause, had been overlooked. But the troubles even of the more fortunate class were not yet over. The insatiable rancor of their priestly persecutors pursued them still. They were filled with indignation, declared that the King had been surprised into making this order, and that to let these men go would be an everlasting stain on the Roman Church. They persuaded the commandant, with whom they had much influence, to postpone the execution of the order until they could communicate with the Government. He consented, but the order was not revoked. They resorted then to other means, with a view to render the release nugatory. They induced the commandant to clog the license with so many and such onerous conditions, as to the mode in which the liberated prisoners should leave France, and the route they should take, as to make their departure apparently impossible. All these difficulties, however, were by a happy conjuncture of circumstances surmounted, and at length, on the 17th of June, 1713, Marteilhe, with thirty-five companions released from the

chains which they had so patiently worn for thirteen long years of worse than Egyptian bondage, embarked in a vessel at Marseilles, to quit for ever the land of their persecution.

The adventures which they encountered both by land and sea on their route from Marseilles via Nice to Turin, where they had an audience of King Victor Amadeus, who warmly expressed his sympathy with them, and from thence to Geneva, were numerous and remarkable, but our space will not allow them to be noticed here. But upon their arrival at Geneva, where the relatives and friends of several of the party resided, a reception awaited them which took them greatly by surprise. The news of their coming had preceded them, and as they came near the city, they found a great part of the population, headed by their magistrates and ministers, coming out to meet and welcome their arrival. The martyrs were received with open arms and tears of joy; honors and felicitations were lavished upon them, and though excellent quarters had been assigned to them by the authorities, the inhabitants pleaded to be allowed to take their beloved brethren to their own hearths and homes, and happy was the citizen who secured the privilege of making one of these honored confessors his guest. Some of them, indeed, had now finished their journey, and intended to make Geneva their home, but Marteilhe, with six companions, had still far to go, and after a short sojourn they again set off, loaded with demonstrations of affection, and provided with money and other necessities for their journey by sympathizing friends. At Berne, where they stopped a few days, the travellers met with a reception almost as warm and enthusiastic as they had experienced from the Genevese. They were entertained at the public charge, and every honor was paid to their heroic constancy in enduring affliction for the faith. At Frankfort, at Cologne, and at Rotterdam, where they successively stopped on their journey to Amsterdam, nearly the same scene was enacted; in every place where members of the Reformed Church were settled in any number, marks of honor, hospitality, and affection were lavished upon the travellers. At Amsterdam, the seat of

so much zeal, and such warm-hearted sympathy for the reformed faith, the triumph culminated. Marteilhe declares that "words would fail him to describe the ardent and generous tokens of affection which they received from their co-religionists" in the city. But in welcoming the released sufferers they were not unmindful of the brethren still left in bondage at Marseilles. Marteilhe himself was invited by the Consistory of the Walloon Church to be a member of the deputation which they had resolved to send to England for two purposes—to thank the Queen for the deliverance she had obtained for those who had been released, and to entreat her intercession for the two hundred who were still pining in captivity.

He readily accepted this mission, and came to London with his colleagues, where they were presented to Queen Anne, and had the honor of kissing the royal hand. "Her Majesty assured them with her royal lips that she was truly glad of their deliverance, and that she hoped soon to effect the release of those who were still left in the galleys." They had an interview also with the Duc d'Armont, the French Ambassador at London, who received them with much courtesy, and promised to use his best efforts to procure the liberation of their companions, whose detention he ascribed to some official misunderstanding. His endeavors, however, if really made, had no effect; for it was not till after another year had elapsed, that, in consequence of the renewed solicitations of Queen Anne, the remaining Protestant sufferers received their liberty. After staying some time in London, Marteilhe returned to Holland, and proceeded to the Hague, where he and his brethren were very cordially received, and had pensions settled on them by the Dutch Government.

This event concludes this very interesting memoir; but M. Coquerel has been able to ascertain a few facts which carry down Marteilhe's history somewhat later, and afford information which we are glad to obtain as to his family and descendants. His death took place at Cuylenberg in 1777, at the advanced age of ninety-three years. Mention is made of his aged widow; and it is known that he had a daughter, who was married at

Amsterdam to an English naval officer of distinction, Vice-Admiral Douglas. In 1785 their son, Mr. Douglas, and his wife came to Bergerac to visit their French relatives in Perigord. "It is pleasing to find," says M. Coquerel, "that the memory of Marteilhe, though lost sight of in France, was respected in England, and that the honor of an alliance with the martyr of the galleys was estimated as it deserved."

The narrative, of which a brief sketch has now been given, is so full of striking adventures and curious details, that we believe few of those who may peruse this scanty outline of Marteilhe's history will not be desirous to make themselves acquainted with it in its entirety. And we may venture to express the satisfaction which we have derived from hearing that a record, from the nature of its subject so interesting, and of which the contents are in many respects so honorable to the English name, is likely to be made more accessible to our countrymen by being translated into their own language. One word in accordance with the spirit of the editor's preface should be added in conclusion. There is no polemical design, nor any element of theological bitterness, in this volume. To record the virtues of noble-

hearted men, not to reopen wounds, nor to cast odium on creeds or churches, has been the motive of its publication. "In attempting," says M. Paumier, "to bring to light some glorious passages in the past history of our Church, it has been far from our intention to excite anew those religious conflicts with which our forefathers were inflamed. We know, and we thank God for it, how greatly the times are changed. . . . But that which it is profitable at all times to recall to mind, are those examples of inflexible obedience to conscience, of faithfulness to duty, and of the spirit of self-sacrifice, which in the day of their trial our ancestors exhibited to their descendants as they did also to their persecutors." In the spirit of these remarks we fully concur. It is, indeed, a good lesson for us who live in an easy and tolerant age, in which the exercise of the sterner virtues is more rarely called for, to be reminded of the fortitude of such men as these admirable, though little known, martyrs of the Reformation, who, in the fine language of Sir Thomas Browne, "maintained their faith in the noble way of persecution, and served God in the fire, whereas we honor him in the sunshine."

OPHELIA'S STREAM.

It is a little wandering stream,
By willows and by alders overgrown,
With here and there the clear light glimmering through,
'Mid wavering glooms and spots of skyey blue ;
At times, among the leaves, a sudden beam
Burns on the glassy levels flowing down
Through bending grass, and rush with turban brown,
And weed forlorn with blossoms pale and gold ;
Sleek mosses streak the depth, and trailers lave
Around the earthless roots that drink the wave ;
While underneath the green of branchy bridges,
That span its cold course, twist the twinkling midges
In the light slanting from the sunset wold.

Green rushes rustle dry along its edge,
Bedded in weedy waves of matted sedge,
And in the sleek brown shadows of the bank
Long threads, with keen white flowers, float and drown,
Amid the wogling waters sliding down ;
Where stunted ashes dim and willow dank
Bend to its course.

The gray east air on high
Blows dryly all the day inconstantly,
Shivering the grass, in the vague gleam, a-nigh,
The windy ripples drifting bleakly by.

It is a lonely place, amid the round
 Of February fields that reach afar,
 Barren and sad, to their rude eastern bound,
 Marked by a sea gleam severing angry cloud—
 A rocky coast askirt the surging main—
 Amid the mists a crescent in the wane—
 Black specks of vessels anchored in the bar—
 And norward by a castle near a wood,
 Whose sombre turrets look on land and flood
 Disdainful dark, under a frown of war;
 Where iron'd knights, on ebon coursers proud,
 Stand statued on their guard by gate and bridge
 Where sentinel, oft, in the cold blue night,
 Hears from his windy tower the gallop sound
 Of phantom foemen o'er the hollow ground,
 And sees some mighty dead man in his shroud
 Portentous pacing in the graveyard's light;
 Or ghost upon the distant mountain ridge
 Moving distinct beside the midnight star.

The sun has sunk in dolorous haze, and o'er
 The bleak sear meadows in the wind that moans
 And pauses fitful, blowing from the shore,
 A figure wanders by a well-known way
 On to the stream, singing by starts a lay
 Of old forsaken love, whose simplest tones
 Are piteous, for her spirit is astray,
 And saddest ever when she waxes gay;
 And wild as the wind's self her gentle face,
 Pale as her hood, and eyes of bluest grace.

Now she moves swiftly, fixed upon one thought,
 Until she stands upon the river's brink,
 And, fearful-fingered, first disparts the leaves,
 Seeming uncertain of the place she sought,
 And looks beneath.

Then, as she stops to think
 "Where is she?" and to prattle to the trees,
 A moonbeam strikes the water where she sees,
 In fancy, a loved face, and crying "Come,
 Know'st thou not how my heart loves thee and grieves?"
 Springs to its kiss.

A plunge!—the moon is gone:
 A sob of joy, and then an innocent moan,
 As toward the pool the vague wave wafts her slow,
 Two fathom deep with darkest death below,
 Where the trees bending brood above her tomb.
 And save for the wild wind that blusters round
 The dim strange circuit of the forlorn ground,
 The place lies silent in the sightless gloom.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING A CANTANKEROUS FOOL;

WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON THE TREATMENT OF
 INCAPACITY.

REPROACHFUL face of *Fraser*, here you
 are again! Once I hailed you with joy:
 now I behold you with sorrow, mingled
 with remorse. Rare were the numbers,

once on a time, in which I had not my little share: and my hope for various years was that this might always go on. But now the months pass, faster and faster: and the magazine comes: and there is nothing of mine in it. Very many was the essays this hand used to write; very few they have been for the last two years. And wherefore is it so? Is it that I have no time to write? Truly never was

was harder worked; yet I was worked just as hard when each magazine had its pages of mine. Much worried? Yes indeed, and liking it always less: yet the time was when it was a relief from worry, to sit down at this table and write away. Is it that I have got nothing more to say? Not entirely so. Thoughts not unfrequently arise, which in the old days would have furnished matter for sixteen pages of feeble reflection. But with advancing time one grows more modest; and feels less disposed to speak unless sure that one has something to say that is worth hearing. THAT is the thing. The day comes when not the friend who pitches into you most viciously in print, thinks so badly of your doings as you think yourself. And instead of desiring to add to the number of your pages, you wish heartily you could blot out many that exist already. When a man reaches forty he thinks differently of many things.

Yet let me, once again, try to do something in the old way; before finally resolving to do the like no more. Let me, not unkindly, set forth the praises of Cantankerous and thick-headed Folly; and show certain reasons why it is profitable to a human being that he be a Cantankerous Fool.

There are cantankerous fools whom you can keep at arm's length; cantankerous fools with whom you need have nothing to do: cantankerous fools whom having seen once, you need never see again. But human beings are linked by many social ties; not even our gracious Sovereign herself can successfully resolve that she will never have anything to do with anybody she does not like. And very often you find that you cannot escape from many relations with a cantankerous fool; and that you must just make the best of that offensive being.

Now, how carefully you consider the tempers, the crotchets, the idiotic notions and prejudices, of the cantankerous fool from whom you cannot escape! As for a human being of good sense, and good temper, nobody, in the common transactions of life, minds him. Nobody smooths him down: pets him: considers him: tries to keep him right. You take for granted he will do right, and act sensibly, without any management. If you are driving a docile and well-tem-

pered horse, who is safe to go straight, you give the animal little thought or attention. But if you have to drive a refractory pig, how much more care and thought you put into that act of driving! Your wits must be alive: you humor the abominable brute: you try to keep it in a good temper: and when you would fain let fly at its head, or apply to it abusive epithets, you suppress the injurious phrase, and you hold back the ready hand. So with many a human being whom you are trying to get to act rationally: who hangs back on all kinds of idiotic pretexts, and starts all conceivable preposterous objections to the course which common senses dictates; frequently changing his ground, and defying you to pin him to any reason he states, as is the way with such creatures. When your tongue is ready to exclaim: "Oh you disgusting and wrong-headed fool, will you not try to behave rationally?" you withhold the ready and appropriate words: you know *that* would blow the whole thing up: and you probably say, in friendly tones: "My good fellow, there is a great deal in your objections; and we have all the greatest desire to do what you may wish; but there is A and B, difficult men to deal with: and in this little matter you must just let us do what has been arranged. Pray do this, and we shall all be greatly obliged to you." Perhaps you even degrade yourself by suggesting to the cantankerous fool reasons which you know to be of no weight, but which your knowledge of the fool makes you think may have weight with his idiotic mind. By little bits of deference and attention, rendered with a smooth brow, beneath which lurks the burning desire to take him by the neck and shake him, you seek to keep straight the inevitable cantankerous fool. Yes, my reader, if you want to be deferred to, humored, made much of: if you want to have everybody about you trying to persuade you to act as a sensible man would act without any persuasion; and everybody quite pleased and happy if you have been got after much difficulty into the right track; see that you set yourself before that portion of mankind that cannot get rid of you, in the important and influential character of an ill-tempered and wrong-headed fool.

The jibbing horse in the team: the loose screw in the machine: the weak link in the chain: *they* are the important things. People think of them; watch them: stand a good deal to keep them right. As Brutus shammed himself a fool for protection, so might a wise man in these days sham himself a fool for consideration. Don't be sensible and goodnatured; nobody will be afraid of your taking the pet and getting into the sulks, then. But be always taking offence: striking work: refusing to go where you ought: and you will meet the highest consideration. People may indeed confound you behind your back; but before your face they will be civil to a degree they never would be with an amiable and judicious man. You see, you may explode at any moment. You may lie down in the shafts at any moment. You may kick out furiously at any moment. So all hands will try to keep you in good humor.

The human being who is called a *Privileged Person* is generally a cantankerous fool. Sometimes, indeed, the privileged person is so privileged because of the possession of invaluable qualities which make you bear with anything he says and does. Even where these are amiss they are magnificently counterbalanced. But the cantankerous fool from whom there is no escaping, is the most privileged of all privileged people. No matter how ill-bred and provoking he is, you must just suffer it. No matter how far in the wrong he is, you must just try to smooth him down and make things straight. If you get into any altercation or difference with the fool, you are at a great disadvantage. *He* has no character to lose; but you probably have a reputation for good sense and good humor which any conspicuous disturbance would damage. Then, restrictions of decency in language and conduct fetter you, which are to the fool what the green rushes were to Samson. You could not for your life get up and roar, as you have seen the fool get up and roar.

If you know a man will bellow like a bull if you differ from him in opinion, you just listen to his opinion and hold your tongue. If you know a dog bites, you give him a wide berth. If a ditch be very pestiferous when stirred up, you

don't stir it up. The great principles on which the privileges of cantankerous folly and ill-nature found is this: that as we go on through life we grow somewhat cowardly; and if a thing be disagreeable, we just keep out of its way: sometimes by rather shabby expedients.

Well, after all, the deference paid to the cantankerous fool is not a desirable deference. True it is that if you have to get twelve men to concur with you in a plan for bringing water into the town of which you are chief magistrate, or painting the church of which you are incumbent, or making some improvement in the management of the college of which you are principal, you bestow more pains and thought on the one impracticable, stupid, wrongheaded and cantankerously foolish person of the twelve, than upon all the other eleven. But this is just because you treat that impracticable and cantankerous person as you would treat a baby, or an idiot, or a bulldog, or a jackass. The apparent deference you pay the cantankerous man, is simply an inferior degree of the same thing that makes you confess yourself a teapot if a raving madman has you at an open window, and says he will throw you over unless you forthwith confess yourself a teapot. Pigheaded folly is so disagreeable a thing that you would do a good deal to keep it from intruding itself upon your reluctant gaze; and the cantankerous fool, petted, smoothed down, complimented, deferred to, is truly in the most degraded position a rational being can easily reach. "Oh let us humor him; he is only Snooks the cantankerous fool:" "Give in to him a little: he will make no end of a row if you don't:" such are the reflections of the people who yield to him. If he had any measure of sense, he would see how degraded is his position: what a humiliating thing it is to be deferred to on the terms on which he is deferred to. But the notion of the presence of sense is excluded by the very terms of his definition. For how can there be sense in a cantankerous fool?

All this, the thoughtful reader may lead us up to the wide and important subject of the Treatment of Incapacity. That varies, in the most striking way, as the position of the incapable person varies.

If a servant, lately come home, proves quite unfit for his work, you first scold him; and if that avail nothing, then you send him away. If the grocer who supplies you with tea and sugar, persists in supplying you with execrably bad tea and sugar, you resign your position as his customer; you enter his shop no more. But if the incapable person is in a sufficiently important place, and cannot be turned out of it, the treatment is entirely different. You stand up for the man. You puff him. You deny that he is incapable. You say he is "a very good appointment," however abominably bad you know him to be. The useless judge you declare to be a sound lawyer, whose modesty hinders the general recognition of his merits. The clergyman who neglects his duty shamefully, and whose sermons no man can listen to, you declare to be a good sensible preacher, with no claptrap about him: none of your new brooms that sweep far too clean. The blackleg peer, drunk, profligate, a moral nuisance and curse, is described as a pattern of all the proprieties. As for the hardly conceivable monarch, such as Gorgius IV. of Brentford, who never did a brave or good deed in all his life, *he* takes his rank as the first gentleman in Europe. Yes: the peculiar treatment of the wrong man in the wrong place (by cautious and safe people), is loudly to declare that he is the right man in the right place. The higher the places he disgraces, the louder and firmer the asseveration. And if any man speaks out the fact of the incapacity which all men see, then you bully that man. You fly at him. You abuse him. You tell him his conduct is indecorous: is indecent. You declare that it is not to be supposed that what he says is true: being all the while well aware that it is true.

If a poor curate be idle and stupid, so stupid that he could not do his work if he tried, and so idle that he will not try, that poor curate is sent away. But if the incumbent of a rather important parish be all that, you go on a different tack. You say his health is not good. His church is not empty: on the contrary, it is very respectably attended. It strikes a stranger indeed as empty; but those who attend it regularly (especially the incompetent incumbent himself) think it

very fairly filled; and of course they are the best judges. This crucial case will help the ingenuous reader to the great principle which decides the treatment of incapacity. It is this. An Evil you can remove, you look in the face. You see how bad it is. You even exaggerate its badness. But an Evil you cannot get rid of, you try not to see. You seek to discover redeeming points about it. If you have a crooked stick to walk with, and cannot get another, you make the best of the crooked stick: you persuade yourself it is nearly straight. But if a handsome stick is offered you in its place, you pitch the wretched old thing away. Your eyes are opened to a full sense of its crookedness. In brief, the great rule is, that you make the best of a bad bargain.

Many married people have to do so. They are well aware that in marrying, they made an unhappy mistake. But they just try to struggle on: though the bitter blunder is felt every day. One great evil of the increased facility of divorce in these latter days, is, that it tends to make men and women hastily conclude that a state of things is intolerable, which while deemed inevitable was borne with decent resignation. You try to put a good face on the trouble which cannot be redressed. You "make believe very much;" as all human beings have at some period of life in regard to their worldly position; the situation of their home; the state of their teeth; the incursions of age on their personal beauty. You were resolved to believe your dwelling a handsome and pleasant one, and your place in life not such a dead failure as in your desponding hours you plainly saw it to be. And who but a malignant fool would try to dispel the kindly delusion which keeps a man from quite breaking down? If your friend Smith was in his own eyes what he is in yours, he would lie down and die; overcome by the sense of being such a wretched little jackass. My friend Jones told me that once upon a time, attending a sitting of the House of Peers in Mesopotamia in America, he heard a man make a speech, every sentence of which cried aloud that the speaker was an inexpressible fool. At first, Jones was indignant at the speaker's manifest self-satisfaction. But

gradually Jones became reconciled to the state of the facts as this consideration presented itself to his reflective understanding: That if the unhappy orator had thought of himself and his appearance as Jones thought of both, he would have fled to the remote wilderness and never been seen more!

How are you to manage a cantankerous fool? If possible, you will of course avoid such? But how are you to deal with those whom you cannot avoid? Well, I know it does not sound magnanimous: but I fear you can govern the cantankerous fool only by a careful consideration of his nature, and adaptation of your means to that. I mean, you will not suggest to him reasons of conduct which would have weight only with men of sense. If you want to melt a piece of wax, you bring it in contact with fire. But if you do the like with a piece of clay, the clay is hardened, not softened. In like manner, there are arguments and considerations which would make a man of good sense and temper go to the right, which would make the cantankerous fool go to the left. What profit, then, in suggesting to the fool motives which his nature incapacitates him for understanding? You must deal with the animal as you find him: move him by the things that will make him move. The whipcord, which makes the donkey go, has no effect when applied to the locomotive engine; yet the whipcord serves its end when it makes the donkey go. And the reason which, being suggested to the sensible man, would make him ask you if you thought him a fool, will often avail to move the fool in the direction in which you would have him proceed.

I can see plainly that in thus managing the cantankerous fool you run the risk of falling to the use of means savoring of the base. But no rule can be laid down which may not be carried to an extreme. And we can but say, never say or do that which is sneaking or dishonest: even though by so doing you could get the fool to behave like a man of sense for many hours, or at the most critical juncture. I do not believe that honesty is the best policy. I have seen many cases in which it was plainly the worst. Yet honesty is unquestionably the thing for an honest man. And let the advice, to

govern the fool by regarding his nature, be understood as counselling you to do so, as far as an honest man may.

The truth is, you govern by obeying. You get material nature to do what you want, by finding out its laws, and conforming to them. If you desire to order water to boil, you command it so to do by obeying the law which says that water shall boil, being placed upon a fire. If you would require a field to supply you in September with a crop of wheat, you do so by obeying the field's nature in many ways: ploughing the field (which it demands of you): sowing it, and that in the due season: in short, you humor that field in its likings; and in return for humoring its likings, you get the field to do what you like. So with the fool: so in truth, with the wise man too. All this is fair and aboveboard. But when you come to manage the fool by means analogous to that of him, who, knowing his pig would advance only in the opposite direction from that he desired, affected the desire that the pig should go north when the deep craving of his heart was that the pig should indeed go south—you are going on a tack whose honesty is questionable.

There is a process, singularly offensive to the writer, of which one sometimes hears mention. It is that of **KEEPING PEOPLE SWEET**: such is the idiomatic phrase. It is a process not needful in the case of sensible people, who have no tendency to turn sour; it is a mode of operation especially applicable in the case of the cantankerous fool. It consists in paying special deference to the person to be kept sweet: in going frequently and asking his advice on matters as to which you have already made up your mind, and as to which you know well his opinion is of no possible value: in trying to smooth him down when he takes the pet, as he often does: in making many calls upon him: in conveying by many tacit signs that you esteem him as very wise, very handsome, very influential. I have used the masculine gender through the last sentence: though the peculiar usage described is much employed in the case of old women of pecuniary means. Sometimes, indeed, old women of no wealth nor influence wish people to take pains to keep them sweet: but in these

instances the old women are generally permitted just to remain in a condition of unalleviated acidity.

O judicious reader, wise and amiable, and not uninfluential, receive it as a high testimony to your sense and temper, if no human being tries to keep you sweet! For, in all ordinary cases, the fact that you try to keep any mortal sweet, testifies to your firm conviction that the mortal in question is a silly if not a cantankerous fool!

But let us turn from these thoughts, some of which are irritating, to something sure to soothe. It is now 11.30 P.M., and it is early in July. Alas, the time of green leaves and bright days, how fast it goes! Let us pull up the blind that covers part of that bay-window, and look out upon the calm night, from which the daylight has not quite passed away. First, there is a little bit of grass: beyond, at the foot of a cliff of forty feet, the famous Bay. There it spreads, smooth as glass in the twilight: a great solitary expanse. Beyond, many miles off, there is a low range of purple hills. Under those waters rests that noble chime of bells that belonged to our cathedral: the bells went down with the vessel that was carrying them away. To this sacred spot Christian pilgrims have come for fifteen hundred years: a good many of them, not improbably, being cantankerous fools. And looking on the calm sea, amid this hush of nature, thinking of the solemn associations of the ancient place, the writer heard twelve o'clock sound from silvery bells that were here before the Reformation, and concluded that it was time to go to bed.

A. K. H. B.

Fortnightly Review.

ON THE USE OF METAPHOR AND "PATHETIC FALLACY" IN POETRY.

THERE is an important question connected with the principles of poetic art which the high authority of Mr. Ruskin has been chiefly instrumental in deciding; but notwithstanding my profound sense of the value of Mr. Ruskin's teaching on æsthetic matters, I venture to think that in this instance his decision has been too hastily accepted as final. I refer to

the question of the use of metaphor, and what Mr. Ruskin has termed "pathetic fallacy" in poetry.

Now if there be a great fundamental principle, the slow recognition of which by modern art we owe to Mr. Ruskin, it is this, that "nothing can be good or useful or ultimately pleasurable which is untrue." (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii., p. 160.) Yet here, he proceeds, in metaphor and pathetic fallacy, "is something pleasurable in written poetry which is nevertheless untrue." For, according to him, these forms of thought result from the "extraordinary or false appearances of things to us, when we are under the influence of emotion or contemplative fancy—false appearances, as being entirely unconnected with any real power or character in the object, and only imputed to it by us" (p. 159). Mr. Ruskin further adds, that "the greatest poets do not often admit this kind of falseness—that it is only the second order of poets who much delight in it." Yet he admits that "if we think over our favorite poetry we shall find it full of this kind of fallacy, and that we like it all the more for being so." Now there is here a contradiction which is well worthy of attentive examination. This attribution by metaphor of spiritual qualities to material objects is eminently characteristic of modern poetry—notably of Tennyson's—and has been made a ground of serious objection to it, as fatal to any claim it might put forward to be accounted first-rate, by more than one critic following in the wake of Mr. Ruskin. And so far as such criticism has been a protest against the indiscriminating admiration for mere pretty disconnected freaks of fancy, which at one time threatened to break up our poetry into so many foam-wreaths of loose, luxuriant images, the effect of it has been beneficial. There is danger, on the other hand, that this criticism may beget a blind dogmatism, very injurious to the natural and healthy development of the poetic art which may be proper to our own present age. For the intellectual and æsthetic developments of each different race and age will have a characteristic individuality of their own. And criticism ought to point us to the great models of the past, not that we may become their cold and servile imitators, but that we may nourish

on them our own creative genius. The classification of artists as first, second, and third rate, must always be somewhat arbitrary; but the criticism which disposes of a quality that is essential to such poetry as Tennyson's, by calling it a weakness and a "note" of inferiority, may itself be suspected of shallowness.

Let us first take for brief examination some instances of alleged fallacy in the use of metaphorical expressions. The following Mr. Ruskin takes from Keats:

"Down whose green back the short-lived foam, all hoar,
Bursts gradual with a *wayward indolence*."

Now salt water cannot be either wayward or indolent; on this plain fact the charge of falsehood in the metaphor is grounded. Yet this expression is precisely the most exquisite bit in the picture. Can plain falsehood then be truly poetic and beautiful? Many people will reply, "certainly," believing that poetry is essentially pleasing by the number of pretty falsehoods told or suggested. We believe with Mr. Ruskin that poetry is only good in proportion to its truth. Now, we must first inquire what the poet is here intending to describe. If a scientific man were to explain to us the nature of foam by telling us that it is a wayward and indolent thing, this would clearly be a falsehood. But does the poet profess to explain what the man of science would profess to explain, or something else? What are the physical laws according to which water becomes foam, and foam falls along the back of a wave—that is one question; and what impression does this condition of things produce on a mind that observes closely, and feels with exquisite delicacy of sense the beauty in the movement of the foam, and its subtle relations to other material things, as well as to certain analogues in the sphere of spirit, to functions and states of the human spirit—this is a totally different question. Now I submit that the office of the poet in this connection is to answer the latter question, and that of the scientific man to answer the former. But observe that this is not granting license of scientific ignorance or wanton inaccuracy to the poet which some critics are disposed to grant. For if the poet ignorantly or wantonly contradicts such re-

sults of scientific inquiry as are generally familiar to the cultivated minds of his age, he puts himself out of harmony with them, and does not announce truth, which can commend itself to them as such. But the poetic aspects of a circumstance do not disappear when the circumstance is regarded according to the fresh light scientific inquiry has thrown upon it. Such poetic aspects are increased as knowledge increases. Keats, in this instance, contradicts no legitimate scientific conclusion. The poet who does so wantonly, shows little of the true poet's reverence for nature. The poet undertakes to teach what the man of science does not undertake to teach: their provinces are different; but if they contradict one another, they are so far bunglers in their respective trades.

Let us here at once, as briefly as may be, dispose of an erroneous popular assumption, which simply results from inaccurate thought. It may be conceded that we have shown how the metaphor of Keats correctly describes the effect of foam breaking up along the back of a wave on a poetic mind sensitive to its beauty; but it will probably be urged that while the scientific man investigates the nature of things themselves, the poet, after all, only describes things as they appear to us. This is a complete mistake. The water, the foam, and the laws of their existence, which it is the object of science to investigate, are *phenomena*; that is, products of something external to us and of our perceiving faculty in reciprocal action. Out of deference to the constitutional objection of Englishmen to careful thought, Mr. Ruskin, while giving us some metaphysics of his own on this topic, humorously denounces the "troublesomeness of metaphysicians" who do not agree with him. It is plain matter of fact, however, that blueness and saltiness and fluidity are effects of things on our senses and perceiving faculties—are the appearances of things to us. The scientific man, therefore, in describing these phenomena, the fixed order of their coexistence and succession, describes certain features of their appearance to us; and the poet equally chooses certain other features of their appearance to us. The analogies of natural things to spiritual, and the beauty of these which the poet

discerns, are as much facts as the more obvious facts that sea-water is salt and green, and that foam is white or gray. True indeed it is that nearly every one can see and acknowledge the latter facts to be facts, and that much fewer persons can see the wayward indolence of the foam on the back of the green wave; but color-blind people cannot see the greenness of the wave; and to those who know nothing of science, many undoubted facts the man of science can tell will seem unintelligible. There are many truths we unhesitatingly receive as such, although some persons of less perfect and cultured faculty cannot receive them. Now, whether the faculty whereby we attain to truth be called judgment, reasoning, imagination, or fancy, can be of little consequence. One source of error in this matter is that, in the popular use of the words, we "fancy" and "imagine" what is not the fact.

But we can here only afford room to refer the reader on this point to Mr. Ruskin's own fine dissertations on the respective functions of imagination and fancy—one of his definitions of true imagination being that it is the faculty of "taking things by the heart," and as such, certainly not a faculty of seeing things falsely. The question is, does the metaphor of Keats express the poetic truth forcibly to kindred imaginative minds, or does it not? If, as is the case with so many fine-sounding metaphorical expressions, this expression when examined should prove inaccurate, far-fetched, affected, disturbing, and degrading, not intensifying and ennobling to the pictorial effect of that which the poet intended to represent, then is the metaphor false, and because false, therefore bad as art. Indolence and foam may be interesting separately, but they may be so remotely suggestive of one another that the association of them can serve no purpose but to prove the nimbleness of the poet's fancy. But we submit that the shredding forceless drift of old foam on the wave's back cannot be painted more accurately than by the metaphor of Keats. It is verily analogous to—that is, partially identical with—the aimless drift of indolent thought; and I find that I know each phenomenon better by thus identifying them in conception. It may be

strange that so it should be; it may even be repugnant to some pseudo-philosophical scheme which has found a lodging in our minds, we do not know why or how, implying the absolute contrariety of mind and matter; but yet, if it be a fact, that so it is, ought not we who reverence facts to receive it? And why should a poet be a teller of pleasant lies, for pointing the fact out to us? It may indeed be urged that Keats does not merely assert the mental and material phenomena to be *like*, but asserts the foam to be indolent and wayward, which it is not. Let it be remembered, however, that if the poet had introduced here an elaborate comparison, he would have diverted our sight and thought from the water itself to a distinct human sphere, with all its new and foreign associations, which would have been injurious to the harmonious progress of his poem, his object being merely to touch in the wave and its foam, as he passed onward, with as few and as telling touches as possible. Besides, in employing a metaphorical expression, you do not intend to make, and no one understands you to make, a literal assertion; you are making it metaphorically, and this because you feel that you can best express the character of one thing by ascribing to it the character of something analogous. You might multiply vague epithets for ever, and not hit it off—not transfix the core of a thing's individuality—as you can do by a single happy metaphor. There are correspondences between spirit and matter, and it is in seizing these that we find each analogue in spirit and matter becoming suddenly luminous, intelligible, real. It would not, as is assumed, be *more accurate* to say, "the foam falls gradually." These terms are too abstract: other things also fall gradually; and therefore they do not give the individuality of the phenomenon in question. There is indeed some error involved in the use of Keats's metaphor; but this error is allowed for, and it is the most accurate expression possible of the actual fact; for the error of poverty and vagueness which the more abstract epithets would involve is a far more radical error; so that they are erroneously supposed to be more scientific and exact. The commonest terms in use for expressing men-

tal and moral qualities are derived from conditions and qualities of matter—that is, are used metaphorically; and yet we do not call them "fallacies." We talk of an "upright man" in the moral sense as readily as we talk of an upright man in the bodily. Our most graphic and vigorous prose must share the fate of our best poetry if metaphor be simply falsehood. How are you to avoid speaking of a tortuous, crooked policy? The splendid vigor of Mr. Ruskin's own prose-poetry is largely due to his felicitous use of metaphor.

Mr. Ruskin, indeed, remarks justly that Homer "would never have written, never have thought of" such a metaphor as this of Keats'. He will call the waves "over-roofed," "full-charged," "monstrous," "compact-black," "wine-colored," and so on. These terms are as accurate, as incisive, as terms can be, but they never show the slightest feeling of anything animated in the ocean. Now this faculty of seeing and giving the external appearance of a thing precisely is eminently Homeric, and is one without which a man can hardly be a poet at all. The ideal on which poetasters pique themselves means but a feeble, insecure grasp of reality; they do not know that to find the ideal they must first hold fast and see into the common external thing which they deem so despicable. But the fellowship of the external thing with certain spiritual things is an additional though latent quality in it, the perception of which may result from a keen gaze into the external appearance. Does Keats then see more than Homer? Mr. Ruskin replies that Homer had a faith in the animation of the sea much stronger than Keats. But "all this sense of something living in it he separates in his mind into a great abstract image of a sea power. He never says the waves rage or are idle. But he says there is somewhat in, and greater than, the waves, which rages and is idle, and that he calls a god." (Vol. iii., p. 174.)

We must remark upon this that the early poets of a people have seldom displayed so great a care for the beauties of external nature in general as their later poets have done. Compare Homer and Theocritus, Chaucer and Tennyson. The earlier poetry will deal chiefly with the

outward active life of man—his wars, hunting, his passion for women and other excitements, with all the intrigues and adventures to which this may give rise; and the noblest songs have been sung about these simple universally interesting themes. But the criticism which insists on the poetry of a later age being squared on the model of that of an earlier age may surely be reminded that the earlier poetry is so great and good precisely because it is spontaneous, the perfect expression of the age in which it was produced. As men come to lead more artificial, quiet lives, they reflect more on themselves and on the nature around them; they stand in new relationships to external things; they acquire new habits of feeling, acting, thinking, and external nature becomes the mirror of their own more highly organized existence; so that the earlier poet cannot see those subtle meanings in the face of nature which the later poet sees. If the external features of nature remain the same, the spirit of men in relation with them changes ever. But even if we admitted with Mr. Ruskin that Homer was as sensitively alive to the delicate play of expression on the mobile countenance of nature as Keats was, only that he ascribed it to some god and that Keats did not, we should be constrained to ask, Does Mr. Ruskin mean that Homer's was a more correct mode of embodying that animation than was the metaphorical mode of Keats? Are we to believe in the Pagan nature-divinities? Because if not, and if yet Mr. Ruskin admits the animation in question, it is hard to see why he praises Homer and deems the metaphor of Keats a pleasant falsehood and a characteristic of the vicious modern manner. Surely we owe the restoration of our faith in the glorious animation of nature very largely to Mr. Ruskin's own teaching, which makes his inconsistent doctrine on this subject of metaphor the more to be regretted. What makes the language of our poets often incorrect, confused, affected, is that while they cannot help feeling that there is a life and a spirit in nature, they are instructed by our teachers of authority that this feeling is but a pretty superstition, allowable, indeed, in poetry, yet not to be mistaken for a true belief. Poetry, therefore, becomes an

"elegant pastime," by no means the expression of our deepest and most earnest insight. The result last century was that in our poetry "mountains nodded drowsy heads," and "flowers sweated beneath the night dew." For if images of this kind be delusions, with no basis in truth, the elegance of them resolves itself into a mere matter of taste. And people at that time thought these ideas very lovely and poetic indeed. Even now many of our most intelligent minds believe

"Earth goes by chemic forces; Heaven's
A mecanique celeste,
And heart and mind of human kind
A watchwork as the rest."—CLOUGH.

Others of us believe that there is a deity indeed, but one who, having made all this, only watches it go, and occasionally interferes with the order of it to prove to us that it did not make itself, and to remind us of his own existence. But of the God of St. Paul, "in whom we (and all other things) live, move, and have our being," we hear very little. If, however, it were permitted in so enlightened an age as the present to broach so old-world an idea, we might yet believe with Homer that there is a great sea-power, a divinity, in the sea as well as a great deal of salt water; then we might still believe with the great modern poet, with whom it was no pretty lie but a profound faith, that—

"There is a spirit in the pathless woods,
A presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

I think it especially important to examine the position which Mr. Ruskin has taken in this question in his third volume of *Modern Painters*, because it tends to neutralize the noble teaching of the second volume, to which our art owes incalculable benefit. We have only to turn to the chapter on "Imagination Penetrative" (p. 163, vol. ii.) to be assured of the inconsistency of his doctrine on this subject. As an instance of what he means by Imagination Penetrative, he quotes from Milton—

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"Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive
head,
And every flower that sad embroidery
wears."

How can a primrose be forsaken, or cowslips hang *pensive* heads? According to the chapter on "Pathetic Fallacy," only a poet of the secondary order would indulge in such pretty fallacies. He goes on, however, to quote Shakespeare's image of "pale primroses dying unmarried, before they can behold bright Phœbus in his strength;" yet what is his comment here? "Observe how the imagination goes into the very inmost soul of every flower," and "never stops on their spots or bodily shape," which last remark implies a half-censure of Milton for describing "the pansy freaked with jet," that being merely a touch of inferior fancy, that mixes with and mars the work of imagination. Again, "the imagination sees the heart and inner nature, and makes them felt, but is often obscure, mysterious, and interrupted in its giving of outer detail." Even in the case of elaborate imaginative structures such as those of Dante and Milton, the poet's work, we would contend, is the product of sheer insight, whose keen, long, ardent gaze into the eyes of nature, human and material, has drawn the very soul out of her. From that central point to which the seer has pierced, all parts are seen in their own relative proportion; harmony, hidden meaning, and purpose; and the several parts that are chosen and united in his work form a perfect organic structure, because they are conjoined, not according to the accidental juxtaposition in which the vulgar eye may chance to behold them at the surface, but according to the eternal affinities they have in nature for one another. The parts of such a work are not pieced arbitrarily together; they have chemical affinity for one another; and they grow up into an organic whole in the creative mind of the poet, which process is just a reproduction in small of the grand organic evolution of the universe. We see things in isolated broken pieces; but the poet with unerring instinct, as by a spirit magnetism, brings together the fragments that indeed belong to one another, and so forms for us living models of the universal kosmos.

In this manner great artists have positively created new individualities—or at least gone to the verge of creating them. If the idea of an imaginary living creature were perfectly sufficient and self-consistent it would actually live. But if in the course of ages mind ever came to evolve creations in the same sense as mind itself seems now to be evolved from material organization, such creatures would probably transcend the minds we know as much as these minds transcend the bodily organization. Meanwhile great imaginations approach such a goal. There is the Dragon of Turner in the Jason of his *Liber Studiorum*; the terrible Lombard Griffin, so intensely portrayed by Ruskin; the Satan of Milton; the Caliban of Shakespeare. That creature may have actually breathed or may actually breathe some day, he seems so real, so possible. This doctrine that all real poetry tells the most fundamental truth about things, instead of being merely a play of pretty or pathetic fallacies, and elegant relaxation for after dinner, as modern critics seem to conceive, I venture to propound as having the sanction of no mean critic—Aristotle. For Aristotle, while defining poetry "viewed generally" as *μιμήσις*, yet explains that he does not mean such imitation as modern photography might represent. "Poetry," he explains, "represents actions less ordinary and interchanged, and endows them with more rareness," than is found in nature. The poet's business is "not to tell events as they have actually happened, but as they might possibly happen." "Poetry is more sublime and more philosophical than history." We contend then for Aristotle's definition of poetry as *μιμήσις*, the imitative art, as on the whole the best and most helpful. And I have merely wished here in passing to strengthen my argument by showing that the principles I apply to defend the use of metaphor are of universal application in all departments of poetry. Thus I might proceed to show that there is more essential truth in the few lines embodying Spenser's symbolic impersonations of the vices (envy, gluttony, jealousy, etc.), than could be expressed in as many pages of abstract dissertation.

It is unfortunate that Wordsworth, in

the course of those few discussions of his on the principles of Poetry which are worth their weight in gold (considering how little scientific standard criticism our language can boast in comparison with the portentous amount of smart, conceited, futile Babel-utterances with which the weekly press teems to our bewilderment)—it is unfortunate that Wordsworth himself should have used some unguarded language relative to the question we are here discussing. He says that imagination "confers additional properties on an object, or abstracts from it some of those which it actually possesses." (Preface to Edit. of 1815 of *Poet. Works*.) He gives several instances of this, which it may be well for us to examine. First from Milton—

"As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds."

No fleet hangs in the clouds. But the poet, professing to describe the appearance of a fleet far out at sea, describes it exactly by these terms, and adds nothing to the picture that does not belong to the actual appearance. Wordsworth next quotes from his own perfect descriptive poetry, "Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods." The word "broods," Wordsworth himself remarks, conveys the manner in which the bird reiterates and prolongs the soft note, as if participating in a still and quiet satisfaction like that which may be supposed inseparable from the continuous process of incubation. Now, it is probably true, scientifically as well as poetically, that the bird delights in and broods over its own note, while his mate is sitting near upon their eggs. Again—

"O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"

If the poet, looking up at the gray cuckoo in the tree, were to address it as a voice rather than a bird, the thought would not be pleasing, but absurd, because untrue and affected. But we may conceive him wandering meditatively about Rydal, as was his wont, lying upon the fresh green grass, and listening to that beloved voice of the spring, with all its old, sweet, sad associations. Has not that cuckoo-voice become part of ourselves, a link of our hearts to some long

and lovely past? Has not that quiet happy voice, falling into the hearts of lovers, beating very close to one another, thrilled them into a yet dearer fusion? And when such lovers have been parted, has not this gentle voice united them in spirit again as they listened? Is not the cuckoo-voice indeed all this, the very spirit of our English spring, quite as much, nay, how very much more, than it is the love-call of one individual male cuckoo? The poet has told us one truth, and the naturalist may tell us another. The one "lies" and "alters nature" quite as little as the other. Wordsworth's genius steals like moonlight, silent and unaware, into many a hidden nook that seemed barren and formless before, but now teems with shy and rare loveliness as of herb and flower; yet the moonlight only reveals what is already latent there. Creative, indeed, are these isolated images and metaphors, having a vital truth and coherence of their own, quite as real as that of the vaster completed works of high art; and while in the highest work these subordinate features will have their meaning in strict subordination to the whole, yet criticism is wrong to ignore and decri beauty of detail, which, if genuine, is itself the offspring of the same quickening, creative spark, fusing diverse elements into one. Though Keats was no weakling of the Kirke White stamp, to be "snuffed out by an article," one pain more might have been spared him on his consumptive deathbed, if his critic could have been less malignant, and intelligent enough to comprehend that if unity of plan be all in all, and the character of the details of no importance, then a symmetrical periwig, or a smart review, or a sensation story, would be nobler than Endymion—which is absurd.

We now pass to some instances of what Mr. Ruskin terms "pathetic fallacy" proper. Mr. Ruskin takes one from Mr. Kingsley's pathetic ballad, "Sands of Dee." Of Mary, who was drowned in calling the cattle home across the sands of Dee, he sings—

"They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam."

Now, how can foam be cruel? Mr. Ruskin admits there is a dramatic pro-

priety in the expression; I mean, that the feeling with which a spectator would regard the foam in these circumstances is correctly expressed; but he contends that the reason in this condition is unhinged by grief: foam is not cruel, whether we fancy it so or not. He admits that a person feeling it so will probably be higher in nature than one who should feel nothing of the kind, but contends that there is a third order of natures higher than either—natures which control such fallacious feelings by the force of their intellects. Such men know and feel too much of the past and future, and all things beside and around that which immediately affects them, to be shaken by it. Thus the high creative poet might be thought impassive (shallow people think Dante stern) because he has a great centre of reflection and knowledge in which he stands serene, and watches the feeling, as it were, from far off. We must admit that there is much truth in this fine criticism; yet we must remark upon it that it is one thing to be washed away from our anchorage of reason—while, however, as Mr. Ruskin admits, there are circumstances wherein we should not think it a proof of men's nobleness not to be—and another to be tossed up and down on the strong billows of feelings, holding yet fast to the anchor of reason. I mean that the influence of feeling on our intellects need not necessarily be a distorting influence; feeling may teach us what we could not learn without it. Love, for example, may often blind us to the defects of a beloved person, and so far confuse our judgment; yet since love puts us *en rapport*, in sympathy with, that person, it imparts insight, and gives wider and more essential data for the exercise of the understanding. The man to whom a primrose is "a yellow primrose and nothing more," by no means knows it correctly because he does not feel any love for it or interest in it. He knows nothing at all about it except the name. A dispassionate judgment means too often a blind indiscriminating judgment formed by men who want those fine inner organs of sensibility without which the data for a true judgment are necessarily wanting; and the stupid judgment of a cynic is infinitely more mischievous than that of a warm partisan, because it

has the credit of exceptional impartiality and freedom from "prejudice."

Let us examine this special instance of pathetic fallacy from Kingsley. What and whence is this impression of cruelty in the foam? Is it not the appropriate expression of a sense that comes over us in such-like terrible circumstances that there is on the outside of our weak wills and impotent understandings some mysterious destiny manifesting itself especially in that fixed and iron-bound order of Nature so pitiless towards us when, in our often innocent ignorance, we happen to be caught into the blind whirl of its relentless machinery? For then it whirls on and crushes not only the living flesh and blood itself has wrought so cunningly, but too often, alas! as it seems, our very human reason—the tenderest and holiest of human sensibilities. In the coolest blood regarding such a spectacle, I ask how shall we express the facts of it? The ancients had their cruel gods and their blind fate. Our faith, on the other hand, if faith we have at all, is in a Supreme Being whose nature we can best conceive by naming him Love. And yet he who does not feel the weary burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world—he who does not confess what a feeble glimmer is all our boasted light—that he is an infant crying in the dark, and with no language but a cry—he has not had the data upon which to form a real philosophy. What, then, is it worth? As men, as wise men, we must feel these terrible realities in the core of our beings. If we still retain our faith, after this, well and good. But how shall we express the bewildered anguish of the spirit in such seasons of calamity? To me it seems as inevitable, and therefore as proper as it is natural, that we should upbraid the instrument—the second cause—the cruel crawling sea-foam that swallowed up the innocent one we loved. Let the philosopher at least furnish us with correcter formulae for the expression of the feeling due from us as human beings on such occasions as this.

Mr. Ruskin again quotes a very affecting ballad from Casimir de la Vigne, as an instance of what he thinks the highest manner where the poet refuses to let himself be carried away by the horror of the incident he relates, and simply pictures

the dreadful, naked, physical fact of it without any comment, impressing us far more than if he had indulged in any pathetic fancies of his own about it. There is to be a ball at the French Ambassador's, and a fair young girl is dressing for it. All the little nothings she babbles to her maid while beautifying herself—she is to meet her lover—are told just as she would say them, when a spark catches her dress, and she is burned to death. What is the result? The poet only tells us—

"On disait, pauvre Constance!
Et on dansait jusqu'au jour
Chez l'ambassadeur de France."

Now we do not believe with Mr. Ruskin that dark fallacious thoughts occurred to the poet here, and that he resolutely put them by because he philosophically held them to be false. We do not believe that the highest poet is "unparticipating in the passions" he depicts, as Coleridge affirms of Shakespeare; he is by turns in the situations of the characters he represents; and here the emotion is so genuine that the poet's philosophy would have been torn to tatters by it, for indeed such a philosophy would only have waited the rending of reality.

But in cases of sudden intense emotion, metaphor, which implies some degree of reflection on the circumstance, is for the most part out of place. Thought is overwhelmed by feeling—the bare fearful fact, that alone we see and know, we can but relate that. The poet here feels and relates just as a witness fresh from the incident would do. This bare relation is the most appropriate to the incident related. But when reflection upon an afflicting circumstance is possible, and natural, then metaphor and brief comment may be most appropriate to the fullest impression derivable from the circumstance. Wordsworth, therefore, comments a good deal on what he relates (sometimes unduly, but usually with effect) because he does not love violent passion, rapid action, stirring overwhelming situations. We will only add on this branch of the subject how fully we coincide in all Mr. Ruskin's remarks on the false, affected, confused employment of metaphor and so-called "poetic language," characteristic of inferior versification. "Simply

bad writing may almost always be known by its adoption of these fanciful metaphorical expressions as a sort of current coin."

One more striking instance where what seems to be pathetic fallacy may be argued to be philosophically true—though to the poet himself the revelation was made rather through feeling and imagination than through reasoning—we may take from Keats. Instead of treating our true poets as amusing liars, I would often rather go to them for solid intellectual food than to the professed dealers in that article. In the *Endymion*, Keats says—

"For I have ever thought that (love) might
bless

The world with benefits unknowingly."

And again :

"Who of men can tell

That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit
would swell

To melting pulp, that fish would have bright
mail,

The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet?"

Now we will only briefly indicate the principle that it is our human love, our power of loving, that gives these beautiful things a being as we know them, for their being, though partly external to us, is also partly engendered by contact with human minds and hearts. Are not the forces which seem to constitute material things, with all their strength, healthfulness, and beauty, forces cognate to Love, which is the affinity and attraction of diverse spirits for one another? Physical attraction, which implies also difference and repulsion, is love in its lowest stage of development. And what is the order, the law, according to which the highest human love is developed? We pass upwards from cohesion to chemical affinities, but it is in the first faint fringes of the organic world that love dawns in her own proper form. There are sexes in plants, and often the pistil of one flower needs to be fertilized by the pollen from another before it can become productive; in animals, the lower love is literally present, till in man it becomes transfigured into its own proper spiritual and heavenly being; and without this for an end and aim, where

would cohesion and all the lower forces be? The poet says this in a different way. Looking at things as they are in life, in the concrete, his quick sympathetic insight has discerned this essential truth. Philosophical analysis may reach it in a different way. When, therefore, we attribute to nature a sympathy with our moods, whether of joy or sorrow, we are not under an amiable delusion; the intuition is true, although the shape it assumes may not always be scientifically correct. Nature, like man, has her bright, rich, joyous, and her desolate, decaying phases; in joy we feel the former most, in sorrow we feel and discern more especially the latter. We may indulge these feelings to a morbid degree and see things too brightly or too gloomily; but the sense of a sympathy in nature has its basis in fact.

In concluding, we must touch for a moment on Mr. Ruskin's assertion that metaphor and pathetic fallacy are characteristic rather of the secondary than of the primary order of poets—an assertion which we do not think the facts of the case will bear out. We have already given a reason for the rarity of such forms of thought in very early poetry; but for their rarity in classical poetry another reason may be given. In Oriental poetry they are very usual, because such forms of thought are much more appropriate to the Oriental genius. Look at the profound and mystic symbolism of Egyptian, Persian, Phœnician, or Indian mythology; to those races the material ever appeared as a film floating upon the deeps of spirit—a film not merely transparent, but itself very spirit, only cooled as it were, solidified, and become gross. The bold hyperbole of Hebrew, Arabic, Persian love and war poetry is essential to the genius of the Oriental nature. But in the classical spirit there is little sense of the infinite, vague, mysterious: the different subject-matters on which intelligence can be exercised are viewed apart, not in their occult relationships: all delight is in the sunny present life, in that which is pleasant, symmetrical, clear, definite. What palpable, complete, satisfying symmetry; what bright beauty of material and structure in those consummate temples, fragments though they be, on and about the Acropolis at Athens!

How full is the sunlight blaze upon their golden peristyles under the blue sky overlooking the blue sea! how black and sharp-cut the shadows beside them! There is sorrow and fate with the Greeks as with others; but it stands by itself, quite apart from the joy. In a Gothic cathedral all is dusk, sublime, mysterious, teeming with vague symbol—at once secretion and food of the imagination. Light and shadow are married and mingled; the light is dim and religious; derives a spiritual glory from its very fellowship with darkness; while the gloom becomes half luminous and opalescent from its fellowship with the light. "Our sweetest songs," the modern poet sings, "are those that tell of saddest thought." And yet, with respect to Homer, does not even Homer take the heart-broken old man, when he leaves the tent of Agamemnon empty-handed, back by the shore of the *πολυφροῖστος θαλάσσης*? Has this magnificent epithet for the sea no reference to the lonely, stormful, sorrowful spirit of the old man as he walked by the long, lone surges of it? This surely is not a purely physically-descriptive epithet, like *οἶνοπα πόρτον*. But go on to Æschylus, and what will Mr. Ruskin say to his *ἀνρίθμον γέλασμα*, "the innumerable smile or laugh of the sea?" In Theocritus, again, assuredly metaphor and pathetic fallacy may be found (notably in the first idyl). The pathetic fallacy in Shakespeare's exquisite poem, "Venus and Adonis," "No grass, herb, leaf, or weed but stole his blood and seemed with him to bleed; this solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth," etc., is adapted directly from the Sicilian poet Bion's "Lament for Adonis." Again, that beautiful poem of Moschus—the Epitaph of Bion—(3d idyl) abounds in similar pathetic fallacy. Do not Virgil and Catullus (no mean poets, surely) abound in graphic and appropriate poetic metaphors? Mr. Tennyson's "dividing the swift mind in act to throw," in "Morte d'Arthur," is of course from Virgil. Let us pass to Christian poetry. We have shown that we shall be more likely to find these forms of thought in modern than in classical poetry, and that by no means because modern taste is more vicious, but because the very conditions of life and thought are changed. In the early me-

dieval poets, indeed, we have more allegory and elaborate symbolism than metaphor and pathetic fallacy—our science and our popular theology setting themselves alike in opposition to our poetic insight and aspirations—so that our poets, striving to link the two spheres of the universe together, do it in a confused, halting manner, like children stealing a forbidden pleasure when the eye of the governing intellect is for a moment turned away. But the colossal poem of Dante forms, we may say, one grand sustained metaphor. And realistic Chaucer too, has he not written "The House of Fame," "The Flower and the Leaf," "The Romaunt of the Rose?" But Petrarch is full of metaphor and pathetic fallacy proper, as, had we space, we might prove. Coming on to Shakespeare, in him these tendencies of thought and feeling already assume their modern expression. Confining ourselves to his sonnets and poems, we open them almost at random; and in "The Rape of Lucrece" we find "a voice dammed up with woe;" "sorrow ebb'd, being blown with wind of words;" and the line which we regard as one of the *intensest* in poetry, "Stone him with hardened hearts, harder than stones," which, moreover, will remind the intelligent of a very modern and very metaphorical great poet, Shelley. In the description of the hare-hunt in "Venus and Adonis"—as incisive, as clear-cut in its workmanship as any gem intaglio—the phrase occurs, "Each envious briar." In the sonnets we have "The earth doth weep the sun being set." Endless instances might be quoted from Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Drayton, Drummond, and the lesser Elizabethan writers. But in some of these, legitimate outgrowth of metaphor degenerates into parasitic conceit, as it did too often in our own so-called "spasmodic" poets: and yet in neither case did our literature touch the base and frigid affectations of such writers as are lashed in the "Dunciad" of Pope. It seems, however, as if our criticism had of late too much confounded legitimate and genuine metaphor, illustrative of the poet's main design, with mere disconnected conceits of a nimble ingenious fancy. But we have only to compare two poems, alike sensuous and rich in imagery, to feel the difference, namely, the "Venus

and Adonis" of Shakespeare, and the
"Hero and Leander" of Marlowe.

RODEN NOEL.

PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ.

IN the present number of THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE we send to our readers a fine portrait of the celebrated artist, Gustave Doré. He was born in the city of Strasbourg about the year 1833. At the age of twelve years he left his native city and came to Paris, where he was employed in comic illustration for a comic newspaper. His striking illustrations for the *Wandering Jew* first brought him into public notoriety as an artist of unusual genius and merit. His fruitful and versatile imagination creates at will with wonderful rapidity all sorts of beautiful drawings to which he plies his pencil. His drawings already amount to more than forty thousand. His fame has excited the attention of the Emperor and Empress of France, who graciously granted him an audience. He has made himself the most popular artist in modern France. In this respect and in others he may well deserve to be called the Thörwaldsen of art drawings, as Thörwaldsen was of statuary creations, whose vast collections of works fill immense galleries at Copenhagen for the admiration of all visitors and travellers. Gustave Doré is a man of extraordinary genius. His pencil seems never to tire night or day, while he pursues his favorite employment in the world of art.

He seems to be one of those men, of native and original genius, who now and then suddenly start up, meteor-like, to attract the gaze of the world. The creations of his exhaustless fancy have illus-

trated many works of widely varied character, such as *Don Quixote* and the *Wandering Jew*, *Baron Munchausen*, *Rabelais*, *Balzac* in one extreme, and in the other the numerous scenes in Bible history and Dante's *Inferno*, with such consummate skill and genius, that able critics cannot easily decide in what themes or subjects lies the palm of highest merit. His studio in Paris is described to be an extended museum of costumes and personal ornaments and weapons, ever worn by men of renown, as suggestive of all forms which his fertile imagination may call into artistic existence. His mother keeps house for him in Paris, where she presides as the only lady present at the weekly gatherings of his friends. Doré himself seems to be a confirmed bachelor, quite unwilling that his mind and time would be taken up with the beautiful forms of the better half of creation.

Some years since he was employed to furnish illustrations in Bible history, in which he showed extraordinary talent, and was eminently successful. It is remarkable that his illustrations of the Bible should have induced so many persons to read the Word of God for the sake of understanding the force and beauty of the illustrations, who, but for these, might have never become Bible readers at all. "God Creating Light," "The Creation of Eve," "The Expulsion from the Garden of Eden," "The Sacrifice of Abel and Cain," are among the displays of his bold creative genius in illustrating Bible history.

This brief sketch of Doré may suffice to give the reader some impression of his character as an artist of still rising and advancing fame. It will add interest to the portrait at the head of this number.

P O E T R Y .

A FATAL STEP.

I'm not the sort of man, you know,
Who sentimentalizes often;
But this, believe me, was a blow
Demanding change of air to soften.
The girl was lovely as a grace;
Her dress the sweetest ever put on.
I set my heart upon her face—
Her dress I only set my foot on.

It was a silly step to take;
And half the room was in a titter
(A fact which merely serves to make
Remorse additionally bitter).
Those trains are utterly absurd;
I wonder why the women wear them.
They seem designed, upon my word,
For folks to tread upon and tear them.
She turned, and gave me such a glance;

She smiled; but oh! in *such* a manner.
Farewell, said I, my only chance
Of Coote or Godfrey, Strauss or Lanner.
I think I blushed—I know I bowed
And raised my erring patent-leather;
Laid half the blame upon the crowd,
And half upon the sultry weather.

I stayed an hour; I talked a bit
With Guards and people from the City.
My hearers, when I made a hit,
Were kind enough to think me witty.
They little knew, good easy men,
The pangs ~~that~~ lay beneath my laughter—
Pangs that were only stifled *then*
To sting the more for ever after.

The season's nearly at an end
(There's joy, at least, in *that* reflection!)
A continental tour may tend
To dull the edge of recollection.
I might, perchance, in other climes
Forget my sense of self-abhorrence;
Should peace return with better times
And clear again the way to Florence.

H. S. L.

—*London Society*.

CRADLE SONG.

SLEEP, my childie, sleep,
I' the hush of evening deep!
Gone the last long lingering beam
From where the tender speedwells dream
With closed eyes by the woodland stream.

Sleep, my childie, sleep:
Fresh news of twilight creep
Through folded blooms of eglantine,
Stellarina, harebell, and woodbine;
All open the large white bugles shine.

Sleep, my childie, sleep:
Now dewy planets creep
Through skies of fading purple-rose;
Yon elm sleek-foliaged overflows
With those love-songs the blackbird knows.

Sleep, my childie, sleep:
The drowsy birdies keep
More silence—rare the cuckoo's note,
The dove's low plaint hath ceased to float,
Sweet breezes flutter in and out.

Sleep, my childie, sleep:
The skimming moth may sip
Our bower's honeysuckle bloom,
That lavish breathes a rare perfume:
I hear the velvet hornet boom.

Sleep, my childie, sleep:
The shepherd counts his sheep;
I hear the cattle browse and chew,
Afield the click of ball that flew
Bat-driven, and the boys' halloo.

Sleep, my childie, sleep:
Where meadow grass is deep,
Nor yet lies heaped the fragrant hay,
The crane is calling, or away
Where the corn melloes every day.

Sleep, my childie, sleep:
Yon primrose skies must keep
Some chime of faint and fairy bells,
Whose ebb and flow of tidal swells
Or close or open aerial cells.

Sleep, my childie, sleep:
The summer breath can steep
All sights and sounds in hallowed rest;
Beneath, far setting toward the West,
Rich seas of pasture swoon to mist.

Sleep, my childie, sleep:
Rare does the swallow sweep
Now lilled pools for dragon-flies
Nor orange mouths that gape supplies
While the dam greets with twittering cries.

Sleep, my childie, sleep;
Still soft the marten's cheep
Below the eaves from rustic nest
With moss and bents and feathers prest,
Lined warm for many a downy breast.

Sleep, my childie, sleep!
Four callow fledglings peep
No more, but neagle to the wing
Whose darkness ne'er to them can bring
Doubt of the parents' sheltering.

Sleep, my childie, sleep;
Our earth-born clouds must weep
Their rain upon thy stainless brow;
I only pray my child may know
Her Father's wing those shadows throw;
Then ever rest and sleep!

RODEN NOEL.

—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

FALSE!

I.

"FALSE!" she thought, with a weary gaze
Over glades alive with the timorous deer,
With hills remote in a violet haze,
And the gleam of a winding mere.
In each sweet soft eye a large bright tear
Rose to the brim, but never fell.
"I have lived and loved," she thought, "one year.
It is over. All is well.

II.

"Ay, it is well. For false the lips
That were honey-sweet, and seemed so true;
False the touch of those finger-tips
That thrilled my whole blood through;
False the eyes of marvellous blue
Which ruled my heart as the moon the sea:
Yet I thought as I knew myself I knew
The man who was king of me.

III.

"Can the falcon coo like an amorous dove,
Then tear the heart from the answering breast?
This man had a scorn that could look like love;
He hated, yet caressed.
With the skill of a fiend, for a cruel jest,
He tamed my spirit, he soothed my fear,
Till I longed in his loving arms to rest . . .
Then threw me away with a sneer."

MORTIMER COLLINS.

—*Temple Bar*.

TO A WHITE POMERANIAN DOG.

Lazy, furry, warm, and bright,
Peeping from a fringe of white
Blinking—sleeping, day and night—
You happy Spitz!

Never rousing from her languor,
E'en should Burke himself harangue her;
She has no dash or *clan*—hang her!
Nor lively wits!

She eats, and drinks, and eats again,
Is never out in wind or rain—
Takes many a journey in the train,
That lucky Spitz!

The Guard for *other* dogs has knocks—
For *her* ne'er opens gloomy box,
But courteously the door unlocks,
And there she sits!

With little beauty, still she charms:
She knows no sorrows, no alarms,
But dozes in her Lady's arms,
A nodding Spitz!

And yet she's small and piquant feet—
Ben Allen's sister had as "neat":
She looks so saucy, I could beat
Her into fits!

Quite ravishing, when bright and clean,
Her ears seemed lined with crinoline;
She rules the house a drowsy queen,
That saucy Spitz!

She is no lively hearty "brick,"
She has not learnt a single trick,
Nor deigns her Lady's hand to lick
As she knits.

Accepts complacent many a hug,
"Snoozing" all day upon the rug,
Cares only to be fat and snug—
That selfish Spitz.

At dinner—ah! that pleasant Babel!
She snaps and snarls beneath the table,
Would bite your foot—if she were able—
Into bits!

The moral now, 'tis well to know—
Should you not love this creature—go!
Her doting mistress is your foe!
Ah! odious Spitz!
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE EPERGNE.

HEAT! there was heat in Ravenna
On the last of the days of July;
The streets were as streets in a furnace,
As blinding to brain and to eye;
The light, how it rain'd from the zenith!
To brave it was simply to die,

The gables and porches fantastic
Their shadows capriciously cast,
And, creeping along by the houses,
A priest or two silently pass'd—
Nothing more, till the noon had departed
And sunset and shade came at last.

Then to steal down the street to a garden,
All black with the sycamore's gloom,
Encircling a mansion of granite
As solemn and square as a tomb—
With windows not wider than loopholes
And portals befitting a tomb.

I could not resist it—that garden,
So black in its sycamore night,
So gloomy and cool and inviting,
With branches excluding the light,
With broad waving sycamore branches
Deliciously cool to the sight.

And there at a window, a curtain
Of silken embroidery swung,
With stripings of amber and purple,
And bullion that heavily hung—
And to one of the sycamore branches
A corner, by accident, clung.

By accident only a corner
The branch of the sycamore raised,
And what, if a moment beneath it
I linger'd and furtively gazed?
Enough that, entranced and bewildered,
I hopelessly linger'd and gazed.

Ah! never did man in Ravenna
More radiant vision behold—
A woman with hair like a fountain,
Sun-lighted and gleaming with gold;
With features deliciously pensive,
And form of the Italian mould.

She heard not, she saw not my coming,
On the task of the moment intent—
On a golden epergne she was heaping
Rich fruits all confusedly blent;
And alike to the gold and the fruitage
The charm of her beauty she lent.

The grapes she was poisoning reflected
The light of her purple-black eyes,
And the flame of the cheeks of the peaches
Had part in *her* cheek's burning dyes—
But, red to the heart, the pomegranate,
With lips unsuccessfully vies.

A moment, and only a moment,
I linger'd to gaze at the room;
But, far from the blazing Ravenna,
And far from the sycamore's gloom,
My heart with its treasures has hoarded
That scene in the house like a tomb.

And out of the scene of the moment
A picture it slowly has made
Of the face and the fruit it bent over,
A picture that never will fade—
"The Epergne" is the name that I give it,
This picture that never can fade.
—*London Society.* W. S.

TRUE CHIVALRY.

[In the cholera wards of the London Hospital,
in a scene of suffering and death sufficient to
try the stoutest heart, a lady-volunteer nurse has
passed her time since the beginning of the epi-

demic, moving from bed to bed in ceaseless effort to comfort and relieve. So very youthful and so very fair is this devoted girl, that it is difficult to control a feeling of pain at her presence under such circumstances. But she offered her help at a time when, from the sudden inroad of cases, such assistance was urgently required, and nobly has she followed her self-sought duty. Wherever the need is greatest, and the work hardest, there she is to be seen toiling until her limbs almost refuse to sustain her. And the effect of the fair young creature's presence has been that the nurses have been encouraged by her never-failing energy and cheeriness, so that dread of the disease has been lost in efforts to combat it. This is an instance of devotion which it would be an insult to praise—it need only be recorded.—*Lancet*.]

LISTEN, where o'er startled Europe,
Roll the dreadful peals of war:
Echoes from opposèd armies,
As of thunder heard afar!
Hark, how each disputes the glory;
How both sides the victory claim;
How the lying wires alternate
Flash for each a transient fame!

Let them vaunt their fatal conquests;
Let them boast their thousand slain;
Let them count the widows, orphans,
Made for vile Ambition's gain!
Shall no other deeds be blazoned,
Than fell war's triumphant wrong?
Shall the hero-deeds around us
Not be shrined in grateful song?

Not amid the din of battle,
Proudest victories are won:
Facts of daring not less glorious
Are by fragile Woman done.
'Mid the haunts of human suffering,
Many a noble fight is fought:
Where un hymned by blare of trumpet,
Deeds of Chivalry are wrought.

Lo, where Cholera's fainting victims
Writhe within the Spital walls;
Where by foulest terrors girded,
Death the stoutest heart appals!
Fearless, undismayed in spirit,
'Midst the horrors rampant there,
Moves with noiseless step a maiden,
Gentle, young, and passing fair.

Like a ray of heavenly mercy,
Tender, steadfast, meek, and calm,
She around each couch of anguish
Sheds sweet Pity's priceless balm.
Beaming in a halo round her,
Sympathy's divinest grace
Lends to all a new-born courage,
Lights with love that loathsome place.

Brave, serene, her self-devotion,
Eager in the fearful strife,
Steals from livid death its terrors,
Soothes the parting pangs of life.
Ever where the need is sorest,
Tend the maiden's efforts still;
Frail of form, fatigue still conquering
With the might of dauntless will.

Easy is the soldier's daring,
While the hostile thunders roar,
And the fateful balls, thick-volleyed,
Like a hissing hailstorm pour.
'Mid the crash and cloud of battle,
Death but seems a common foe,
Whom with level chance we close with,
When we render blow for blow.

But a grander thing I count it—
Higher courage far, I ween—
Thus unarmed to beard the tyrant,
In his ghastliest aspect seen.
Blazon, then, a deed so noble,
Rather than triumphant wrong;
To True Chivalry, all honor!
Shrine we it in grateful song!
—*Chambers's Journal*.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

BY VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

UNDER this title, a volume of very instructive poems, beautifully printed by Macmillan & Co., of London, has just been issued from the press. Its noble author, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, has justly earned the appellation of "England's great Ambassador," by a long and very useful life in the diplomatic service of his country, of more than half a century. Entering upon an Ambassador's life fifty-eight years ago, he has represented England in all the leading courts of the world, and was Minister at Washington in 1820, when John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State. He was present at the memorable Congress of Vienna in 1815 by order of the English Government, and is now, we believe, the only survivor of that august assembly. He is still an active and influential member of the House of Lords, although in his seventy-ninth year. He has been the honored compeer of many eminent statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic, who have long since left the world, while his Lordship still lingers at this advanced age, to give to the world of letters an instructive volume of eighty poems, of varied character, selected from the ample stores of his gifted pen, which have been accumulating as the fruits of his poetic genius along his extended diplomatic life. His Lordship has kindly sent us a copy, accompanied with a note expressive of the interest he feels in the affairs of our country. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe is especially worthy of honor from Americans, not only from his warm advocacy of civil and religious freedom in general, but for his long and very efficient protection of the missionaries of the American Board at Constantinople, as well as by his great influence with the Turkish Government, in procuring the abolition of the death penalty for the subjects of the Sultan, on changing their religion. A fine portrait of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe adorned *THE ECCLESIASTIC* for June, 1865.

We learn in the preface that the poems comprising the volume were written at various intervals during a long course of serious and sometimes very responsible occupations in the public

service, and often afforded a pleasant relief from official drudgery, and that from boyhood he was sensibly alive to the fascinations of poetry. We quote a few specimens of his Lordship's style and language :

"Great cause ! whence first our being came ;
Creator, Saviour, Judge of all !
Through endless ages still the same
Eternal King ! on thee we call."

"While here we breathe, ten thousand forms
Of grace and radiance charm our eyes ;
But heaven's fair vault is swept by storms,
And nature fades, and beauty dies."

"For one brief burning hour of youth,
In life, in love, in joy we trust ;
Another, tells the o'erwhelming truth,
That all we dote on is but dust."

The "Linden Tree," a beautiful poem of thirteen stanzas, was written to record an incident which happened near Vienna. A numerous party of both sexes met on a fine day in autumn to dine in the open air. At parting it was proposed to meet again at the same spot in some distant year. There were twenty guests, and the twentieth anniversary was chosen. Isabella, Countess of Waldstein, sketched the tree under which they had dined, and gave to each of her friends a card, bearing that symbol and the date of the future meeting. Von Hammer, the historian, accepted his card with a delicate censure on the rashness of his fair young friend. The full score of years had nearly elapsed in forgetfulness, when suddenly his eye fell upon the treasured card. He hastened to keep his engagement, and searched the well-known spot, only to find himself alone. He was the only survivor of the party. "Even the tree had disappeared." In a similar manner, the noble author has translated numerous facts and historical incidents into poetic language.

THE FALL OF MOREAU (1813.)

"In the tempest of war, as it swept o'er the plain,
Where Dresden lay trembling 'mid heaps of the slain,
A moment's dread pause, and the death-shot was heard :
'Who falls?' cried Napoleon ; 'Moreau !' was the word,"
etc.

The author's muse delights in majestic themes. Thus his apostrophe to the Alps :

"Alps ! Mountain giants ! ye whose foreheads bear
Accumulated snows, the hoard of time,
Reaching to nature's birth—oft as ye rise,
Tho' dimly, on my thought, in dream or vision,
Challenging wonder as your right—all hail !

Primeval barriers ! clime from clime ye part,
And races bound and language ;
Uplifted far beyond the struggling clouds,
That strain and baffle the unsated eye,
What frozen tracks expand !—an Arctic sea
Fretted with hideous billows, motionless,
Ridge interlaced with ridge, and gulfs between,
Unfathom'd gulfs, where shivering horror broods,
There seated high 'midst thunder-rifted crags,
Whose peaks shoot deep into the starry night,
Our monarch-dome, in loneliness sublime,
Pantheon-like, the veld of ether fills !

Come gaze with me on yon stupendous throne
Of nature, rough with antique characters,
Whose silent mystery speaks with more than voice.
Imprinted in eternal awfulness."

The poem is comprised in sixty-four lines.

"The Mountain Nymph" is beautiful in poetic imagery, beginning thus :

"A mountain nymph who loved to tumble
In spite of shock or knock,
Who oft, when storms were heard to rumble,
Too brave to hide, too light to stumble,
Would gayly skip from rock to rock, . . .
And just for sport, the risk not weighing,
Leapt from her native spring,
And frisking, plunging, shrinking, straying,
Her charms half velling, half displaying,
Right downward led the Highland fling.
Her form of blended air and water,
Elastic, pure, and free,
Might well have puzzled one who caught her,
To guess what sire for such a daughter
Had paid the registration fee."

This poem is comprised in thirteen stanzas of five lines each, in which his Lordship's muse seems to leap and dance with the nymph herself among the mountain glens.

"Fortunes of Genius," in three parts, fills thirty-seven pages of the volume. They are rich in historic allusions to men of renown ; heroes, sages, statesmen, whose genius and talents have dazzled and excited the admiration of mankind. His Lordship's muse, after roaming over many fields of beautiful thought and diction, thus closes Part Second.

"What age, what land was ever blest like ours
With rare inventions and unbounded powers ?
What once were trams are lengthened into rails ;
Steam and the screw usurp the place of sails ;
Unaided hands no longer thresh our crops ;
Gas, more than noon, illumines our world of shops ;
Horsed, on the lightning rushes soul to soul,
And wires have life, where oceans o'er them roll ;
By such proud arts are linked the varied climes ;
In these we hail the spirit of the times."

The descriptions of the ruins of Rome "works of grandeur and of crime, where giant tombs and tomb-like mansions dot the plain," are graphic and instructive.

"A Battle at Sea" is a poem of twenty stanzas of four lines each. The sentiments and descriptions would stir the brave heart of Admiral Faragut.

"The Spirit of the Age," a poem in eighteen cantos, covering some thirty pages, in a variety of measures, completes the volume. His Lordship's muse is here also fully adequate to the theme. His poetic descriptions are exceedingly spirited :

FROM CANTO V.

"Now, Commerce, now
The billows plough,
What golden harvests crown the brine !
Loose every sail
To the ocean gale ;
A realm of boundless wealth is thine."

FROM CANTO VII.

"Haste, and set the type in lines ;
How the speaking metal shines !
Brighter still shall be the gleam
Shot from a burning ream.
When the bard's enraptured thought,
When the law by sages taught,
Through the world from pole to pole,
Shall the waves of knowledge roll."

FROM CANTO IX.

"By night and by day,
We rattle away,
Scarce time for a dram or a chop.
Not a horse or a toll ;
We ride on sea-coal—
And the wonder is where we shall stop."

FROM CANTO XI.

"O'er the trackless world of waters,
O'er the wastes of snow and sand,
Words of love from wives and daughters,
Words from those in high command,

Leap unseen, like thought in dreams,
And at once join both extremes."

These quotations may serve as illustrations of the thought and diction of this rich volume of poems.

A Yankee in Canada, with Anti Slavery and Reform Papers. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. Thoreau was a keen observer of men and things, and possessed descriptive powers of no mean order. His notes and observations on Canada are highly characteristic. The most of the volume is made up of miscellaneous papers on "Anti-Slavery and Reform." Those on John Brown and Thomas Carlyle are the most important. Some of his views on civil and social questions were singular enough. His asceticism tinged his mind and made him morbid on many subjects.

The Poems of Thomas Kibble Hervey. Edited by Mrs. T. K. HERVEY. With a Memoir. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. We are glad to see Hervey in "blue and gold." He deserves such fellowship. He was a man of fine taste and broad culture. No poet of the day is more simple and natural than he. Some of the shorter poems in this collection are exceedingly beautiful. "The Devil's Progress" is a long poem, and is full of wit and humor. The cultivated public cannot fail to be delighted with the volume.

Poems. By ELIZABETH AKERS. (Florence Percy.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. Several of the poems in this volume are equal to almost anything that our poets have produced. Others of them are quite inferior, and hardly worthy of a place in the "blue and gold" series. We give a single poem, which is alive with the spirit of genuine poetry:

LOVED TOO LATE.

FAR off in the dim and desolate Past—
That shoreless and sorrowful sea
Where wrecks are driven by wave and blast,
Shattered, sunken, and lost, at last,
Lies the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Long ago broken for me!

My loves were Glory and Pride and Art—
Ah, dangerous rivals three!
Sweet lips might quiver and warm tears start:
Should an artist pause for a woman's heart—
Even that which was broken for me!
Poor heart!
Too rare to be broken for me!

Oh, she was more mild than the summer wind,
More fair than the lilies be;
More true than the star with twilight twinned
Was the spirit against whose love I sinned—
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Cruelly broken for me!

I told her an artist should wed his art—
That only his love should be;
No other should lure me from mine apart,
I said; and my cold words chilled her heart,
The heart that was breaking for me—
Poor heart!
Hopelessly breaking for me!

I spoke of the beautiful years to come,
In the lands beyond the sea—
Those years which must be so wearisome
To her; but her patient lips were dumb:
In silence it broke for me!

Poor heart!
Broke, yet complained not for me!

I pressed her hand, and rebuked her tears
Lightly and carelessly;
I said my triumphs should reach her ears,
And left her alone with dismal years
And the heart that was breaking for me—
Poor heart!
Silently breaking for me!

My days were a dream of summer-time
My life was a victory;
Fame waved bright garlands to crown my prime,
And I half forgot, in that radiant clime,
The heart that was breaking for me—
Poor heart!
Patiently breaking for me!

But my whole life seemed, as the swift years rolled,
More hollow and vain to be:
Fame's bosom, at best, is hard and cold—
Oh, I would have given all praise and gold,
For the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Thanklessly broken for me!

Sick with longing, hope, and dread,
I hurried across the sea;
She had wasted as though with grief, they said—
Poor child, poor child!—and was long since dead:
Ah! dead for the love of me—
Poor heart!
Broken, and vainly, for me!

Welghed down by a woe too heavy to hold,
She died unmurmuringly;
And I, remorseful and unconsoled,
I dream of the wasted days of old,
And the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Broken so vainly for me!

And my soul cries out in its bitter pain
For the bliss that cannot be—
For the love that never can come again,
For the sweet young life that was lived in vain,
And the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Broken and buried for me!

Treasures from the Prose Writings of John Milton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. Few men did better service in the cause of civil and religious liberty in the past, than the author of *Paradise Lost*. Living in the most eventful period of English history, and inspired by the loftiest love of liberty and hatred of oppression, he wielded a pen of singular force, and contributed not a little to the right decision of the great questions which agitated his times. This selection from his prose writings is opportune. His stirring thoughts and unanswerable logic may do good service in our own country and times, in the great conflict of opinion which unhappily exists.

Helen Ford. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. Boston: Loring. 1866. This is a pleasant but not remarkable tale. The scene is laid in the city of New-York, which will incite many a Gothamite to read the book.

Character and Characteristic Men. By EDWIN P. WHITPLE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. This collection of essays was originally prepared for popular lectures, and delivered at various places. Some half dozen of them have also been published in *Harper's Monthly*. They are characterized by great vigor of thought and purity of diction.

Griffith Gaunt. By CHARLES READE. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866.

publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which this English story first appeared simultaneously with its publication in an English monthly, *The Argosy*, have promptly given a complete edition of it to the public in paper cover. The story has been so widely read and noticed by the press in its serial form, that it is not necessary for us to say but a word more. The completion of the story, in our judgment, lightens up a little the dark feature of it which has been made the subject of just criticism by a considerable portion of the American press, and to which the author has seen fit to reply in a letter containing more bad temper than argument. We still think the story deserving of severe censure, and one which no pure-minded person can read with satisfaction; and still no worse in its moral, or rather *immoral* element, than are nearly all of the sensational novels of the season. We do not recollect a season during the last thirty years in which so large a proportion of the novels produced are objectionable, and highly objectionable, on social and ethical grounds, and therefore pernicious in tendency.

ART.

*The appearance of Dr. Voltmann's book** could not be more opportune than at a time when Holbein's best works were before the public at South Kensington, although the writer has reserved for a future second part of the subject his consideration of the painter's "English period." Of all the foreign artists who have settled among us, we entertain, next to our warm feeling for Vandyke, the greatest affection for Holbein. The former, in the distinctions which he asserts between courtiers and gentlemen, has left us the *humaniora* of our nature set forth in interpretations which, in the delicacy of certain points, have never yet been equalled. To the latter, on his arrival in this country, was at once opened a veritable field of cloth of gold. It was here that he first enjoyed relief from the cares which had oppressed his youth. We learn his poverty, and the small encouragement his art met with at Basle, from the letter to Petrus Egidius in Antwerp, of which he was the bearer, when on his way to England to "scrape together a few angels." The particular passage is, "Hic frigent artes petit Angliam ut corrodant aliquot angelatos," etc. This letter is dated the 29th of August, 1526, and may be accepted as determining nearly the time of Holbein's arrival in England. His reputation had, however, preceded him, borne hither especially by the portrait of Erasmus, which, painted in 1525, became the property of Sir Thomas More, who thus acknowledged it: "Thy painter, dearest Erasmus, is a wonderful artist, but I am doubtful of his finding England as fruitful as he expects. I will, however, do all I can that he may not find it altogether sterile." And well did he fulfil his promise, for in addition to the large picture of Sir Thomas More and his family, he painted other portraits of his patron. If it were at all important here to consider par-

ticularly the amount of success Holbein met with in this country, the will discovered in 1862, and attributed to him, would assist us to conclusions, provided always the attribution can be verified by satisfactory proof. According to this document, Holbein died in 1543, whereas it has been generally received that his death took place in 1554. If the former date be established as that of the demise of this famous painter, such a solution raises a question of very great importance to the history of Art in England. To whom, it is at once asked, is due the merit of having painted those fine works known to have been executed between the years 1543 and 1554? It should be observed that in certain of the pictures which must be dated within the interval, there is a capricious variety of manner difficult of reconciliation with the principles whereon the portraits of Henry VIII. were painted. Holbein's color, to the few pretenders who mocked the art in England, was a surprise; inasmuch that after his advent the pale and cold manner of the immediately antecedent period soon disappeared. Still it cannot be denied that he improved greatly after he settled in England, and however beautiful may be some of his earliest works in this country, certain of the later productions are yet more captivating. If he died in 1543, he could not have painted Edward VI. after the latter was six years of age; to whom then are to be attributed those subsequent portraits of Edward to which the name of Holbein now attaches, but which were painted after the death of Holbein, if the discovered document prove to be his will, and determine his death to have taken place in the year above mentioned? If only one of the pictures supposed to have been produced after 1543 can be traced to the hand of this painter, this does not prove the will absolutely worthless, but it shows that the will does not fix the date of the painter's death unless it bear a subsequent record of that event. The magnificent series now exhibited demonstrates the advancement that Holbein made in this country. To what impulses soever a painter may yield, there is between everything that comes from his hand both a mechanical and a sentimental relation that clearly indicate the source of "inspiration." Now certain of these works dissent both mechanically and sentimentally from others. About one or two of the portraits of Edward VI. there is a strong Venetian savor, and a head of Queen Anne Boleyn reminds us even of Greuze; indeed, the face looks like a re-painting. These are a few of the points which the discovery of the will forces on our notice, and the incident must add a chapter, nay, a book, to the earlier history of Art in England.

Holbein was a descendant of painters in the third generation. The family may be classified as of the school of Augsburg, the Pompeii of the German *Renaissance*. To the grandfather, who was a hard, dry, ecclesiastical painter, succeeded the father of our artist, whose talent and ambition bore him far beyond the mediocrity of his parent and master. He in his turn was distanced by his son—him in whom we are so much interested. Even at the early age of fourteen the last distinguished himself so signally that his friends already predicted for him a brilliant

* *Holbein und seine Zeit.* Von Dr. ALFRED VOLTSMANN. Published by Verlag von R. A. Seeemann, Leipzig; Trubner & Co., London.

career. He renounced in early life the hazy discipline of his masters, transcended their best efforts, and having at length emancipated himself, in respect of his Art, entirely from the influence of his father, proclaimed and maintained the substantive representation of vitality, and a more generous and natural conception of impersonation; and this gradually exploded the hitherto uniform traditions of the lower German school of painting.

Considering the influence assigned to Holbein as a painter, and the rank of those whom his art was deemed worthy to commemorate, it is astonishing that at this time there should arise any question as to the precise time of his death. Young as he was when he quitted Basle for England, he left behind him an impression on the art of his country which extended in time to every school in Germany; thus it is not less surprising that the year of his birth also should be determined only by accident. Carel van Mander settles the date as 1498. The passage is curious as exemplary of the usually loose style of the writer, who says that Holbein "in den jare 1498, te Basel in het barre Zwitserland geboren ward, ofschoon veel en meenen, dat hy te Augsbουργ in Zwaben allererst het licht zag." Thus Van Mander pronounces erroneously both as to the time and place of Holbein's birth; and he was followed by Sandrart, but with the reserve of the indefinite preposition "about;" he says "about 1498;" and one year after the appearance of Sandrart's book, Charles Patin settles the date as 1495, but without giving his authority. Patin, however, was right, as far as credit may be given to a picture in the Augsburg Gallery, dated 1512, and bearing an inscription to the effect that it was painted when the artist was seventeen years of age. As Holbein quitted his native city so early in life, it may be supposed that the place is not numerically so rich in evidences of his precocity as might be expected; there is, however, in his great work, "The History of St. Catherine," a depth of thought, maturity of judgment, and a command of means, which many men of high reputation have acquired only after the best part of a lifetime of study.

The precise time of Holbein's removal to Basle is not known, but it was probably in the summer of 1516. Sandrart says that the whole family migrated to that city at the same time, but his authority is not satisfactory. The works by Holbein existing in Basle are "The Passion" (eight compartments), a "Dead Christ," "Lais Corinthia," and "Venus and Cupid;" portraits of the Burgomaster Meyer and his wife, of Erasmus, Froben, etc.; besides sketches and studies. If Holbein was never in Italy, it is clear that whatever he might have seen of Italian art impressed him more deeply than that of his own country. It is not common to find in the works of the early German schools anything that is not intrinsically German; but from the rule there is a departure in certain of the productions of this master, which bespeaks for him an acquaintance with Italian Art. This is conspicuous in certain of those which, at South Kensington, bear his name; by some we are even reminded of Raffaele's "Spasalizio." Van Mander says positively that Holbein never visited Italy, and Sandrart

repeats his dictum; but Dr. Voltmann is of opinion that he must have visited perhaps Milan, and he has probability on his side. It must, he says, have been in the year 1519—that in which Leonardo da Vinci died in France. Those to whom Holbein is known only by his personal likenesses, class him only as a portrait painter. The reasons are sufficiently obvious why he was not employed in religious painting in England; but to be convinced that he was unusually gifted for this department of Art, it is only necessary to know a little of what he left at Augsburg and Basle.

Dr. Voltmann's life of Holbein is a fair example of what such a biography should be; and from the profitable manner in which he has conducted his researches, we look forward to the forthcoming of the second part with an interest much increased by the fact of the painter's having passed so many years of his life in England.—*Art Journal*.

SCIENCE.

The *Bulletin International* contains a communication from Father Secchi, detailing the observations made by Father Cappelletti at La Concepcion, on the total eclipse of April 15th of the present year. Following the example set by Mr. De La Rue in the famous Spanish eclipse, Father Cappelletti set himself the task of photographing the red protuberances. Unfortunately, however, a mist rendered these attempts unsuccessful; but the eye observations were of the greatest interest. The first appearance observed after the commencement of the totality was that of an immense fiery mountain, of a rose color, in shape like a horn. This prominence was observable for 2 min. 22 sec. Almost diametrically opposite to this there was a smaller one, similar in form, but clearer in color. The former was estimated at 2 min. 40 sec. and the latter 2 min. in height. After 38 seconds there appeared a series of rose-colored flames, as if the sun were on fire, and which fired in succession like a train of powder. The light of these was very vivid.

A rainbow in form of a crescent, some 30 deg. from the sun, its extremities resting on a tangent to the lower limb of the sun, was also observed.

When the sun was obscured, three facule of light were observed in a direction normal to the edge of the moon. One of them was so bright, that the eye could scarcely bear to look upon it in the telescope.

We now know, thanks to Mr. De La Rue's photographs, and the investigations of the Astronomer Royal, that the words "apparent diameter of the moon" mean very much more than is ordinarily assigned to them. Time out of mind, the "new moon," which carries the "old moon" in its arms, has been looked upon as a larger fellow, but it did not strike us that this effect of irradiation would be perpetuated in our telescopes. This, however, is the case, as has been recently proved by measuring the *dark moon*—a feat of observation rendered possible, we may remind the reader, in solar eclipses and occultations of stars at the dark limb.

The Astronomer Royal's result is, that the

moon's angular diameter hitherto received is too large by $2''$; Mr. De La Rue's that it is too large by $2.15''$. This quantity must be looked upon in its entirety as a telescope fault, or we must attribute part of it to the effect of the lunar atmosphere. The Astronomer Royal remarks that if the whole be attributed to such a cause, it would imply a horizontal refraction of $1'$, or about one-two-thousandth of the earth's. This would indicate an atmosphere discoverable in no other way. But Luna may console herself; she is to have a beautiful map. At the last meeting of the Lunar Committee of the British Association, it was decreed to prepare at once a skeleton map one hundred inches in diameter, from Mr. De La Rue's photographs, reduced to a state of mean vibration; and this map is to be served out in zones of 1° wide to all who will promise to help forward the complete work.

The mention of Mr. De La Rue's photographs reminds us that Mr. De La Rue now generously confesses himself beaten by Mr. Rutherford in the matter of lunar photography, a night of surpassing definition having enabled the American physicist to secure a faultless negative.—*Popular Science Review*.

The Zoological Position of the Dodo.—At a meeting of the Zoological Society on the 9th of January last, Professor Owen read a paper on the osteology of the Dodo, the great extinct bird of the Mauritius. Our readers will remember that this bird has given rise to a good deal of discussion from time to time as to its true affinities. When Professor Owen was Curator of the Royal College of Surgeons' Museum, he classed the Dodo along with the Raptorial birds. This arrangement led to the production of the huge volume of Messrs. Strickland and Melville, in which it was very ably demonstrated that the bird belongs to the *Columba* or pigeon group. It is highly creditable therefore to Mr. Owen that upon a careful examination of the specimens of the dodo's bones which have lately come under his observation, he has consented to the view long ago expressed by Dr. Melville. The materials upon which Professor Owen's paper was based consisted of about one hundred different bones belonging to various parts of the skeleton, which had been recently discovered by Mr. George Clark, of Mahéberg, Mauritius, in an alluvial deposit in that island. After an exhaustive examination of these remains, which embraced nearly every part of the skeleton, Professor Owen came to the conclusion that previous authorities had been correct in referring the dodo to the *Columbine* order, the variations presented, though considerable, being mainly such as might be referable to the adaptation of the dodo to a terrestrial life, and different food and habits.—*Popular Science Review*.

VARIETIES.

Parsee Baronets.—The great merchant Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy spent a quarter of a million sterling in founding educational and charitable institutions, and on other public objects in Bombay. His munificence was acknowledged by the grant of an English baronetcy, in which he has been succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Cursetjee Jejeebhoy.

There is no other instance of a similar honor being conferred on a native of India, though the Order of the Bath and the new Star of India have been granted to some of the princes and nobles. The Parsee baronet owed his title to industry and liberality, not to birth, diplomacy, or military prowess, and he marked the distinction by choosing those words for his motto when her Majesty, in accordance with European requirements, granted the new knight his "coat of arms." The value of these distinctions in the native estimation may be judged of from a description of these armorial bearings given from a Parsee pen in the Rev. Canon Trevor's *Natives of India*: "Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy's 'coat of arms' consists of a handsome shield, in the form of the shield used by the Knights of St. John at the defence of Malta, beautifully blazoned by scrolls of gold. At the lower part of the shield is a landscape scene in India, intended to represent a part of the island of Bombay, with the islands of Salsette and Elephanta in the distance. The sun is seen rising from behind Salsette to denote industry, and is diffusing its light and heat, displaying liberality. The upper part of the shield has a white ground to denote integrity and purity, on which are placed two bees representing industry and perseverance. The shield is surmounted by a crest consisting of a beautiful peacock, denoting wealth, grandeur, and magnificence; and in its mouth is placed an ear of paddy, denoting beneficence. Below the shield is a white pennant folded, on which is inscribed the words 'Industry and Liberality,' which is Sir Jamsetjee's motto." This inflated description shows that humility is not highest among the Parsee virtues. Happily their character for honesty stands higher; though the mercantile standard is not exactly that of the Gospel, and the Parsees are too keen in trade to escape all reproach.

Indian Burial.—As an appropriate illustration of the remains found in Celtic tombs, of which there is an account in our June part, we give the following extract from a missionary newspaper: "A daughter of Spotted Tail, one of the chiefs among the Sioux, died recently at their rendezvous on Powder river, some 260 miles from Fort Laramie, Dacotah Territory. She was an interesting girl, eighteen years of age. She always had been friendly towards the whites, and, being often at the garrison with her band, she became warmly attached to them. After the difficulties between her people and the Government commenced, and she had been obliged to isolate herself with her people from her former friends, she began to decline in health, and gradually pined away until she died of a broken heart. She declared she could never enjoy life if she was to be deprived of the opportunity of seeing her white friends—many of whom had known her from infancy—and remained a prey to melancholy until she died. As her people, numbering several thousands, were soon to start on a journey to the Fort, to hold a council with Colonel Maynadier, commanding this sub-district, in reference to a treaty of peace, she requested that her body might be taken to the garrison and be deposited in its final resting place near the Fort. This was done accordingly. Colonel Maynadier, with his staff, rode out to meet the chief, who is a noble

specimen of an Indian warrior, and the funeral took place at sunset. 'Colonel Maynadier,' says the chaplain, 'informed the chief that I would perform the burial service in accordance with the Christian usage, if he desired it. After a few moments he assented. According to their custom, four posts about twelve feet long were inserted in the ground, on the top of which a scaffold was laid, on which the coffin was to be placed. Four Indian women laid her in, covering her with a buffalo robe, and depositing her wearing apparel with all the treasures she possessed. The Colonel deposited a beautiful pair of gauntlets to keep her hands warm during her journey. I then proceeded with the burial service, which was interpreted faithfully; and the expressive 'Ugh!' uttered by the dusky warriors expressed their approval of the sentiments. The coffin closed, and, a beautiful red blanket covering it, it was raised to the scaffold. The heads and tails of her two white ponies, which had been killed immediately after her death, were nailed to the posts, and the idolized daughter was prepared, according to their faith, to ride through those fair hunting grounds to which she had gone apparelled as she had been on earth. It was an affecting sight. The committing in good faith that sacred trust to the keeping of their late foes, amid tears and wailings, shows an anxiety that peace might be restored and preserved.'—*The Leisure Hour*.

"Men of Letters."—The *Athenæum* notices the fact that two popular authors, holding superior appointments in the London post-office, are now running novels in English periodicals—Mr. Anthony Trollope "The Claverings" in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and Mr. Edmund Yates "Black Sheep" in *All the Year Round*.

The Queen's Selection of Novels.—"We stated lately that her Majesty had kindly announced her intention of presenting the Working Men's Club here with a selection of books—works of fiction and light literature. It may be interesting to give a list of them. They are the 'Waverley Novels,' 'Scott's Poetry,' 'Smiles's Lives of the Engineers,' 'Cooper's Novels' (26 volumes), 'My Schools and Schoolmasters,' 'Hudson's Twelve Years in India,' 'Grant's Novels' (19 volumes), 'Pickwick' and 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,' 'Aytoun's Lays of the Cavaliers,' 'Gleig's Life of Wellington,' 'Scott's Tales of a Grandfather,' 'Marryat's Novels' (13 volumes), and 'Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii.' The books have arrived, and are all strongly bound."—*Lucerne Courier*.

Pittsfield Young Ladies' Institute.—Having recently spent some days at Maplewood, richly embowered in the beautiful village of Pittsfield, in the family of the accomplished Principal, Rev. Charles V. Spear, and his excellent lady, we take pleasure in commending this admirably conducted institution to the attention and patronage of all parents and guardians of young ladies, who desire them to be trained and moulded in mental and moral culture which shall fit them for the grave activities and responsibilities of human allotments on earth, and the companionship of heaven. Rev. Dr. John Todd, so well and widely known, is the President of the Board of Trustees.

CHICKERING'S PIANOS.

It seems superfluous at this late day to praise this celebrated instrument, or point out its superior qualities. Justly may this house be proud of its high position to-day—the fruit of more than forty years' industry, enterprise, honorable dealing, and superior mechanical skill and careful workmanship in the manufacture of their instruments. Chickering's Pianos, it is not invidious to say, maintain the foremost position to-day, in spite of the numerous rival manufacturers which have sprung up since they were first introduced. This house was the first to compete with the imported instrument; and, encouraged by their example, other manufacturers rapidly sprung up, increasing the competition so that, in less than half a century, the foreign instruments have been completely driven out of the market, and the tide of export is now turned in the opposite direction.

The superiority of the American Piano is acknowledged by every European artist who visits our shores, and none of them dream of bringing their concert instruments with them, because of the fact that the Chickering Grand meets all their wants, and surpasses all other instruments in the æsthetics of tone, in the power of giving the most exquisite coloring to every thought and sentiment of the composer or the player. Thalberg, the greatest piano virtuoso, pronounced them unequalled in this country, and unsurpassed in Europe. Gottschalk, on them, has achieved his greatest triumphs; and Wehli says: "I play on them with the profoundest satisfaction, conscious that whatever ability I may possess can be best displayed in their use; and I believe that in every particular these pianos are, for the reason given, superior to any I have ever seen in this country or in Europe."

These pianos, at the World's Fair in England, in 1851, took the medal, in spite of prejudice and competition, and revealed to the makers there the system first introduced by this firm, of the complete iron frame, which was highly approved of and gave rise to the expression—*Pianos made after the American plan*.

Fully up to the times in every improvement, tested by more than forty years' trial, thoroughly and substantially manufactured, it is not surprising that this piano is a great favorite with the public. For sweetness of tone, delicacy of touch, and substantial workmanship in all the details of manufacture, we have long believed it to be unsurpassed. The instrument is *honestly* made. Not only is Chickering's manufactory by far the largest of the kind in this country, but it is superior in elaborate and costly mechanical aids to labor, and every department is manned and directed by American skill, judgment, and enterprise. Purely an American house, and conducted on American principles, we rejoice in its great and long-continued prosperity. Over 300,000 pianos, we are told, have been manufactured by this house. While the material used in the manufacture of these Pianos is the very best that can be procured—every part thoroughly seasoned, no part slighted, *all made to last*—we are glad to learn that it has advanced its prices only in proportion to the actual increased cost of construction.



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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series, }
Vol. IV., No. 6. }

DECEMBER, 1866.

{ Old Series Com-
plete in 63 vols.

North British Review.

RECENT HUMORISTS: AYTOUN, PEACOCK,
PROUT.*

SINCE the days of the prince of biographers, the wise and warm-hearted Plutarch of Chieronea, very little has been done in literature for that *parallelism* which was so essential a part of his biographical theory. To take men of eminence and place them in juxtaposition; to observe their points of similarity, and of dissimilarity in similarity, so that each should be separately more intelligible from the comparison of him with the other; this, the Plutarchian idea, has been less fruitful than might have been expected, considering the just popularity of Plutarch from the days of Montaigne

downwards. Bishop Hurd deserves the praise of having advocated its study, and of having suggested some material for the purpose; and Coleridge, in what he called the "landing places" of his *Friend*, so far followed it up that he made most ingenious and suggestive comparisons between Luther and Rousseau, and between Erasmus and Voltaire. We are not going to deal just now with men of such magnitude; but we must be allowed to congratulate ourselves on having a good opportunity of applying the doctrine in the case of a group of distinguished contemporaries recently taken away. Within about a twelvemonth three humorists have been blotted from the roll of living British men of letters: Professor Aytoun, Mr. Thomas Love Peacock, and the Reverend Frank Mahony—better known as Father Prout. Each of these men represented one of the three kingdoms: Aytoun, our own bonnie northern land; Peacock, England; and Mahony, Ireland. They were all humorists. They were all lyrists. They were all more or less Bohemian and eccentric

**The Book of Bulls.* Edited by BON GAULTIER. Seventh edition. Edinburgh. 1861.

Firmilian. Edinburgh. 1854.

Tales from Blackwood. Edinburgh.

Headlong Hall, etc. Bentley's Standard Novels. 1837.

Gryll Grange. By the author of "Headlong Hall." London. 1861.

Reliques of Father Prout. A new edition. 1866.

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in the exercise of their gifts. They were all men of classical education. They were all men of strongly marked national type. Finally, they had this, too, in common, that they never became exactly popular, that is, universally popular in the sense in which Thackeray or Jerrold were so, but enjoyed their chief reputation among the cultivated classes. Every generation has writers of this peculiar type—writers often of higher powers and attainments than many who are better known—but who, somehow, never pass the line which divides those who are distinguished from those who are famous. It is curious to reflect that De Quincey never had a tithe as many readers as Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and that Mr. Tupper is some fifty times as well known as Henry Taylor. But this is one of the eternal phenomena of literature which never discourages real men of letters, while it ought to teach critics that perhaps their most important duty is to help to make known those whom the world has not learned to know for itself. If we propose to glance now at what was done by the three gentlemen just mentioned, for their generation, our object is partly to induce readers to become better acquainted with them at first-hand. Professor Aytoun's works are, indeed, well known in Scotland, but might be better known in the south and in Ireland. Peacock, in spite of the admirable wit and cleverness of his tales, is, we suspect, little appreciated out of London. Father Prout is loved and honored by his own countrymen, and in the literary world of the metropolis his name is a household word; but, elsewhere, few know how much enjoyment may be got from his pages. We should like to see the reputations of these brilliant men *counterchanged*, as the heralds say—the Scotch and Irish reputations crossing into each other—and the English intermingling with both. We are no friends to excessive centralization. Indeed, we cherish national individualism as one of the conditions of literary variety, raciness, and color. But nationality *without* intercommunion has a constant tendency to degenerate into provincialism; and provincialism preserves national traits not as living things, but as petrifications. The intellectual life of every country ought

to blow over into other lands like a wind. The north wind is necessary to keep the south cool, and the south wind is necessary to keep the north from freezing. Now, it so happens, as has been already briefly hinted, that each of our three humorists had a strong flavor of his own country about him. In an age when so many Scotchmen emigrate, Aytoun devoted his life to Scotland. He formed himself on native models, and attached himself to a native school of literature. His humor—and it is his humor with which we have to do in this paper—was essentially Scotch; that is to say, hearty or even vehement in expression sometimes, but dry to the taste; shrewd and thoughtful at bottom; and based on character rather than light and brilliant. He did not shine in epigram. His prose style wanted clearness, terseness, grace. His strong point both as writer and talker was humor proper, fun, a perception of the ludicrous; but a perception of the ludicrous from a Scot's point of view, in which the intellectual rather than the moral pleasure to be derived from it is the predominant object sought. Peacock, again, was eminently English in his clear good sense, his quick penetrating sarcasm, embodied with classic neatness of expression, and his fine practical contempt for all extravagances of taste and speculation. When we come to Prout, we find *his* genius not less characteristic of his nation. His *fun* is full of all kinds of playfulness, and *funny*, and paradox—real *larky* fun, to use a familiar expression—such as the English kind rarely is, and the Scotch almost never. In pure epigram, the Englishman has the best of it. The Irishman's epigram is most fanciful; his precious *stones* are colored. The Scot does not excel in epigram at all; nor much in that drollery, the drollery of *abandon*, of which downright noisy laughter is the natural result. The Englishman's joke is like a *smile*—a smile in which his intellectual eyes take a part; the Irishman's is a *poke* in your ribs, accompanied with a laugh, *snarl* rather than hearty; the Scot's is a *deep* chuckle, an inward laugh, which does not disturb the lines of a mouth full of a sagacious knowingness, and a *conscious* sense of the pregnant meaning of which the best Scotch pleasantry is full. While

thus distinctly gifted according to their distinctive races, our three celebrated specially each his *φίλην πατρίδα γαίαν*. The author of the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* wrote with obvious delight of the "Thundering Spey." The author of *Headlong Hall* not only devoted a special poem to the "Genius of the Thames," but loved the noble river, and haunted it all his life. His favorite amusement in old age was to take his family out on it for a row, and his bones lie in the churchyard of Shepperton, not far from its wave. The author of the *Reliques of Father Prout* devoted perhaps his best lyric to the "Bells of Shandon, that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee;" and he, too, lies near the Lee, as Peacock does near the Thames, and Aytoun near the Forth—each amid the scenery first loved and last forgotten of his ancestral land. Any one of them might have addressed a friend in the tenderest of all the odes of their common literary ancestor, the beloved Venusian lyrist:

"Ille te mecum locus et beatæ
Postulant arces; ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges lacrimâ favillam
Vatis amici."

Having thus indicated in a broad rapid way the general elements of comparison between our writers, we shall follow the Plutarchian plan by giving a sketch of each of them separately, before attempting to make the comparison complete. The order in which they died happens also to be the alphabetical order, so that it is not our Scottish patriotism only which has made us give Professor Aytoun the first place. Aytoun came of a good old Scottish family, now represented by Mr. Roger Sinclair Aytoun of Inchdairnie, the respected Member for the Kirkcaldy Burghs. The family took its name at a very remote period from the lands at Ayton in Berwickshire, and was first established in Fife in the sixteenth century by a gentleman who was Governor of Stirling Castle. Their arms were an engrailed cross with roses; and the founders of the Fife branch adopted a beautiful motto by way of difference on settling in their new home. "*Et decerpæ dabunt odorem*," they said, and the transplanted roses justified the modest boast. Sir Robert Aytoun, the poet, on whose

tomb in Westminster Abbey the motto may still be read, was one of the Fife stock, of the house of Kinneden. The branches in the "East Neuk" of Fife seem to have dwindled away, but Inchdairnie, settled some seven miles to the north of Kirkcaldy, held on, and has survived to our time, in spite of an interest in politics during great historical crises which has been fatal to many a landed line. They produced Covenanters in the seventeenth century, and Jacobites in the eighteenth; and one of the Jacobites, who seems from the books which he left behind him to have been a man of science and letters, passed some time in exile in Holland. Of this family, and sprung, we believe, from their marriage with the daughter of a once well-known judge, Lord Harcarse, William Edmondstoune Aytoun was a cadet; a fact which helps to explain his tinge of feudal sentiment and romance—that old Scottish quality found in Scotsmen unlike each other in everything else—in Knox and Sir Walter, in Smollett and in Hume. He was born in Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, on the 21st June, 1813, and was the son of Mr. Roger Aytoun, Writer to the Signet. He went to the Edinburgh Academy at eleven years of age, and in 1827 or 1828 to the College, where he remained till 1832. The head master of the Academy at that time was Archdeacon Williams, a man of learning and wit, and author of several remarkable books, especially of a *Life of Cæsar*, which is far too little known. The classical professors of the College were Pillans and Dunbar, the first a Latin scholar of some elegance, the second a good teacher, as far as his range of teaching went. Aytoun benefited at least as much as his best fellow-students by this classical training; but the ancient literature had no special attractions for him, and he never knew it so well as either Peacock or Father Prout. On the other hand, he learned German in Germany, and we have heard contemporaries of his describe his youthful enthusiasm for Macaulay's *Ivry* and *Armada*, which, together with the influence of Scott, then the first intellectual influence felt by every young Scotsman, prepared him for the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* by and by. Nature had formed Aytoun for the Tory school of Scottish literature,

but his father, who had been agent to the Duke of Hamilton, was a Whig, and the future Jacobite of *Blackwood* was for some time devoted to "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." The natural development of Aytoun's mind, however, brought him gradually into more congenial associations, and he became a Tory of the special Scottish type then in fashion, and now extinct. We have nothing to do with politics on this occasion, but nobody, we think, will quarrel with us if we say as a mere matter of history, that this extinct type of Scottish Toryism—the Toryism of Scott and John Wilson—appealed not unnaturally to the hearts and imaginations of the young. It was a picturesque and patriotic Toryism for one thing, basing itself on the past, and especially on the past of Scotland. It was a *jolly* Toryism, in the next place, glorying in convivial riot, and delighting to express itself with unbounded freedom of humor and sarcasm. There is a fearful legend in Edinburgh that a song was sung at the Tory suppers of that day, the chorus of which was:

"Curse the people,
Blast the people,
D—n the lower orders!"

This was probably a Whig joke, but we need only turn to the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* to see with what license of savage, yet somehow not essentially bitter jocosity, the great Christopher thought himself entitled to treat opponents; and with what a daring hand he claimed for himself and his friends the fiercest pleasures of the social board. An enemy was a "gander," a "stot," a "mean eunuch;" while a friend, besides the possession of every serious virtue, enjoyed a stomach to which no amount of supper and no long succession of tumblers could do the least mischief. There was something in all this fun which tickled the fancy of youngsters; and the effect of it is very visible in Aytoun's contributions to the *Bon Gaultier* Ballads, the chief effusions of his humor in verse. Mr. Theodore Martin had been writing for some time under the *nom de plume* of Bon Gaultier before he became acquainted with Aytoun, and the title was retained as a common designation when they began to work together in *Tait's Magazine* and *Fraser*. Most of the

ballads were joint handiwork, but a few of the best are known to have been Aytoun's, among which we may mention "The Massacre of the Macphersons," "The Queen in France," "The Rhyme of Sir Launcelot Bogle," and "Little John." We quote the first of these, in spite of its being so well known on this side of Tweed, because there is a dryness and sarcasm about it, which we have already declared to be essentially Scotch, as distinct from the satire either of England or Ireland:

THE MASSACRE OF THE MACPHERSONS

(From the Gaelic.)

I.

Fhairshon swore a feud
Against the clan M'Taviah;
Marched into their land
To murder and to raffle;
For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers,
With four-and-twenty men
And five-and-thirty pipers.

II.

But when he had gone
Half way down Strath Canna,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin'.
They were all he had,
To back him in ta battle;
All the rest had gone
Off, to drive ta cattle.

III.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon,
"So my clan disgraced is;
Lada, we'll need to fight
Before we touch the peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Coming wi' his fassals,
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuiné-wassalls!"

IV.

"Coot tay to you, sir;
Are you not ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here
To flait any person?
You are a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered."

V.

"Fat is tat you say?
Dare you cock your power?
I will teach you, sir,
Fat is coot behavior!"

You shall not exist
For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir,
Or slay you with my claymore!"

VI.

"I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention,"
So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Gave some warlike howls,
Threw his skhian-dhu,
An' stuck it in his powels.

VII.

In this fery way
Tied ta fallant Fhairshon,
Who was always thought
A superior person.
Fhairshon had a son,
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta Flood,
By trinking up the water:

VIII.

Which he would have done,
I at least believe it,
Had ta mixture peen
Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale;
Sirs, I hope 'tis new to t'ye!
Here's your fery good healths
And tamn ta whusky duty!

Aytoun's hand is very visible, we think, in the "Dirge of the Drinker," a parody of his own Lays, and a very spirited specimen of the rather extravagant comedy of his school:

THE DIRGE OF THE DRINKER.

Brothers, spare awhile your liquor, lay your
final tumbler down;
He has dropped—that star of honor—on the
field of his renown!
Raise the wail, but raise it softly, lowly bend-
ing on your knees,
If you find it more convenient, you may hic-
cup if you please.
Sons of Pantagruel, gently let your hip-hur-
raing sink,
Be your manly accents clouded, half with sor-
row, half with drink!
Lightly to the sofa pillow lift his head off the
floor;
See, how calm he sleeps, unconscious as the
deadest nail in door!
Widely o'er the earth I've wandered; where
the drink most freely flowed,
I have ever reeled the foremost, foremost to
the beaker strode.
Deep in shady cider cellars I have dreamed
o'er heavy wet,

By the fountains of Damascus I have quaffed
the rich sherbet.
Regal Montepulciano drained beneath its na-
tive rock,
On Johannis' sunny mountain frequent hic-
cuped o'er my hock;
I have bathed in butts of Xeres deeper than
did e'er Monsoon,
Sangareed with bearded Tartars in the Moun-
tains of the Moon;
In beer-swilling Copenhagen I have drunk
your Dancesman blind,
I have kept my feet in Jena, when each bursch
to earth declined;
Glass for glass, in fierce Jamaica, I have shar-
ed the planter's rum,
Drank with Highland dhuiné-wassails, till
each gibbering Gael grew dumb;
But a stouter, bolder drinker—one that loved
his liquor more—
Never yet did I encounter than our friend upon
the floor!
Yet the best of us are mortal, we to weak-
ness all are heir,
He has fallen, who rarely staggered—let the
rest of us beware!
We shall leave him as we found him—lying
where his manhood fell,
'Mong the trophies of the revel, for he took
his tipple well.
Better 'twere we loosed his neckcloth, laid his
throat and bosom bare,
Pulled his Hobies off, and turned his toes to
taste the breezy air.
Throw the sofa-cover o'er him, dim the flar-
ing of the gas,
Calmly, calmly let him slumber, and, as by
the bar we pass,
We shall bid that thoughtful waiter place be-
side him, near and handy,
Large supplies of soda water, tumblers bot-
tomed well with brandy,
So, when waking, he shall drain them, with
that deathless thirst of his—
Clinging to the hand that smote him, like a
good 'un as he is!

These pieces, and the "Queen in France," are on the whole the best things in the Bon Gaultier Ballads. The parody of Mrs. Browning, too, is good; but most of the parodies are ordinary enough—not to be compared for a moment to the *Rejected Addresses*, or to the *Prize Novelists* of Thackeray.

While Aytoun was thus amusing himself and the public, he did not neglect to place his interests in life on a solid basis than comic ballads can supply. He became a Writer to the Signet in 1838, and an Advocate in 1840. Afterwards he was appointed to the Sheriffship of the Orkneys, and to the Professorship of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the Uni-

versity of Edinburgh. He was successful in both occupations, especially in the latter. But he owed his chief distinction all along to what he did in literature; and popular as his *Bon Gaultier Ballads*, and his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* were, they were neither of them more relished than some of his prose articles in *Blackwood*, such as "How we got up the Glenmutchkin Railway," and "How I stood for the Dreep-dailie Burghs." These are fair representatives of his comic talent, and comic talent, we repeat, was his *forte*. It was a talent quite inferior to Thackeray's in insight, delicacy, and edge; and to Wilson's in general power and swing. But it was a genuine gift of his own—depending for its effect, not on style, in which he was never strong, but on its intrinsic force of humorous character. His humor was broad, we may add, and required plenty of elbow room. What is further worth notice, it was almost never poetic humor, a strong sign that his poetry was not very real or deep, but much more artificial than either. In Hood, for example, the poetry and humor blend with each other; it is not easy to say where one ends and the other begins. But Aytoun's humor and poetry stand quite apart. Between the broad fun of "How I became a Yeoman"—another of his best *Blackwood* papers—and the fife and kettledrum liveliness of the *Lays*, there is no moral connection visible. In short, all we ever read or saw of Aytoun induces us to think of him as a shrewd, able Scot, with a strong vein of the national humor, but whose poetry was mere cleverness exercised on the traditionary material of his political school. His white rose was not waxen—we do not say that. But we do say that it had a very faint smell; that though his poetic Jacobite romanticism was real as far as it went, it did not go very far. The complete failure of his more ambitious attempts, his Lectures on Poetry in London, his *Bothwell*, and his *Norman Sinclair*, seems to us strongly to corroborate this view. And his mind, though of good quality, was not fertile. It produced a few fruits of very pleasant flavor, and much that was insipid and commonplace; whereas Peacock was as fresh in *Gryll Grange* as he had been

half a century before; and Father Prout continued to write daily with sense and wit, to be always readable, never weak, till his death, at more than sixty years of age.

The latest of Aytoun's *jeux d'esprit* which made any considerable hit was perhaps the best of them all: *Firmilian; or the Student of Badajoz*. A Spasmodic Tragedy. By T. Percy Jones. About a dozen years ago, there existed a bad school of poetry, encouraged by an absurd school of criticism, and owing its origin ultimately to the *Festus* of Mr. Bailey. No doubt there were men among them whose natural poetic power was greater than Aytoun's own. But the power was absurdly used; was employed on extravagant conceptions clothed in extravagant expression; and the result was something offensive to all who had formed their taste on the great models whether of antiquity or of England. Aytoun's sympathies in these matters were sound; indeed, if they erred at all, they erred from a certain narrowness on the sound side. So he did what his talents exactly suited him for—wrote an elaborate squib on the juvenile offenders. *Firmilian* is a poetaster with a taste for sensuality, and a morbid hankering after crime, and his rant, in verses like the following, is an admirable imitation of the kind of stuff that was produced in all seriousness by our younger poets in 1853-4:

"Let the hoarse thunder rend the vault of
heaven,
Yea, shake the stars by myriads from their
boughs,
As Autumn tempest shakes the foliage
down;
Let the red lightning shoot athwart the sky,
Entangling comets by their spooming hark,
Piercing the zodiac belt, and carrying dust
To old Orion, and his whimpering howl:
But let the glory of this deed be mine!"

The bard's taste in love was as eccentric as in poetry:

"He had a soul beyond the vulgar reach,
Sun-ripened, swarthy. He was not the fool
To pluck the feeble lily from its shade,
When the black hyacinth stood in fragrant
by.
The lady of his love was dark as Ind,
Her lips as plenteous as the Spahr's are,
And her short hair crisp with Nubian oil:
She was a negress!"

But while justice is thus done to the peculiar genius of Fermilian the poet, that of Apollodorus the critic is not defrauded of its due. He enters on the scene soliloquizing in this fashion :

"Why do men call me a presumptuous cur,
A vaporing blockhead, and a turgid fool,
A common nuisance, and a charlatan?
I've dashed into the sea of metaphor,
With as strong paddles as the sturdiest ship
That churns Meduse into liquid light,
And hashed at every object in my way.

I have reviewed myself incessantly."

Firmilian no doubt helped to explode the now almost forgotten nonsense at which it was levelled. The "spasmodic school" no longer exists as a school; and any single member of it who has reached any position in letters has done so by emancipating himself from the absurdities of his youth. Unluckily, in some cases in which the extravagance was thought to be a mere excess of power, it has turned out that the power resided only in the extravagance. When the spasmodic poet has begun to write like other people, he has written worse.

Aytoun enjoyed no little convivial renown in his youth, for the same humor which belongs to his writing belonged to his conversation. So late as at the time of Thackeray's last visit to Edinburgh he made a capital *mot*. He told Thackeray that he did not like his Georges nearly so well as his Jeameses. But in his latter years a kind of mysterious languor came over him. He had suffered the most dreadful pain inflicted on mortals by any weapon in the armory of doom—the untimely loss of a beloved wife—Jane Emily Wilson, the youngest daughter of Professor Wilson, whom he married in 1849. His health failed, not abruptly, but gradually; and he seemed to lose his relish for society, and his interest in human pursuits. His characteristic face, with its yellowish beard, and the deep-seated twinkle of fun in its eyes, retained its interest; but he looked thin and feeble about the legs, and walked without vigor or decision of stride. He rallied, however, and entered into a second marriage. But the amendment was not permanent; and he died at a house which he was renting in Morayshire in the August of last

year. As a son and brother, Aytoun was at all periods of life beyond praise; he was much liked by his old intimates, and those who knew him in his best years; and if nothing worthy of his memory or of his Scottish popularity has yet been written about him in Edinburgh, it is some satisfaction to know that his surviving friend Mr. Theodore Martin intends to supply the deficiency.*

We now turn to the English member of our triad of humorists, Thomas Love Peacock, author of *Headlong Hall*, *Crotchet Castle*, and other pleasant and clever books—all bearing that *cachet* of a distinctive character and intellect in the writer, which is the unfailing accompaniment of really superior parts. In these days, when so many "twaddling essays" are written, and when the pleasantry of our younger wags is too often mere Cockney garbage, we recur with delight to the vivid satire, manly sense, and brilliant scholarship of this distinguished, but not sufficiently known author. Mr. Peacock survived Aytoun; but he was already before the world when Aytoun first entered into it. He was born at Weymouth on the 13th of October, 1785, being the only child of Mr. Samuel Peacock, a London merchant, by Sarah, daughter of Mr. Thomas Love, who lost a leg as Master of H.M.S. "Prothee," in Rodney's action in 1782.† The father of Mr. Peacock died early; and his mother removed to Chertsey, from whence he was sent to a boarding-school at Englefield Green, kept by a Mr. Dix, who was very proud of him. The lad loved books from the beginning, and even in his holidays delighted to read by the river side, or in Windsor Forest—scenes which he continued to haunt all his life. When he was sixteen his mother settled in London, and Peacock received no further education. But Mr. Dix had evidently grounded his pupil well, for he went on closely

* Mr. Martin's Memoir of Professor Aytoun is to be prefixed to a collection of his best prose writings.

† We must express our thanks here to Mr. Howes of the Adjutant-General's office, for obtaining us some particulars of the life of his friend Mr. Peacock. We are also indebted to the distinguished painter Mr. Wallis, for the loan of an excellent portrait of him; and Mr. George Meredith has likewise favored us with some reminiscences.

studying the ancient writers at the British Museum ; and it is certain that he was one of the men best read in the classics, of his generation. Though *αὐτοδίδακτος* he was not *δύμαθής*, and therefore not obnoxious to the remark of Cicero that the *δύμαθεῖς* are "insolentes." But he took a waggish pleasure always in having a hit at the universities, which he said did nothing for the classics but "print German editions of them on better paper." His youth was studious throughout. When his day had been spent at the noble library in Bloomsbury, he would devote his evening to reading aloud to his mother, a woman of superior understanding. He loved her as Gray and Thomas Brown loved their mothers, with a love beyond that of common natures. He consulted her judgment on all that he wrote ; and some time after her death, he remarked to a friend that he had never written with any zeal since.

Peacock began his literary career with poetry. He published a poem called "Palmyra," as early as 1806, and another, "The Genius of the Thames," in 1812. When Shelley saw them both in the last-mentioned year, he took care to protest against the doctrine that "commerce is prosperity," or that "the glory of the British flag is the happiness of the British people," which he had found in the "Genius of the Thames." But he praised their "genius, information, and power," and went so far as to say that he thought "the conclusion of 'Palmyra'" the "finest piece of poetry he had ever read." A personal acquaintance followed, and in 1813 Peacock was Shelley's guest. "He is a very mild agreeable man," writes Shelley to Hogg,* in the November of that year, "and a good scholar. His enthusiasm is not very ardent, nor his views very comprehensive : but he is neither superstitious, ill-tempered, dogmatical, nor proud." Some of the queer people whom Shelley had about him in those days, and who figure in Mr. Hogg's eccentric but instructive book, did not like Peacock as well as Shelley did. "They have made an addition to their party," Miss Cornelia N— tells Mr. Hogg, "in the person of a cold scholar, who, I think, has neither taste nor feel-

ing." The fact was that Peacock had too much sense, and too sharp an eye for a humbug, to be agreeable to the enthusiasts and sham-enthusiasts, who were then preying on and stimulating Shelley's weaknesses. It would have been well for the poet if he had had more such friends as Peacock instead of them. But he naturally knew a gentleman and a scholar when he saw him. The acquaintance continued ; and Peacock accompanied the Shelleys on one of their journeys to Edinburgh. There is generally a Scotchman in Peacock's novels, which we must attribute doubtless to this visit.

The first of the novels in question was *Headlong Hall*, which appeared in 1816, and to the type of which all its successors approximate more or less nearly. We know what the fashionable novel of 1866 is—either a photograph of commonplace life by an artist who sets up his camera at the drawing-room door as mechanically as his brother artist at Mayall's ; or a literary Chinese puzzle, made up of all imaginable complications of crimes committed by stupidly unnatural puppets fobbed off on us for characters. The Peacockian novel is something quite different. It is a sort of comedy in the form of a novel, making very little pretension to story, or to subtle character-painting, but illustrating the intellectual opinions and fashions of the day in capital dialogues ; natural even in its most comic freedoms, and full of wit, satire, literature, and playfulness of every kind. Peacock had a favorite set of *dramatis personæ*, who reappear with more or less variety in most of his books. There is a cultivated squire, whose mansion forms a rendezvous for the company, and whose daughters or lady visitors supply occasion for the only half-serious love-making of the story. There is a parson of the old school, sometimes merely remarkable for eating and drinking, but generally a classical scholar and a wit into the bargain. There is a Scotch philosopher of the *Edinburgh Review* type. And there are representatives of all the pet schools of speculation and sentiment in his day : the phrenologist ; the Byronic misanthrope ; the Coleridgean mystic ; perfectibility of the species man ; and so forth. These people all get very fair play, even when ridiculed, and are brought

* Hogg's *Shelley*, ii., 482.

to the test of sound common sense, and of that kind of wit which has been described in the *Pall Mall Gazette* as "only sense sharpened till it shines." The politics of the author are not easily defined. Like many men who are literary rather than political, he seems to have been Conservative on one side of his mind, and Liberal on the other. He laughed at the "March of Intellect;" the glorification of the physical sciences; the worship of the multitude; and the novel schemes of education—of one class of his contemporaries. But he laughed also at the defences of rotten boroughs, and the high-flying Toryism of another class. He quizzed Brougham. He more than quizzed Southey, whom he somewhere calls "a Priapus set up to guard the golden apples of corruption." In short, he was a satirist, without being a partisan, and thought himself entitled to satirize whatever exaggerations he pleased, no matter in what directions the exaggerations tended. With regard to his place in the great schools of satire, just as we trace the pedigree of Churchill, through Dryden, to Juvenal, and that of Pope, in spite of grave differences, to Horace, so we call Peacock a child of Aristophanes. He had the gayety; the dramatic freedom; the lively wit; the feeling for nature; the turn for song; all of which were possessed by

"The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,"

of course on a greater and more brilliant scale.

In the first novel of the series, *Headlong Hall*, the scene lies in the chateau of a Welsh squire, at which philosophers of all kinds of views are assembled, the usual parson being this time a Reverend Doctor Gaster, whose name suggests fun, and who supplies it. Here is a fragment of breakfast talk:

"The anatomy of the human stomach," said Mr. Escot, "and the formation of the teeth, clearly place man in the class of frugivorous animals."

"Many anatomists," said Mr. Foster, "are of a different opinion, and agree in discerning the characteristics of the carnivorous classes."

"I am no anatomist," said Mr. Jenkison, "and cannot decide where doctors disagree; in the mean time, I conclude that man is omnivorous, and on that conclusion I act."

"Your conclusion is truly orthodox," said

the Reverend Doctor Gaster; "indeed the loaves and fishes are typical of a mixed diet; and the practice of the Church in all ages shows"—

"That it never loses sight of the loaves and fishes," said Mr. Escot.

"It never loses sight of any point of sound doctrine," said the reverend doctor.

The reverend gentleman gets into a curious but very natural after-dinner scrape, in the passage which we subjoin:

"The Reverend Doctor Gaster seated himself in the corner of a sofa, near Miss Philomela Poppysced. Miss Poppysced detailed to him the plan of a very moral and aristocratic novel she was preparing for the press, and continued holding forth, with her eyes half shut, till a long-drawn nasal tone from the reverend divine compelled her suddenly to open them in all the indignation of surprise. The cessation of the hum of her voice awakened the reverend gentleman, who, lifting up first one eye-lid, then the other, articulated, or rather murmured, 'Admirably planned indeed!'

"I have not quite finished, sir," said Miss Philomela, bridling. 'Will you have the goodness to inform me where I left off?'

"The doctor hummed a while, and at length answered: 'I think you had just laid it down as a position, that a thousand a year is an indispensable ingredient in the passion of love, and that no man who is not so far gifted by nature can reasonably presume to feel that passion himself, or be correctly the object of it with a well-regulated female.'

"That, sir," said Miss Philomela, highly incensed, 'is the fundamental principle which I lay down in the first chapter, and which the whole four volumes, of which I detailed to you the outline, are intended to set in a strong practical light.'

"Bless me," said the doctor, 'what a nap I must have had!'

Headlong Hall contains one or two songs such as Peacock liked to introduce into his book; and Thackeray, we happen to know, thought his songs among the best of the age. There is a pleasant jollity in that which we select:

"In his last binn Sir Peter lies,

Who knew not what it was to frown;

Death took him mellow by surprise,

And in his cellar stopped him down.

Through all our land we could not boast

A knight more gay, more prompt than he,

To rise and fill a bumper toast,

And pass it round with THREE TIMES
THREE.

"None better knew the feast to sway,
Or keep Mirth's boat in better trim;

For Nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded him.
The meanest guest that graced his board
Was there the freest of the free,
His bumper toast when Peter poured,
And passed it round with THREE TIMES
THREE.

"He kept at true good-humor's mark,
The social flow of pleasure's tide;
He never made a brow look dark,
Nor caused a tear, but when he died.
No sorrow round his tomb should dwell:
More pleased his gay old ghost would be,
For funeral song, and passing bell,
To hear no sound but THREE TIMES
THREE."

Nightmare Abbey, first published in 1818, was the immediate successor of *Headlong Hall*. The Abbey is the seat of Christopher Glowry, Esq., a gloomy gentleman subject to the blue-devils, whose only son and heir had been christened "Scythrop," "from the name of a maternal ancestor who had hanged himself one rainy day in a fit of *taxidum vitæ*, and had been eulogized by a coroner's jury in the comprehensive phrase of *felo de se*; on which account Mr. Glowry held his memory in high honor, and made a punch bowl of his skull." At this cheerful seat various visitors regale themselves—Flosky, a kind of caricature of Coleridge; Mr. Cypress, a Byronic poet, and others; including a Mr. and Mrs. Hilary, who bring with them an orphan niece, "a daughter of Mrs. Glowry's youngest sister, who made a runaway love-match with an Irish officer." The history of the unlucky gentlewoman is given by Peacock in a single most characteristic paragraph. "The lady's fortune," we are told, "disappeared in the first year; love, by a natural consequence, disappeared in the second; the Irishman himself, by a still more natural consequence, disappeared in the third." With her orphan daughter, his cousin, Scythrop, Mr. Glowry's heir, falls in love. But his father thinks the young lady too volatile for the family gravity, as well as too poor; and wishes him to marry Miss Toobad, the daughter of a Manichæan millennarian who believes that the supreme dominion of the world was for wise purposes given over for a while to the Evil Principle; and that this precise period of time is the point of his plenitude of power. Scythrop contrives to fall in love with Miss

Toobad, as well as with the other; and while he is unable to decide between them they both marry among his father's guests. This amusing position is the only thing like plot in the tale, the charm of which, as of all Peacock's stories, is not in the fable, but in the point and sense of the narrative and dialogue. There is an after-dinner conversation in *Nightmare Abbey* so clever in itself, and so curious as a picture of the humors of fifty years ago, that—barring a little abridgment here and there—we shall transcribe it in full:

"Mr. Glowry.—You are leaving England, Mr. Cypress. There is a delightful melancholy in saying farewell to an old acquaintance, when the chances are twenty to one against ever meeting again. A smiling bumper to a sad parting, and let us all be unhappy together.

"Mr. Cypress (*filling a bumper*).—This is the only social habit that the disappointed spirit never unlearns.

"The Rev. Mr. Larynx (*filling*).—It is the only piece of academical learning that the finished educatee retains.

"Mr. Flosky (*filling*).—It is the only objective fact which the skeptic can realize.

"Scythrop (*filling*).—It is the only styptic for a bleeding heart.

"The Honorable Mr. Listless (*filling*).—It is the only trouble that is very well worth taking.

"Mr. Toobad (*filling*).—It is the only antidote to the great wrath of the devil.

"Mr. Hilary (*filling*).—It is the only symbol of perfect bliss. The inscription, '*Hic non bibitur*' will suit nothing but a tombstone.

"Mr. Glowry.—You will see many fine old ruins, Mr. Cypress—many reminiscences of the ancient world, which I hope was better worth living in than the modern; though for myself I care not a straw more for one than the other, and would not go twenty miles to see anything that either could show.

"Cypress.—It is something to seek, Mr. Glowry. The mind is restless, and must persist in seeking, though to find is to be disappointed. Do you feel no aspirations towards the countries of Socrates and Cicero? No wish to wander among the venerable remains of the greatness that has passed for ever?

"Mr. Glowry.—Not a grain.

"Scythrop—I should have no pleasure in visiting countries that are past all hope of regeneration. There is great hope of our own; and it seems to me that an Englishman who, either by his station in society or his genius, or (as in your instance, Mr. Cypress) by both, has the power of essentially serving his country in its arduous struggle with its domestic enemies, yet forsakes his country, which is

still so rich in hope, to dwell in others which are only fertile in the ruins of memory, does what none of those ancients, whose fragmentary memorials you venerate, would have done in similar circumstances.

"*Mr. Cypress.*—Sir, I have quarrelled with my wife, and a man who has quarrelled with his wife is absolved from all duty to his country. I have written an ode to tell the people as much, and they may take it as they list.

"*Mr. Hilary.*—I am one of those who cannot see the good that is to result from all this mystifying and blue-devilling of society. The contrast it presents to the cheerful and solid wisdom of antiquity is too forcible not to strike any one who has the least knowledge of classical literature. To represent vice and misery as the necessary accompaniments of genius is as mischievous as it is false, and the feeling is as unclassical as the language in which it is usually expressed.

"*Mr. Toobad.*—It is our calamity. The devil has come among us, and has begun by taking possession of all the cleverest fellows.

"*Mr. Cypress.*—There is no worth or beauty but in the mind's idea. Love sows the wind and reaps the whirlwind. The sum of our social destiny is to inflict or endure.

"*Mr. Hilary.*—Rather to bear and forbear, *Mr. Cypress*—a maxim which you perhaps despise.

"*Mr. Cypress.*—Love is not an inhabitant of the earth. We worship him as the Athenians did their unknown God. But broken hearts are the martyrs of his faith, and the eye shall never see the form which fantasy paints, and which passion pursues through paths of delusive beauty, among flowers whose odors are agonies, and trees whose gums are poison.

"*Mr. Hilary.*—You talk like a Rosicrucian, who will love nothing but a sylph, who does not believe in the existence of a sylph, and who yet quarrels with the whole universe for not containing a sylph.

"*Mr. Glowry.*—Let us all be unhappy together!"

The reader who does not relish the cheerful vigor, the clearness, the fine sparkling salt of passages like this, which is, after all, only an average specimen of Peacock's manner, must have spoiled his palate by indulging in mawkish twaddle of one kind and another, or damaged his appetite by neglecting to take regular exercise on the hills of Attica and the banks of the Tiber. *Nightmare Abbey* was followed, in 1822, by *Maid Marian*, in which Peacock goes

back to the Robin Hood days, and carries his wit into the feudal forests, but which is chiefly remarkable for the freshness and grace with which he touches on sylvan scenery, a kind of scenery dear to him (as already hinted) from a boy. To *Maid Marian* succeeded in the same year *Crotchet Castle*, another story of his more usual type, but where a new class of the humors of the time were selected for pungent exposition and genial banter. One of his best scholarly parsons, Dr. Folliott, is in *Crotchet Castle*, and says and eats many a good thing in the course of it; but we must not overload our pages with quotations. We must be content only to mention *Melincourt*, one of the most daring of all his fictions, in which, with Aristophanic boldness, he has introduced a Sir Oran Haut-ton, who is nothing but a well-trained ape, into good society as a living character, and has even made him be elected to Parliament for a borough. *Melincourt* reappeared in a cheap form in 1856.

It is now time to relate that Peacock, who had in 1809 gone to Flushing as under-secretary to Sir Home Popham, was in 1819 appointed to a situation in the "Examiner's Office" at the India House. He had six weeks to prepare to be examined for the post, and his "passing papers" were returned to him with this short but high compliment—one that might have been equally paid to his literary work: "Nothing superfluous, and nothing wanting." During the same year his friend Shelley writes to him about his poem "Rhododaphne:" "Byron begs me to tell you he should not have the slightest objection to father your 'Grecian Enchantress.'"

During the years which followed, Peacock was an occasional contributor to distinguished periodicals; and wrote, especially, an admirable article on Moore's *Epicurean*, in the old *Westminster Review*. He also wrote, now and then, in the *Examiner* during its brilliant Fonblanquian period; and it is to be hoped that these essays will some day be collected. A new generation rose around him, to many of whom his name—the name of one who had written novels when Bulwer and Disraeli were children—was unknown. His vigorous and versatile mind employed itself in new directions. He

planned vessels which weathered the Cape, as he had produced books which will weather the century; but so far was he from abandoning letters, that his genius had an Indian summer not a whit less full of life and color than the summer of its prime. *Gryll Grange*, published in *Fraser* some six or seven years ago when Peacock was more than seventy years of age, is quite as fresh as any book of the *Headlong Hall* series, and even more remarkable than the best of them, for ingenuity, liveliness of humor, general vigor of wit, and wide reading in literature. What is not less interesting about *Gryll Grange* is its similarity in tone and character to the author's novels of half a century before. His favorite views are not altered, only strengthened and confirmed. His favorite types are there—the jovial accomplished squire, Mr. Gryll; the old-school parson, a *bon vivant* and classical scholar, Dr. Opimian; and Lord Curryfin represents the prevalent mania for lecturing, as Cypress and Flosky in *Nightmare Abbey* the melancholy and transcendentalism of a quite different world. There must have been a wonderful vitality about a man who lived to criticise the views, and laugh at the nonsense, of three generations; and who laughed as merrily at the third—that rising just now—as he had done at the first. Touching the plot of *Gryll Grange*, we have not much to say. However improbable, it is ingenious; and every page of the book contains some sagacious, or humorous, or thoughtful thing, expressed with classic neatness and point. *Gryll Grange*, too, contains perhaps the very best verses that Peacock ever wrote—verses so good, indeed, that we reproduce them *in extenso* for the reader's enjoyment:

“LOVE AND AGE.

“I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throw-
ing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more.
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and
heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together;
But that was sixty years ago.

“You grew a lovely roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;

Still with no care our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you, very dearly—
How dearly, words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as newly;
But that was fifty years ago.

“Then other lovers came around you,
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And then a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking,
But that was forty years ago.

“And I lived on, to wed another:
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row:
My joy in them was past expression;
But that was thirty years ago.

“You grew a matron plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My earthly lot was far more homely;
But I too had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glistened
Around the hearth-stone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christ-
ened:
But that was twenty years ago.

“Time passed. My eldest girl was married,
And I am now a grandsire gray;
One pet of four years old I've carried
Among the wild-flowered meads to play.
In our old fields of childish pleasure,
Where now, as then, the cowslips blow,
She fills her basket's ample measure—
And that is not ten years ago.

“But though first love's impassioned blind-
ness
Has passed away in colder light,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do, till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be a hundred years ago.”

There is a tenderness at the bottom of the playfulness of this, which reveals itself more and more after repeated perusals; while the simplicity and grace of its execution are truly admirable. We doubt if there is any single poem of Præd's equal to it, justly as Præd's talent for poetry of a similar kind is admitted.

Some of the literary criticism in *Gryll Grange* is very valuable, and might be studied with advantage by our younger

poets and critics. How much truth and suggestiveness there is in the dialogue which follows:

"*Miss Ilex.*—Truth to nature is essential to poetry. Few may perceive an inaccuracy: but to those who do, it causes a great diminution, if not a total destruction, of pleasure in the perusal. Shakespeare never makes a flower blossom out of season. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are true to nature, in this and all other respects: even in their wildest imaginings.

"*The Reverend Doctor Opimian.*—Yet here is a combination, by one of our greatest poets, of flowers that never blossom in the same season:—

'Bring the rathe primrose, that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansie freakt with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To deck the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.'

And at the same time he plucks the berries of the myrtle and the ivy.

"*Miss Ilex.*—Very beautiful, if not true to English seasons: but Milton might have thought himself justified in making this combination in Arcadia. Generally he is strictly accurate, to a degree that is in itself a beauty. For instance, in his address to the nightingale:

'Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo to bear thy even-song,
And misling thee, I walk unseen,
On the dry smooth-shaven green.'

The song of the nightingale ceases about the time that the grass is mown.

"*The Reverend Doctor Opimian.*—The old Greek poetry is always true to nature, and will bear any degree of critical analysis. I must say, I take no pleasure in poetry that will not.

What do you suppose these lines represent?

'I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.'

"*Mr. Macborrowdale.*—I should take it to be a description of the Queen of Bambo.

"*The Reverend Doctor Opimian.*—Yet thus one of our most popular poets describes Cleopatra: and one of our most popular artists has illustrated the description by a portrait of a hideous grinning Æthiop. Moore led the way to this perversion by demonstrating that the Egyptian women must have been beautiful, because they were "the countrywomen of Cleopatra." Here we have a sort of counter-demonstration, that Cleopatra must have been a fright, because she was the countrywoman of the Egyptians. But Cleopatra was a Greek, the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and a lady of Pontus. The Ptolemies were Greeks, and whoever will look at their gene-

alogy, their coins, and their medals, will see how carefully they kept their pure Greek blood uncontaminated by African intermixture. Think of this description and this picture, applied to one who, Dio says—and all antiquity confirms him—was 'the most superlatively beautiful of women, splendid to see, and delightful to hear.' For she was eminently accomplished: she spoke many languages with grace and facility. Her mind was as wonderful as her personal beauty. There is not a shadow of intellectual expression in that horrible portrait."

The interesting question thus mooted about Cleopatra demands, and would reward, a special dissertation. Here, we must be content to say, first, that it was not Moore, but Shakespeare, who "led the way" to what Peacock calls the "perversion" of making Cleopatra an Æthiop. Shakespeare speaks of her as "a gypsy"—without any warrant from his original authority for "Antony and Cleopatra"—Plutarch. Secondly, we must remark that we wish the "genealogy" were more satisfactory. There is bastardy and obscurity, or both, at both ends of it! Ptolemy Auletes, the father of Cleopatra, was certainly spurious; and Cicero says in one of his Orations, that it was universally agreed that he was neither royal in race nor character: "*Eun . . . neque genere, neque animo regio esse, inter omnes video convenire.*"* Granting, however, that he was the son of Ptolemy Soter, and thus seventh in descent from Ptolemy son of Lagus, the founder of the house—who was Lagus? He is sometimes called a bastard of the Royal house of Macedon, and if so, he was certainly of Hellenic descent, for they established their Hellenic descent before being allowed to compete at the Olympic Games. But if, on the other hand, Lagus was a Macedonian, he was a "barbarian;" and in either case, who is to answer for the "purity" of the Greek blood of the mothers, either of the first Ptolemy, or the last? Thirdly, while unprepared to deal adequately with the "coins," we may mention that we once broached this very point to the late distinguished and lamented Professor Ramsay, of Glasgow, and that he immediately produced some silver coins, in which Cleopatra had any-

* Cicero, *De Lege Agraria*, Or. ii., 16. See A. W. Zumpt's edition of these Orations, and his notes *in loc.* (Berlin, 1861.)

thing but the true classic outline which Peacock claimed for her. At the same time, we commit ourselves to neither theory, but reserve the question *ad arandum*. It will be a curious thing if the physical color of Queen Cleopatra should remain in controversy for ever, like the moral color of Queen Mary!

After what has been quoted from Peacock, and said about him, the reader will readily believe that he was an old-fashioned scholar, and gentleman of the old school to the last. Such was indeed the case. He told Mr. Thackeray, to whom we are indebted for the anecdote, that he now read nothing but Greek. He was heretical on the subject of Tennyson, and living poets generally. His favorite wine was Madeira. He consorted chiefly, out of his own private circle, with men of the past—dining, we believe, nowhere except now and then at Lord Broughton's. He lived, as we have said before, near the Thames, and delighted in going on its waters; and he cherished an intention—never, unfortunately, carried out—of editing Sophocles. In these simple old-world pursuits he passed a vigorous old age; and his portrait now before us by Mr. Wallis, shows us a veteran with a fine massive brow, crowned with white hair, strong regular features, and a rather large mouth, instinct with character, the whole tinged with the reddish tints of a lusty English autumn. He died at Shepperton, near his favorite river, early in the present twelvemonth, having reached his eighty-first year.

Francis Mahony, Father Prout, the last of our little group of humorists, was born at Cork in the beginning of the century—we believe about 1804. Aytoun confined himself to Scotland with a tenacity that in our age exposed him to provincialism. He sometimes went to a German bath, or to Paris, or London, but even London was to him a kind of foreign city; and in spite of the demonstrative Bohemianism of his comic writings, it was easy to see that he lived under the dominion of the local traditions of "genteel" Edinburgh life. Peacock was a Londoner, whose heart, as we have said, clung to the Thames, and whose very scholarship was of purely English type, not borrowed, like too much of our modern scholarship, from the Germans.

But Mahony, though intellectually an Irishman to the backbone, was, compared with these men, essentially cosmopolitan. He was as much at home in Rome as in London; in Paris as at Florence; and led a life resembling that of the men of letters of the sixteenth century rather than of those of to-day. Latin he knew, not as it is known at schools and colleges only, but with the familiarity with which it was known to the Erasmuses and Buchanans; and he had a range of reading about the men of those times which might be matched, perhaps, among a small circle of inquirers, but which certainly nobody else combined, as he combined it, with the wit, and shrewdness, and experience, and popular talent of a successful journalist and magazinist. The secret of all this was his education on the Continent among the Jesuits. In early youth he was destined for the order, and went through their curriculum in Belgium, France, and Rome. When he was still young, his talents must have attracted attention among their enemies, for in the *Jésuites Modernes* of the Abbé de la Roche Arnaud, a book published against them in Paris in 1826, when they were thriving under the sceptre of Charles Dix, a special article is devoted to "O'Mahoni, né en Irlande." "Je ne sais," the Abbé tells us, "s'il est parent du Comte de ce nom; mais à l'esprit, aux préjugés, et aux systèmes de M. le Comte, il ajoute le fanatisme, la dissimulation, la politique et tout le caractère d'un Jésuite."

S'il était confesseur de notre bon Roi, il ferait de magnifiques auto-da-fé. . . . La Compagnie destine le P. O'Mahoni à être à la tête des congrégations et des collèges. Elle lui fait, pour cela, connaître à fond les sciences diverses de la société, . . . et l'on espère que docile aux leçons de ses maîtres, le jeune O'Mahoni deviendra plus insensible et plus cruel encore que les inquisiteurs les plus endurcis de Saragosse et de Valence." Prout used to be prodigiously tickled by this account of himself and of his probable development; and his copy of the Abbé Roche Arnaud's book is now before us, with the following inscription in his own writing: "*Handed over with great gusto to my biographer and friend —, at Paris, Rue des Moulins, 1865, Aug. 12th. Frank Mahony de Saragosse.*" The truth is, that, like many

others, of whom the great Erasmus is the highest type, Mahony was a man of letters by nature, and a priest only by accident. There was a time in Europe when the two vocations were one; but we are drifting further from that tradition every day; and Mahony's transition from Jesuitism into literature was only one sign out of many of a movement going on all over the world. Nevertheless, when he threw himself on London, and became a Fraserian—*circa* 1835—his ecclesiastical education determined the form which his literary work took. He embodied himself in an imaginary "Father Prout" of Watergrasshill, near Cork, a priest of the old school, and attributed all his writings to that fictitious personage, whose name came to be familiarly applied to him, even in conversation. "He was one of that race of priests"—such is Mahony's description—"now, unfortunately, extinct, or nearly so, like the old breed of wolf-dogs in the island. I allude to those of his order who were educated abroad before the French Revolution, and had imbibed, from associating with the polished and high-born clergy of the old Gallican Church, a loftier range of thought, and a superior delicacy of sentiment." This sentence is the key to much that was very characteristic in Mahony. He had strong sympathy with the aristocracies, both of birth and letters—with historical families, and with writers whose genius was enriched by learning; and he did not like the upstarts of either world. But he was, above all, a humorist; and hence, in the *Reliques of Father Prout*, all his gifts and acquirements run to humor. And it is humor thoroughly Irish—in its brilliance, its extravagance, and its waywardness of fanciful epigram; a kind of practical joking in literature, as if he pulled a curule chair from under you just when you were going to sit down, or put Attic garlic into your omelette when your back was turned. To what else shall we compare a writer's telling us, in the "Rogueries of Tom Moore," that Tom stole his "Lesbia hath a Beaming Eye" from "an old Latin song of my own, which I made when a boy, smitten with the charms of an Irish milkmaid?" and gravely proceeding to produce the "original:"

"Lesbia semper hinc et inde
Oculorum tela movet,

Captat omnes, sed deinde
Quis ametur nemo novit.
Palpebrarum, Nora cara
Lux tuarum non est foris,
• Flamma micat ibi rara
Sed sinceri lux amoris
Nora Creina sit regina
Vultu, gressu tam modesto,
Hæc puellas inter bellas
Jure omnium dux esto.

"Lesbia vestes auro graves
Fert et gemmis juxta normam,
Gratiæ sed eheu suaves
Cinctam reliquere formam.
Noræ tunicam præferres,
Flante zephyro volantem;
Oculis et raptis erres
Contemplando ambulantem!
Veste Nora tam decora
Semper indui memento,
Semper puræ sic naturæ
Ibis tecta vestimento."

These comic translations were quite a fashion at that time, and were executed chiefly by clever Irishmen, such as Mahony, Maginn, Sheehan, and Kenealy—the last two of whom still survive. Mahony's serious Latin verse, however, was very spirited, as his ode on Loyola—two stanzas of which may be repeated—shows:

"Tellus gigantis sentit iter: simul
Idola nutant, fana ruunt, micat
Christi triumphantis trophæum
Cruceque novos numerat clientes.

"Videre gentes *Xaverii* jubar
Igni corusco nubila dividens;
Cæpitque mirans Christianos
Per medios fluitare Ganges."

This ode is in Prout's paper on "Literature and the Jesuits"—an admirable summary of the services of the order to the cause of letters. He had always a kindness for them from *that* point of view, though he maintained that they were steadily deteriorating in brains and scholarship, and he loved to trot out a forgotten father when the occasion offered. "What are you doing?" he asked a literary friend one day in the Strand. "A curious thing," was the answer, "an article on *The Beard*." "Ah," said Prout, "Laurence Beyerlinck, *Magnum Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ*—article *barba*!" The hint was taken, and proved a most valuable one; but the question was naturally put to Prout by his friend next time they met,

"Who was Beyerlinck?" "A Low Countries Jesuit," Prout answered; "one of the old fellows that you Protestants are always running down;" and his eye gave a mischievous twinkle of pleasure. As may be supposed, the father was a picturesque figure in his ecclesiastical garb—for he always retained it, more or less—among London journalists. He was esteemed for his reading, and might be consulted about most subjects; for you found him over the "Menagiana," or Erasmus, or Buchanan, in regions where the ordinary Cockney *littérateur* (whom he held cheap) is wholly at sea. But his chief impression was made by his wit and humor. He could stand up against the epigrammatic needle-gun of Douglas Jerrold; he was full of all sorts of anecdotes; and he had a great deal of curious gossip about known people—especially countrymen of his own—which he gave out flavored with droll sarcasm. The humor of his talk was very similar to that of the *Reliques* as it is seen in the "Apology for Lent," and the "Rogueries of Tom Moore." It was a sparkling kind of fun, with none of the dry gravity of contempt about it which is so effective in the "Fhairshon" of Aytoun, but wilder in its mockery or sportiveness. Listen, for instance, to the learned pastor of Watergrasshill, haranguing—*apropos* of Lent—on the fastings of his race and Church:

"I do not attach much importance to the Act of James I., who in 1619 issued a proclamation reminding his English subjects of the obligation of keeping Lent; because his Majesty's object is clearly ascertained to have been to encourage the traffic of his countrymen, the Scotch, who had just then embarked largely in the herring trade, and for whom the thrifty Stuart was anxious to secure a monopoly in the British markets.

"But when, in 1627, I find the chivalrous Charles I., your martyred king, sending forth from the banqueting room of Whitehall his royal decree to the same effect, I am at a loss to trace his motives. It is known that Archbishop Laud's advice went to the effect of reinstating many customs of Catholicity; but from a more diligent consideration of the subject, I am more inclined to think that the King wished rather, by this display of austere practices, to soothe and conciliate the Puritanical portion of his subjects, whose religious notions were supposed (I know not how justly) to have a tendency to self-denial and the mortification of the flesh. Certain it is that the Calvinists and Roundheads were greater fa-

vorites at Billingsgate than the High-Church party; from which we may conclude that they consumed more fish—a fact corroborated by the contemporary testimony of Samuel Butler, who says that when the great struggle commenced—

'Each fisherwoman locked her fish up,
And trudged abroad to cry No bishop!'

"I will only remark, in furtherance of my own views, that the King's beefeaters and the gormandizing Cavaliers of that period, could never stand in fair fight against the austere and fasting Cromwellians.

"It is a vulgar error of your countrymen to connect valor with roast-beef, or courage with plum-pudding. There exists no such association; and I wonder this national mistake has not been noticed by Jeremy Bentham in his *Book of Fallacies*. As soon might it be presumed that the pot-bellied Falstaff, faring on venison and sack, could overcome in prowess Owen Glendower, who, I suppose, fed on leeks; or that the lean and emaciated Cassius was not a better soldier than a well-known sleek and greasy rogue who fled from the battle of Philippi, and as he himself unblushingly tells the world, left his buckler behind him: *Relicta non bene parmula*.

"Among European denominations, in proportion as the Celtic infusion predominates, so in corresponding ratio is the national character for abstemiousness. Nor would I thus dwell on an otherwise uninteresting speculation were I not about to draw a corollary, and show how these secret influences became apparent at what is called the great epoch of the Reformation. The latent tendency to escape from fasting observances became then revealed, and what had lain dormant for ages was at once developed. The Tartar and Slavonic breed of men flung off the yoke of Rome; while the Celtic races remained faithful to the successor of the 'Fisherman,' and kept Lent.

"The Hollanders, the Swedes, the Saxons, the Prussians, and in Germany those circles in which the Gothic blood ran heaviest and most stagnant, hailed Luther as a deliverer from salt-fish. The fatted calf was killed, bumpers of ale went round, and Popery went to the dogs. Half Europe followed the impetus given to free opinions, and the congenial impulse of the gastric juice; joining in reform, not because they loved Rome less, but because they loved substantial fare more. Meantime neighbors differed. The Dutch, dull and opaque as their own *Zuiderzee*, growled defiance at the Vatican when their food was to be controlled; the Belgians, being a shade nearer to the Celtic family, submitted to the fast. While Hamburg clung to its *beef*, and Westphalia preserved her *hams*, Munich and Bavaria adhered to the Pope and to sourcroust with desperate fidelity."

We have selected this specimen from the *Reliques* almost at random; but it is one very characteristic of the Proutian and Irish school of humor as distinct from that of Peacock and the English school, or Aytoun and the Scotch. There is a wild hilarity about it—a deliberate dallying on the confines of nonsense, quite different at once from the English sprightliness of common sense, and the Scotch unctuous self-consciousness of critical humorous observation. Prout's genius, indeed, may be described in the words which he himself applies to his "Polyglot edition" of the *Groves of Blarney*, in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian. It is "a rare combination of the Teian lyre and the Irish bagpipe—of the Ionian dialect, blending harmoniously with the Cork brogue—an *Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt*." With his various and grotesque pleasantry, however, Mahony combined an uncommonly shrewd sharpness of understanding, as well as a special literary talent of a high order, to which we owe his excellent serious translations. Among them, the best we think are his versions of the "Grenier," and "Les Souvenirs du Peuple," of Béranger; and of the *Septimi Gades*, *Vides ut aliis*, and *Sic te diva* of Horace. The Venusian was his favorite out of all authors living or dead. He translated him, quoted him, and punned on him, through life, having an especial knack (which his friend and brother Fraserian Thackeray also had) of applying his sayings to every incident that turned up.

The *Reliques of Father Prout* were first collected and published in 1836. They were republished with additions during Mahony's absence from England in 1859, and without his having an opportunity of revising them, which is to be regretted.* Their appearance settled his claim to a place among scholars and humorists, and thenceforth his name was as well known in all literary circles of London where he would have cared to be heard of, as that of any man of his time. It is not in our power to trace his personal history in detail. He was a great deal

abroad, and once held for a short time a collegiate situation of some kind in Malta. But his relations to his Church were not satisfactory. Whether the authorities at Rome hated his independence of opinion, his attacks on Ultramontanism and O'Connell, or whether they only did not like his free and easy life, his conviviality and cigars, we know not. Certainly, he became an unattached and unemployed priest—a half-pay soldier of the Church, minus the half-pay—and though always clad in black, of fashion more or less sacerdotal, he took his ease in his inn, and mixed his tumbler among the wits of the metropolis with perfect freedom. The "inquisitor of Saragossa" might be seen eating oysters in the Strand; the son of Loyola blowing a pleasant cloud in the Haymarket. Nevertheless, any low fellow taking liberties with Mahony's cloth, found himself most promptly put down. For the little Irishman had plenty of fire in him. And though a free-spoken and free-living man, who utterly despised humbug, and especially that species of humbug which is known as cant, the Father was too good a gentleman to tolerate the violation of any of the essential decorums of life.

For a year or two before and after the Revolution of 1848 Mahony wrote capital letters from Rome to the *Daily News*. He resided again in England for some time, but spent the last years of his life in Paris, where he acted as correspondent to the *Globe*. He occupied chambers in the Rue des Moulins; dropped into Galignani's reading room and the *Messenger* office in the mornings; wrote at home in the afternoons; and dined in the Palais Royal, or elsewhere. The loneliness and celibacy of his life developed a certain oddity which always belonged to him. His dress was curiously negligent. He looked up at you with his keen blue eyes, over his spectacles, turning his head on one side, like some strange old bird; told an anecdote, or growled out a sarcasm, or quoted Horace, with a voice still retaining a flavor of the Cork brogue; then, making no salutation of any kind, and sticking his hands in his coat pockets, he shot off, and his dapper little black figure disappeared round the corner. There was a half-cynical indifference to life, and

* What is called the "new edition" of the present year seems to be a mere reprint with a new title page. The staleness of this trick is on a par with its morality.

even to literature, about the old Father in his last years; but as the evening wore on, a strange little well of sentiment would bubble up in his talk, and remind you that he was the author of the "Bells of Shandon," as well as of endless epigrams. To a friend who dined with him in Paris last August, and who happened to speak of the splendor of the Madeleine, he said, "Yes; our Lord promised that she should be remembered wherever His gospel was preached; and she has the finest church in the finest city of the world." And when they parted, the little Father, with a half-humorous, half-melancholy smile, said, "You'll be doing *me* some day!" The prediction was verified; for he did not live many months afterwards. He breathed his last in the Rue des Moulins, attended by a sister, who had come over to see him, and by his friend, the Abbé Rogerson; and was interred, amidst many marks of public respect, in his native city, beneath the Shandon spire, and within the hearing of

"The Bells of Shandon
Which sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

The task of executing what Plutarch calls the *σύγκρισις*, the comparison between the humorists thus sketched, will not be a difficult one. We have indicated the features which they had in common, and we have glanced at the national differences between them, already. That their influence acted in much the same direction is perhaps the first thing to be remarked. They had all a kindness for the men of the past, and for the old models of thought and literature, and they all exposed and ridiculed the fleeting fashionable tastes of the hour. They were none of them mere *γελωτοποιοί*, mere laughter makers, like the wags of the comic periodicals, but were capable of serious discussion, and of high-class work, such as translations and criticisms of the acknowledged masterpieces of the world. Aytoun's translations from the German are much esteemed by German scholars; and Prout rendered two or three of Horace's Odes better than any contemporary. They had all a vein of poetry, and like the best satirists, could see the beautiful as well as the humorous side of life. But they all entered into

the humorous side of it with a hearty gusto, with a certain *abandon* which distinguishes their satire from the cold, skeptical, and sneering sort, as well as from the frivolity and thinness of the satire of fashionable novels. In solidity of brains and of reading, Peacock, we suspect, was the first man of the triad. He has most invention of the three. His English is clearer, purer, and of more sustained vigor, and his wit has more of the classical symmetry, finish, and condensation than that of the others. In fertility of fanciful epigram and illustration, in habitual liveliness, in diversity of reading and knowledge, the travelled Irish Jesuit bears away the palm. The Scot's gift for humor is as undeniable as that of either; but he has far more heavy pages than either, and less elasticity, brilliance, and fecundity of mind. His scholarship, also, was inferior to that of both, and his style, while less vivacious than Prout's, was less elegant than Peacock's. On the other hand, his *Lays* seized a particular view of his country's history, and presented it with an impressiveness which had more actual effect on his contemporaries than anything that either Prout or Peacock achieved. It would be ungracious, however, to push this special part of the comparison too far. Our object is rather to recommend all three of these brilliant writers to readers still unacquainted with them, not only as humorists doing honor to their generation, but as instructive types of the varieties of genius existing in these islands.

Cornhill Magazine.

A NIGHT ON THE ORTLER SPITZ.

THE following description of a perilous adventure is taken from the papers of the late Robert Jacob, Esq. (of Dublin), who, with his relative, Mr. Walpole, ascended the Ortler Spitz Mountain during a tour through the Tyrol in the month of August, 1861. The narrative was penned a few hours after the occurrences to which it refers took place.

We left the Albergo della Santa Maria at an early hour, and soon reached the summit of the Stelvio Pass, from which

we had a fine view of the mountains of the Tyrol, Italy and Switzerland, for a vast distance around; the chief object of attraction being the majestic Ortler Spitz, the king of the Tyrolean mountains, its summit crowned with snow, and its sides seamed with glaciers. After a rapid descent by extemporized paths, which we made in order to avoid the weary zigzag road, we soon entered the Austrian dominions, and at noon reached the village of Trafoi.

Having determined to make the ascent of the Ortler Spitz, we at once made inquiries for guides, and, after a lengthened search, we discovered two men, Joseph Schiäff and Anton Ortler, with whom we arranged to undertake the difficult enterprise the next day. We spent the evening in making preparations for the ascent, laying in a stock of provisions, testing the ropes with which we were to be tied together, obtaining veils and spectacles to preserve our eyes from the dazzling glare of the sun's rays on the snow, and attending to the various other things which are requisite in an attempt of this kind. A considerable amount of interest was excited among the visitors at the hotel, and an English lady most obligingly offered her services to us as an interpreter. We were roused at one o'clock next morning, having had but a brief period for repose; and after a hurried breakfast, we started at 2.30. The guide, Schiäff, preceded us with a lantern, to direct our steps through the darkness which prevailed at that hour. Our path lay at first through meadows and then stretched up through tall and gloomy pine woods, frequented by bears in the winter. Shortly after three o'clock we reached a small chapel, where three jets of icy cold water pour from the bosoms of three saints, sculptured in stone. The little place looked weird enough by the light of our lantern, as we entered it to obtain a draught of water. Daylight appeared shortly after, and about five o'clock we quitted the woods and mounted a long and wearisome slope, covered with loose stones, which brought us to the foot of the first snow slope. Here we had our crampons fastened on, and though we found them awkward enough on the rocks, they were very useful on ice or hardened snow.

We were now fairly on the snows of the Giant Ortler Spitz, the highest mountain in the Tyrol, where English foot had never trod, and we felt some little pleasure in being the first from our land to explore these wild and barely accessible heights.

We pursued our way up the steep slope, which was so soft that no step-cutting was needed to any extent—the axes being only occasionally brought into requisition. About eight o'clock we reached some rocks commanding a grand view of the snowy valleys, glaciers, and heights around, and halted for about an hour, while the guides went forward and cut steps up the ascent of ice which formed the upper portion of the vast *coulair*, up which our difficult path lay. Unfortunately for us, it was quite denuded of fresh or soft snow, and we were obliged to keep as near as possible to some rocks on our right, after leaving which we had rather a trying time. The cliff of ice was awfully steep, so that it appeared nearly perpendicular, and whenever we ventured to take to the rocks, enormous masses of the friable limestone, of which the mountain is composed, came away almost at a touch, thundering down with fearful velocity. At one or two places we were obliged to swing ourselves round projecting crags of rock, holding on tightly with our fingers to the narrow ledges which were, however, really safer than the larger rocks, although more difficult to climb on. Of course, we were all well roped together, and took every step with great anxiety, since one false one might prove so dangerous. The icy *coulair* formed a sort of frozen wave at the side, so that what I may compare to a chimney was made between it and the rocks up which we had to climb. The strata being very much curved, at one point there was nothing intervening between the slippery ice and a tremendous precipice beneath but a layer of loose stones about two feet wide. This appeared to me the worst place I ever was in yet, as the moment we set our foot on the stones they rattled away beneath our tread—now down the ice cliff on one side of us, now down the precipice at the other, according as our feet gave them direction. We had, as it were, to screw our

nerves in a vise so as to give way to no weakness or shrinking.

After two hours of this difficult work we reached a little plain, and after clambering up another stony cliff, we commenced the ascent of some mighty domes of frozen snow and ice, apparently of endless extent and height, split by occasional crevasses, which we crossed carefully without much difficulty. The day was extremely hot, and the labor very great; we had been able to eat or drink very little (feeling for my own part unable to touch anything), and we sometimes despaired of achieving the task we had undertaken. The guides had told us that we should reach the summit at midday, but the great *coulair* being in such a bad state they were quite put out in their calculations. At last, after two hours and a half more of great exertion, we stood upon the summit of the Ortler Spitz at 2.30 p.m., just twelve hours after leaving the inn at Trafoi. We had now reached the desired spot, and from the top of this giant of the Tyrol, thirteen thousand feet above the sea level, we had a panoramic view of the Swiss and Tyrolean mountains in all their glory, which transcended anything that I had ever before seen. The day was magnificent, and the peaks and icy valleys around glistened bright as gems in the blazing sunlight.

The top of the Ortler Spitz is a large dome, at the end of which appears a little projection of ice which seemed to us higher than the spot where we stood, although the guides said that the latter was the actual summit. This projection, or tooth of ice, was surrounded by the huge jaws of a yawning chasm, and from its crown to its base ran an overhanging cornice of ice which must be traversed if we should attempt it. It appeared sheer madness to venture at this late hour of the day upon the undertaking, with the prospect of a long downward journey before us, and we decided not to try it.

We now began to descend, although we most reluctantly turned our eyes from the stupendous view before us. We passed readily over the crevasses and the domes until we were on its last slope, when J. slipped and I was dragged along with him; but we were soon pulled back by the stout arms of the guides. The

sensation of slipping in such a position was horrible, although only for a moment. The day now began to change, a black cloud appeared in the north, and the Swiss mountain stood out with a portentous clearness that warned us that a storm approached. We now arrived where the descent of the first half of the great ice-cliff commenced, and certainly it was a terrifying place to be in. I led the way while Schaff held the rope round my waist, J. following, fastened in like manner to Ortler. At the brink of the precipice two ravens flew up from the glen beneath, and perched on the rocks close by, maliciously croaking there, and refusing to be driven away—by no means raising our spirits by their appearance.

Sunset now drew near, and the mountains presented an astonishing scene. A huge black curtain of cloud appeared to be drawn across the upper part of the heavens, below which the myriad peaks around literally glowed like spires of lurid flame rising out of a sea of gold. The scene was awful in the extreme, and pen or pencil could never adequately represent the strange and exciting spectacle which displayed itself to our gaze. It seemed to us more like some weird vision of another world than anything we had ever expected to see upon this earth of ours. It was near seven p.m. before we had descended the first half of the *coulair*, and we drew breath more freely when we reached the rocks which I mentioned before as having formed a resting place during our ascent. The storm now slowly but surely approached, and we hurried on to descend the lower half of the *coulair*. The guides had chosen another way, which was the cause of our being plunged into unforeseen difficulties.

The horrors of the upper passage were renewed, and as the darkness of the coming storm fast closed upon us, it became very difficult to plant our footsteps securely. We were lowered from rock to ice, and clambered from ice to rock, until we thought that the way could not be worse; yet still we could see no sign of the end, and it soon became certain that we must spend the night upon the Ortler Spitz. This was an appalling prospect, unprepared as we were for such an emergency; and well might the bold-

est heart feel a shudder at encountering the terrors of such a night as we now feared must be before us.

We had come to the worst spot in the descent, where we had to be lowered over a smooth jutting piece of rock, with nothing to hold on by, down to the glassy *couloir*, from whence we had to climb to a little hollow on the side of the mountain. I took one look at the gulf below me, and went down, keeping my self-command with difficulty. It was soon over, however, and I crept round to a ledge overhung by rocks. We were scarcely settled here, when the thunder came crashing around us, and the rain fell heavily. Schiäff pointed, for our comfort, to another black chasm into which we had to be lowered, and said he feared there was no chance of our reaching Trafoi that night, in which we all agreed. It would have been certain destruction to have proceeded at that hour, yet the horrors of having to remain on the ledge for the night, almost overpowered us. This ledge, or rather sloping shelf of loose stones, was divided into two little hollows, and was covered by the overhanging rock above us, from which, unfortunately, there was a constant dropping of water, so that there was not a dry spot to be found. We could not move forward lest we should fall over the precipice which lay beneath; we could not sleep, for there was no place to lie down; and we dared not sleep leaning against the rock, as it involved the danger of tumbling over also. We could not walk backwards and forwards, so as to keep ourselves warm with exercise, because the shelf we were on sloped so much, and the loose stones under our feet rolled down the height at every step. We had no food, no drink, no light, and our clothes were saturated with wet by the constant dropping from the rock over us. We were altogether in a most unenviable condition.

The storm now came on in earnest; the thunder rolled like ten thousand pieces of artillery, and the echoes reverberated through the mountains as if they never would end. The lightning was intense—flashing through the dark clouds; now in bright, white zigzags, then in red streams of flame that lit up the peaks and snow-fields as though they

were on fire, while the great ice-cliff near us glowed as if it had been transmuted into one sheet of lava.

The scene was too awful for one to be able to look at with composure, and I strove to keep my eyes closed, but in vain—each flash compelled me to open them, and gaze on the brilliant spectacle around. The storm ceased after two hours' duration, and the moon shone out peacefully over the mountains, forming a striking contrast to the preceding scene. We were now shivering with cold in our wet clothes, but providentially there was no wind, otherwise I know not what we should have done. Ten o'clock arrived, and we had been here about two-and-a-half hours. I endeavored to obtain some sleep leaning on a stone, while Schiäff and I kept as close as we could together, in order to get a little warmth into our frames; the other guide had retired into a nook by himself. Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock came. Oh! how slowly the weary night wore on! Many hours appeared to pass by, and yet when I looked at my watch by the moonlight, frequently not half an hour had really elapsed. We felt, however, we must try and win through, as it would never do to give way to despair.

One o'clock, two o'clock passed, and our situation was becoming agonizing. My eyes would not keep open, and yet each moment I was awake by a frightful forward movement, as if I were about to fall over the cliff. My brief doze appeared full of dreams, generally pleasant ones of home and repose. It was evidently now freezing, our teeth chattered with the cold, and we trembled from head to foot. Not a sound was to be heard save the bound of rocks or stones from the *couloir*, and the occasional roll of an avalanche. Sometimes the stones came tumbling over our heads, but we were well protected from them by the overhanging cliff. At three o'clock the moonlight began to fade away, and everything grew dim. Schiäff had gone into the nook with the other guide, and J. and I stood together intently watching for the first glimmer of daybreak over the distant mountain tops. I scarcely moved my eyes now from the heights over which I knew the dawn would appear. At four o'clock we saw the welcome streaks of light, and at five

o'clock I roused the guides, but to our horror one of them told us that he feared we could not reach Trafoi that day either. He said he was sick, and certainly looked worse after the night than any of us. The rain that had fallen the evening before had been frozen over the snow of the *coulair*, and had converted it into one smooth glassy surface, down every yard of which steps would have to be cut. As day advanced, Schöff revived, and sent Ortler to cut the steps, and at 7.30 we heard the welcome words, "Now you go forwards," and we braced up our nerves for the struggle, glad at any rate to leave the ledge where we had spent twelve such weary hours.

We had first to walk across the line of steps cut in the ice, until we reached the centre of the *coulair*, when we began to descend. We soon got to the end of these steps, and as fresh ones had to be cut as we descended our progress was slow, and the labor entailed on the leading guide very heavy. The rocks and stones came bounding down all this time—the large ones with loud crashes, and the smaller ones with a sound like the whizz of a rifle bullet. Our guides were evidently afraid of them, and we hurried on as well as we could; but there was a certain sort of excitement, as they whirled past, probably like that felt by soldiers in action when the bullets are heard flying past them. Schöff got a severe blow in the leg from a stone, and I was struck by a small one in the back. Ortler being exhausted at step cutting, we tried to walk on the *coulair* without steps, but we had no sooner attempted it than J. (who had lost one of his cramp-ions) slipped on the ice and was sliding away; but happily I had my alpenstock well in at the time, and was enabled to hold him up.

After three hours' hard work we reached some rocks, where we rested, and then we got quickly down the soft snow of the lower slope, at the foot of which we bade adieu to the regions of ice and snow, our way lying now through a steep stony descent, where we met a man who had been dispatched by our kind hostess with refreshments for us. The heat was very great by this time, and I could not take either meat or wine; my mouth and throat were literally dry as if they had

been made of parchment, in consequence of the long abstinence.

About noon we reached the wood, where unfortunately no water was to be had, and my sufferings from thirst were so great that I could scarcely drag myself along. At two o'clock we reached the little chapel where the three fountains are, and I rushed into it and drank copiously of the delicious water—the first thing that I had tasted with the least benefit for the last thirty-six hours. I was at once restored; the sense of fatigue vanished, and we walked on rapidly to Trafoi, which we reached after an absence of thirty-six hours; twelve occupied in the ascent, five in descending to our night's resting place, twelve on that awful ledge, and seven in the final descent. The inhabitants had nearly all given us up for lost, and the report of it was brought away by some travellers leaving the place. Mr. H., one of the Alpine Club, who was staying at our hotel, felt confident, however, that we were safe. He and his wife had been watching us during the morning making our way on the *coulair*, like flies crawling down a wall, and on our arrival he came forward to greet us most cordially. After a light repast, we parted with our guides, having first proved our sense of their courage and careful attention by a suitable recognition of their services, and then retired to the rest we had so hardly earned. Next morning we awoke thoroughly refreshed, and found ourselves in no way the worse for all the hardships we had endured.

The spot that we spent the night on was about eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea, as well as we could calculate. We could scarcely have lived through the night if there had been any wind, unprovided as we were with suitable covering of any kind. We felt truly thankful to Providence for our escape from such imminent peril, and resolved never to risk our lives in a similar undertaking. Next morning we bid farewell to quiet little Trafoi, and walked down the valley to Prad, finding ourselves the objects of some curiosity to the inhabitants, who called us "the Ortler Herren," the news of the ascent having quickly been circulated through the neighborhood. On our arrival at Prad, the curate

and several of the townsfolk called to congratulate us on our escape, and we had to submit to a friendly catechizing on various points of interest connected with the ascent. They told us that telescopes had been brought to bear on us while we were on the mountain, from various places in the surrounding district, as far as Heiden in the upper valley of the Adige. We could not help being impressed by the simple, kindly manners of the people in this portion of the Tyrol, unspoiled as they are by that great influx of tourists, which in other parts of the Continent has exercised such a prejudicial effect upon the character of the inhabitants.

Our experience of the conduct of the Austrian soldiery was far more favorable than that of some other travellers, as we found both the officers and privates courteous in their bearing to us, and in different instances had reason to contrast their attention and civility to strangers with the repelling hauteur assumed by certain youthful warriors nearer home; but it may have been that we were also a little biassed in their favor by the fact that the ropes which had served us so well on the mountain were kindly furnished from the fort in the neighborhood of Trafoi.

Chambers's Journal.

LITERARY PARTNERSHIPS.

MONEY is easily married to money; genius does not so readily amalgamate with genius; hence, partnerships are more rare in the literary than they are in the commercial world. French dramatists, it is true, hunt in couples as often as not; but their brethren here, by no means slack in adapting ideas from the French, have not (with one exception) cared to imitate them in this, although the example of the fathers of the English theatre is all in favor of applying the much-lauded principle of coöperation to the manufacture of plays.

Elizabethan managers, once a play was paid for, deemed themselves at liberty to do what they liked with their own, never scrupling to call in a popular playwright to alter another man's work; and, it must be owned, the greatest purveyors of dra-

matic poetry raised no objections to being so employed. Dramatists thus became accustomed to graft their own ideas upon other men's stocks, and, as a natural consequence, were not long in hitting upon the plan of writing plays in conjunction, for the more speedy replenishing of their ever-hungry purses. The system had the advantage—no slight one to such tavern-loving spirits—of affording no end of plausible excuses for making merry over the Mermaid's excellent sack. At their first meeting, they would hardly do more than agree upon a subject; the plot would be sketched out at a second; and the details of the different scenes would probably be settled at a third. Then the apportionment of the play among them would require discussion, and the discussion was no dry one, we may be sure; next would come meetings to compare progress, to make alterations and emendations; and when the play was completed, the event would of course be celebrated with a carouse. No wonder these partnerships became popular with the fraternity; sometimes they were limited to two members, more often they consisted of three or four, and occasionally as many as five or six united their forces. One result of this division of labor was, that an insignificant writer like Heywood was able to boast he had assisted in the manufacture of more than two hundred pieces of one sort and another.

These dramatic partnerships were commonly but partnerships of a day. "The rich conceptions of the twin-like brains" of Beaumont and Fletcher sprang from a more thorough and genuine union of congenial minds, a union remaining yet without a parallel in the history of literature. The two friends who really became one poet, had much, besides genius, in common. Both came of poetically given families, and if Francis Beaumont was the son of a judge, John Fletcher claimed a dignitary of the church as his sire; both had received a university education, and both came to London with little save good looks, good breeding, and brains to fight the battle of life. The only difference between them was a difference of age, and their singular friendship is rendered none the less unique by the fact that, when it commenced, Beaumont had only just attained legal man-

hood, while Fletcher had reached the more sober age of thirty-one. Their minds and tastes, however, were in such accord that they carried their partnership into every relation of their lives, and shared everything it was possible to share. Nine years this marriage of true minds lasted, when it was dissolved by the death of Beaumont. During this period, the poet-partners produced seventeen of the fifty-three plays which make up the so-called *Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*. Considering that Beaumont was the younger of the twain, and could not have been concerned in more than a third of the dramas bearing his friend's name, it is hard to understand how *his* name came to have the priority of place. Contemporary critics gave him the credit of restraining the exuberant wit and fancy of Fletcher; but truly, such was the "wondrous consimilitude of fancy," as Aubrey calls it, between them, that it is utterly impossible to guess at the respective share of each poet in the plays bearing their joint names, for there is nothing to distinguish them in any way from those written by Fletcher after he had lost his friend. Fletcher survived Beaumont ten years, and sometimes worked with other dramatists; one of his *collaborateurs*, unlucky Massinger, sharing his unnoted grave—

"Plays they did write together, were great friends,
And now one grave includes them in their ends."

He is said, too, to have had Shakespeare himself as an associate in the composition of "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and the lost "History of Cardenio;" but it matters little, so far as Fletcher's fame is concerned. Nothing can disjoin the names of the poets who were one in brain, in heart, in soul; together they must be remembered; and if they are ever forgotten, Beaumont and Fletcher will be forgotten together.

The rhymed plays of the Davenants and Howards so offended the taste of the Duke of Buckingham, that he determined to try if their popularity was strong enough to resist the force of ridicule. Sprat, afterwards Bishop of Rochester, Martin Clifford, and Hudibras Butler enlisted in his service, and the confederates were soon ready to open the

campaign. Plague and fire, however, interposed in behalf of the threatened dramatists, and for a while "The Rehearsal" was denied an opportunity of testing public opinion. When the opportunity came, the plays and playwrights against whom it was especially directed were well-nigh forgotten, and John Dryden was master of the situation. Under these circumstances, Buckingham remodelled "The Rehearsal" so as to bear upon the laureate's heroic plays, and fairly laughed them out of fashion. The Duke and his coadjutors may claim the credit of having produced the first successful English burlesque, and, at the same time, the longest-lived of its tribe. Actor after actor took up its hero, and Bayes was one of Garrick's favorite and most popular parts.

Colman and Garrick once clubbed together to produce a comedy; the result of the union was "The Clandestine Marriage," one of the greatest successes achieved on our stage. The idea originated with Colman as he was looking at the first plate of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*; but the editor of *Biographia Dramatica* makes him claim the authorship altogether, putting these words into his mouth: "Garrick composed two acts, which he sent to me, desiring me to put them together, or do what I would with them. I did put them together, for I put them in the fire, and wrote the play myself." On the other hand, Colman complained that his associate, accusing him of laying great stress upon having written Lord Ogleby purposely for him, remarked: "Suppose it should come out that I wrote it?" It had been agreed between them that their partnership should be kept secret until the play was acted and published; but the tale-bearing of good-natured friends, and Garrick's resolution not to play in the comedy, nearly brought their comedy and their friendship to a premature end. Colman writes to Garrick: "I understood it was to be a joint work in the fullest sense of the word, and never imagined that either of us was to lay his finger on a particular scene and cry: 'This is mine!' It is true, indeed, that by your suggestion Hogarth's proud lord was converted into Lord Ogleby, and that, as the play now stands, the levee-scene and the whole of

the fifth act are yours ; but on the conduct as well as dialogue of the fourth act, I think your favorite, Lord Ogleby, has some obligations to me." In reply, the actor simply says he considers Colman's account " somewhat erroneous ; " and the original draft or sketch of the plot made by Garrick goes far to justify his curt comment.

This draft is a curiosity. Garrick had intended to act the chief part himself, and he cast the comedy before he wrote it. (This may seem reversing the proper order of things, but we suspect quite as many plays have been cast before writing as ever were written before being cast.) And the actors' names alone appearing in the sketch has a somewhat comical effect, for example : " Act I., Scene 1. Enter, Bride and O'Brien, who are secretly married, complaining how unhappy she is, and how disagreeably situated on account of their concealing their marriage. In this scene must be artfully set forth the situation and business of the *dramatis personæ*. The audience must learn that Mrs. Clive, the aunt, has two nieces, co-heiresses, and one of them is to be married to O'Brien, the son of Garrick, and nephew of Yates. They are met at the aunt's, I suppose, to see which of the young ladies will be most agreeable to the young man. [Query—whether there may not be a design to have a double match—the father with the aunt ?] The youngest sister, Pope, and the aunt fall in love with him, and all pay their court to Garrick on account of his son, which he interprets as love to himself. Yates, Garrick's brother, who lives in the country—a rough, laughing, hearty fellow—is come to approve of one of the young ladies for his nephew, and to see the grand family business settled. Bride declares her distress at seeing that her sister and aunt are in love with her husband, and that his father takes their different attachment to him for passion. She seems to think that nothing but an avowal of their marriage will set all to rights ; but O'Brien gives reasons for still concealing it, and says that their future welfare depends upon keeping the secret." In another scene, Garrick and his servant, King, are positive that all the ladies are setting caps at Garrick, who acts accordingly ; and of another, between himself

and Mrs. Clive, the actor-author says : " This will be a fine scene worked up, with their mutual delicacies, not to open their minds too abruptly, nor to shock each other." The worthy pair finally resolve to indulge their own inclinations at the expense of everybody else, and " Pope comes from behind some flowering shrubs where she has been listening, and has overheard these precious persons laying their schemes and opening their minds to each other, and seeing Yates come along, she is resolved to make more mischief ; " and here Garrick's invention came to a stand for a time apparently, for here ends his rough sketch of the comedy, destined to make the reputation of another actor, instead of adding one more to Garrick's long list of histrionic triumphs.

The present generation of dramatists scarcely seem to believe in union being strength ; despite the good fortune attending " Masks and Faces " and " Plot and Passion," two products of a partnership between Messrs. Tom Taylor and Charles Reade. Extravaganza writers have, indeed, occasionally worked in concert, and we have some remembrance of one burlesque boasting no less than half a dozen parents ; sundry short-lived farces, too, owe their origin to more than one pen ; but with these exceptions, the above-mentioned dramas fairly represent all the theatre has gained in our day by literary coöperation.

Pope's enemies, strong in numbers, if in nothing else, hesitated not to affirm that another name ought to have appeared with his upon the title page of the *Essay on Man*. Lord Bathurst (according to Dr. Hugh Blair) declared that the *Essay* was really the work of Lord Bolingbroke, turned into verse by the poet, and averred that he had read the original manuscript, and was puzzled which to admire most, the elegance of Bolingbroke's prose, or the beauty of Pope's poetry. The former, it was said, openly laughed at his friend for adopting and advocating principles at variance with his known convictions. The evidence against Pope's claim to the sole authorship is, however, too slight and too suspicious for us to admit the *Essay on Man* among partnership productions. We might as justly accept the authority of the cribbed couplet :

"Pope came off clean with Homer, but they
say
Broome went before, and kindly swept the
way."

All Broome did for the *Iliad* was to supply a portion of the notes; with the *Odyssey*, it was different. The first took the town by storm, and for a time the reading world was Homer mad. Pope wisely determined to take fortune at the flood, lost no time in making known his intention of providing the *Iliad* with a companion. His five years' drudgery over that work had, however, exhausted his translating ardor, and he looked about him for some means of lightening the wearisome task. Learning that Broome and Fenton had partly anticipated his design, Pope prevailed upon them to join him in the producing an English version of the *Odyssey*, thus securing himself from their rivalry, while he lessened his labors. When the public were informed that Mr. Pope had undertaken the translation, they were also informed the subscription was not entirely for himself, but partly for two friends who had assisted him in the work. His "mercenaries," as Johnson rudely terms them, had a larger share in the performance than "Mr. Pope the undertaker" allowed the world to suspect. Broome, whose work required a troublesome amount of touching up, translated the second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third books, besides supplying all the notes. Fenton wrote the first, fourth, nineteenth, and twentieth books, doing his part so cleverly that few alterations were needed to render them fit to take their place beside Pope's own. Pope probably took this into account when he awarded him three hundred pounds for his four books, while paying Broome barely six hundred for his share. Pope himself netted nearly three thousand pounds by the venture.

Spite of this substantial return, the poet does not seem to have retained any pleasant recollection of the triple alliance. In the earlier editions of *The Dunciad*, he complained—

"Hibernian politics, O Swift, thy doom;
And Pope's, translating three whole years
with Broome!"

He ridiculed his quondam assistant as a proficient in the art of sinking, and classed him among "parrots who repeat another's words in such a hoarse odd voice as makes them seem their own"—

"By Pope's applause, Broome gained a critic's fame,
And by his envy lost the poet's name."

Broome declared he had committed no crime unless it was having said that Pope was no master of Greek; as if that was not quite sufficient to account for the satirist's resentment! Some years afterwards, Curll asked Broome to send him "any letter of Mr. Pope's he might wish to publish." Broome forwarded the publisher's application to Pope, and the former partners thereupon became once more friends.

A more congenial association was that formed by Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot, and Pope for the publication of certain odd scraps and trifling pieces that had "usually got abroad." Pope says of himself and his coadjutors of the *Miscellanies*: "Methinks we look like friends side by side, serious and melancholy by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand, to posterity, in a free, natural, and easy manner." We fear posterity would have known little of the friends, if their fame rested on the *Miscellanies*; by which Pope pocketed £125, while Gay and Arbuthnot received a modest £50 apiece, and Swift was content with the barren honor of the connection, not getting a single penny for his share. Pope and Arbuthnot shared with Gay the responsibility of that terrible mistake, "Three Hours after Marriage," a shocking bad comedy, out of the production of which sprang the inextinguishable warfare between Pope and Cibber. Scarcely more fortunate were the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, the result of an alliance among Pope, Arbuthnot, Swift, Parnell, and Gay; which came to grief with its first volume. Warburton looked upon this as a disastrous event for literature; but Johnson, with justice, dismisses the unfinished work as one that had been little read, or, when read, has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier by remembering it. Pope had a finger in Thomson's poetical pie, giving *The Seasons* the benefit

of his experience and taste, and pruning and dressing *Agamemnon* before it was introduced to the public. He was suspected, too, of helping Gay over "The Beggars' Opera," but denied the soft impeachment, although he admitted having given his friend a hint or two towards the perfecting of that famous musical comedy.

It was a happy hour that brought Addison and Steele together, and inspired them to form a partnership fraught with rich consequences to English literature. When the *Spectator* came to delight and improve society, it was something new to have humor without coarseness, satire without scurrility, wit without ill-nature; and great is the debt of gratitude owing to the twin revolutionists who did their spiriting so gently and so well. Rich as that first of periodicals is in charming essays, preëminent among its contents stand the pages devoted to good Sir Roger de Coverley and his surroundings. Somehow, we always associate Addison's name with that of the genial old knight, loving, as one of his editors says, to be deluded with the notion that the whole was the work of one mind; but to Steele must be awarded the credit of creating, not only Sir Roger himself, but Will Honeycomb, Captain Sentry, Sir Andrew Freeport, and the immortal club; and some of the best and most Addisonian "bits" were actually due to Steele's genius. The "perverse widow," too, belongs to Steele, although she might have been originated by either of the partners, for both had sighed and suffered long, victims to the bewitchments of those exceptions to every rule; Steele lost his enchantress; Addison, more unlucky, gained his, and lived to think, if he did not say, like Mr. Weller, senior: "She was such an uncommon pleasant widder, it's a great pity she ever changed her condition; she don't act as a wife." Addison killed Sir Roger when the *Spectator* drew near its end; and if Budgell is to be believed, which we do not think he is, justified the act by declaring he did so to prevent any one else murdering his old friend. At any rate, it is hardly fair to say: "The outlines of Sir Roger de Coverley were imagined and partly traced by Steele; the coloring and more prominent lineaments elaborated by Jo-

seph Addison; some of the background put in by Eustace Budgell; and the portrait defaced by either Steele or Tickell with a deformity which Addison repudiated." That Tickell had any share at all in the Coverley papers is more than doubtful, and Budgell's part was a very limited one. All save two or three were written by Addison and Steele; and if the former wrote two papers to Steele's one, so many of the salient traits of the characters in this little drama sprang from Sir Richard's fertile fancy, that they may honestly divide the fame between them.

The last literary partnership we shall notice arose out of a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, and like its appropriately-named product, may be said to be *Quite Alone*. This unlucky story, bearing the joint names of Messrs. Sala and Halliday, claims the first-named author as its real parent. Mr. Sala had about half written the novel when he started for America as war-correspondent of a daily paper, and nothing doubting his ability to complete it, handed the unfinished story to the editor of a popular periodical, who forthwith introduced *Quite Alone* to the public. Mr. Sala, however, soon found he had underrated the difficulties in his way. To guard against postal uncertainties, he was compelled to use a manifold writer, which did not conduce to ease of composition, particularly when his powers of self-concentration were taxed by the hubbub of war and travel. "In a new country, among strange scenes and strange people, hurrying from place to place, badgered, and baited, and hated, always abused, often in peril of life, and under all hazard compelled to send home every week from six to eight columns of matter to a London newspaper—in the midst of noise, confusion, smoke, cursing and swearing, battle, murder, and sudden death;" what wonder that the unhappy novelist broke down? First, he lost the thread of his narrative, and next, utterly forgot the very names of the personages he had created—and when things came to this pass, there was nothing for it but to give in altogether. Meanwhile, his editor at home was driven to desperation by the mails bringing no "copy," and at length was obliged, in order to keep faith with

his patrons, to prevail upon "another hand to finish it;" and until Mr. Sala returned from America, he had not the slightest knowledge as to the identity of his partner. We scarcely know who was most to be pitied—the baffled novelist, "another hand," or the bewildered editor. Critics, too, grumbled because they could not find fault with a plot for which no one was responsible—"If we object to the beginning, Mr. Sala will say he meant to make it all right at the end; if we object to the end, the other hand will naturally say he was fettered by Mr. Sala's beginning." In fact, the beginning seems to have been ignored altogether. The introductory chapter describes the heroine as always alone; riding alone in the Park, dining alone at a Bond-street hotel, appearing at Greenwich, Ventnor, Richmond, Paris, "always quite alone." She is, in short, a perfect enigma; and to explain how and why she came before the world as a sort of female Robinson Crusoe is the avowed purpose of the story. Mr. Sala is evidently not quite satisfied with his uninvited conjuditor's explanation of this matter, and promises, if the fates and the public be propitious, to give us some day another edition, ending as he originally intended. It is a pity he should be balked in his desire. *Quite Alone* is a curiosity of literature as it is; it would be a still greater one as a novel with two endings.

Fraser's Magazine.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF GERMANY.

BY W. C. CARTWRIGHT.

THAT war has come and passed, the proclamation whereof was viewed with trembling, as the irreversible opening of the floodgates that must let in an unlimited volume of devastating element over the long peaceful regions of Central Europe. Freely was it then anticipated by authoritative politicians, that the world was in for a revival of another thirty years' contest upon those German battle-grounds of former days before peace could return to them; and before thirty days had gone over, not merely was the war brought to a conclusion, but

to one so absolute and definite and precise, as made the formal recognition of the same a thing which followed necessarily of itself. It is in this fact that lies the immediate point of the recent war as regards its specially political consequences. The cleanness with which the issue at stake between the combatants has been hewn out, almost at a swoop, exceeds what the most sanguine imagination could have anticipated. Men looked for a long and stubborn struggle, in which the combatants would stoutly match each other, and probably draw off after strenuous exertions, concluding some more or less partial compromise under the influence of mutual fatigue, and leaving a future generation saddled with elements for a renewed conflict about the self-same subject-matter that had proved the mainspring of the present inconclusive contest. Instead of this we have seen, in the inconceivably short space of fifteen days (for war was declared on June 19th, and the battle of Sadowa was fought on July 3d), the power of the Austrian empire annihilated, as regards its belligerent capacities against Prussia, and its formal abdication of that traditional position in Germany which constituted the pivot of its policy, and has been furnishing, through the dualism that flowed therefrom, the distinguishing feature in the inward organization of Germany, viewed as a political entity. The immediate cause for war lay in the irrepressible and irreconcilable pretensions of Austria and Prussia to be each the chief organ in the same confederation. It is impossible to have within the compass of one body two hearts and two brains. Such a combination is contrary to nature, and can exist only as an obstruction to health. Its occurrence must inevitably necessitate the operation of cutting out one or the other of these superfluous and incompatible organs. Now this is what has been done, completely and absolutely, by the process of the recent war. The treaty of Nikolsburg has defined, beyond cavil and doubt, the future position of Austria. She is now no longer in any organic connection with Germany. The element of inward obstruction which her presence within a purely German polity necessarily produced, from the very composite

nature of her own conformation—introducing perpetually quite foreign elements into what should have derived its complexion from purely German sources—this element has now been cut out by the roots from any further connection of a disturbing kind with the organization of Germany. When one considers the proverbial tenacity with which the House of Hapsburg clings to family traditions, and the special pride with which it has cherished that German connection out of which has grown its imperial title, there is no end to the astonishment that so distinct a renunciation of any future right to this connection should have been obtained so quickly. But so it is; and, as we have said before, in the distinctness of the renunciation—accompanied by a formal recognition beforehand, and in blank, of any changes it may suit Prussia to make in the territorial distribution of Germany, as something which lies quite outside the attributes of Austria—consists the significance and world importance of what has occurred. Austria has been expelled from Germany, and has admitted the fact solemnly. She has not put up therewith in sullen silence as she did with Italy, which she never recognized, and whose expelled princes she continued to treat as sovereigns, but has affixed her signature to the deed which, in terms beyond the power of casuistry to misinterpret, records the renunciation by Austria of her ancient connection with Germany. With this act, therefore, terminates the work for which war had been directly invoked. The sharp surgery of the sword had been called in to get rid of a disturbing body, which was found too stubborn to be reduced by softer means; and that operation having been performed with remarkable completeness, this stage of the treatment is come necessarily to an end. But this does not by any means imply that the task has been fulfilled, the sense whereof has been lying as its moving impulse at the bottom of all this turmoil. To that task the operation performed on Austria bears only a preliminary relation—indispensable, indeed, because it removes an otherwise insuperable obstacle—but yet only quite preliminary, because by itself it does no more than facilitate the means of applying the organic remedies, the

need for which has been felt throughout Germany.

This then is the task which now devolves upon those who have to deal with German politics. At Nikolsburg the curtain dropped only on the opening act of a great drama, not at all on its final scenes. This is now going to run on through scenes of possibly less distinct plots, but of probably even superior issues than were at stake in the stirring incidents of the military prelude. We are now going to look upon the work of political reconstruction—of organic constitution—simultaneously in Germany and in Austria; for let it not be thought that the strength and vigor brought into play in the force which so rapidly crushed Austria, sprang slowly from the individual power of a few Prussian politicians and generals. The strength and vigor exhibited sprang from the instinct more or less latent, and the sympathies more or less undeveloped, of the German people, which practically were drawn toward Prussia and fortified her arm in so far that nowhere, except in southern Bavaria, did they exhibit anything like a distinct and thoroughgoing manifestation of popular indisposition to her actions. Prussia felt herself inwardly invigorated by the consciousness that at bottom she was giving expression to something which the nation at large sympathized with, although drawn asunder at the moment and even paralyzed by conflicting sentiments of a secondary order, and merely surface nature. Undoubtedly the extraordinary rapidity with which Prussia moved, disconcerting enemies and taking even friends by surprise, contributed to enhance her moral influence over minds oscillating between ideas not crystallized into convictions. But however much of the military success of Prussia may have been due to the individual energy of Count Bismarck and his generals, the period of exclusively Prussian, as distinct from German agency, has reached its end, in our opinion, in the diplomatic instrument that marks the conclusion of peace with Austria. We now are entering on a period of great internal reform—of national reconstruction; and this cannot be performed by the sharp process which has been found adequate for the simple

elimination of Austria from the German Confederation. The sword of Prussia in strong arms has cut out ample growing-room—what are the prospects that a compact, firmly welded German people, not merely one driven together against its will by Berlin ukases, and held together in spite of itself by the galling discipline of Prussian coercion, will occupy the space reclaimed? In a word, may we hope to see a Germany in the true sense of the word representing fairly the feelings and aspirations of that intellectually great people? or shall we merely have an inflated Prussia created through the sword, and arrogantly ruling by the sword, overbearing in temper, military in constitution, and incapable of ever bringing into unison with the thoroughly liberal impulses that pervade the German people those despotic traditions sprung from the harsh drill-days of Frederick, when the symbol of Prussian state maxims was an inexorable cane?

The leading feature of the new constitution proposed to be given to Germany is the establishment of two Confederations, from both of which Austria is to be excluded. One Confederation, comprising all Germany to the north of the Main, is to be directly presided over by Prussia, which will have vested in her the military power of all the princes whose states she has not absolutely incorporated, and is to have a national Parliament, elected in accordance with the electoral law voted by the Frankfort Constituent of 1849. The second Confederation, it is proposed, should unite the remaining German territories under the presidency of Bavaria, invested over her confederates with the same military authority as Prussia over hers. It is also conceded that this minor union may, if so inclined, enter into closer ties with the greater and kindred Confederation of the north, but the possible nature of such ties has not been defined. The fundamental idea of the plan is not new. Already, in 1814, when diplomacy racked its ingenuity to devise some constitution for resuscitated Germany, it was under discussion to make the Main a boundary between a North and a South Germany clustering respectively around Prussia and Austria. At that period the scheme was quashed by the indisposition

of the various princes to sink respectively into the certain condition of direct vassals of these Powers. Since then the same conception has been thrown out on various occasions, and has invariably met with unmistakable popular disfavor as assisting directly at perpetuating that disjointedness of Germany which has been mourned over by her children as her weakness and her shame, and which it has been the constant aspiration of German Liberals since 1813 to obliterate in an effective union of Fatherland. Of course the announcement of the project which Count Bismarck contemplates inaugurating for the reconstruction of the Germany he so roughly shook out of shape, elicited in many quarters much anger at the deliberate execution of a design which might seem to introduce a new and confirming element of German disunion. The criticism freely lavished on the scheme at its first promulgation has been that, after all the bloodshed to eject Austria from Germany, the only practical result arrived at will be the creation of an inflated Prussia, and the breaking up of Germany in a cleavage that is simply wanton. Men who are good patriots gave expression to this unfavorable feeling; men who, hostile to the principle on which Count Bismarck has administered Prussia, yet by no means sympathize with Austria, and who—war once begun, the sword once brought into play—only desired this hateful agency to be pushed far enough to secure the whole of Germany being included perforce within the political body—no matter what its shape or constitution—which might come out of the hot process of fusion that had been so deliberately resorted to. These adverse forebodings rest on the ground that Prussia, from the assumed unpopularity of its functionarism, will not be able to assimilate even the Northern populations; that therefore a separation of Fatherland, drawn arbitrarily in the first instance, must prove real from the Southern population, still further removed from Prussian leanings, being still more incapable of ever accommodating themselves to live in good fellowship with her; and that—as the projected Southern Confederacy can never have effective strength of its own for self-defence, and must

prove a sham Power, leaning, from jealousy of Prussia, for support on foreign force—the inevitable result of the contemplated reconstruction must practically subserve the aims of any unscrupulous neighbor, by fashioning to his hand a ready instrument in this ill-concocted and anti-national Confederacy, for the sole sake of adding some square miles to the dominion which it may be possible to rule from Berlin with a corporal's switch. The whole argument has for its base the assumed impossibility of a fusion between that which is Prussian and that which is broadly German—of an inborn incompatibility between the two elements which must prevent their ever growing together into a goodly tree, through the violent process of grafting now sought to be performed. The question then is, how far this assumption is really borne out by facts.

It is difficult to subject to clear and absolute tests such very subtle data as afford the substructure for speculations of this nature. All we can do is to be as careful as possible in analyzing positive facts, and then as carefully to draw from them conclusions without allowing personal predispositions to qualify them.

In the first place, we should take exception to the given estimate of the supposed exclusive and arrogant nature of the Prussian system as necessarily repelling all broadly German elements from assimilation. It rests, in our opinion, first, on a false analogy which identifies the proverbially self-conceited temper of Berlin and the Berliner with that of Prussia as a whole, and then on a prejudiced view of existing things due to mental coloring derived from the deeply laid reminiscences of the truly arbitrary and martinet system on which the origin of the Prussian State was laid—a system which was wielded indeed with intelligent vigor by the founders, but in its regardless treatment of individual liberty and relentless infliction of corporeal punishment struck with fear the imagination of the German population. The original Prussia was undoubtedly a creation cudgelled together by the vigorous strength of arm of some highly arbitrary, ambitious, and vigorous rulers, who would stand no contradiction, trusted in well-drilled soldiers as the

pillars of their State, and dealt out blows right and left on recalcitrant subjects who might forget themselves far enough to remonstrate against aught it might have pleased the high and mighty prince to decree. But this Prussia—the product of merely individual energy and destitute of inward affinities of its own—the work of resolutely audacious appropriation, not of spontaneous aggregation—was wholly transformed in that fiery process to which all Germany was subjected by the infliction of Napoleonic rule, and to which the living Germany of our day owes entirely its birth. It was in that period the life-blood of contemporary Germany was quickened, and that all which has been animating and giving character to it has sprung up. The Prussia which arose like a Phœnix from the ashes of 1813 was a new being. After military disasters marked by shameful incapacity, it had sunk into an unhonored grave, the decrepit shadow of a former self that had never commanded popular sympathies, to arise again in the flush and glorious vigor of popular life—the champion and representative of German hopes and German patriotism. The whole nature of Prussia became noiselessly revolutionized, not this time through any arbitrary and successful stroke of policy by daring rulers, but through the sympathetic action of purely German elements, throwing themselves spontaneously into fusion with her from the attraction which they instinctively felt towards the Power which presented, notwithstanding drawbacks, the most compact national conformation, and therefore the greatest room for play of national powers.

At that moment Prussia was practically Germany through the voluntary act of the latter, as expressed not merely by a popular ovation in the passing transport of excitement, but by the convictions and examples of the greatest and most patriotic politicians of the day, who without distinction of local origin embraced her service, became thoroughly identified with her existence, and left the visible impress of their broadly national character upon an organization which before had been of a specifically sectional type. At this period of Prussia's second birth—the Prussia of our times, and

which then acquired the nature which has enabled her to do the deeds we are now looking on—the three men who stood before the world prominently as the moving spirits of the great national uprising of Germany, and who together framed the cardinal features of the system wherein Prussia has since rested as its meridian, and which she has since proudly vaunted as the titles to her claims for superiority in Germany—Stein, the venerable and indefatigable reformer of the home organization, who gave that civil code which abolished the offensive regulations of feudalism and made the Prussian peasant a freeman from a serf; Hardenberg, the diplomatic statesman who, representing Prussia at the memorable Congresses of that period, secured to her the geographical configuration she retained until our day; and Scharnhorst, the patriot soldier of the war of Liberation, who devised the military organization by which every Prussian citizen is a soldier, that organization which has been the especial pride of Prussia—these three men, who may really be called the fathers of this country, were none of them by descent or birth Prussians, and had all passed years in the service of their respective princelings before the superior force of attraction drew them instinctively towards the one German State which, in spite of grievous humiliation, still presented a solid element of national composition, and the most reliable means for rallying the down-trodden Fatherland to a better existence.

We have taken these three men as types, for they tower high above all others in their time. The same process which made Prussians of them repeated itself in countless cases; and it stands to reason that such an adoption of distinguished German intellect must have materially modified the old and unelastic spirit which was peculiar to the original Prussia of mere martinetdom. But besides such accessions as she might derive from the force of attraction which her superior scope for action exercised on particular individuals of eminence, it must be borne in mind that Prussia absorbed in 1815 the Rhenish provinces, whereby she took in populations widely differing in temper from those of the

mother provinces, and whose continued union with the State unavoidably tended of itself to qualify and materially widen the basis of the old Prussian system of government discipline. To hold permanently together populations so varied in disposition as the excitable and Catholic Rhinelanders, the sturdy and Protestant Brandenburgers, and the priggishly skeptical Berliners, it required to throw off an exclusively local complexion of government, and in some however inadequate degree to acquire a more broadly national and elastic tone of feeling. It has, indeed, been often disputed that the Prussian Government has succeeded in winning the affection of its subjects in the Rhine provinces. There is no doubt that these populations have always been distinguished for their pointed opposition, in writing and in speech, to that narrower and, we would say, specific Prussianism which is represented by the flippant tone of Berlin. But this tone we hold to be unpopular all over Germany, while it appears to us a mistake to consider it an element entering deeply into the nature of the existing Prussian system. It is a mere veneering of bad taste and of traditional existence—consequently, like everything of olden date, not easy to be quite expunged. That the Rhinelanders are positively disloyal, and, more than that, actually willing to be annexed to France, from profound irritation at Prussian rule (and this opinion we have heard expressed quite recently in this country, with an appearance of authority which quite amazed us), we hold to be a groundless idea. It appears to us that the events of the last few weeks have furnished conclusive evidence on this head. Nowhere was the notion of the recent war when first broached more openly unpopular than in the Rhine provinces. The population is at once Radical and very Catholic. As the former, it was bitterly hostile to Bismarck; as the latter, it was worked by the priests against war wantonly levelled against a State so devoted to the Pope. We have reliable information of the extraordinary means employed by the clergy to strike the imagination of the populace. Moreover, there are here great industrial interests, and these all naturally opposed war strenuously. It is not sur-

prising, therefore, that the Rhenish provinces should have been the scene of considerable anti-war meetings, and that from here very decided addresses in this sense went up to the King. Yet in spite of all this, and the stories set afloat of a mutinous spirit among the Landwehr soldiers when called out, not only has there not been one public manifestation of disaffection during the whole course of the campaign—although the intensified conscription, of course, came to inflame any existing ill-feeling—but it deserves to be pondered that this assumed rebellious province remained quite quiet, although stripped of troops, the usual garrisons having been drafted off for the field. This is one of those hard facts which convey more evidence than a volume of speculations. Grumblers and pungent oppositionists the Rhinelanders are, but it is a hallucination to assume that because they hate Berlin they are bent on rebelling from the King of Prussia, and would hail to be annexed to France.

It is true that the Prussian Government for many years did nothing to extend the popular influence which the events of 1813 had invested it with. This was the dark period of pettifogging reaction, which lay like a leaden shroud upon the infant hopes of Germany suffocated in their birth-hour. The feeling against the irritatingly repressive maxims of the Government was then especially visible in the Rhenish provinces, which had preserved their Code Napoleon, and whose inhabitants now made a display of clothing in French democratic sentiments their opposition to the narrow-minded and vexatious spirit which ruled in Berlin. It was then that the impression arose that these populations were French at heart, while they were so only in fashion as against another fashion. But the circumstances which called forth these hostile fashions have passed away, and with them that which they called forth in their turn. The reactionary policy pursued at Berlin was inspired by the spirit of the Holy Alliance, which then ruled in every continental court, and bound reigning princes together in a solemn covenant against the evil fiend of the people's rights. As long as that spirit prevailed, giving a mystic and quite religious aspect to the confeder-

tion of princes in defence of the divine principles of absolute rule, the opposing spirit as naturally was impelled to draw inspiration from equally extreme sources—the general principles of humanitarian dogmatism proclaimed by the French Revolution.

Thus it came that France then was looked to as the Land of Goshen by Liberals—the land of their inspiring genius; not from sympathy with the Napoleonic phase of its existence, but from an affection for the doctrines thence let loose on the world in 1789, that was inflamed by the galling contact to which they were daily subjected with the most vexatious and worryingly irritating spirit of oppression and police persecution. Paris became the home of the brilliant intellects of Germany, who, flying from persecution and imprisonment, there wrote and preached under protection of laws which at no time even of the Restoration ventured to ignore cynically the fundamental principles of popular rights. It was therefore inevitable that the cast of German Liberalism in this most gloomy period should have contracted a French hue, specially in its literature, but it was accidental and merely on the surface, being no more than the passing reflection necessarily thrown back by circumstances of the moment. This was conclusively shown the very hour it was believed that the Holy Alliance principles were being departed from. In 1840 King Frederick William IV. mounted the throne, and his accession was viewed by the people generally with too confident expectations of a liberal reign. Almost simultaneously the Thiers ministry made its well-known blustering demonstration of war in consequence of the action taken by the Four Powers in the Eastern question, when of course the Rhine provinces were exposed to invasion. At once the national feeling took fire, and Germany from one end to the other rang with the burden of Becker's song:

"Sie sollen ihn nicht haben,
Den freien deutschen Rhein."

It may be said Prussia has reason to congratulate herself that during the previous period of foolishly worrying obscurantism none of the larger German princes was sufficiently acute to profit by her

fault and make himself the champion of the violently suppressed national feeling. Fortune favored her in this. She did indeed now still hold to a policy of a narrowly Conservative type, which exposed the Government to continual warfare with the intelligence of the nation. But yet the nature of the conflict was materially modified. The fanatically reactionary spirit of the Holy Alliance was practically laid aside for one which stood in the same relation to it that Conservatism bears to the Toryism of yore. Rights were not indeed conceded; but yet in practice a greater liberty was connived at, especially in the press, than had been formerly tolerated; so that men began hopefully to think they saw gleams of light ahead in the inky sky that had so long covered the political heaven; and with this feeling they took confidence in the ultimate destinies of their country. It was under these circumstances that the revolution of 1848 broke out.

The Parliament which then met in Frankfort must be taken to have reflected the feelings of the German people at that day. The problem the representatives were deputed to solve was a constitution for Fatherland; and this again depended for solution on the question whether the Germany to be constituted should comprise or not the German provinces of Austria. If these were to be excluded it was inevitable that the King of Prussia should be put at the head of Germany. The discussion of this momentous question took place under circumstances very disadvantageous to the popularity of Prussia. The Assembly being the outflow of 1848 was mainly composed of men of Liberal if not revolutionary sentiments. But the strange attitude of the King of Prussia, his vacillation and flighty transports, and above all the undisguisedly theocratic complexion of his visionary legitimism, necessarily militated against placing confidence in his fitness as the instrument of great organic reform. There never was a man who, under romantic impulses, conspired more directly against the interests of his country, than this witty, accomplished, foolish and incapable Frederick William IV. Yet, in spite of all these discouraging conditions, aggravated

at the last moment by the more and more reactionary line embraced at Berlin, after many and hot debates, and against the whole influence of Austria and Bavaria, coöperating with the personal weight of the Central Executive at Frankfort as represented by the Archduke John, it was voted that the Imperial crown of Germany be offered to the King of Prussia. Now the vote so taken represented, beyond doubt, the intelligence and the temperate conviction of the majority of Germany. In that Parliament, along with many idealists, sat the men who were the true representatives of the nation's sense, and the deliberation arrived at by them in this vote under highly discouraging circumstances was the expression of no passionate transport, for there was nothing to call for any, but of a calm, cold assent to inexorable logic, by many but very grudgingly given as the tribute extorted by reason from a conscientious conclusion that Prussia presented after all the soundest elements for bringing into ultimate unity the disjointed limbs of Fatherland, and that the existing defects of its government, due to the King's individuality and passing circumstances, were not to be weighed against this sterling and lasting quality. When one considers the conditions under which that resolution was taken, and the character of the men who adopted it, we believe that the vote must be admitted to have been a manifestation of a very solemn and a very earnest kind.

It is well known how thoroughly abortive this offer of the Imperial crown proved, thanks to the fanciful pusillanimity which brilliantly distinguished the flashy nature of King Frederick William. Then a period of intense reaction set in again, which damped the spirits of German Liberals completely; a reaction destitute of every redeeming quality, without vigor or spirit, paltry in temper, commonplace in deed, contemptible in spirit. That was a season as dark as the days of the Holy Alliance despotism, only this latter darkness was of a meaner dye, and the sense of pettiness clung to its gray neutral hue. Under such chilling influences the life-blood of Liberalism also ebbed in its flow, and Germany for years wore a dreary, forlorn, lifeless look, without signs of vigorous puls-

tion, like a heavy giant in a stupor, until of a sudden the fatal illness of the King caused a change of hands in the Government of Prussia, which instantaneously awakened Germany from her swoon.

The position of the new ruler was singular. In 1848 he had been pointed at by popular indignation as the determined champion of unbending royalism, and yet now his advent was hailed by Liberals as a happy event, promising to snatch Prussia out of the undignified position to which she had sunk, and to revive that constitutional life which the late King had suffocated from hazy feelings of sick-brained mysticism. The new King was credited in public with a straightforward wish to live on good terms with his people, a blunt soldier-like disposition to sympathize with their feelings, and, above all, with a plain, unsophisticated common sense, which was felt to be quite refreshing after the hot-house effusions of the late King's visionary intellect. This was the very primitive nature whose advent to the throne of Prussia proved sufficient to call up at once the dormant political life, not merely of Prussia, but of all Germany.

And now again this reawakened life manifested itself by a renewal of the same tendencies which had been the last expressions of its former action. The Liberals of Germany formed themselves into an association on the plan of the Corn Law League, which was destined to promote throughout the country an agitation for connecting all Germany in one union under the headship of Prussia. The League was presided over by the Hanoverian Count Benningssen, and its members comprised leading Liberals from every part of Germany. Its character was exactly represented by its denomination of National Association. It is impossible not to admit the significance of the symptom in this instantaneous and spontaneous revival of a general German effort for bringing the country under the supreme direction of Prussia the moment her Government gave hope of a disposition to adopt more constitutional principles and to assume in good faith a more popular character. It has been the fashion for those who are wedded to the dynastic interests of the old court to laugh down the proceedings

of this association as a self-styled body without real influence. We are unable to agree with them. We believe the action of the National Verein to have been very considerable, and to have extended even in some degree into that stronghold of particular feeling, Bavaria. Certainly, it was a remarkable symptom; but its progress was suddenly checked by the conduct of the patron whose cause it excited itself to advocate. The men of the National Verein were constitutional Liberals. They aimed at bringing the country into union through the operation of its Liberal feeling to be secured through the channel of Liberal institutions. The principles of parliamentary government and popular rights were inseparable in their programme from the general transformation of the existing confederate constitution, and it was on the example of harmony which they anticipated that Prussia would exhibit between King and Parliament, that they relied mainly for enlisting the sympathies throughout Germany in favor of their specific views. When, therefore, the Crown began to enter upon that unhappy quarrel with the people's representatives which ended by making Count Bismarck minister; when the King commenced a course of procedure in violation of all constitutional principles, a course that offered no other apparent prospect than the inauguration of reckless and defiant despotism, resting on mediæval ideas of Crown rights, and working through a minister who seemed to delight in exhibitions of insolent audacity—the men of the National Verein found the ground cut away from under their feet, and their proselytism forcibly silenced by the perverse doings of the very party for which they had volunteered to canvass. Amid the taunts of their opponents, and with profound disgust in their own hearts at the turn events were taking, these men of genuinely Liberal convictions had to lay aside the task they had taken in hand, and content themselves with pushing in their own particular States those constitutional principles which they held to be cardinal conditions for reform, but which then were being ruthlessly trodden under foot in Prussia. Thus, again, was there a rupture between the Government of Prussia and the German Liberals, just

as these were girding their loins to bring her as a prize the headship of Germany.

When, therefore, Prussia embarked in the war with Austria, the German Liberals stood by without expression of sympathy—without giving sign of encouragement—for they were possessed of profound mistrust of Bismarck, whose figure stood out with sinister darkness against the political horizon. No one knew what he meant to do, what purely selfish plot he might not be content to work out. A mere aggrandizement of Prussia, in a limited sense, might gratify personal ambition in Berlin, but would have offered nothing to the national party to reconcile it to a war against fellow-countrymen. But as soon as it became apparent that the war had attained proportions involving radical changes in the future configuration of Germany that would materially promote its strength and unification, the National Verein gave signs of life, and stretched out the hand of sympathy to Prussia. Now we repeat again that the character of these men is above suspicion. They are the bright names of Germany, her most distinguished patriots, and politicians stoutly wedded to principles of home government, which had made them look with personal hatred on Bismarck; and yet in this crisis they felt it a sacred duty to the higher demands of Germany to sacrifice particular objections, and give countenance to the action of an otherwise detested minister. There is no German Liberal of higher standing than Baron Roggenbach, formerly Minister of State in Baden, consequently a southern. He had, on the eve of the campaign, been sought by Bismarck, but had coldly met his advances. Yet when he saw the practical scope of the enterprise the latter had actually engaged in, Baron Roggenbach wrote him a letter, with authority to publish it, giving him the promise of his support, provided he would go through with the work he had taken in hand. "If your excellency be prepared to do the work thoroughly, and to stand firm in the contest until the important objects of all the efforts of the German people for half a century be attained," wrote Baron Roggenbach, "you will always find me ready to cooperate in such fashioning of German state relations as

will result of itself from the overthrow of the Austrian power." The declaration of adhesion thus publicly made has not been repudiated by Baron Roggenbach's political friends. On the contrary, they have imitated his example, and stepped forth from the seclusion into which they had withdrawn themselves on the rupture between the Minister and Parliament; and the National Verein, which then suspended its organization, has renewed its action, reinstituting its branch associations, and addressing appeals to the still and very naturally recalcitrant section of its former members in the south. As before, Count Benningsen took the lead in this movement, which has been responded to. On August 4th he presided at a Political Economy Congress at Brunswick, attended by men of note from various parts of North and Central Germany, when, without eliciting dissent, he gave it as his opinion that South German states should not, on principle, be excluded from the new reorganization, but that yet this must be proceeded with without them, should their Governments wilfully persist in setting their face against it; while the Saxon Professor Biedermann moved it to be an indispensable condition for the new organization that there be a unified army, under the sole command of the King of Prussia.

We are now acquainted with the details of the manner in which Prussia means to deal with the territories at her mercy within the intended limits of the Northern Confederacy. She has announced her resolution to annex very considerably, while the autonomy of such states as survive will be practically but nominal. Saxony, we know, will be permitted to figure as a tributary State, but of Hanover, Nassau, Electoral Hesse, and Frankfort, the warrant for annexation has been signed. It is worth inquiring for a moment what may be the local feeling of these populations in regard to their previous condition, for, after all, however superior may be the material force of Prussia, it stands to reason that the process of unification must depend much for its soundness, and particularly its rapidity, on the degree in which the populations may be disposed to respond thereto.

Saxony has held a position out of proportion to its real strength. One may say that everything, up to its capital and its collections, has been on a strained scale. There has been a vein of disproportionate ambition and inflated magnificence running through Saxon monarchs and Saxon ministers, which has created a sham grandeur for this little kingdom, and made its population many a time pay heavy penalties for the inordinate enterprises undertaken by their overweening rulers. The present King is indeed a good and simple man of high cultivation, whose only fault is a weakness that has made him be led by his ambitious minister, Baron Beust, whose talents have proved the curse of Saxony as much as in the last century the recklessness of the frivolous Brühl. In a large country, with the means for an imperial policy, Baron Beust, with his audacity of mind and really brilliant conceptions, might have done great things, whereas in his position he has only done mischief and incurred the ridicule which always will attach to a man whose bustling vanity will perforce try flights above his acknowledged stretch of wing. Baron Beust was professionally a special pleader in his statesmanship. He took a brief to defend and secure the preservation of the small States, because thereon depended his own Saxony, and this brief he executed with indefatigable vigor and the pliancy of one whose genius was totally unincumbered by principle. He cared only to obstruct every growth in power in either of the two great German States, because such growth inevitably pressed harder and harder on his pet creations, the minor States, and so he scrupled not to make alliance in every and the most contrary direction as circumstances of the moment might recommend, against the ogres whose rapacity he dreaded. He who, when reaction best served the purpose of the hour, was the bitterest and most cynical persecutor of everything national and liberal, no sooner saw on the death of the King of Denmark that the national current alone could offer some hope of competing with Prussian ascendancy, which Bismarck's spirited policy in Holstein promised to secure, than with marvellous plausibility he became at once the organ and

diplomatic champion of a radicalism he had till then been cruelly hunting down. Baron Beust is the brilliant incarnation of that specifically local and selfish policy which would sacrifice, without compensation, the world to personal interests, is dead to all generous patriotism, and has prevailed in German courts so largely to the detriment of the nation. This decidedly clever but unscrupulous statesman is very far from popular among the Saxons, who have felt for many a year the scorpion scourge of his illiberal home administration. The Saxons have indeed had much cause for complaint; still they are a placid people, and it would be hasty to assume that they identify the minister with their sovereign, and consequently have the same strong desire for getting rid of the latter as of the former.

The feeling, of the middle classes especially, against military alliance with Austria, which exposed the country to war, was decidedly manifested, and the merchants of Leipzig have always been credited with a desire for fusion with Prussia. But as a whole, we apprehend the popular wish may be considered to be for identification of policy with Prussia, while the continuance of a sort of autonomy will be generally looked at rather with contentment than any decided exultation, except in particular circles of the capital. Absolute annexation would not have met with serious obstacles from popular regret at the loss of Saxon independence; but as it is, the existing proposed arrangement, which lets a remnant thereof survive for show, will probably give most satisfaction to a population alive to the national wants of Germany, and yet not without kindly feeling towards the on the whole good-natured and respectable family on the throne.

The case in Hanover is more complicated. In the province of East Frisia, formerly belonging to Prussia, and much benefited by its administration, it appears certain that a decided desire prevails for return to the old allegiance, and we believe the addresses which have been sent from there in this sense to Berlin have been genuine expressions of the prevailing wish. The remainder of the kingdom is, however, divided between as much intelligence, side by side with as confirmed a spirit of aristocratic feudal-

ism as can be found anywhere in Germany. Hanover has preserved in its equestrian corporations, which are endowed with great privileges, the elements of an exclusive aristocracy, superbly proud of its blood, and glorying in the ancient illustriousness of their royal house of Guelf. Nowhere in Germany has there been preserved so much of the unimpaired stuff of high-flying Toryism, of real aristocratic influence elevated by privilege and corporate prerogative. It cannot be expected that this element will brook with patience an extinction of the Guelf royalty and fusion with Prussia. We are not surprised to learn that in this season of distress leading members of this class have been urging King George to abdicate in favor of his son, with the vain hope that the latter might obtain from the compassion of Prussia the preservation of his crown. There is also a not small number of people connected by service and old relations with the Crown, and attached to its cause, for the house of Guelf has a historical renown which has told on popular feelings. Nevertheless, the middle classes have long been disgusted at the narrow-minded, reactionary, and in religious matters worryingly bigoted spirit of King George's rule; as they have likewise been alienated by the cynical corruptness of the administration of the notorious Count Bismarck, the favorite prime minister of that most perversely obstinate prince, in defiance of public opinion. We anticipate, therefore, that although a compact clique will here resist the loss of autonomy with force sufficient to make demonstrations that will attract attention, yet the bulk of the population will go along with that national sentiment which since years has been so unflinchingly expressed by Count Bismarck in the Chambers, and made him the popular man he is in Hanover.

As for the population of Hesse and Nassau, it is only difficult to say which of the two is the most eager to be secured against the return of their old sovereigns. In Nassau the Estates actually refused, almost unanimously, the supplies asked for, on the ground that they would not sanction the Duke's entering the alliance against Prussia. The old free town of Frankfort is a mere speck

in material dimensions on the map, and cannot be considered a power that would ever be able to offer physical resistance. The population is, however, perhaps the one which it may cost more trouble to Prussia to conciliate than any other, for the citizens of the old city are inflated with an aldermanic spirit, a swollen burgher republicanism of the intensest kind, which is suffused with Imperial traditions and ideas of a German Empire with Frankfort for its seat. It is probable that as regards winning people's hearts over to the submission which they have had to bow to, Prussia will find more difficulty about overcoming the wounded pride of these rather inflated Frankfort burghers than any other local feeling she will have to master. The extraordinary harshness with which the town has been treated by the imposition of an enormous contribution, although afterwards remitted in part, and the marked humiliation to which the leading citizens have been exposed, certainly seems a political blunder, and really wears the look of having been due to some personal pique on the part of Bismarck, at treatment he encountered at the hands of prominent burghers during his residence there as Prussian envoy.

We have reached the limits now of the proposed Southern Confederacy, and here we get on ground that bids fair to present many difficulties in the way of realizing the indicated political combination. It is very currently assumed that between North and South Germany there is a marked distinction in character and feeling that constitutes a natural separation. Religion alone, it is often affirmed, marks out the distinction between the parts—the south being thoroughly Catholic. Yet this is so little true that even in Bavaria the Protestants form more than one third of the population, while in Wurtemberg they stand to the Catholics as one and a half to one. It cannot be said, then, that difference of faith furnishes the element for any radical distinction between North and South Germany, for in the former there are vast districts, like Rhenish Prussia, Westphalia, and Silesia, which are entirely Catholic. As little is it just to represent South Germany as a Bœotia, obtuse to the intellectual influences which are the

pride of Germany. A large proportion of the great intellectual stars of Germany came from it. It is especially the kingdom of Wurtemberg which has been prolific of them. Schiller, Schelling, Hegel, Strauss, Uhland, and a host of others were all Suabians—the German tribe which in ancient days produced that mighty family which is the cherished historical glory of Germany—the Hohenstauffens. The Suabians are essentially a people of lively and imaginative intelligence, combined with a manly prowess. They have always been men who stand up well and deal heavy blows, while philosophy and literature have flourished among them with the goodly fruit of an indigenous growth. Nevertheless, it would be absurd to deny that the populations of South Germany have shown an unmistakable indisposition all along to come into the views which advocated a reconstruction of Germany under the headship of Prussia. This indisposition to accept Prussian supremacy, although general, is, however, not identical in its nature in each South German state, and consequently is not in a position to constitute more than an accidental bond of union for purposes of opposition. There is, indeed, much difference of character between the different populations in South Germany which must not be overlooked. If we go into the Duchy of Baden we shall find the people very much imbued with democratic tendencies, except about Freiburg, where there exists a strong Catholic party, which recently got the upper hand, and caused the Duke to act against Prussia. The democratic party now has been ready for any revolutionary movement, as it was in 1848, when Baden witnessed the Free Bands under Hecker and Struve playing an ephemeral republican pantomime, but they will have no reform through the agency of the Prussian monarchy, because they necessarily see therein a further strengthening of that institution which is the especial abomination of republicans. It is in Baden, and in the adjoining Bavarian Palatinate, as well as perhaps in Hesse Darmstadt, that may be found that spirit of so-called French republicanism, which has been erroneously fancied to exist in Rhenish Prussia. That their populations

are conscious of a desire for annexation to France is quite untrue. They rather overboil with an exaggerated German enthusiasm; but nevertheless, they are so flighty in their views, and so easily carried away by democratic visions, in the absence of all local traditions calculated to give consistency to their impulses, that they might in a moment of revolution be led into very foolish outbursts. We think that these populations are the most disorganized in Germany—the most open to haphazard influences, but also quite without stamina to withstand a superior and firmly knit moral force. In Wurtemberg there exist also republicans, but they are quite in the minority, for here there is what does not exist in Baden, an element counteracting wild influences in a local patriotism. Wurtemberg is animated with the consciousness of being a unit in Germany—a certain power with a certain history—and from this is derived the popular indisposition to undergo the supremacy of Prussia. The Wurtembergers are Prussophobes more from a perhaps unconscious intellectual pride than anything else, a dislike of feeling their individuality taken in tow, and having its opening for initiative forcibly closed. The matter here is one of intellectual pride, that chafes at being brought into a position where it fears to be pressed into abdicating the rank it would gladly lay claim to. The line, therefore, which divides Wurtemberg from North Germany involves no radical differences, no such separation in essence as must always keep the two asunder in heart.

With Bavaria the case is somewhat different. Here we have to deal with what on all hands is admitted to be the one hard unit in the category of German subdivisions, having a better reason for existence than the whims of arbitrary diplomacy. Not only is Bavaria the biggest state after Prussia, but its population is distinctly marked with a character of its own. It is true that Bavaria is not of one mould, the northern region being of recent addition, principally Protestant in faith, and decidedly inclined in political sympathies towards the north. But this, besides being about to be pared down, is the least important portion of Bavaria, which derives its strength and

peculiar character from the not unsteady but decidedly coarse-grained and in religious matters intensely fervent Catholic populations that form the parent stock. Here we have a mass not easily accessible to intellectual influences, dead to imagination, decidedly gross in instincts, but strong by prejudice, and of a heavy boorish vigor that resists amalgamation. Such a population is fitted to prove a stubborn repellent, stiffened in the dense coating of a separatistic feeling that is indifferent to generous quickenings; but there its faculties cease. The Bavarians are without any of the social qualities which might exercise an assimilating action on neighboring populations. On the contrary, the Bavarians have come to be regarded by them as Bœotians; nor is this view without warrant. While spontaneously in Wurtemberg the University of Tübingen has proved a school producing an amount of philosophical and literary fruit which has attracted the attention of the world—in spite of the artificial patronage of two kings, literature and art have never contrived to take any root in Bavaria. The little done there has been the work of men officially imported. The schools of Bavaria are barren of all native eminence. We were prepared from the first to find that, under such circumstances, neither people nor governments would be ready to subordinate themselves to the ascendancy which Count Bismarck professed to contemplate for Bavaria. If South German self-pride felt wounded at a proposition for acknowledging the supremacy of Prussia, this could not but be stung to the quick at being asked to accept as virtually governors the people that have been the butt of proverbial ridicule for their ascribed intellectual inferiority, on the sole ground of a not very great numerical superiority. It appears to be demonstrated that the people of South Germany protest against the special Confederacy under Bavaria. Meetings of the most respectable kind, attended by well-known politicians of the old anti-Prussian party, have been held all over the country for the purpose of repudiating the announced division of Germany, and urging the local governments to enter at all cost into the Confederacy under Prussia.

Popular manifestations apparently so

contrary to what had been until the day before the pervading popular feeling, will surprise at the first blush. The change is not due, however, to a factious uprising of self-pride at the menaced ascendancy of Bavaria, but is the not unnatural expression under altered circumstances of a feeling lying at the root of the South German mind, and to which we referred when affirming that the difference that has been dividing the South Germans from Prussia was founded on nothing essential and indelible. The politics of the South German intellect have been colored by its ideal and speculative nature, which has constantly surveyed the positive province of statesmanship through that lens of abstract principles and metaphysical axioms for which it has a native propensity. When German Liberals, therefore, divided into the little and the great German parties, the former advocating a lesser Germany, without including the kindred populations in Austria, while the latter battled for a Germany comprising all who spoke the same tongue, the South German populations sided with this last party more from ideal views of national reconstruction than from separatistic motives, whatever may have been the intentions of their sovereigns. The Bavarians, indeed, may be assumed to have been actuated only by their own narrow sentiments of hedgehog *particularism*; but the Wurtembergers and Badenese embraced the great German view from imaginative sympathies. It is among them that the vision of a revived empire, ruling over all German tribes, bringing within one fold all Germans, even those in Alsace and Lorraine, has been entertained; and that vindication of German soil from foreign domination has been inculcated with a quite fanatical mania.

The dread of France as the natural arch-foe bent upon preying on Germany has taken the hold of a principle on these metaphysical politicians; and in this ingrained feeling will be found the motive which has naturally wrought the change we allude to. The appeal made to the Emperor of the French by the Emperor of Austria—an appeal by which the very Power looked at with such deep distrust was invited to share in the arrangement of German affairs—produced a violent

shock in South Germany. The Kaiser had proved the selfish traitor who stretches out his hand to help the archfiend to step in. The battle of Sadowa destroyed the Austrian army, but this appeal to the Emperor Napoleon has blasted to the root the moral position of Austria before the German populations. Simultaneously there arose to view a mighty, compact, and uniformly German power with a strength tested by startling feats. Was it not natural that minds of truly national sympathies should have felt themselves irresistibly drawn thereto under the concurrent action of attraction to it and repulsion from Austria? It only remains to be seen whether the Government will be able to effect that close connection with the Northern Confederacy which is being clamored for. The position of the Southern States is indeed lamentable. By the rupture with Prussia the Commercial League came to an end, and consequently a line of custom-houses was established along the boundary of Prussian military occupation against all goods from the south. Such a measure if permanent, as originally threatened, must have the most disastrous results for both government and people; and we are not surprised to learn that the agitation for joining the Prussian Confederacy increased rapidly on the announcement. From the last accounts, it would however appear that the imploring representations of the South German negotiators hold out a promise of some resuscitation of the Zollverein being conceded by Count Bismarck. Meanwhile, the popular feeling on the subject has been loudly expressed. Indeed, that has happened which a few weeks ago seemed impossible. In Munich itself a large and very influential meeting has voted resolutions expressing the conviction that to remain separated from communion with the Northern Confederacy must prove ruinous to all interests. When Bavarians in their capital thus surrender their particular pretensions, it may indeed be said that the spirit of isolation has been broken in Southern Germany.

It is impossible to survey the condition of the German people without glancing at the kindred populations under the rule of the Austrian sceptre, and now so roughly cut adrift from ancient and nat-

ural connections. Here we see eight million thoroughbred Germans who long have looked upon themselves as constituting the centre pier of the Empire suddenly relegated into forcible divorce from their brethren outside its immediate pale, and furthermore rejected into a most doubtful position in that very empire wherein hitherto they have taken the first rank. The situation in Austria is one so full of conflicting elements that really we should feel disposed to set down as guilty of inordinate self-conceit whoever professed to be able to foretell the exact manner in which things will there evolve themselves. All we can infer from reliable indications is, that the previous centralizing system which rested on Germanism as its corner-stone will be exchanged for an attempt at federative organization in which the various nationalities are to be taken due account of. It is a tremendous problem which will have to be solved; one greater than has ever yet been solved, if the bitterly hostile races with their conflicting pretensions are to be brought to lie down in peace and goodwill side by side.

It is especially difficult to conceive how the German populations will ever be contented. The other races can only gain by the contemplated change of system, but the Germans can only be losers by it. Already Vienna, which is the specific German metropolis, is simmering over with manifest discontent; for all the misfortunes of the empire are charged by the smarting Germans to the perverse spirit of the Government in having suspended the constitution and followed the exclusive advice of the bureaucracy. What above all preëccupies the minds of the German Austrians, is the menaced position in which, isolated from their brethren, they will stand to the other hostile and numerically superior races. It is not so much the Magyars they dread—a compact people in a lump by themselves, with which they would now gladly combine to form a dualism in the Empire—but the Czechs in Bohemia, who aim at completely incorporating and blotting out the German element in that Crownland. Here there are indeed apparently quite unquenchable materials for an unavoidable conflagration. It would seem as if it were an inevitable destiny

that within the present pale of Austria a furious strife of races, convulsing the very bowels of the empire, must ensue, the upshot whereof in its final result it is beyond the foresight of the present hour to decipher. One point alone we venture on affirming. The Germans will not consent tamely to be swallowed up by Slaves and Magyars. They will resist stubbornly, and even desperately; nay, what is more, we believe that before consenting to be absorbed in a hated nationality which they condemn as inferior, they will be drawn by an irresistible attraction towards union with their German brethren, and all the more so if these succeed in constituting a really strong Power. The same material reasons which have already had so much effect on the Bavarian mind, will not fail to tell on the Austrian Germans if they come to be pushed into such a position as they may very possibly find themselves in before long, and which, from all we can learn, they are in no temper to brook. But this is a matter even still more of the future than the incorporation of South Germany in the Confederacy. It is enough for our purpose to have indicated the affinities and antagonisms that lie smouldering in these regions.

Such to the best of our insight are the conditions in which Germany finds herself in the autumn of the year 1866, and truly wonderful they are. When the year began all was confusion and strife, with its bitterness driven in and decomposing, it would seem, the nation's vigor into impotent prostration; whereas now Germany has leaped to her feet with life-blood beating fresh through all her veins: thanks to the unexpected action of a violent remedy which had been universally deprecated as necessarily adding to the distress of the poor distracted body. The change which has come over the face of Germany is fabulous, and yet it is outdone by that which has been wrought, and is still working itself out, in her inward nature. The sword for once has proved an instrument that might serve to cicatrize ruptures, and now it only depends on common prudence, on absence of any gratuitous disposition to arbitrary self-willfulness, to effect such a solid whole as ardent minds in Germany have indeed yearned for, but certainly have not antici-

ipated as likely to be brought about under the auspices of Count Bismarck. The rupture between that minister and the national party is closed, and it depends only on mutual forbearance to heal it entirely. It must be admitted that both sides have exhibited magnanimity at this season, and readiness to shake hands over past quarrels. If the first step was taken by the Liberals, in indorsing the sentiments of Baron Roggenbach as soon as they saw the practical issue to which the war must be pushed, Count Bismarck has left nothing due on his part by the straightforward demand he induced the Crown to address to Parliament for a bill of indemnity, on account of the supplies taken in defiance of the former Legislature. The admission so freely made has been responded to as cordially. The disinterested conduct of M. Grabow in declining to be elected president, solely because from having been, as such in the other Parliament, the special organ for communications unpleasant to the Crown, his reelection might be disagreeable, testifies to a most praiseworthy spirit of conciliation. Count Bismarck himself has indeed never been credited with this quality. He has certainly distinguished himself in his previous parliamentary career for talents of an opposite order. Still, irritating and defiant as his sallies have been, he has always borne the character of a good-humored, jovial, open-handed man, who after bitter debate would joke with his adversary, and bear no ill-natured resentment. It appears certain that he is engaged in conferences with men who represent the broadly Liberal sentiment in Germany, and that he is bent on allying himself with them. His ministerial statement to the House as to how he proposes dealing with the annexations is pervaded with a large-minded and generous feeling stamped with truly statesmanlike Liberalism. If this anticipation is realized—if no cross-current comes to thwart the alliance between the Crown and the Liberals—then we can see no possible ground for doubting that the Northern Germany created by the treaty of Nikolsburg, and which is to be cemented by a national representation, will become at once a homogeneous state resting on popular principles. In some

quarters the fear is entertained that the upshot aimed at by Bismarck is the establishment of a great military despotism—a German Cæsarism. We shall indeed be surprised if a Cæsarism in the sense of a revived German Empire, the crown of which will be set on the Hohen-zollern brow by the people, were not to come about ultimately; but a dragoon-ing Cæsarism, resting on Prætorians and ruling in an affectation of a divine right of usurpation, is a thing foreign to the nature of the German world. The very slowness so often cast in the teeth of the Germans in reference to their constitutional struggle shows their tenacity to such forms, and the inability even of reactionary Governments to divorce themselves quite therefrom.

The danger of Germany lies in her functionarism and in her feudal elements. It is quite possible—nay, not improbable—that these may combine to obstruct the development, as heretofore they have done in Prussia, of the free life and national aspirations of Germany in the Parliament that is to be. If so, the result will be a renewal, on another stage, of the kind of chronic struggle which was witnessed in the Prussian Legislature—a struggle that will produce irritation and put out of humor a large section, but which most assuredly will not be accompanied by any treasonable disposition to break up the union that has been established. The effect would be that things would not go on as well as might be; but certainly not that things will go asunder. The most important effect dependent on the inner march of matters in the Northern Confederacy will be the one it must exercise on the Southern. At present, already the populations of this are loudly knocking at the door of the former for admission. This can hardly be granted at present, for it would amount to a positive violation of the treaty of Nikolsburg. But what cannot be to-day may be allowed a short while hence, especially if done through the agency of inward revolution, which, according to modern international principles, appears to be sacred from foreign intervention. It is manifest that the Southern Confederacy is distasteful to all parties concerned in it, without any principle of cohesion, for Bavaria is not

capable of asserting a more than nominal ascendancy. There never was a combination more destitute of all inner elements of existence. Now, of course, if the state of things inaugurated in the north were to prove disappointing, a check may thereby be set upon the desire of the South Germans to fuse with their northern brethren; but we hold it to be as certain as any human event can be that, now Austria has been ejected from the union, these South German populations will, in the course of very few years, forcibly incorporate themselves with the great kindred State. How it will precisely be done we cannot say; but let it not be forgotten that these South German Governments will be but of straw, especially in their confederate shape; for their people are, from the beginning, bitterly hostile to the combination; and if they accommodate themselves thereto at this moment will do so only with a gnashing of teeth at iron necessity. But a political constitution ushered in under such conditions is one dead-born.

If ever, then, there would seem to have been a manifest destiny at work in the evolution of human things, we may be excused for fancying it revealed in the extraordinary stride towards the realization of hopes so long deferred—of aspirations so bitterly quashed—through an agency looked at with distrust, and that yet has worked for the great end, as it would seem, from free-will and spontaneous determination. What those hopes and those aspirations were—that is memorably written down in the closing words of the remarkable *Conversations* by Radowitz—words that have already been quoted by Mr. Grant Duff in his excellent *Study on the German Diet*, which we advise every one curious on German matters to read. “My dear old friend,” are Radowitz’s solemn words, written with deep earnestness in the gloom of the reaction after 1848, “as once at the turning point of the world’s history it befel the everlasting verity that some thought it foolishness, and others a stumbling block, so it is now with an earthly verity. That the German nation should desire to rise out of its confusion and abasement to a true corporate existence, that by this means, and only by this means, can the

revolution be ended—this to some is foolishness, and to some a stumbling block; but *fata viam invenient*. Farewell—the rest is silence.”

Westminster Review.

CHAUCER—HIS POSITION, LIFE, AND INFLUENCE.*

ENGLISH literature dates its commencement from Geoffrey Chaucer. It is true that there were many previously in England who wrote in the language that was for the time predominant. The lofty and untutored soarings of Caedmon must have delighted the primitive Christians of Britain as much as the more polished flights of Milton did the “saints” of a later generation. Maistre Wace contrived as much amusement for the haughty Norman nobles as Wilkie Collins does for their modern representatives. There were long before Chaucer, as there have been long after him, and will be long after us, those who would rather be learned and prosy than vigorous and homely. But the language in which they wrote—whether it was Anglo-Saxon, French, or Latin—is not the language of England, any more than the mud in which the ichthyosaurus wallowed, and where future coal-fields waved, is the soil of England. They are a hidden treasure of fossil specimens; their excavation, though remunerative, is painful and laborious. Nor is the language of those who wrote while the two languages were combining, much more intelligible. Chaucer, on the other hand, may be read with comparative ease. There are a few of his phrases obscure; a few of his endings silent; a few of his words obsolete.

* *The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer.* With a Memoir by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS. London: William Pickering. 1845.

The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer. A new Text, with illustrative Notes, edited by T. WRIGHT, Esq., M. A., F.S.A., etc. London: Printed for the Percy Society.

Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited by ROBERT BELL. London: J. W. Parker & Son. 1851.

The Canterbury Tales, by Geoffrey Chaucer. From the Text, and with the Notes and Glossary of T. TYRWHITT. A new edition. Illustrated by E. Courbold. London: Routledge, Warne & Routledge. 1863.

But we require neither grammar nor glossary to understand and enjoy him.

The growth of our language, however, during the three centuries which preceded the birth of Chaucer, forms the most interesting chapter in our literary history. Anglo-Saxon, it is well known, like all the languages of the Indo-European stock, was originally “analytic,” or “inflectional;” that is to say, most of the relations between the words were expressed by changes in them, and not by particles *between* them. For example, the relations between the subject and the verb were expressed by changes in the verb; and those between the verb and its object by changes in the object. All these languages, however—Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, and Anglo-Saxon—have undergone the same fate. All their modern representatives have become “non-inflectional,” or “synthetic.” The relations between the subject and the verb, and the verb and its object, are no longer expressed by changes in the verb or its objects, but by separate words.

Whether this change has been an advantage or a disadvantage, an advance or a retrogression, has never been fully or fairly discussed. The old languages possess several obvious advantages. They are more concise, more pliable, and possibly more harmonious. In these languages have been embodied works of the highest genius—works which, for more than a thousand years, have excited the admiration of the civilized world, and which—as the standards of taste and the criterions of propriety—are still engrained upon the youth of every cultivated nation. In judges, then, who have devoted to these languages both their youth and their manhood, a prejudice in their favor is not only natural but inevitable. It is, however, allowed that the modern languages also possess some peculiar advantages. If they are not so brief as the other, they are more precise; if they are not so pliable, they are clearer and more simple. To strike the balance between their respective merits is not an easy task. Yet it must be allowed either that language has improved, or that it is unlike every other science; that originally it was comparatively perfect, but has gradually and universally deteriorated. It is therefore just possible that the

change by which Anglo-Saxon was gradually transformed into modern English was not only inevitable but beneficial.

This change seems to have commenced in the beginning of the eleventh century, about the time of the Danish invasion. It was not therefore originated, though undoubtedly accelerated, by the Norman conquest. During the period which immediately followed that event, the Saxon nation and the Saxon language must have been in a sad plight. The people were separated from everything they had been accustomed to love and to respect. A foreign and despotic sovereign sat on the throne; a foreign prelacy presided over the Church; a foreign nobility held possession of their land; a foreign language and a foreign literature ruled the court, the camp, the bar. The Saxon nobility was displaced, impoverished, exiled: their language was looked upon by the followers of the Conqueror as native Irish was looked upon by the followers of Strongbow, as Gaelic is looked upon by modern cockneys—as the barbarous language of a barbarous people. The injury which the Saxon language thereby suffered has not been fully appreciated.

A peasant aims as little at speaking elegantly as he does at dressing elegantly. He is satisfied whenever his immediate object is attained—whether that object is to find expression for his ideas, to keep out the cold, or to sate the cravings of his appetite. *How* that object is attained is to him a matter of indifference. In the higher classes, on the contrary, manner is everything. To be in society is the great object of their life; and hence whatever is offensive to the eye, or to the ear, whether it be in dress, deportment or language, must be carefully removed. Frequent intercourse otherwise would be intolerable. The most elegant dress, the most elegant manner, the most elegant expressions are carefully studied and eagerly acquired. The great ideas, indeed, which form the spirit of an age, like the great discoveries which have changed the world, have seldom proceeded from the noble or the great. Their task is simply to refine the expression, to drape the idea. To both classes is mutual intercourse beneficial; to both is isolation fatal. Without the influence, example and encouragement of the no-

bility, a language becomes coarse, clumsy, and ungrammatical. Without the invigorating under-current of popular opinion, a language becomes obscure, immutable, and insipid.

The Norman language, it is true, did not become so; but the Normans were not in reality isolated. They still looked to Normandy as their home. From thence they had transferred intact to England their language, laws, traditions, habits, opinions, and prejudices. In their migration they were accompanied and followed by Norman *trouvères* and Norman chaplains. Their ears were still charmed, their faith was still fostered in the old language. Thus transplanted to a foreign soil, their young and vigorous literature for a time thrived luxuriantly. The Saxons, on the other hand, were exposed to all the evils of isolation. From *them* the Normans kept aloof. Their drunken, gluttonous life; their rough and uncouth speech; their abrupt and peculiar poetry—without rhyme, and apparently without rhythm; their literature bristling with heaven and hell, philosophy and religion, were loathed and despised by conquerors whose manners were haughty and reserved, whose habits were reverential and abstemious, and whose literature was full of rhyme, love, and romance. The wealthy imitated the nobles, and the learned and literary strove to gratify the tastes and win the favor of their rich, noble, and royal patrons. Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the vulgar. The schools in which it had been taught were shut up. There was neither money to support them, teachers to keep them, nor pupils to fill them.

The fusion of the two nations, and thereby of the two languages, was due to the severance of the Normans from Normandy, and their opposition to the king. Much of the love and affection of the followers of William for their native land must have died with them. To their successors Normandy had none of the associations of home; none of the memories which bind us to the scene of our boyish frolics, of our youthful loves, and manly friendships. At the accession of Henry of Plantagenet, and his marriage with Eleanor, this estrangement was increased. Normandy was supplanted by Provence, the *trouvères* by the

troubadours, and feats of chivalry by courts of love. Finally, at the accession of John, Normandy was severed from England and annexed to France.

The position of the English nobility has, from the time of the Conquest, formed a marked contrast to that of the neighbouring countries. In Scotland the aristocracy has been hated, resisted, and despised; in France it has been hated, resisted, and banished; in England it has been respected, loved, and obeyed. In France and in Scotland their power was originally exorbitant and oppressive. By their vast hereditary estates, their powerful and extensive combinations, and the absolute disposal of their armies of retainers, they became in reality independent sovereigns. In defiance of the king, they levied taxes, proclaimed war, and concluded peace. Their vassals were oppressed without hopes or means of redress. The measures taken by the Conqueror to prevent these evils in England are a proof of his sagacity, if not of his gratitude. To reward and to retain the fidelity of his followers, he granted large and valuable estates. Yet extensive combinations were prevented; their estates were placed in different counties. To overawe the native population, he allowed his followers to build and to fortify strong castles. Yet slavish dependence was prevented; the vassals had to take the oath of allegiance to the king as well as to their lords. In France and in Scotland the power of the nobility finally proved their bane; in England their original weakness has proved their salvation. In all the three countries the party of the people has gained the victory: in all the three countries the fellow-combatant of the people has carried off the spoils. As the power of the nobility made them despise and crush the people in France, so the weakness of the nobility made them love and court the people in England. When the pride of the Norman nobles was galled, or their opposition aroused, they must court the favor and seek the aid of their oppressed vassals. Everything which widened the breach between the king and the nobles narrowed it between the nobles and the Saxons. The capricious and insolent tyranny of Rufus, the stern and unbending justice of the First Hen-

ry, the Provençal predilections of the second, the insolence, faithlessness, and cruelty of John—all tended to bring the Saxons into closer alliance with those who were at once their lords and fellow-subjects.

Under the influence of these causes the Saxons were gradually elevated from their servile position. In fifty years after the Conquest this elevation had commenced; in another fifty years the Saxons had begun to amalgamate with their conquerors, and in fifty years this amalgamation was complete.

The chief cause of the decay of the Saxon language was thus removed. But it is easier to wound than to cure, to pull down than to build up. It was not till half a century after the union of the two nations was complete, that the union of the two languages began. Nor was the length of the struggle more surprising than its results. Theoretically looked at, it seemed as if the Norman should, and therefore would prevail. It was essentially the same language as that which had been spoken by the conquerors of the civilized world, and in which the noblest efforts of human genius had for centuries been expressed. It was a lineal descendant of the Latin; its genealogy was undoubted; its pedigree was clear. The Saxon, on the contrary, belonged to a race that was known then only by its barbarous indifference to everything that antiquity revered. Its previous triumphs had been those of ignorance over learning, of barbarism over civilization. In Norman, ancestral fame was aided by present success. In the twelfth century French was the most flourishing literature in Europe, and much of this French literature was produced, and all of it appreciated, amid the Normans of England. The Saxons, on the other hand, lost the power—apparently forever—of producing a new, or understanding their old literature. Depressed and despised for two centuries, their language gradually became insufficient, indirect, and ungrammatical. All its inflections and syntactical structure were irrevocably swept away. It ceased to be a living organism, changing with the ever-changing current of human opinion, and became a lifeless, useless, and unsightly skeleton. Yet in the composite language of the com-

ite people, Anglo-Saxon remained the essential element. Norman had to come down from its proud pedestal and play the lackey to its humble rival.

Both of these facts, however, admit of the most simple and natural explanation. Two things are necessary for the success of a language—national adoption and literary culture. But the former of these conditions is more essential than the latter. A language is made by a literature more correct, uniform, and permanent, but it can never thus be introduced or created. Hence the success of a foreign literature is always temporary, its influence limited, and its tenure precarious. It was thus with Norman in England. Its decline was as rapid as its growth. Like an exotic, when surrounded by a hundred fostering influences, it grew rapidly and flourished luxuriantly; like an exotic, when exposed to the storms of a stormy period, it speedily faded, withered and died. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, many Norman books were read in England, but few were written. As in Anglo-Saxon, the decay of the literature was at once a sign, a cause, and a result of the decay of the language. In the eleventh century, Norman was reduced to the condition in which Anglo-Saxon had been since the eleventh. There gradually grew up a marked difference between French at Stratford-le-Bow and French at Paris. Anglo-Norman became a corrupt and provincial dialect of a foreign tongue. But though the condition of the two languages was similar, their position was different. The Normans were a mere colony in England—not a colony of the lower classes, or confined to one portion of the soil, but a colony of the aristocracy, thinly though widely spread over the country. As soon therefore as Norman was stripped of its social and literary preëminence, it was stripped of all apology or necessity for its continuance. It is not for speculative excellences, but for practical convenience that one language is "taken" and another "left." However desirable, or however advantageous a change of language may be, it is absolutely impossible for the many to give up their mother-tongue. The Saxon was the language of the great body of the people; and such a language—how-

ever mean, however corrupt, however imperfect—must finally determine that of the nation. Numbers are here more potent than ancestral fame or æsthetic beauty. The exuberance of the Norman literature, and the success of the Norman language, protracted and modified, but could not reverse the inevitable result. The comparative victory of the Saxon was no proof of its innate strength; the comparative defeat of the Norman was no proof of its innate weakness. Whenever the conditions of the contest have been the same, the result of the contest has been the same. The Normans had previously proved the servility of the Norwegian, as they now proved the servility of the French. The Englishmen who settled in Ireland in the twelfth century gradually adopted the habits, the dress, and the language of their Irish subjects. It is impossible to ascertain the precise steps by which the two languages were gradually blended into one. But in the beginning of the fourteenth century this mixed language was first employed in literature. The first writers betray in their movements an unsteadiness and want of confidence natural to men walking on ice that is just forming. Translators from the French, such as Robert of Gloucester and Robert de Brunne, naturally preferred French idioms. Satirists, such as Langlands, rigidly adhered to the Saxon. Pedants, such as Gower, showed their learning by writing—with equal brilliancy—in French, English, and Latin. It was reserved for Chaucer to perceive the true genius of the language, to express himself in it with ease, and to hallow it by his genius.

There is little reason to doubt that Chaucer was born in London in 1338, of gentlemanly, though not of noble parents. But of the next thirty years of his life, his childhood, boyhood, youth—how, what, and where he studied, the profession he adopted, and the friendships he formed—we are in total darkness. The latter half of his life, on the contrary, is known minutely. But for this knowledge we are indebted not to the biographies of his friends, to the abuse of his enemies, to the histories of his time, or even to his own works—but to the musty records, the dry chronicles that moulder in the Treasuries of the Ex-

chequer and the cells of the Tower. From the first notice of Chaucer to the last, he appears in close connection with the Court; and he was destined to prove the notorious instability of Court favor and Court patronage. According to the deposition made when he was fifty-eight years of age—in legal phrase “forty and upwards”—he accompanied Edward in one of his expeditions into France. This expedition was in all probability that of 1359. The expedition failed; but what became of Chaucer, or how he spent the next five or six years of his life, is unknown. Did he, as Knight has plausibly conjectured, languish in captivity? If so, he must have married immediately after his return. For in September, 1366, a pension of ten marks was granted to his wife Philippa. This lady was the daughter of Sir Payne Roet, king-of-arms of Guienne, and sister to Catharine Swynford, successively the governess, mistress, and wife of the Duke of Lancaster. From her youth to her marriage, she had been in the train of the voluptuous queen of Chaucer's most distinguished patron—Edward the Third. In the following year Chaucer received the first of those grants—the records of which compose his biography. For the next twenty years honors and wealth continued to flow in upon the favored courtier and successful diplomatist. In the course of ten years (1370—1380) he was employed in seven different embassies. Two of these have acquired a singular interest. In the one he is supposed to have made acquaintanceship with Petrarch; by the other he is proved to have been the friend of Gower. Personal interviews between famous contemporaries have—from the time of Solon downwards—formed a favorite subject for invention. Chaucer's interview with Petrarch rests upon a very slight foundation—the bare statement of a fictitious personage that his tale—*Griselda*—had been sold him at “Padowe” by a “worthy clerk,” “highte Frauncis Petrarch.” The dates, however, of this half-mythical interview tally better than is usual in such cases. The interview must have taken place in 1373, if it took place at all. In that year Petrarch was at Arquà, near Padua, from January till September, and Chaucer was at Florence during the

summer. Thus they might easily have met at Padua in June and July. It is therefore neither impossible nor improbable that the interview took place. This embassy, however, led to more important results than the acquaintanceship of such a pedant as Petrarch. It was Chaucer's first important mission. It must have been executed skilfully, as he was rewarded liberally. On the 23d of April, 1374, he received an annual grant of a pitcher of wine—afterwards commuted into twenty marks; on the 8th of June he was made Comptroller of the Customs and Subsidy of Wools, etc., and on the 13th he received £10 for life from the Duke of Lancaster. For eight years his income received no further increase; but in 1382 he was made Comptroller of the Petty Customs. He remained in possession of these emoluments, however, only for four years.

Chaucer's intimacy with Gower is neither so unimportant nor so dubious as his interview with Petrarch. They wrote complimentary verses on each other, though that might not imply much. A more trustworthy proof of their friendship has lately been discovered. When Chaucer set out on an embassy to Lombardy in 1378, he appointed Gower his trustee. When their friendship began, or when it ended, it is impossible to say. It may have begun in their youth and ended only with Chaucer's death.

At the close of 1386, Chaucer was suddenly stripped of both of his offices. The cause of his downfall is still obscure. No proof has been found of his hostility to the Government, or his sympathy with John of Northampton. He neither fled to Zealand in 1382, nor was committed to the Tower in 1386. On the contrary, we have the best proof that from 1380 to 1388 he resided in London, and received his pension with his own hands. In 1386, instead of being committed to the Tower, he was elected a knight of the shire for Kent. The time of Chaucer's disgrace is the only clew to its cause. Chaucer's patron—the Duke of Lancaster—was abroad: Chaucer's patron's enemy—the Duke of Gloucester—was at the head of the Government. It is therefore not improbable that the Duke of Gloucester's enmity to his brother may have extended to his brother's relative and protégé. The

effect of Chaucer's fall is unfortunately more obvious than the cause. In a year after it his wife died. Had the death of the wife anything to do with the misfortunes of the husband? In another year he had to commute his annual pension for something of more present value. In 1389 the Duke of Gloucester was supplanted by his brother, the Duke of York, and his nephew, the Duke of Lancaster's son. The new administration was appointed in May; in July, Chaucer was appointed, at a salary of two shillings per day, Clerk of the King's Works at Westminster. Next year he was made Clerk of the King's Works at Windsor. But these appointments were of short duration; in another year he was superseded, and for the next three years his only income—so far as we know—was his annuity of ten pounds from the Duke of Lancaster. At length his prospects began to brighten. In 1394 he received a grant of twenty pounds for life. But this sum was too small to remove the effects of eight years' destitution, and to meet the continual demands of his elevated position. In 1398 he received Letters of Protection—protection, there is too much reason to fear, from the persecutions of his creditors. Little or no alleviation was afforded by the grant of a tun of wine. There is scarcely a sadder spectacle in all history than that of the skilful ambassador and venerable poet "tottering to the Exchequer," as Sir Harris Nicolas remarks, for some miserable advance of a few shillings. Next year Richard was supplanted by his cousin; and the Duke of Lancaster's son did not forget the noblest of his own and his father's followers. A few months after he came to the throne he doubled the poet's pension. But human assistance was now of little avail. On the 25th of October, 1400, and probably near the spot where he now reposes, the aged poet's trials and sufferings were finally brought to a close.

Chaucer had two sons—Lewis, who died young, and Thomas, who attained immense wealth, and one of whose descendants was declared heir to the crown.

The history of Chaucer's life is thus the history of his income; and yet the exact amount of his income we are unable to compute. The number of occa-

sional donations which he received—such as £104 for the wardship of an estate in Kent, £75 for forfeited wool, etc.—are from their nature indeterminate. The value of his pensions, as we have seen, fluctuated greatly. In 1367 they amounted to £20; in 1374 to £40; in 1378 to £43 6s. 8d. In 1386 they were reduced to £10; but in 1394 they were again raised to £30; in 1398 to £35; and during the last year of his life to £51 13s. 4d. How much his salaries—as Comptroller of the Customs of Wools, etc., from 1374 to 1386, and of the Petty Customs from 1382 to 1386—amounted to is unknown. There is still another difficulty in determining Chaucer's wealth or poverty. We are ignorant of the comparative value of money in the fourteenth and nineteenth centuries. Were we, therefore, able to estimate Chaucer's nominal income, we should still be ignorant of its real value. There is, however, little doubt that Chaucer's fortune, during his prosperity, was ample, if not splendid.

The fluctuations of Chaucer's income seem partly to have influenced the order and character of his writings. If his cares were relieved by his official emoluments, his genius was hampered by his official duties. The best portion of his time, during the best portion of his life, was consumed in the trivial routine of a custom-house. Thus hampered, the poet confined himself to translations. These enlarged his vocabulary and matured his style. But it was not till—like Milton—his mind was free from official routine that he began his greatest and most original work. In his previous work he had outstripped all his contemporaries; in his *Canterbury Tales* he outstripped most of his successors. They were written when he was old, poor, and desolate; but in spite of age, poverty, and desolation, he bequeathed a greater gift than power, riches, or rank have been able to bestow.

Chaucer's personal appearance, habits, character, and genius must be learned from his works. In person he was corpulent: he was no "poppet" to embrace. But his face was small and fair. In his portrait by Ocolive, his features are thin, pale, and intelligent; his eye is downcast and meditative; but its light has been dimmed by age and study.

That Chaucer was a hard student is attested by his voluminous writings and by his own statements. When he had done all his "reckonings" at the custom-house, he returned to his favorite studies at home. His office was no sinecure: he had to write all the records with his own hand. His studies were no pastime: he pored over his books till his eyes were "dazed" and dull.

Yet Chaucer was little of a recluse and still less of an ascetic. "His abstinence," as he says himself, "was lyte." He was fond of physical life and physical enjoyment, keenly alive to the pleasures of the table and the pleasures of society. With a sly, slightly sarcastic humor, he enjoyed, observed, recorded; and he probably did not desire to shine. His observation was keen and penetrating, his description faithful and skilful.

Nor was his attention confined to one class of men or to one cast of thought. His sympathies were as wide as his observation was accurate. In these qualities he excelled not only all his predecessors, but with one exception, all his successors.

In one respect he was superior to Shakespeare. He was able to make a practical use of his observation. His frequent embassies at once stimulated, tested, and proved his skill, sagacity and tact.

The mistakes of Leland (1509), the reckless assertions of Speght (1598), the want of discrimination in Urry (1721), and the mistakes, reckless assertions, and want of discrimination combined in Godwin (1803), render their biographies almost valueless. The meagre outline of Tyrwhitt (1775), with all its defects, is second only to the exhaustive memoir of Sir H. Nicolas (1845).

The position of a poet of the present day is very different from what it was in the days of Chaucer. Every poem narrows the ground and lessens the necessity for a successor. The more popular, common, and accessible tracts of thought are occupied first. As it is no proof of genius to repeat what it may have been a very great proof of genius to invent, new and more outlying tracts of thought have ever to be sought for. Hence the modern poet, in his search for originality is apt to stumble upon eccentricity.

An author's fame is now more quickly

and more widely diffused. His readers are multiplied by thousands. Before the invention of printing, few, very few—outside the cloister—could read. Manuscripts were few and dear. At a trifling expense every new work may now be read from Land's End to John o'Groat's a few days after it is published; while critiques and analyses may be procured for a few pence. In a short time every very popular work is known more or less vaguely to almost every individual in the kingdom. It is republished in America and the colonies, and translated into French, German, and Italian.

Hence an author's income is now less mutable. The poet of the present day has no longer to depend upon the bounty of an individual. The caprice by which a single patron might be turned into an enemy, or the reverses by which he might be changed into a beggar, cannot, to any perceptible extent, affect a whole nation. The general public is a more steady, more permanent, and withal a more liberal paymaster than its predecessor.

But a writer has now less influence upon the language. If his readers are multiplied by thousands, so are his rivals. An intimate acquaintance with an author nowadays cannot be expected, nay, is seldom deserved. New books are no longer studied or even read; they are "looked through," "dipped into," "skimmed over," or "glanced at." "We make ourselves acquainted" with the "latest publications"—not to satisfy an intellectual craving—not to increase our resources from the spoils of others, enlarge our vocabulary or refine our expression—not to widen our sympathies or remove our prejudices, but to save appearances and to conceal our ignorance. We must be able to say, "we have seen it," and appear entitled to talk fluently and confidently when we must be secretly conscious that we are perfectly ignorant of what we are talking about. Hence an author's influence upon the language now is imperceptible, and forms a singular contrast to what it was in the time of Chaucer. To his contemporaries, the golden mine imbedded in the works of Terence and Cicero, of Horace and Virgil, and which was so bountifully to enrich future generations, was known only by its dross. Late and ecclesiastical

Latin was construed through imperfectly understood French. The literature of Athens, of which even that of Rome was but a feeble imitation, was less known than Sanscrit is known now. Our primitive Saxon literature had become unintelligible; our modern English literature had not yet been formed. The only language that was understood, the only literature that was appreciated, was French. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century this last resource was cut off. A new era in our literature, a new era in our national history, began in Chaucer's lifetime. For three centuries our civilization and our literature—whether expressed in Anglified French, or Frenchified English—had been merely offshoots of those of France. But our dependence upon France was terminated by the ambition and energy of Edward the Third. To his wars with France must directly or indirectly be attributed the political, literary, and religious growth of the nation during the latter half of the fourteenth century. His wars were expensive; his resources were insufficient. To meet his expenses it was necessary to empty the pockets of his subjects, and to empty their pockets it was necessary to enlarge their freedom. His wars terminated our subjection to France and weakened our connection with the Continent. National isolation fostered national independence; and for the first time the authority of Rome was called in question. His martial victories aroused, and his reverses irritated the national pride; and the national pride was no longer satisfied with the reproduction or clumsy translation of a French author. French ceased to monopolize the bar, the school, and the pulpit. Hence the almost contemporaneous appearance of Wicliffe, Minot, Gower, Chaucer, and Langlands. None of these, however, except Chaucer, exercised a very material or lasting influence upon our language. Minot, though fluent and smooth in his versification, was without vigor or originality. Gower was intolerably pedantic and intolerably dull. Langlands, on the contrary, was both vigorous and original. His invectives must have been keenly appreciated—of course with a difference—both by the followers and opponents of Wicliffe. But it was only in a peculiar

phase of society that the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, could become or continue popular: while people of every rank and profession have for many centuries been able to enjoy the *Canterbury Tales*.

What the successes of his contemporaries had produced, the reverses of his successors perpetuated. The coronation of Chaucer's last patron, Henry of Bolingbroke, the "elect of the people," and the conquests of his son "Harry," seemed to consummate the political and martial victories of Chaucer's first patron, Edward the Third. But what seemed to consummate finally overthrew. Bolingbroke's usurpation led to the civil wars, and the civil wars led to national humiliation and national servitude. They made the capricious tyranny of Henry the Eighth practicable, and the despotic tyranny of Charles the First possible. They led to national misery and literary darkness. For two centuries not a single light, save "the morning star" of our literature, brightened the horizon. Thus for several generations Chaucer had no rivals in the writers that lived before, with, or after him. For several generations his authority was undivided, his influence was unimpaired.

Chaucer's influence was greater, because the language was then more susceptible of change. The Augustan poet might wonder why a liberty that was granted to Cæcilius and to Plautus was denied to Virgil and to Varro, or why he was not allowed to enrich the language like Cato and Ennius:

"Quid autem

Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus adeptum
Virgilio Varoque? Ego cur acquirere pauca,
Si possum invidior cum lingua Catonis et
Enni

Sermonem patrium ditaverit et nova rerum
Nomina protulerit?"

But neither could Horace in his day, nor Tennyson in ours, tamper with the language as Plautus and Chaucer did in theirs. The language of successive authors has gradually become a standard. Our vocabulary and our syntax have at last become stereotyped. Innovations in either become every day more inadmissible. In Chaucer's time the language was passing through a series of rapid changes. There were a hundred different dialects

and no means of determining which was right. Those whose authority is now equally decisive over the dress of society and diction of conversation, had then but recently and partially given up French. The literature by which our present written language is determined only began with Chaucer. He became to others what none had been to him—a standard. If this state of the language caused great difficulties it also furnished great rewards. If, in selecting the most harmonious words and phrases, he had to trust to his own ear and to his own judgment, his taste was universally approved and widely imitated. He was respected by Gower, admired, or rather adored, by Occleve, Lydgate, Douglas, Spenser and Milton; imitated by Pope, Dryden, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. By the peculiar fortunes of James the First, Chaucer's influence was extended to Scotland; and, amid the countrymen of Barbour, the English poet found more fervent admirers, and more worthy rivals, than amid his own. "There is, perhaps," it has been said by the highest authority, "no author who has done so much to mould, or rather to fix, the standard of the language, as this great genius."—*Marsh*, p. 17.

But though Chaucer's enormous influence has been admitted, the character and direction of this influence has been disputed. He undoubtedly wrote the language which he spoke; but the language which he spoke must have been tinged with that of the society in which he mixed; and the courtiers of Edward the Third were much more familiar with French than with Saxon or English. Like the *literati* of his time, Chaucer was thoroughly acquainted with French literature. By his numerous translations, his ear had become accustomed to French phrases and French idioms. These two circumstances, and the poverty of the English language in rhymes, account for Chaucer's introduction of many new romance vocables. It is true that Chaucer used a smaller proportion of French terms than the purest of his contemporaries; but Langlands used only those French words which were already current, while Chaucer used many of his own coinage. "There is no doubt," as *Marsh* has remarked, "that

many of these words have been retained in place of equally appropriate Saxon terms upon Chaucer's authority. So far, therefore, the charge often preferred against him of having alloyed the language by the introduction of French words and idioms, though by no means true to its whole extent, is not absolutely without foundation." But his syntax remained purely Anglo-Saxon. His expressions have the ease, elegance, and brevity which characterize the language of the upper classes, and the compass, variety, and flexibility which characterize the language of genius. His rigid adherence to a Saxon framework, and his profuse admission of French vocables, were in perfect accordance with the tendencies of our language. On the whole, therefore, his influence has been eminently beneficial.

The hoar of antiquity now lies thick on the ancient poet. Over his thoughts and his language the dust of six eventful centuries has been slowly settling. The society familiar to him has become strange and obscure to us. We are unable to recall, scarcely even to imagine, the vanished life of that long bygone generation—the knights, with their chivalrous love and brutal ferocity; the women, with the ultra-feminine primness of the cloister, or the ultra-manly freedom of the age; the philosophers, with their trivial knowledge and childish speculations; the witches, astrologers, and alchemists, with their weird unnatural lore and semi-conscious imposition; the innumerable orders of clergy, with their inveterate feuds, their profane jests, and boisterous joviality; or the people, with their rustic coarseness, their gross ignorance, and unquestioning faith. Such a phase of society seems strange to us; but though strange, neither it nor the works in which it is unfolded can ever become uninteresting.

But Chaucer has other attractions; his language is almost as valuable as his thoughts. In English similar terminations are comparatively rare. Thousands of words have no rhymes, and thousands more have only one or two. The tyranny of like endings is therefore peculiarly galling and oppressive. Whatever be the poet's subject, or whatever be his individual habits of thought or expression,

the same hackneyed and threadbare rhymes perpetually recur. Hence rhyme is now much less highly prized and much less frequently used. It has ceased to be a favorite with Tennyson; and his poetry has not suffered by ceasing to be a mere word-jingle. The evil is apparent, but the remedy is obscure. Longfellow has attempted to reanimate the antiquated system of Anglo-Saxon alliteration. Marsh has suggested a more natural remedy. Many poetical terminations found in our early literature have been unfortunately dropped. For example, the melodious *en* of the plural, the participle *and*, and the trochaic *e* feminine, etc., found in Chaucer, are now obsolete. By reviving these and similar terminations we should make our rhymes much more varied and our measures much more soft.

And not only many musical endings, but many expressive Saxon words have become obsolete. Some of these have died and left no sign; others have been replaced by words more euphonious, though less significant, borrowed from the French or Latin. To point a striking antithesis or round the epic roll, our language is almost perfect; but it has become less able to depict nature, to paint our emotions or to touch our heart. The recovery of this power must be sought in the study of our ancient literature, and preëminently in the works of Chaucer.

Not much has yet been done to make Chaucer's works more popular or more intelligible. The task is difficult; first, because his text is uncertain. During the seventy years in which he remained in manuscript, Chaucer was exposed to many corruptions. The rapid changes in the language of the nation during that period were accompanied by as rapid changes in the language of Chaucer's manuscripts. The various dialects which prevailed in the various counties prevailed also in the provincial transcripts of Chaucer. But if his popularity at first tended to corrupt, it afterwards assisted to preserve. The *Canterbury Tales* was one of the first works which popular favor enabled Caxton to print. Fifty years afterwards his complete works were published by Godfrey. But the press, though it prevented provincial or modern

interpolations, did not prevent editorial or remove traditional corruptions. Modern editors have still greater difficulties. While Chaucer's text has not become more correct, it has become more obscure. In the lapse of centuries, and the revolutions of opinion, in the pulling down of one church and the building up of another, in the growth of the human intellect and the expansion of human knowledge, his language and allusions have become strange and his versification unintelligible. But if Chaucer's antique language darkens, it also adorns. If it is dangerous to say too little, it is also dangerous to say too much. Without explanation, his works become oppressively obscure; overloaded with explanation, they become oppressively dull. To remove these difficulties, the first modern editor of Chaucer has done more than any other before or after him. Like most of the writers of his own century, and many of those of ours, Tyrwhitt often unnecessarily and pretentiously displays his abtruse and curious learning. But in spite of his pedantry, Tyrwhitt possessed—what is rarely found in pedants—a vigorous, shrewd, and masculine understanding. His text of the *Canterbury Tales*, in 1755, seems as good as that of Wright, in 1847. He has interpreted many obsolete words, explained many obscure passages, and definitely solved Chaucer's mode of versification. The worst features in Tyrwhitt's edition reappear in that of Routledge. Tyrwhitt's notes, even when notoriously incorrect, and his biography, with all its errors and defects, are reproduced without comment or discrimination. None of Tyrwhitt's mistakes are corrected, none of his defects supplied. The name of Corbould appears upon the title-page; but only as a lure. Certainly the illustrations, which appear at intervals throughout the volume, can neither make Corbould's fame wider, or Chaucer's text clearer. From these faults Robert Bell's edition is entirely free. By this editor nearly everything which can explain, illustrate, or improve his author, has been carefully collected and skilfully condensed. But it is not likely that all Chaucer's writings—consisting, as they mostly do, of translations—can ever become popular. We still require an edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, in which the

obsolete words, opinions, and customs will be explained, and the obsolete pronunciation indicated.

Saturday Review.

PARISIAN NEWSPAPERS.

THOSE who hear so frequently about the "warnings" given to French journals, and who know that in France freedom of the press has been pronounced incompatible with the maintenance of the Empire, will probably marvel when they are told that for some time back hardly a month has elapsed during which the publication of a new newspaper has not been announced in Paris. The fact is, that in no other capital are so many daily and weekly papers offered for sale as in that of France at the present time. People will naturally conclude either that the proprietors of these publications must have plenty of money to squander, or else that they have no wits to lose. It will seem to them the height of folly that men should deliberately embark in ventures of which the shipwreck is certain; should employ their capital in founding a newspaper which may be suppressed at the pleasure of an arbitrary Minister. The solution of this puzzle may not only convey information, but will furnish another illustration of that Imperial policy which consists in repressing discontent by corrupting the minds of the governed.

In opposition, then, to the generally received opinion, we assert that every Frenchman may found a newspaper, and may conduct it without dread of interference, provided that he never discusses political questions, or inserts news of a political character; that he strictly confines himself to reporting scandalous anecdotes and relating indelicate stories; that he is always in raptures at the doings of the Court, shows himself a fervent admirer of the Emperor, and professes enthusiasm for the young Imperial Prince. Taking advantage of the opportunity to become at once servile to the Government and popular with the crowd, one speculator after another has started a journal containing no information worth having, and no opinions which could displease a tyrant. The

cheapest and most widely circulated of these periodicals is the *Petit Journal*. It is sold for a halfpenny, and is bought by upwards of a quarter of a million of persons. Each number contains a sort of essay, the instalment of a novel, extracts from the worst cases of the police reports, full details about the last murder or suicide, and the news of the day—that is, all the particulars relating to the state of the weather and the money market, and the sayings and doings of the more shameless section of Parisian society. The essay writer and the novelist are the leading spirits of the journal. The former writes under the pseudonyme of "Timothée Trimm," and produces articles which in happier days would scarcely have found a reader in France, but which are now the favorite intellectual food of hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen. His productions are equally remarkable for their impertinence and their triviality. At one time the public is informed how to make soup, at another how the writer felt when witnessing a mother whipping her child. Not only does he adopt the French penny-a-liner's trick for filling space, which is to make a paragraph of a sentence, but he prints every clause of a sentence as a separate paragraph. The following passage is a good illustration of the trick referred to, and a fair sample of his style. It is the introduction to an essay on the "Pot-au-feu":

"Let others, during the hours of the Carnival, extol good cheer,

"And pronounce a panegyric on truffled fowls and pine-apple soup!

"Let the apologist of tit-bits praise the golden plover and the fat ortolan, the delicate pheasant and the delectable goose liver.

"I will not join the train of these flatterers;

"And since, for once in my life, I have taken a fancy for treating gastronomy,

"I wish to uphold the commonest and most customary kind of food,

"The most nourishing and the most wholesome,

"The true national dish of France,

"Popular as macaroni in Italy,

"Sour-cROUT in Germany, and roast beef in England.

"I have indicated the *Pot-au-feu*."

This is the sort of stuff of which "Timothée Trimm" writes four or five columns daily, and for which he finds

about four hundred thousand readers. It is not worse, however, than the novels for which the *Petit Journal* is famous. They are generally from the pen of M. Ponson du Terrail, a writer compared with whom the most "sensational" of English novelists must be pronounced tame, and would easily distance in a competitive examination the most able among the contributors of bloody tales to our cheap journals, or the most popular among the dramatists of the transpontine theatres. Had Eugène Sue been alive he would have found more than his match in M. Ponson du Terrail.

Success leads to rivalry. It was natural, then, that M. Millaud, the founder of the *Petit Journal*, should have competitors for the sums which a paper like it had caused to flow into his treasury. Accordingly, M. Villemessant stepped forward with the *Grand Journal* as a candidate for popular favor. As its name indicates, it is the antithesis of the *Petit Journal* in size, being nearly four times larger. It is also five times dearer, and is published weekly. That it has been fairly successful, we learn from a report of the annual meeting of its proprietors, published some weeks back, where it is announced that the dividend for the year is within a fraction of eight and a half per cent. Notable for the largeness of its type and the whiteness of its paper, as well as for the comparative solidity of its contents, the success of the *Grand Journal* is not wholly undeserved. Yet to show how difficult it is to fill so many columns with matter to which the authorities will not take exception, its conductors are obliged to devote nearly an entire page to a repetition of the chit-chat which has appeared in its contemporaries during the week. Not satisfied with surpassing the *Petit Journal* once a week, M. Villemessant determined to compete with it every day, and founded the *Événement*. This new comer costs a penny, and furnishes a more ample feast of horrors than its lower-priced rival. M. Paul Féval, a veteran composer of thrilling stories, has been employed to contest the palm with M. Ponson du Terrail. The *Embalmed Husband*, the novel with which he undertook to gratify his readers, is, as far as we can

judge, well fitted for throwing them into fits of excitement. In order to meet this competitor, M. Millaud founded another paper at the same price, and of the same size, and called the *Soleil*. Thus three daily journals are now employed in the mission of providing the most pernicious kind of reading for the French public. They appeal, not to the poor and ignorant, but to those who are supposed to be educated, and who are in a position to enjoy the luxuries of life. A taste for what is vile is more easily excited than an admiration for what is noble. Details of suicides, murders, and adulteries are always welcome to the half-educated, and become after a time agreeable to those who, although more cultivated, have little else to read. As the very worst of these publications, the *Petit Journal* enjoys the largest circulation. Like certain English newspapers which boast of having "the largest circulation in the world," it sets forth, as its best advertisement, the number of copies published. Its competitors have to resort to other measures. They bribe as well as boast. For example, the regular subscriber to the *Événement* was presented at Christmas last with a box of oranges; and whoever then paid a quarter's subscription in advance might also come in for a chance of the same precious reward. At the present time the two rivals are tempting the public with gratis copies of Victor Hugo's *Misérables* or *Travailleurs de la Mer*, as inducements to buy the literary rubbish which they offer at a low price, but which would be dear as a gift.

Each of the enterprising gentlemen we have named possesses a number of other journals, which differ in little but the titles from those already noticed. There are others in the market, but none of them can surpass those we have named in appealing with effect to the most depraved tastes of readers, one alone excepted. This is called *Colombine*. It came before the world with the recommendation of being edited by an actress, and having actresses for contributors. The life of the world of vice was to be made public in its columns. We do not think that its success equalled the expectations of its founders. Indeed, in place of being more attractive than the

established organs of bad' reputation, it proved far duller than the *Petit Journal*. The revelations it contained were not novel; the anecdotes were devoid of piquancy. Its originality consisted in being printed on pink paper, and this, though appropriate enough, was yet hardly sufficient to compensate for its drawbacks. But the badness of all these papers is less to be wondered at than the fatuity of a Government which can think it a duty to encourage them. That it should do so is an irrefragable proof that vice, and not virtue, is in favor at Court. It proves, moreover, that so long as French men of letters do not call in question the Emperor's policy, they may publish with impunity the most wretched and demoralizing trash.

Before a Frenchman dare print and vend a newspaper containing the slightest allusion to politics, he must deposit a large sum as caution-money, and obtain the permission of the Government. He may be perfectly inoffensive, and mean no harm to his fellows, but, on the contrary, may desire to benefit them as much as to enrich himself. Should he succeed in obtaining the requisite permission, he has another difficulty to contend against—namely, the tax in the shape of a stamp which is affixed to each number of a licensed paper. The effect of this is, of course, to oblige him to charge a higher price for his journal than may be charged for one which is unstamped. Suppose him, on the other hand, to be a speculator who is solely animated by a desire to gain a large return for his outlay, he will find no hindrance should he wish to own a newspaper. If he confines himself to retailing scandal, he may found as many papers as he pleases. He may sell them at a price within the means of the poorest class of readers, because he has no security to give, and no stamp to purchase. He is thus unchecked in his desire to work as much mischief, and get in return as much profit, as possible. He may even count on the approbation of courtiers, and the patronage of Ministers. He is certain to be invited to all the State balls. He will rejoice to think that he inhabits a country where respectable newspapers enjoy the minimum of liberty, and disreputable ones indulge in the maximum of license.

It is not uncommon for the devoted adherents of the Imperial dynasty to deny that the press in France is fettered. They are fond of asserting that, so long as the law is not violated, entire freedom of expression is allowed. They will probably add, if questioned as to the nature of the law, that it resembles that which in England punishes a journalist who libels his fellow-men. A foreigner will assuredly be told by them that in France the press is really as free as elsewhere, inasmuch as whoever will may found a newspaper. This is in a sense undeniable. But it is equally true, and equally misleading, to say that a manacled prisoner is not to be pitied because he may dance. When appealed to, the prisoner would assuredly say that he considers freedom to mean the power of leaving the gaol and going where he pleases, as well as of moving his shackled limbs within the four walls of his cell. As matters now are in Paris, the *Journal des Débats* may say nothing displeasing to the authorities without endangering its existence, whereas the *Petit Journal* may publish whatever suits its purpose, heedless of any unpleasant consequences. The fool may bray, but the sage's mouth is forcibly closed. "Timothée Trimm" is applauded when he writes something unusually coarse or silly, while Prévost-Paradol is prosecuted should he criticise the acts of the Government with the prescience of a statesman and the calmness of a philosopher.

The Art Journal.

MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

JAMES HOGG.

WHEN James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, visited London, in January, 1832, he produced in "literary circles" a sensation almost as great as might have been created by the removal of Ben Nevis to Blackheath. The world of London was idle then, and the incident became an event.

It was a rare and curious sight to see the Shepherd fêted in aristocratic salons; mingling among the learned and polite of all grades—clumsily, but not rudely;

he was rustic, without being coarse; not attempting to ape the refinement to which he was unused; but seeming perfectly aware that all eyes were upon him, and accepting admiration as a right.*

He was my guest several times during that period of unnatural excitement which there can be no question shortened his life; and at my house he met many of his literary contemporaries, whom he might not otherwise have known.

In society, where, as I have intimated, he was easy and self-possessed, because natural, his glowing and kindly countenance, his rousing and hearty laugh, the quaintness of his remarks, his gentle or biting satire, the continual flow of homely wit, the rough, but perfectly becoming manner in which he sung his own Jacobite songs, all gained for him, personally, the golden opinions previously accorded to his writings; and the visit of James Hogg to the Metropolis was not a failure, but a success.

On the 25th of January, 1832, a public dinner was given to him in the great hall of the Freemason's Tavern; nominally it was to commemorate the birthday of Robert Burns, but really to receive the Shepherd. There were many men of note present; among others, two of the sons of Burns, Lockhart, Basil Hall, Allan Cunningham, and others of equal or lesser note; the most conspicuous of the guests being Mr. Aiken, then consul at Archangel, to whom Burns had, half a century before, addressed his famous lines—"Epistle to a Young Friend."

The dinner had been ordered for two hundred; but long before it appeared on the table, four hundred persons had assembled to partake of it; it will be easy to conceive the terrible confusion that ensued, as steward after steward rushed about the room, seizing food wherever he could find it, and bearing it off in triumph to the empty dishes laid before his friends, over which it became necessary for him to stand guard, while the wrathful clamor of those who

had nothing was effectually drowned by the bagpipes—two pipers pacing leisurely round the hall. It was no wonder, therefore, if the guests were indignant, for each had paid twenty-five shillings for his ticket of admission, and certainly many were sent hungry away.

Sir John Malcolm, a gallant Scottish soldier, who had gained "the bubble reputation" in the east, and who, as an author, added bays to his laurels, was in the chair.

When the usual toasts had been given, THE toast of the evening was announced; but the toast-master had no idea that a guest thus honored was nothing more than a simple shepherd, and consequently conceived he was doing his duty best when to the assembled crowd he announced "a bumper toast to the health of *Mister Shepherd*;" there was a roar throughout the building, and the hero of the day joined in the laugh as heartily as the guests.

Up rose a man, hale and hearty as a mountain breeze, fresh as a branch of hill-side heather, with a visage unequivocally Scotch, high cheek bones, a sharp and clear gray eye, an expansive forehead, sandy hair, and with ruddy cheeks, which the late nights and late mornings of a month in London had not yet sallowed. His form was manly and muscular, and his voice strong and glad-some, with a rich Scottish accent, which he, probably, on that occasion, rather heightened than depressed. His appearance that evening may be described in one word—and that word purely English. It was HEARTY!

He expressed his "great satisfaction at meeting so numerous and respectable an assembly—met in so magnificent an edifice for such an object." He was proud that he had been born a poet, proud that his humble name should have been associated with that of his mighty predecessor Burns. That indeed was fame, and nobody, henceforward, would venture to insinuate that he had not acquired some share of true greatness after the honor which had been conferred upon him by the literary public of such a metropolis. He loved literature for its own sake, and he gloried in his connection with his country. The muse, it was true, had found him a poor shepherd, and a poor shepherd he still re-

* Hogg, in one of his Lay Sermons, says: "For upwards of twenty years I have mixed with all classes of society, and as I never knew to which I belonged, I have been perfectly free and at my ease with them all."

mained after all; but in his cultivation of poetry, he was influenced by far prouder motives, and more elevated considerations, and he was not without his reward. After expatiating on his literary labors, the shepherd concluded by repeating his thanks for the favors he had experienced, and hoped that the overflowings of a grateful heart would not be the less acceptable because they might be conveyed in "an uncouth idiom and barbarous phraseology."*

The applause that followed his racy remarks—a brief history of his life—and his expressions of wonder at finding himself where he was, and how he was, might have turned a stronger brain than that of James Hogg.†

I have always understood that this was his first and only visit to London, and so I believe it is described by all his biographers. But in his autobiography he states—"I went to England during the summer"—the date is not given; it seems to have been in the year 1801, and he does not intimate that he went so far as London. Yet in Lucy Aiken's *Memoirs and Remains*, I find this story told by her in a letter to Mr. E. Aiken. It is dated 1817:

"Mrs. Opie, who is still in London, was holding one of her usual Sunday morning lectures, when up comes the footman, much ruffled, to tell her that a man in a smock frock was below—who wanted to speak to her—would take no denial—could not be got away. Down she goes to investigate the matter. The rustic advances—nothing abashed. 'I am James Hogg, the Ettrick

Shepherd.' The poet is had up to the drawing room, smock frock and all, and introduced to everybody. Presently he pulls out a paper—some verses which he had written that morning, and would read, if agreeable. With a horrid Scotch accent and charity-boy twang, he got through some staves, nobody understanding a line. 'Mr. Hogg,' says Mrs. Opie, 'I think, if you will excuse me, I could do more justice to your verses than yourself;' so takes them from him, and with her charming delivery, causes them to be voted very pretty. On inquiry it is found that the shepherd is on a visit to Lady Cork, the great patroness of lions."

For this very circumstantial statement, I believe there is no foundation whatever; certainly in that year, 1817, Hogg was not in London, and one is at a loss to comprehend whether some pretender imposed on good Mrs. Opie and her friends, or whether the story is pure invention.

Hogg has given us an autobiography, from his birth up to a late—but not a very late—period of his life. His vanity was so inartificial as to be absolutely amusing; he avowed and seemed proud of it, as one of his natural rights. "I like to write about myself"—that sentence begins his autobiography; and the sensation is kept up to the end. Accordingly, he speaks, "fearlessly and unreservedly out;" but bating his belief that he beat Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth, on their own ground, and that he originated *Blackwood's Magazine*—enough remains to exhibit a man of great natural powers, who merits the high place he obtained in the literary history of his age and country. It is, indeed, a record of wonderful triumphs over difficulties almost without parallel.

He stated himself to have been born on the 25th of January, 1772: but the parish register gives the date of his birth—9th December, 1770. There is, consequently, a confusion as to the actual time,* as there is about the actual place, some according the honor to "Ettrick Hall," others to "Ettrick House," each of which, notwithstanding its high-

* I copy this passage from the *Times*, of January 26th, 1833.

† He does not appear to have written much in reference to his stay in London. A passage on the subject, however, occurs in one of his Lay Sermons (to which I shall refer presently) that may be worth quoting: "I must always regard the society of London as the pink of what I have seen in the world. I met most of the literary ladies, and confess that I liked them better than the blue-stockings of Edinburgh. Their general information is not superior to that of their northern sisters; perhaps it may be said that it is less determined; but then they never assume so much. . . . Among the nobility and gentry, I felt myself most at home, and most at my ease. There was no straining for superiority there. . . . The impression left on my mind by mingling with the first society of London is that of perfection, and what I would just wish society to be."—*Lay Sermon on Good Breeding*.

* The birthday of Robert Burns was the 25th January. Hogg dearly loved to be likened to his great countryman, and it is believed in this case "the wish was father to the thought;" that he post-dated his birth. The point, however, is by no means settled, and we have a right to give James the benefit of the doubt.

sounding title, was a humble cottage not far removed from a hut. The unpoetic name, Hogg, which he was always better pleased to exchange for that of the "Ettrick Shepherd," is said to have been derived from a far-away ancestor—a pirate, or a sea king, one Haug of Norway. He was born a shepherd, of a race of shepherds, the youngest of four sons. His father was in no way remarkable,* but, as with all men of intellectual power, he inherited mental strength from his mother, Margaret Laidlaw, "a pious, though uneducated woman, who loved her husband, her children, and her Bible; her memory was stored with border ballads; she was a firm believer in kelpies, brownies, and others of the good people," stories concerning which from his earliest infancy she poured into the greedy ears of her son. They were the seed that bore the fruit.

He had a few months' schooling—the schoolhouse being close to his cottage door. At seven years old, however, it was needful that he should do work; and he was hired by a neighboring farmer, his half year's wages being "one ewe lamb, and a pair of shoes."†

From his childhood he had a perpetual struggle with untoward fate; "chill penury repressed his noble rage;" from his birth almost to his death, as his biographer writes, "he was always in deep waters, where nothing was above the surface but the head;" yet the historian of his singular and wayward life has little to say to his discredit, and nothing to his dishonor. He has to record more of temptations resisted than of culpabilities encouraged; and although by no means a man of regular habits, Hogg never so far yielded to dissipation as to be ignored even by the very scrupulous among his countrymen. Wayward indeed he was; he quarrelled with his true friend, Scott, but the mag-

nanimous man sought reconciliation with his irritable brother. To Wilson, another true friend, he wrote a letter which, according to his own admission, was "full of abusive epithets;" with all the publishers he was perpetually at war.

In judging a character, regard must be had to the circumstances under which it is formed; and Hogg might have been pardoned by posterity if he had fallen far more short than he did of the high standard which it is perhaps necessary for our teachers* to set up; while it is certain that his voluminous and varied writings were designed and are calculated to uphold the cause of righteousness and virtue.

He was employed, almost from infancy, in tending sheep, herding cows—doing anything that a very child could do—and ran about, ill-clad, bare-footed, learning from Nature, and Nature only, eating scanty meals by wayside brooks, and drinking from some crystal stream near at hand; serving twelve masters before he had reached his fifteenth year, enduring hunger often, suffering much from over-toll, sleeping in stables and cow-houses, associating only with four-footed beasts over which he kept watch and ward, picking up, how and when he could, a little learning, hearing from many—from his mother especially—the old ballad songs of Scotland, and acquiring in early youth, the cognomen of "Jamie the Poeter," writing poems as he tended his unruly flock; and at length rising out of the mire in which circumstances seemed to have plunged him, to become notorious—nay, famous—as one of the men of whom Scotland, so fertile of great and glorious women and men, is rightly and justly proud.

These are the eloquent words of his eloquent countryman, Professor Wilson, in reference to the earlier career of Hogg:

"He passed a youth of poverty and hardship—but it was the youth of a lonely shepherd among the most beautiful pastoral valleys in the world; and in that solitary life in which seasons of spirit-stirring activity are followed by seasons of contemplative repose, how many years passed over him rich in impressions of sense and in dreams of fancy. His haunts were among scenes

* In 1814, Wordsworth, during his visit to Scotland, had "refreshment" at the cottage of Hogg's father, "a shepherd, a fine old man, more than eighty years of age."

† Scott, writing to Byron, says of Hogg: "Hogg could literally neither read nor write till a very late period of his life, and when he first distinguished himself by his poetical talent, could neither spell nor write grammar;" and Lockhart states that he had "taught himself to write by copying the letters of a printed book, as he lay watching his flock by the hill-side."

* The most remote and inaccessible
By shepherds trode.'

And living for years in solitude, he unconsciously formed friendships with the springs, the brooks, the caves, the hills, and with all the more fleeting and faithless pageantry of the sky, that to him came in the place of those human affections from whose indulgence he was debarred by the necessities that kept him aloof from the cottage fire, and up among the mists on the mountain top. . . . To feel the full power of his genius, we must go with him

'Beyond this visible diurnal sphere,'

and walk through the shadowy world of the imagination. . . . The still green beauty of the pastoral hills and vales where he passed his youth inspired him with ever-brooding visions of fairy land—till, as he lay musing in his lonely shieling, the world of fantasy seemed, in the clear depths of his imagination, a lovelier reflection of that of nature, like the hills and heavens more softly shining in the waters of his native lake."

In 1801, a chance visit to Edinburgh, in charge of a flock of sheep for sale, led to his "engaging" a printer to print sundry of his poems. They did not find, nor were they entitled to find, fame; and he continued a shepherd until another and a happier "chance" came in his way.

When Scott was seeking materials for his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, he made the acquaintance of William Laidlaw, a peasant with whom he contracted an enduring friendship. Hogg had been his father's servant, and as Laidlaw knew his enthusiasm concerning the subject of Scott's search, he brought them together, being especially anxious to do so because "Jamie's mother" had "by heart" many old Scottish ballads. Scott found a brother poet, a true son of Nature and Genius, and continued to befriend him to the close of his life.

Soon after "auspicious fate" thus brought him into connection with Walter Scott, he was cheered and invigorated, for awhile, by the sun of prosperity. Subscribers to his *Mountain Bard*, and a sum paid to him for what he calls "that celebrated work, *Hogg on Sheep*," made him so suddenly rich (for he was master of £300) that he "went perfectly mad," took a large pasture farm, lost all his money, and was again as poor as ever; until, in 1810, he wrapped his plaid about his shoulders and marched to Edinburgh to become a man of letters

"by profession." The wayward, vain, and erratic man of genius encountered more than the usual impediments. At that period, he wrote of himself that he was "a common shepherd, who never was at school, who went to service at seven years old, and could neither read nor write with any degree of accuracy when thirty;" yet who had "set up for a connoisseur in manners, taste, and genius." Thus he alludes to a periodical work, *The Spy*, of which he was for a time the editor.

He became, therefore, "by profession a man of letters." Afterwards, he pursued that "profession" through many varied paths—writing plays, poems and prose, getting money now and then, by fits and starts, but on the whole, "doing badly," and obtaining a large amount of popularity with an infinitesimal portion of actual gain.

In 1814, he was presented with the small farm of "Altrive Lake, in the wilds of Yarrow," by the Duke of Buccleuch: no doubt the suggestion came from Walter Scott. It was a great boon to Hogg, for "it gave him a habitation among his native woods and streams." Here he built a cottage, married, took a large farm, Mount Benger, found he had not half enough money to stock it, and gradually drooped down, until at the age of sixty, he had "not a sixpence in the world."*

Yet, on the whole, he led a happy life. "Some may think," he writes, "that I must have worn out a life of misery and wretchedness; but the case has been quite the reverse. I never knew either man or woman who has been so uniformly happy as I have been; which has been partly owing to a good constitution, and partly to the conviction that a heavenly gift, conferring the powers of immortal song, was inherent in my soul. Indeed, so uniformly smooth and happy has my married life been, that, on a retrospect, I cannot distinguish one part from another, save by some remarkably good days of fishing, shooting, and curling on the ice."

* "A pardonable vanity," writes Lockhart, "made him convert his cottage into an unpaid hostelry for the reception of endless troops of thoughtless admirers;" the natural consequence was a mesh of pecuniary difficulties from which he was never disentangled.

I have great pleasure in again transcribing a few passages from one of his Lay Sermons:

"I am an old man, and of course, my sentiments are those of an old man; but I am not like one of those crabbed philosophers who rail at the state which they cannot reach, for, in sincerity of heart, I believe that hitherto no man has enjoyed a greater share of felicity than I have. It is well known in what a labyrinth of poverty and toil my life has been spent, but I never repined, for when subjected to the greatest and most humiliating disdain and reproaches, I always rejoiced in the consciousness that I did not deserve them. I have rejoiced in the prosperity of my friends, and have never envied any man's happiness. I have never intentionally done evil to any living soul; and knowing how little power I had to do good to others, I never missed an opportunity that came within the reach of my capacity to do it. I have not only been satisfied, but most thankful to the Giver of all good, for my sublunary blessings, the highest of all for a grateful heart that enjoys them; and I have always accustomed myself to think more on what I have than on what I want. I have seen but little of life, but I have looked minutely into that little, and I assure you, on the faith of a poet and a philosopher, that I have been able to trace the miseries and misfortunes of many of my friends solely to the situation in which they were placed, and which other men envied; and I never knew a man happy with a great fortune, who would not have been much happier without it. Nor did I ever know a vicious person, or one who scoffed at religion, happy."

We have other testimony beside his own that the goodness of his nature made the happiness of his life.

The Rev. James Russell, of Yarrow at a festival in honor of the poet, when the statue was inaugurated, thus touchingly referred to the social and domestic habits and feelings of the poet he had long known and loved:

"Much it testified for his home affections that, while spending a season in London, where he was fêted and flattered by all parties, he sent down 'A New-Year's Gift for his children,' in the form of a few simple prayers and hymns, written expressly for their use. I cannot forget him as the kind master of a household, indulgent perhaps to a fault, and how he was wont, as the Sabbath evening came round, to take down 'the big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride,' for the worship of God, and to exercise his domestics in the Shorter Catechism. I cannot forget the attractions of his social companionship, his lively fancy, or his flashes of merriment that

set the table in a roar. I cannot forget his intense sympathy with the joys and sorrows of cottage life, nor his generous aid in bringing the means of education (all the more valued from his own early disadvantages) within the reach of the shepherds and peasantry around him."

Perhaps the name of the Ettrick Shepherd was made more famous in England by the lavish and sometimes inconsiderate use of it in *Blackwood's Magazine*, than by all his many poems and tales in prose and verse. Few read nowadays, his "Mountain Bard," or his "Queen's Wake;" and "Bonny Kilmeny" is known chiefly by its pleasant sound, while the "Brownie of Bodsbeck" and his "Tales of the Covenanters" were long ago laid on the shelf.* The shepherd is, however, immortalized in the "Noctes." It is understood that Hogg protested against the "too much familiarity that breeds contempt," and it is certain that he was often "shown up" in a way that could not have been agreeable; but of a surety, it gave him notoriety, if it did not bring him fame; and it is not improbable that he preferred thus to be talked about to the not being talked about at all. That his friend Wilson meant him no serious wrong is certain, for Wilson was of those who most esteemed and regarded him. In one of his letters to Hogg, Wilson promises to abstain from introducing him into the "Noctes;" "if, indeed, that be disagreeable to you." "But," he adds, "all the idiots in existence shall never persuade me that in those dialogues you are not respected and honored, and that they have not spread the fame of your genius and your virtues all over Europe, America, Asia, and Africa."

* A very beautiful edition of Hogg's works, poetry and prose, was published in 1865, in two large volumes, by Messrs. Blackie of Glasgow. It is a worthy monument to his memory; far more enduring than the statue that stands by St. Mary's Loch. The illustrations, of which there are many, are from the admirable pencil of D. O. Hill; the landscapes, that is to say—for there are several capital figure-prints by an artist of rare merit with whom we are too little acquainted, K. Halswelle. The biography is by the Rev. Thomas Thomson; it is charmingly written, with a genuine love of the subject, a thorough appreciation of the man, and an earnest desire to do him justice. Altogether, no writer of our time has been more satisfactorily dealt with, as regards editor, artists, and publisher.

Like Wordsworth's Peddler, he was

"a man
Whom no one could have passed without re-
mark ;
Active and nervous in his gait ; his limbs
And his whole figure breathe intelligence."

Thus he is described by one who loved him much, and whose name might have been associated with the foremost worthies of his country, had not an "evil destiny" placed him, while yet young, in a position of independence—to whom "letters" have, therefore, ever since been a relaxation and not a pursuit ; but who, sometimes, supplies proof that Scotland in obtaining a valuable sheriff lost a rare poet. I refer to Henry Glassford Bell, who, on the occasion of inaugurating the statue of Hogg, thus pictured his friend : "We remember his sturdy form, and shrewd, familiar face ; his kindly greetings, and his social cheer ; his summer angling, and his winter curling ; his welcome presence at kirk and market, and border game ; and, above all, how his gray eye sparkled as he sang, in his own simple and unadorned fashion, those rustic ditties in which a manly vigor of sentiment was combined with unexpected grace, sweetness, and tenderness."

This is Lockhart's portrait ("Peter's Letters") : "His hair is of the true Sicanbrian yellow ; his eyes are of the lightest, and at the same time of the clearest, blue ; his forehead is finely, but strangely, shaped—the regions of pure fancy and of pure wit being largely developed ; his countenance is eloquent, both in its gravity and levity," and he adds, "he could have undergone very little change since he was a herd on Yarrow."

The Rev. Mr. Thomson, his biographer, thus pictures him. "In height he was five feet, ten inches and a half ; his broad chest and square shoulders indicated health and strength, while a well-rounded leg, and small ankle and foot, showed the active shepherd who could outstrip the runaway sheep." His hair in his younger days was auburn, slightly inclining to yellow, which afterwards became a dark brown mixed with gray ; his eyes, which were dark blue, were bright and intelligent. His features were irregular, while his eye and ample forehead

redeemed the countenance from every charge of commonplace homeliness. And Lockhart thus, with unusual generosity, gives an insight into his character : "The great beauty of this man's deportment, to my mind, lies in the unaffected simplicity with which he retains, in many respects, the external manners and appearance of his original station, blending all, however, with a softness and manly courtesy, derived, perhaps, in the main, rather from the natural delicacy of his mind and temperament, than from the influence of anything he has learned by mixing more largely in the world."

The following tribute to the memory of Hogg, I take from the speech of Professor Aytoun, delivered at the Burns Festival in 1844—a scene I have described in my *Memory of Professor Wilson* :

"Who is there that has not heard of the Ettrick Shepherd—of him whose inspiration descended as lightly as the breeze that blows along the mountain sides—who saw, among the lonely and sequestered glens of the south, from eyelids touched with fairy ointment, such visions as are vouchsafed to the minstrel alone—the dream of sweet Kilmeny, too spiritual for the taint of earth ? I shall not attempt any comparison—for I am not here to criticise—between his genius and that of other men, on whom God, in his bounty, has bestowed the great and the marvellous gift. The songs and the poetry of the Shepherd are now the nation's own, as indeed they long have been, and amid the minstrelsy of the choir who have made the name of Scotland and her peasantry familiar throughout the wide reach of the habitable world, the clear, wild notes of the forest will forever be heard to ring. I have seen him many times by the banks of his own romantic Yarrow ; I have sat with him in the calm and sunny weather by the margin of Saint Mary's lake ; I have seen his eyes sparkle and his cheek flush as he spoke out some old heroic ballad of the days of the Douglas and the Graeme ; and I have felt as I have listened to the accents of his manly voice, that while Scotland could produce among her children such men as him beside me, her ancient spirit had not departed from her, nor the star of her glory grown pale. For he was a man, indeed, cast in nature's happiest mould. True-hearted, and brave, and generous, and sincere ; alive to every kindly impulse, and fresh at the core to the last, he lived among his native hills the blameless life of the shepherd and the poet ; and on the day when he was laid beneath the sod in the lonely kirk-yard of Ettrick, there was not one dry eye

among the hundreds that lingered round his grave."

I quote the testimony of Professor Wilson, in respect to the peculiar character of his poetic power :

"Whenever he treats of fairy-land, his language insensibly becomes, as it were, soft, mild, and aerial—we could almost think that we heard the voice of one of the fairy folk—still and serene images seem to rise up with the wild music of the inspiration, and the poet deludes us for the time into an unquestioning and satisfied belief in the existence of those 'green realms of bliss,' of which he himself seems to be a native minstrel. In this department of pure poetry, the Ettrick Shepherd has, among his own countrymen at least, no competitor. He is the poet-laureate of the Court of Faëry. The pastoral valleys of the south of Scotland look to him as their best-beloved poet—all their wild and gentle superstitions have blended with his being."

Of all his many original, and some of his very beautiful compositions, there are not a few that take their place among the more perfect poems of the age. That from which I quote this verse is surely of them :

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea !
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling place,
Oh ! to abide in the desert with thee !
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth ;
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying ?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth !"

Southey—ever a safe guide—writes of James Hogg as "a worthy fellow, and a man of very extraordinary powers ;" and Wordsworth pays a graceful and grateful compliment to one who was his "guide" when first he saw "the stream of Yarrow."

The poet also wrote some memorable lines when he learned the death of one he esteemed and valued—when "Ettrick mourned her Shepherd dead."

Mrs. Hall, in one of her Recollections, describes an evening party at her house, in which, among the guests, were James Hogg, Maria Edgeworth, Allan Cunningham, Colonel James Glencairn Burns, Lætitia Landon, Procter, Miss Maria J. Jewsbury, Emma Roberts,

William Jerdan, Mrs. Hofland, Laman Blanchard, Richard Lalor Shiel, and Sir David Wilkie. Others, no doubt, might be called to mind who there met on that evening. They have all (excepting Procter and Jerdan) passed from earth. This is the portrait she then drew of Hogg: "I can recall James Hogg sitting on the sofa—his countenance flushed with the excitement and the 'toddy'—(he had come to us from a dinner with Sir George Warrender, whom some wag spoke of as Sir George Provender)—expressing wild earnestness, not, I thought, unmingled with irascibility. He was then, certainly, more like a buoyant Irishman than a steady son of the soil of the thistle, as he shouted forth, in an untuneable voice, songs that were his own especial favorites; giving us some account of the origin of each at its conclusion. One I particularly remember—'The Woman Folk.' 'Ha, Ha!' he exclaimed, echoing our applause with his own broad hands—that song, which I am often forced to sing to the *leddies*, sometimes against my will, that song will never be sung so well again by any one after I be done wi' it." I remember Cunningham's comment, 'That's because you have the *nature* in you!'"

Hogg's birthplace and his grave are but a few hundred yards asunder. Ettrick kirk is modern; but the kirkyard is so old that the rude forefathers of Ettrick have been laid there for many centuries. A plain headstone marks the poet's grave; it contains this inscription:

"James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who was born at Ettrick Hall in 1770, and died at Altrive Lake the 21st day of November, 1835."

The place of his death was some miles distant from that of his birth and burial; but there his people lay; there he desired to lie, and to that kirkyard his widow rightly conveyed him; his widow—for in 1820, he married Miss Margaret Phillips, a young lady of respectable family; "and," writes his generous biographer, "no choice he ever made was so wise, and at the same time, so fortunate."* She survived him, and so did one son and three daughters.

* Margaret, the widow of James Hogg, received in January, 1854, one of the crown pen-

When he was interred in Ettrick kirk-yard, a thoughtful and loving friend, a peasant, as he himself had been, brought some clumps of daisies from one of the far-off nooks he loved, to plant upon his grave; and by its side stood Professor Wilson; as one of Hogg's friends writes, "It was a sight to see that grand old man, head uncovered, his long hair waving in the wind; the tears streaming down his cheeks."

Thus, the shepherd sleeps among his kindred, his friends, his companions—associates from youth to age—in the bosom of Ettrick Dale, so often the subject of his fervid song. The debt he asked for has been paid; the green turf of his native valley covers the clay that inclosed the lofty, genial, and generous spirit of a truly great man:

"Thee I'll sing, and when I dee,
Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me.
Pausing swains will say, and weep,
'Here our Shepherd lies asleep.'"

But the grave-stone at Ettrick is not the only monument to James Hogg. "Auld Scotland," after pausing, perhaps, too long, made a move; and a statue of the Ettrick Shepherd was erected in Ettrick Dale.

That monument is the work of Mr. Andrew Currie, R.S.A., and was erected in 1860, by subscription, mainly owing to the efforts of the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D. The Bard of Ettrick is seated on "an oak root—an appropriate relic of the Forest." The poet's well-knit muscular form is partly enveloped in his plaid, which crosses one shoulder, and falls gracefully upon his finely-moulded limbs. His coat is closely buttoned; he plants his sturdy staff firmly on the ground with his right hand, and holds in his left a scroll, inscribed with the last line of "The Queen's Wake"—

"Hath taught the wandering winds to sing."

"Hector," the Poet's favorite dog, rests lovingly at his feet, with head erect, surveying the hills behind, as if conscious of his duties in tending the

flocks during the poetic reverie of his master.

The panels of the pedestal contain appropriate inscriptions from "The Queen's Wake."

The statue stands on an elevation, midway between the two lakes—St. Mary's Loch and the Lowes Loch. They are in the centre of a district renowned in picture and in song, rich in traditionary lore and consecrated by heroic deeds in the olden time. Legendary Yarrow pours its waters into St. Mary's lake. It was "lone St. Mary's silent lake," that specially delighted the poet Wordsworth, visiting Yarrow; suggesting the often quoted lines:

"The swan on still St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

It was the lake that moved the muse of Scott:

"Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink,
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land."

The poet while he lived must have often looked from that very spot over the grand view thence obtained of fertile land and clear water; and here, no doubt, if his spirit is permitted to revisit earth, he often wanders—about the scenes he has commemorated in prose and in verse.

These are the eloquent words of Sheriff Bell, at the festival when the statue was inaugurated:

"And now that monument is there, before you, adding a new feature to this romantic land; announcing to all comers that Scotland never forgets her native poets; teaching the lowliest laborer that genius and the rewards of genius are limited to no rank or condition; upholding in its Doric and manly simplicity the dignity of humble worth; and bidding the Tweed, and the Yarrow, the Ettrick, the Teviot, and the Gala, sparkle more brightly, as they 'roll on their way,' for the Shepherd who murmured by their banks a music sweeter than their own, is to be seen once more by the side of his own Loch Mary. There let it remain in the summer winds and the winter showers, never destined to be passed carelessly by, as similar testimonials too often are in the crowded thoroughfares of cities, but gladdening the heart of many an admiring pilgrim, who will feel at this shrine

sions, £50 a year, "in consideration of her husband's poetical talent," and in February, 1858, an annual sum from the same source was awarded to Jessie P. Hogg, "in consideration of the literary merits of her father."

that the *donum naturæ*, the great gift of song, can only come from on high, and who, as he wends on his way, will waken the mountain echoes with the Shepherd's glowing strains, wedded to some grand old melody of Scotland, one of those many melodies which have given energy to the swords of her heroes, and inspiration to the lyres of her poets!"*

Hogg survived but a short time his sympathizing and generous friend, Sir Walter Scott. Lockhart says: "It had been better for Hogg's fame had his end been of earlier date; for he did not follow his best benefactor until he had insulted his dust." But that blot upon his memory is not justified by evidence; Lockhart's indignation was excited by Hogg's publication, *The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott*, published after Scott's death. I have not seen it, and it is not reprinted in Blackie's edition of his works; but I willingly accept the statement of his biographer, that "notwithstanding the little vanity that occasionally peeps out," it is amply redeemed by "high and just appreciation of his illustrious mentor, and the affectionate enthusiasm of his details." Neither has there been a reprint of his very singular book, *Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding*, published by Fraser, in 1834, a copy of which he presented to Mrs. Hall. It is full of practical wisdom, contains some striking anecdotes concerning himself and his experience, and bears the strongest and most conclusive evidence of his trust in Divine Providence and his entire faith in Christianity. I must express my regret that this most beautiful and useful volume has been overlooked by the Rev. Mr. Thomson in republishing the works of James Hogg; and I earnestly counsel Messrs. Blackie to reprint it, not only as an act of justice to the memory of the writer, but as a means of rendering incalculable service to the cause of virtue and religion.

* Professor Wilson, as Christopher North, in 1824 ("Noctes Ambrosianæ"), thus prophesied the after destiny of Hogg: "My beloved Shepherd, some half-century hence, your effigy will be seen on some bonny green knove in the forest, with its honest face looking across St. Mary's Loch and up towards the Gray Mare's Tail, while by moonlight all your own fairies will dance round its pedestal."

Among the worthies of Scotland, James Hogg holds, and will ever hold, a foremost place. A country so fertile of great men and great women may be, as it is, proud of his genius. Among "uneducated poets" he stands broadly out—beyond them all; generally they were "poets," and nothing more. The prose of Hogg has many claims to merit; his tales are full of interest, and often manifest great power; and if he wrote much—far more than others of his "class"—he wrote much that was good, and nothing—at least so far as general readers know—that was bad.*

Bentley's Miscellany.

JOURNAL OF AN AIDE-DE-CAMP.†

I.

AT the commencement of the year 1847, I was selected by the Crown Prince of M., a general in the Prussian service, and Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment of Lancers to which I belonged, to accompany him as aide-de-camp. The Prince was seeking a southern climate

* I have preserved one of his letters to Mrs. Hall; it is characteristic, and I may be justified in printing it:

"MOUNT BENGER, May 22d, 1830.

"MY DEAR MRS. HALL:

"It signifies little how much a man admires a woman when he cannot please her. I think it perhaps the most unfortunate thing that can befall him, and of all creatures ever I met with, you are the most capricious and the hardest to please. I wish I had you for a few days to wander with me through the romantic dells of Westmoreland. As this is never likely to happen, so I have no hopes of ever pleasing you. I have received both your flattering letters, and I'll not tell you how much I think of you, for I am very angry with you, and have always been since ever I saw your name first in print, to say nothing of writing, which is far worse; but if the face and form be as I have painted them mentally, and a true index to the mind, you are a jewel. It will be perhaps as good for us both that my knowledge of you never extend further, as it would be a pity to spoil a dream so delicious.

"I sent you a very good tale, and one of those with which I delight to harrow up the little souls of my own family. I say it is a *very good* tale, and *exactly* fit for children, and nobody else; and your letter to me occasioned me writing one of the best poems ever dropped from my pen, in ridicule of yours and the modern system of education. Give it to Mr. Hall. As I think shame to put my name to such mere commonplace things as you seem to want, I have sent you a letter from an English widow.

"Yours most affectionately,
"JAMES HOGG."

† It may add to the interest of these passages to mention that the personages and incidents of them are all real, the names alone being withheld, and a few merely trivial touches altered, to avoid wounding those still living. It is simply what it is stated to be—extracts from the diary, and snatches from the reminiscences, of the writer.

for his only daughter, the Princess Hermingilde, whose health had suddenly assumed a character that caused him the most serious anxiety.

Eighteen months previously the young Princess had been with the Crown Prince at Baden, where the season had been unusually brilliant, and where she had been among the gayest of the gay, her rare loveliness having attracted the highest degree of admiration, more particularly among the strangers. It was within a few weeks after their return to M. that her health began visibly to fail, owing, it was thought, to a neglected cold. This at first created no alarm, as the Princess, though delicate in appearance, had ever been considered to possess a strong constitution, and certainly from her childhood had never exhibited the remotest symptoms of anything approaching to a consumptive tendency.

At length, however, it became too painfully evident that her malady, whatever was its nature, gained rapidly upon her, and the perplexed physicians, who were greatly at variance as to its origin, could only agree in recommending her passing the winter in a more genial clime, since it was manifestly evident that medical skill was of no avail.

In one of Italy's oldest and noblest cities, rich in all the gorgeous souvenirs of its former fame and greatness, the Prince had taken up his abode early in the month of January, living much retired himself, while I entered with a full sense of enjoyment into all the amusements of the carnival then just commenced, and which that year were even more than usually well sustained, owing to the great number of imperial and royal princes and families assembled there.

How often, and with what varied feelings, have I since glanced back upon this period, the reminiscences of which subsequent events in all their vivid and absorbing interest have deeply and painfully impressed upon me! The scene of festivity was drawing to a close, when, through the kindness of the Prince, I received an invitation to accompany him and the Princess, who occasionally, but very rarely, frequented these festive scenes, to a grand retinon at the Duchess de B.'s, to which he desired me to proceed with himself for the purpose of being presented to her royal highness.

The hour fixed for the reception was nine o'clock, and such was the punctuality rigidly enforced and required from those invited to the imperial and royal circles, that although only a few minutes had elapsed since the time specified had struck, on reaching the palace we found ourselves in the midst of a vast and brilliant crowd in the lower court, and on ascending the grand staircase we observed the saloons already nearly filled. The winter, for an Italian clime, had this year been unusually bleak and cold, but as we mounted the richly carpeted marble steps, on each side we inhaled the fragrance of shrubs and flowers redolent with all the perfume of a southern hemisphere.

On emerging from the ante-room we entered the great central saloon, near the entrance of which stood the Duchess, surrounded by a glittering throng of imperial and royal princes. On being presented to her, and received with her usual kind courtesy and urbanity, I could not but remark that however severely she had been visited by adversity since I last beheld her, nearly eighteen years previous, and however much her personal appearance had changed during the interval, her countenance, in its true and warm-hearted benevolence, and gay and animated spirit, was still the same.

Having paid my respects to her, I fell back in the midst of that noble crowd, and standing by one of the marble columns, I gazed upon the glittering scene around me. It was at once brilliant and animated, the array of a court without its monotony and reserve and wearying etiquette. There was a splendid display of loveliness, the fairer beauties of our northern clime mingling with the dark flashing eyes and voluptuous forms of the south; there was an assemblage of gorgeous uniforms, among which shone the jewelled insignia of the most splendid orders of chivalry in Europe, blending with the simpler costume of those whose great names and colossal talents had long distinguished them as the first statesmen of the Continent. The suite of saloons in which the company were assembled, were four in number, opening into each other. Of these, three were hung with paintings of the finest masters of the Italian school, which literally reached from the richly carved and gilt

ceilings to the marble floor, covered with carpets of the softest fabrics of the eastern looms; but the fourth was plain, and exhibited its walls only, panelled with a richly flowered dark green silk damask of the middle ages, edged with massive gilt mouldings, and further adorned by columns of jasper and verde antique. In the doorway leading to the last I had taken my station, and known but to few in that dazzling throng, I gazed with the deepest interest and attention upon the number of illustrious men and beautiful and no less distinguished women who moved around me.

The incidents of the evening were from the first impressed upon me, but I little thought then how subsequent events would imprint it upon my mind in characters never hereafter to be effaced! Who in that moment of gay and joyous revelry could have foreseen the fate of many—alas! how many!—of that proud and high-born assembly before eighteen short months should have elapsed from the period when they met here, in the flower of youth or manhood, replete with life, energy, and spirit? True, even then some murmured threatenings had been heard, some faint rumblings had shadowed forth the inward agitation of the slumbering volcano, but these lowering signs had passed unheeded by, or were carelessly and contemptuously glanced at even by the acutest and most far-seeing intellects, who little foresaw the eventual storm of madness and delirium of which they heralded the approach, and which shook the greater part of continental Europe to its foundation, ultimately obliging the real friends of liberty, civilization, and progress, to seek refuge from utter anarchy and disruption under the rigorous and iron rule of military despotism.

The fine young man wearing the order of the Golden Fleece was the Archduke Ferdinand Louis, and that handsome woman, smiling and beckoning towards him, was the young Princess Elena, his cousin, to whom he had recently been married, after a long and deeply cherished affection on either side. Sad and mournful was the fate awarded that fair bride of an imperial and royal house. He attained to high and brilliant fame the following year in many a bloody field, but sank into an early grave from

an infectious fever caught in the military hospitals, while laboring to sustain and console the spirits of the wounded and disabled soldiery. The tall, martial figure, wearing the uniform of the Hulan, or Lancer regiment, of which he was the colonel-in-chief, was the General Count de W., the representative of one of the oldest and noblest families of the Sarmatian aristocracy. He fell, mourned even by his enemies, in the masterly retreat from Milan upon Verona, an event which saved the Austrian army, if not the empire itself, from destruction. That handsome officer in the rich Hussar uniform was a scion of a race than whom none have ever been more celebrated for military fame and glory in the annals of aristocratic Britain. In the first campaign in Hungary, he was ordered with his squadron to support a battalion of infantry in their attempt to carry a strongly intrenched fortified position by assault. The fire, however, of the enemy was so murderous that the assailants gave way, and were in full and hasty retreat, which was gradually degenerating into a rout, when the gallant Englishman, with the proverbial valor of his country, sprang from his horse, and rushing to the head of the disordered column, seized the regimental standard, and called upon the men to follow him. His voice and example were magical; they rallied on the instant, and he led them forward to success and victory, but in that joyous moment he fell at their head, and tears rolled down many a bronzed, furrowed cheek, as his remains, on the conclusion of the action, were consigned to their last sad resting place.

That somewhat hard-featured, resolute, and sailor-like man in the naval uniform was Captain M. On the breaking out of the revolution, when all around was treason and disaffection on the part of those he commanded towards their sovereign, he alone stood firm in his loyalty and duty, and perished sooner than desert his post, a victim to his high-minded devotion. The tall, dark, thoughtful-looking general officer was the Baron von H. In the conflict at Santa Lucca, he was for some time cut off, and left unsupported with his brigade to sustain the brunt of the entire left wing of the Piedmontese army. He fell, but not before he had infused his own •

gallant and indomitable spirit into his men, who stood their ground resolute and determined to combat to the last, when, fortunately, they were relieved from their perilous position. That young, fine-looking officer of Cuirassiers, as he leans over that bright and fair-haired girl, was the Prince de T.; he whispered in her ear, and she blushed and looked down, and then her eyes were raised to his with a look of confiding trust and innocence, that implied what words could never sufficiently convey. Theirs was a sad, though eventually not unhappy history, which involves a tale of woman's truth and constancy that angels might glory in recording. In the bloody, and, for some time, uncertain combat at Custozza, the Prince was struck on the head with the fragment of a shell. Its more immediate fatal effects were averted by his helmet, but, on raising him from the ground, the countenance, which a few minutes previously had been the very model of manly beauty, was found to be lacerated and disfigured to an extent that made the spectators momentarily recoil in shuddering horror, while the sightless orbs proclaimed he had been struck with total blindness! When medical skill and ability had preserved his life, which was for a long time doubtful, and had partially remedied the fearful disfigurement he had sustained, he offered to his betrothed her release from her engagement, which it would be cruelty on his part to expect her to fulfil. The noble-minded girl, however, refused the proffered alternative; and when her lover, with the true self-denying spirit of a chivalrous nature, sought to conceal his place of abode, she tracked him to his place of retirement, threw herself upon his breast, and declared that, if he rejected the hand and heart that was wholly his own, the convent walls should inclose her for life. Did not such a union merit the happiness that crowned it?

But a sudden crowd arose in the neighborhood where I was standing; two crowned heads were approaching escorting the royal mistress of the mansion, and for some time they stopped courteously conversing with the circle surrounding them, so that I was almost forced against a lady and gentleman, the former of whom was sitting, and

the latter standing by her side close to the wall. I apologized for the incident, but so deeply, so intensely were they occupied in close converse with each other, that they scarcely heard me as I addressed them. My own attention, however, became at once riveted upon them. Though personally unacquainted with either, both were well known to me by sight, and in the latter I at once recognized the Prince de L., the great magnate of Austrian Poland, celebrated equally for his illustrious family and immense wealth and possessions, and his high and distinguished, though somewhat wayward and imperious, character. He was, I think, the finest specimen of manly beauty I ever remember to have met with in any land, and I have travelled far and wide, alike in East and West. His figure was rather above the middle height, slight and elegant in appearance, but firmly and strongly built, its *tout ensemble* combining that union of muscular power and activity which physiologists have ever described as the *beau ideal* of the human frame, alike remarkable for the endurance of hardship and privation, and the possession of those invaluable qualities of combined energy and intelligence which so frequently accompany it. A mass of dark Antinous-like waving hair clustered around the high and pale forehead; and the features might almost have been termed femininely handsome, but for the deep bronze which a Southern sun had strongly indented upon his countenance, and the soft, small, jet-black moustache, which lent an additional strength to the expression of reckless daring which shone forth in the lustre of his large dark hazel eyes. He was not in uniform, nor did his exterior exhibit any of the usual insignia of a person holding high office in the imperial court. He was dressed in a simple evening suit of black, if I except a white waistcoat, across which fell the broad cordon of a well-known and illustrious military order of merit, which had been conferred upon him by the hands of the sovereign for his distinguished gallantry in the fields of the civil conflict in the Spanish peninsula.

The lady by whose side he stood, and who was seated so as to be in some measure screened from view by the

rich folds of the portière of the doorway, I at the first glance knew to be the celebrated Countess de M., so well known in the circles of Paris and Vienna. It was several years since I had last seen her in the former capital, but the interval had scarcely impaired her dazzling beauty, although her majestic and Juno-like figure had expanded into something resembling embonpoint from its previously faultless proportions; but the haughty commanding spirit which shone forth in every lineament of her Italian features was still the same, though the large stag-like eyes, I could perceive, were now turned to the ground, in an agony of suffering and anguish they struggled in vain to suppress.

Feeling myself an intruder—or, rather, an involuntary eavesdropper upon a scene never intended for the hearing of a third party, for it was but too manifestly evident the pair, wholly engrossed in their own feelings, were either utterly unmindful, or regardless of what was passing around them—I struggled in vain to liberate myself from the position in which I was placed. Every effort however, was altogether useless, and, after receiving more than one sharp reprimand from two or three elderly ladies whose toilets I had very narrowly missed severely damaging in my exertions to escape from the throng, and having somewhat forcibly pressed the gouty foot of a distinguished diplomatist, whose usually urbane and polished phraseology expanded at the incident into something very much resembling a hearty and energetic, though painfully suppressed, “*Sacré!*” if not a somewhat coarser and stronger expression, I was compelled to remain where I stood and become an unwilling listener to a dialogue, which painfully, oppressively interesting as it then was, I little thought was hereafter destined to become fixed and riveted in my mind, in characters the reminiscence of which would never cease to pursue me to the end of existence.

There had apparently been a pause in the conversation when I was forced by the pressure of the crowd into their immediate vicinity, but so intense, so all-absorbing had been the emotion it seemed to have created, that, as I have pre-

viously mentioned, the excitement that was momentarily passing around them, altogether fell unheeded, upon both. The voice which first broke the silence which prevailed was that of the lady, as she said, in tones of mournful earnestness: “I had no intention of reverting to the past in any way; let it, therefore, henceforth be an interdicted subject between us. This is not the *first* time in life that I have been doomed to witness the best feelings and affections of human nature made subservient to expediency; you, at least, are aware what my home has been from the very period when, a mere child, in obedience to the wishes of my parents, I contracted that marriage, the object of which a few weeks only taught me to dislike and despise. Too late I awoke to the nature of my enthrallment, when I found I would sacrifice” (was it that she said *had* sacrificed?) “all, everything in life, for the being who first inspired that love in which every thought and feeling quickly became absorbed.”

“And were you free, Constance,” replied the Prince, soothingly, “throughout the circuit of the globe does there exist any one single being in the shape of woman that I would so gladly, so rapturously claim for my future wife as yourself? Have I not laid before you the absolute commands of my sovereign, the earnest and tearful entreaties of my sole surviving parent—that parent so loved, so revered, that from my earliest childhood up to the present hour I have never even disputed her slightest wishes?”

“Has your future bride,” said the Countess, in that low, deep tone so expressive of intense concentrated mental suffering, “been *her* selection, or—have you yourself already chosen the one destined hereafter to share your home and destiny—shall I say your affection?”

“Measures can scarcely have been arranged,” returned the Prince, smiling, though still in the same half-saddened and subdued manner, “that have only a few days been suggested and entered upon. Rank, wealth, or station, I need scarcely mention, are objects of supreme indifference to one like myself, allied to so many of the reigning houses of Europe, and, provided the woman I lead

to the altar be worthy of my choice, none of my name and kindred will seek to inquire further."

"I foresaw this!" she exclaimed, and the pale lips and features grew almost to marble whiteness. "I knew—I knew—I felt it would come to this. It is not the mere *mariage de convenance* that you desire—it is not that you seek the transmission of your name and family through offspring of your own—it is the love and affection of a domestic home that you desire—that ardent yearning for repose, and a young fresh heart to share it, so often felt and wished for by those in disposition like yourself, when, sated and wearied with a career alike of endless excitement, dissipation, peril, and enterprise, they at length turn wistfully to that picture of tranquillity and happiness their imagination portrays as existing in the cultivation of other, and till then unknown or disregarded, ties; unmindful in doing so of the breaking hearts they too often consign to misery and wretchedness."

"Constance," said the Prince, gently but reproachfully, "have I merited this from you? You too well know the true state of my heart and feelings, and if, in complying with a sacrifice (for such it is) required from me by loyalty to my sovereign, duty towards my family, and devotion for a bereaved and revered parent, I seek to render the measure as conducive as possible to the peace and happiness of my future life, and equally to secure the happiness of the being who may trust hers to my honor and affection, *you* surely should be the last to reproach me with doing so."

Experienced as the speaker was, as rumor asserted, in the endless and conflicting varieties of female nature, his knowledge had evidently never yet been tried on the one great and all-absorbing point to which he had reverted. A woman may behold with sorrowful resignation the object of her every hope and happiness in life placed wholly beyond her power of attainment; she may be sensible that the feeling he entertains towards another is deeper than that merely grounded on the cold dictates of kindness and esteem; she may even view him wedded to another, when satisfied that the all-absorbing passion which consumes herself forms not the

bond of their union; it is only when she feels assured that the love she so fondly prized and cherished is irrevocably gone, and given to another, that then the full force of her wretchedness and misery in all its bitterness and hopelessness rushes over her! Such a feeling was, perhaps, experienced by the unfortunate lady at this moment, as, in spite of her wonderful power of self-control and indomitable self-will, the pallid and quivering mouth expressed such intense agony of mind that I fairly turned away my head, unable to witness the conflict of feelings, which I dreaded every instant would burst forth and cause a terrible scene in the midst of that brilliant circle.

But after a short pause and a few words more, uttered, however, in so low a tone as to escape my hearing, an exclamation from the Prince attracted my attention, as he abruptly inquired:

"Who is that young girl seated with her hand in that of the Princess Hermengilde of M., close to the Archduchess Clementine, and in whom her imperial highness seems to take so affectionate an interest? There is something in her which would lead me to believe she was English, were it not that her general appearance is opposed to the supposition. There is an expression in her features," he continued, thoughtfully, "which reminds me forcibly of what I heard in Spain constituted the type of the *sangre azul* of Castilian beauty in former years, the traces of which are so often found in the coloring of Velasquez and Murillo."

Instinctively following the gaze of the Prince, my eyes rested upon the figure of the young girl alluded to. She was seated as before mentioned, her hand clasped in that of the Princess Hermengilde, and standing close beside them, was the tall, stately figure of the Archduchess Clementine, the Vice-Queen of Austrian Italy, speaking to and regarding both with an air of the warmest interest. I had heard that since our arrival the Princess had formed a close intimacy with a young English demoiselle, the daughter of a distinguished general and diplomatist, who had been a comrade in arms of the Grand Duke of M., the Crown Prince's father, in the old wars against the first Napoleon,

but this was the first time I had ever seen her. Both were very beautiful, but the contrast between them was so remarkable that it could not fail to strike the beholder at a glance. The Princess was a blonde, with the large blue eyes of the north, and a complexion which, up to the period of her late illness, was an incarnation of the rose and the lily. The young English lady was altogether different, her features certainly partaking of the character the Prince de L. had ascribed to them.

Was she, then, so very lovely? My fair readers must determine for themselves, as I subsequently heard the question disputed (among the *beaux sexe*) with considerable animation, shall I say occasionally with some degree of asperity! Her form was slight, but most exquisitely rounded and proportioned, and set off to the highest degree of advantage by a dress of simple white silk. The features were classically regular in their finely chiselled outline, but in their contour and extreme delicacy of coloring might have been thought somewhat too pale, and perhaps appeared still more so from the thick dark masses of her magnificent chevelure, which she wore in simple braids enwreathed with pearls and white roses. The eyes, however, were the most remarkable; they were very large, and at first sight, at a distance, the spectator was almost led to believe they were black, from the long, deep, dark, and jetty fringe reaching down the cheek which encircled them. A closer observation, however, made him aware they were a deep blue-gray, that color eminently qualified to enhance the melancholy and sweetness which distinguished them, the former feeling evidently at the present moment predominating, as even at the distance where I stood I could perceive the fine commanding figure of the Archduchess bending with the deepest interest over her young friend, while her lips moved as if in giving utterance to words of apparent sympathy and condolence.

As, half in reverie, my gaze was still turned towards them, I was aroused by the reply given by the Countess to the Prince's question, which, though low, was rendered even yet more audible than their previous conversation by the tone

of deep meaning in which it was uttered.

"You, then, admire *her*? Are you disposed to ascertain if she fulfil the expectations you have formed in regard to the future Princess de L.?"

There was a strong tinge of bitterness in the voice of the lady as she spoke, but the Prince, scarcely deviating from his usual manner, though, perhaps, the very slightest shade of coldness may have been mingled in his utterance, simply replied:

"I have never seen her till now, and curiosity, certainly not devoid of that feeling of passing attraction I should think her appearance is calculated to inspire, was the sole motive that prompted the question."

"This is her first appearance in public since the death of her father, the late English minister here," replied the Countess, "a gentleman universally and deservedly esteemed by all with whom he was brought in contact, and who for years had served his sovereign and country with the highest degree of distinction, both in the field, and during the later years of his life in the cabinet and diplomacy. Her mother is French—one of the oldest, and noblest families of the *ancienne noblesse*, whose constant devotion to the elder branch of the Bourbons, both in the first and last revolutions, have entailed upon them, as to so many others of the greatest and most illustrious houses in France, such a succession of the heaviest and severest misfortunes, that nothing remains to them but their distinguished rank and ancient name and title. Let me add in regard to herself," she continued, slowly, "her young affections are already engaged, her hand and heart promised to another, rumor asserts, beyond all possibility of their being recalled, and that expression of melancholy so peculiar and so habitual to her features has this evening deepened from the absence of her betrothed, and the dangers her fancy portrays as surrounding him."

"Poor child!" said the Prince, with a frankness and depth of feeling few persons, perhaps, would have given him credit for possessing, "they have been ill advised who brought her under such circumstances to a scene like the present; far better had she been left to the mourn-

ful consolation derived from the sweet, yet saddening reflections her thoughts could have given vent to in the solitude of her chamber. But who is the absent one, and why is he not by her side?"

"He is a countryman of her own, and spoken of as one as reckless and erratic in disposition as yourself," rejoined the lady in her turn, in tones of deep emotion, as if the question had struck a painful chord in her own heart. "Far away in those Eastern climes, so recently the scenes of sanguinary conflict; the reported renewal of which, when she was in hourly expectation of his return, has occasioned that deeper shade of sorrow which this evening, more than usual, has marked the young girl's features. His name cannot be unknown to you, as he was employed by his government in those fields where your own laurels were acquired, and though opposed to the cause *you* served, the reputation he there obtained must, in all probability, have become known to you, and perhaps impressed it more fully upon your memory than when you drew my attention to it in former years in the pages of his country's poet and historian, Walter Scott, wherein he observes, those who bore it ever seemed destined to die in the field, in their stirrups, or on the quarter-deck."

And the lady mentioned the name of this absent soldier, which I well remembered as that of an English officer whom, more than once, I had met some ten years previously at Constantinople and in Asia Minor, and whom our German savans and literary journals had frequently spoken of with the highest eulogium as an active and enterprising traveller.

"He is indeed no stranger to me by reputation," said the Prince, after a thoughtful pause; "and if rumor is to be credited, he was in principle disposed towards the cause against which he was arrayed, though with the true feeling of a soldier, whatever the nature of his sympathies, he looked solely to his military duty. He, then, is the betrothed of this young girl?"

"He has been for the last eighteen months," was the reply. "Are you now disposed to enter the lists against him? To wear the coronet of your powerful and princely house is, indeed,

a temptation it may be thought few women could resist, though rank, wealth, and station have already repeatedly been laid at her feet, and as often rejected. Look at that short, fat man with the brilliant star; he is the vice-governor, Count B. Despondency and regret seem to mark his heavy, unmeaning features as he gazes upon her, since up to the period of her engagement he was the most persevering and devoted of the admirers surrounding her; but even his vanity—for, unprepossessing as his exterior is, he imagines himself a *mangeur des cœurs*—at length succumbed, and he resigned the pursuit as hopeless. The soldier, though much the poorer, is by far the more formidable and nobler rival of the two."

"He would meet with but little success," returned the Prince, in the same thoughtful, half-abstracted tone, "whoever attempted to withdraw her young affections from the object upon whom they have been bestowed. That delicate form, unless I am much deceived, enshrines a determined spirit, and, her heart once given, the choice is made for life."

At this period, the crowd in the immediate neighborhood where I was standing having become much thinned, I had turned to leave, when a long, thin, bony hand was laid upon my arm, and a harsh female voice, wholly unknown to me, exclaimed, in abrupt tones, "Who is that young girl?" pointing at the same time to the English demoiselle who had formed the theme of the conversation I had so recently heard. As I looked round to reply, my attention became fixed upon the speaker, whose exterior presented an appearance certainly somewhat out of character with the royal and courtly throng around. The figure was that of an elderly woman, of masculine height and manner, with a countenance expressive of corresponding characteristics. She wore a dress of black velvet, which, fitting close to her person, and closing round the throat somewhat similar to a military sash, seemed equally to add to her stature as well as the oddity of her appearance. As I stared at her without giving any reply, the lady repeated her query.

"Upon my word, madame, I can't say. I believe she is English."

"I know that as well as yourself. But who or what is she?"

"I regret that, being a perfect stranger here, I cannot inform you," I replied, somewhat nettled, though scarcely able to keep from laughing at her singular and peremptory manner.

"It is the only head in the room I should wish to have a cast of," soliloquized this eccentric personage, as if to herself. "I wonder how I could obtain it? Ah! perhaps her Royal Highness Madame la Duchesse will assist me."

As these last observations seemed in no way addressed to myself, I quitted my newly formed acquaintance, and found upon inquiry that she was a female sculptor of preëminent ability, who was much patronized by the imperial and royal circles, and was no less remarkable for her eccentric character and manners, than the highly-finished taste and ability which had distinguished the many works of art which had emanated from her chisel.*

It was at a little past midnight that the circle broke up. As I passed into the ante-room, where the company were now assembled, assuming their cloaks and mantles previous to quitting the palace, I observed the Archduchess consign her young favorite, with a caressing movement, to the charge of her mother, and in the grand entrance-hall two muffled figures glided past me, whom I at once recognized as the Prince de L. and the Countess de M. The countenance of the latter was shrouded in a large hood, which wholly concealed her features, but it struck me that low and suppressed sobs, with difficulty controlled, fell upon my ear. I returned to my hotel, and for many days afterwards mused upon the singular and unaccountable interest with which this assembly and the persons I have adverted to inspired me, complete stranger as I was to them all. Was it a presentiment of how subsequent events were destined to impress this feeling upon me in charac-

ters of a yet far deeper and more lasting nature?

Macmillan's Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF VIENNA.

BY REV. ARCHER GURNEY.

AT the present time a few reminiscences of Vienna and the Austrians may not be devoid of interest. However strongly we may sympathize with Italy in her desire for unity, it is difficult not to admire the spirit and resolution displayed by Austria also. The Austrians are a very amiable and a very agreeable people, and that will have its influence on our judgment—on our taste at least. They are particularly well disposed towards us, and long have been so. I passed three years of my life in their beautiful capital, Vienna, and so may be allowed to speak with some degree of authority upon the point, having known many members of all classes, and that intimately. Years have elapsed since then, it is true, but the essential character of the empire and the imperial city, though modified, cannot be very greatly changed. The broad *Bastei* or bastion exists no more—the public promenade on the walls of the city, where one daily met the Emperor Ferdinand, his hat in his hand, to save himself the trouble of pulling it off at every step, one or two officers attending; and the wide green "glacis," which extended between the inner city and the suburbs, are partially covered with buildings. But the Austrian proper must be always the most *gemüthlich* of mankind—that is, the most genial and sympathetic—the Hungarian, on the other hand, the most chivalric, romantic, and interesting. The union of the German, Magyar and Slavonic elements produces a pleasant, lively genial whole, fraught with a certain elegance and happy ease, and yet not devoid of dash and spirit. The glamour of youth is over Vienna for me; but in many ways it seems to me, in looking back with the calmer judgment of later years, that that bright city has been gravely wronged. We hear so very much of its dissipation and extreme licentiousness. This at least I can answer for—there is or was nothing there corresponding to the cold and heartless

* Mademoiselle L. N., a native, I believe of Lyons. There was another young female sculptor, Signora K., by birth a Venetian, who at this period seemed destined to attain considerable eminence, but who, unfortunately, died of decline at the early age of twenty-two, though not till her works had acquired some degree of celebrity and become much sought after.

vice of Paris, to the deliberate pleasure in wickedness for its own sake; the public sentiment which makes M. Taine say that there is only one hypocrisy left in France, the hypocrisy of vice. There is a certain tenderness, a geniality in the nature of the Viennese people, which is a thousand leagues removed from the hard military prosaic sternness of the Frenchman, and the Frenchwoman in particular—that parade of cold hard cruel sensuality which we may recognize in such typical works as About's *Madelon*, exemplified as it is, too, in every little journal that appears day by day—*Soleil*, *Evenement*, *Figaro*, *Vie Parisienne*, and *Petit Journal* itself. I never remember to have seen a single immoral piece upon the Viennese stage. The celebrated Viennese fairy dramas of Raimund, Nestroy, and others, replete with wit, humor, invention, and truly delightful fun, were written invariably in the interest of virtue and goodness. I have never in my life seen such wonderful comic actors as Nestroy himself, and a certain marvellous Scholz, whose mere appearance was a signal for inexhaustible merriment. But the laugh was never against purity; intrigues of wedded life were never the subject of the drama. There really seemed to be no vice upon principle in Vienna—I mean, by cold hard military system of malice prepense. What there was was born of impulse and of a profusion of sentiment, very silly, I dare say, too often, but not odious. Compare the German *Gretchen* with the French *Madelon*; that gives the contrast. At that time, that really wonderful wit, Saphir, lived still, and followed everywhere about a young and virtuous lady with golden locks, to whom he was supposed to be deeply attached, and published daily his amazingly clever paper the *Humorist*—a publication of the *Punch* order, without illustrations, mainly supported by this one brilliant and poetical wit. The *Humorist* was full of descriptions of Viennese family life, equally harmless and delightful, over which I have often laughed for the hour together. There was nothing answering to the cold-blooded twaddle about “dames” and “demoiselles” in *l'Evenement*, in which wickedness has to play the part of wit. Public order is certainly fairly preserved in Paris—far better

than in London; for vice is with us, as all men know, from various causes, more abandoned and unbridled than in any other nation. But who that wandered through the pretty Volksgarten, in Vienna, in the cool of the evening, listening to the strains of Strauss or Lanner, or even went to the late public ball at the Sperl, or the Birn, could detect the presence of the slightest impropriety, or even an approach to boldness of demeanor? In Vienna it really seems difficult to believe in the existence of much vice; all seems so kindly and so innocent. Of course this is not so by any means. There are depths beneath these smiling waters, but at all events, I repeat, vice does not seem systematic; it is not advertised and gloried in; it has not affected literature, or gravely tainted art. Nudities are not exposed in the annual exhibitions which would almost do dishonor to an artist's studio. There is no abstract admiration for impurity or hardness of heart. Vienna has or had its annual exhibition. How Gauermann's tender landscapes glimmer on me through the past with their blue Alpine atmosphere, the very poetry of painting, *Gemüthlichkeit* in color and in form! It is possible in Vienna for a lad to read amusing books and newspapers and delight in new poems at Vienna, without finding the trail of the serpent over one and all. In France, alas, this is impossible. I am sorry to have to pronounce so severe a sentence, but facts are facts, and ought not to be withheld. I am satisfied that the sensible, reasonable, logical, unimaginative French people act in a way quite contrary to their true natures when they affect this cultus for frivolity and moral evil. Their ideal is misplaced. They admire what should be despised, what may be leniently viewed as passion, but becomes simply contemptible when done coldly and on principle. There are political and religious causes. The Church, for instance has lost her hold over the educated classes, especially the men. But this is the tone of the day, and the evil can scarcely be exaggerated.

That Vienna is a very handsome, brilliant city, full of tall white mansions, with a grand cathedral, St. Stephen's, the gayest of shops, and the brightest of signs, large picture galleries, innumerable equipages, and wide of lively peo-

ple moving to and fro over most admirable pavements, everybody knows. The Prater is certainly one of the most pleasant of drives; the People's Prater, close at hand, is gay and livelier still. Such a string of splendid equipages as I have seen rolling over the Leopold's Bridge for two hours together in an afternoon of May, even Paris or London can scarcely equal. Certainly there is no such display of magnificent Heyducks behind or before carriages in the whole world; they beat our Jeameses all to nothing. Vienna is not so agreeable in the summer; clouds of dust stifle one then, and sometimes cover the trees far and wide; and in winter the Alpine breezes are very trying to delicate chests; but the spring months are truly delightful in the great imperial city. The Viennese ladies are considered to dress better than any other Germans, with more taste and elegance; the beauty of the Hungarians is an indisputable fact. The parti-colored dresses of Slavonian gypsies, with singularly handsome faces, and of various Orientals, give the sober traveller from the West the first glimpse of the far eastern world behind. Indeed East and West meet in this city, civilization and magnificence, and so it bears the impress of a capital indeed. Above all, a certain kindness of nature makes itself felt in all directions and in all people—a true Athenian amenity, or something better—and prevents an Englishman's feeling himself for any length of time a stranger in a foreign land.

Of course there were, and are, dark shadows to the picture. I will relate a little anecdote which may serve to give some notion of the old bureaucratic routine, by which the country has been so long administered, both in its weakness and in its *bonhomie*. One evening I happened to pass through a street where there was a great concourse of people. The Russian Embassy had illuminated for some reason or other. I was driven or pushed by the crowd against a very tall and stout man in a kind of domestic uniform, whom I took for a Heyduck, or upper servant, at the door of the hotel. This individual asked me rather rudely what I meant. I answered, quietly, that he must have seen that I was pushed by those behind me, and was rather surprised at his speaking

in such a tone. Instantly I found myself in the keeping of six soldiers of the line, who marched me off to the principal police station at a double-quick pace. Here, after considerable detention, I was informed by certain polite gentlemen in a bureau that I had grossly insulted the head of the Viennese police. I explained that I was entirely ignorant of the quality of the individual in question, having taken him for a servant (grave impiety!), but that the insult proceeded from himself; and, being able to give my card, and good references to the ambassador, etc., I was requested to draw up a protocol in writing on the spot, stating the facts of the case. German was then to me as a mother tongue. I was then bowed out with the assurance that I should soon hear further on the subject. It so happened that my residence in Vienna was lengthened out by various causes, and one day—a whole year after this event—when it had escaped my memory, I received an official summons to appear on a certain day and at a certain hour before the police for heavy crimes—"für schwere Verbrechen." A curious summons! but having a conscience tolerably clear of heavy crimes at least, I went at the time appointed to a bureau in a tall building, where I saw two exceedingly respectable and amiable old gentlemen. These old gentlemen informed me, after the due ceremonials of introduction had been gone through, that the Herr Ober-Polizei-Director had lodged a very grave complaint against me some thirteen months before, which had naturally had to pass through a variety of channels, fulfilling certain legal regulations, before it could come on for hearing. All possible expedition, however, had been made, the party accused being a foreigner, who might presumably leave Vienna, and the injured individual being so highly important a state functionary. Finally, then, I was requested to make there and then a further protocol stating the reasons for which I had permitted myself the words or actions so grievously complained of, or otherwise allowing myself to be in fault. I have no doubt that this proceeding to the protocol writing at once with such precipitation was a highly irregular procedure; that I ought to have had six weeks at least allowed

me for full consideration, with power to apply for further extensions to a time probably unlimited. I found indeed that this crablike advance was the regular course of proceeding in a far more serious matter—a lawsuit, carried on by writing, which detained us in Vienna for so long; for in this we took just three years to determine two things—which of two or three courts was to try the cause, and then whether there was or was not anything to try. The sum involved was about £10,000. At the end of the three years our opponents, a large banking house, broke, and scarcely paid a shilling in the pound: a sufficiently melancholy experience of Austrian law! which was administered then by bodies of counsellors, not single magistrates or judges, in order to secure impartiality—the surest of all means, need I say, that could, by any possibility, be devised to remove the sense of responsibility, and enable the particular counsellor who was secretly charged by his brethren with the management of the case to receive bribes at will and pleasure. I trust that, with constitutionalism, there has come a great improvement in this matter.

But to return to my plain tale: the two amiable functionaries of the police for heavy crimes finally invited me to pass that way ere long in order to learn the result of the suit. They were very pleasant old gentlemen, and we had a great deal of chit-chat on things in general. As I had got into trouble by quarrelling with a functionary, they had taken it into their heads that I must be a revolutionary character—a most desperate radical, as they mildly hinted. It so happened, however, that in those young days I was a very hot and furious Tory, and so I proceeded to inform them. I shall never forget their mild surprise. “No, no,” said these hoary-headed bureaucrats, “one must not be too reactionary either.” This to a young English constitutionalist, an ardent lover of freedom, Tory or not, from an old Austrian servant of absolutism, may sound a little strong; but in those days English Toryism was looked upon as something monstrous in Austria—as shockingly Anglican and anti-catholic for one thing, and altogether identified with old-fashioned notions.

The Viennese ministerial papers always spoke of English Tories with a kind of pious shuddering. I can give another very curious illustration of this feeling. When Mr. Wertheimer, a banker of Vienna, and a literary man of much talent, who has translated Knowles’s “Wife” and “Hunchback” admirably, met me at Madame de Goethe’s, who was then at Vienna, and asked me to his house, he went home and told his wife and her friend Betty Paoli (Fräulein Glück), the chief poetess of Germany, who lived with them, that he had asked a young Englishman to come and see them, but that they must prepare their minds for a shock, because the Englishman was an avowed Tory. And these ladies looked forward to seeing me, as they afterwards confessed when we became intimate, with a mixture of excitement and alarm, as though I had been a kind of monster. Nay, when I did come, the ladies positively wept because I launched into a fiery denunciation of Byron and Napoleon, two of my pet aversions then. Poor Byron! Every ass now kicks the dead lion. Such was the kindness of those Austrian natures. So the old gentlemen in the bureau were by no means alone in their opinion. They warned me solemnly against the excesses of British Toryism, and sighed more than once, “One really must not be too illiberal.” I thought it a famous job, and did not attempt to undeceive them as to the strong disapproval of absolutism which it was very possible to combine with English Toryism. The good-natured bureaucrats had not fixed a term for my return. Some two months later, however, I looked in again, and then learned, rather to my surprise, that my accuser had been already nonsuited, and I acquitted on the ground of simple innocence, or ignorance. The kind old gentlemen next proceeded to inquire whether I would not perhaps lodge a counter-action in my turn. But this I humbly declined to do, on the ground that I could not undertake to remain for fifteen months longer in Vienna in order to execute a most uncalled-for vengeance on an honorable functionary who had only erred, if at all, by an excess of highmindedness. And so there the matter ended. And I may add that there is not one syllable of exaggeration in the

narrative. These are the literal facts. Such was the dilatory character of Austrian law at that period.

Very kind old gentlemen these Austrian functionaries were, as I have said, and so were Austrian functionaries generally—except, indeed, in Italy, where their nerves were apt to be kept on the stretch, and their tempers exacerbated accordingly. It is not pleasant to have a whole population incessantly engaged in sticking pins and needles into you, to say the least; but the military Prussian stiffness of which some English travellers complain is not rife in Austria, despite the admirable constitution and great spirit of their army. Not that I would speak in disparagement of Austria's great rival. I have never lived in Prussia proper, but two of my best German friends—Karl Simrock, the author of the charming "Rhine Legends" and restorer of the Niebelungen, and one of the best of Germans and of men, and L——, the banker of Berlin, whom I met under such peculiar circumstances, and after many years of parting retain in the kindest estimation—are the most Prussian of Prussians, and know far more about the matter than I do. Internal politics are hard of solution for the foreigner. I must say I regret the small royalties and principalities. It may be a foolish regret, but I feel it: I liked the Residenz-Städte, those many centres of art and science and taste and literature: I hate a vast centralization or overgrown metropolis with deserted provinces. But let that pass. Social questions fall within the domain of all. There is an army of bureaucrats, then, in Austria, as in almost all continental lands. The unhappy division of ranks by strict lines of demarcation, from which *we* only in England have escaped, has been the bane of all these countries, the source of revolution, of social discontent, and even of religious infidelity, of hatred of all the things that are. The aristocracy have become a favored social class, priding themselves on their exclusiveness, not exercising important functions, unfitted for the liberal professions by the *Von*, and so condemned as a body to either military or bureaucratic services for their bread. Hence, in part, the necessity for large bureaucratic employment. Then, again, the

consequences of the first French revolution have been felt throughout Europe, and the example of France has been widely followed. Thus an arbitrary division of property is now the law of Italy. A nobility which had left its duties undischarged, and lived upon the smiles of a monarch, could not be trusted by the people—would not have been permitted to exercise magisterial functions for honor's sake. Strictly speaking, indeed, there is no such thing as a gentry or untitled nobility anywhere on the continent, save perhaps in Russia after a fashion, and in Hungary, where the magnates are hereditary peers; but there also the line of demarcation is drawn, because all the descendants of a count or baron, to the thousandth degree, are directly noble and always must remain so. There is no ebb and flow, no flux and reflux, as with us. Hence mutual jealousy, and spite, and rancor, far worse, far more dangerous to the community than our snobbishness, which is born of social uncertainty; hence the total absence of a genuine fusion of classes, which seems indeed incapable of realization. The Emperor has done what he could to remedy this since the constitutional system was introduced in Austria; but these evils are the growth of centuries, and they cannot be lightly extirpated. Indeed, one sees but one searching remedy, and that I fear is not likely to be applied—the sweeping away of all titles save the simple *Von* for all who are not peers, and the allowing every man who retires from business, to take a coat of arms and adopt the *Von*, on payment of a moderate sum—according to the almost immemorial usage in the matter of Esquireship of our own respected Herald's College. It was about the time of the Wars of the Roses that our own wise forefathers, shunning ostentation, gradually dropped all titles, save Esquire, which were not recognized by a hereditary call to legislation; and we reap the almost incalculable benefit of this noble act of self-denial, not imposed on them by law, but at the most by custom and public opinion. The baronetcy is the only anomaly in our system, and that does not do much harm; Englishmen could never be quite logical in anything; but the eldest son of a Duke, as we all know, is only an Esquire

before the law. So it comes to pass that you can rarely determine whether an Englishman be of noble or of gentle blood or no without the most careful inquiry, which nobody cares to make. Has a man a certain position? That is our first inquiry; and in a rich country I suppose it must be so, for rich and poor men cannot well live on terms of social equality, or at least their wives cannot; and in the second place we ask, Is he a gentleman? or an educated, civilized man? And the rest may take its chance. If the continent could attain to this simple result, there would, we imagine, be no more revolutions and comparatively little discontent—for men feel more keenly wounds to vanity than blows to self-interest, and disunited, disintegrated, classes can never constitute a powerful state. We not only tolerate, we like our peerage, most of us, because it serves a useful end, and affronts nobody. At this hour, on the contrary, after all French revolutions, the social distinctions between classes in France are as marked as ever. Even in Paris, the Faubourg St. Germain has little to do with any other class; and in the provinces, at least in private life, things are almost where they were before 1789. Hence perpetual wrath and mutual contempt, and utter isolation of those who should be leaders. Things are not much better in other continental lands, but they might become better in Germany.

In Austria there is a most strongly marked line drawn between rank and rank, and there was then very little or no hope of passing from the one side to the other. A fearful system this! The high nobility were generally ignorant and careless—Hungarian magnates excepted, who had much of the British spirit in their works and ways. Literary men, men of the very highest genius, were totally unknown in fashionable circles, as I soon discovered—scarcely known even by reputation. The most agreeable house, perhaps, in Vienna, was that of Dr. Wertheimer, already mentioned, where one met a truly brilliant literary gathering—besides the German Sappho, Betty Paoli (an oddly assumed name), Franz Von Schober, a remarkably ugly man, who always had twenty ladies hanging round him magnetized, Saphir, Frankl, the Baron Von Zedlitz, some-

times Lenau, Karl Beck, Otto Prechtler, and even Grillparzer, the great Austrian. The artists' chief place of assemblage was at the Baroness Escheles'. The Baron had married a lady of high rank, being himself only an ennobled banker and a "millionaire," and it was a fact that his wife could only go to see her sisters in a strictly private way by the back-stairs from the date of her marriage. Gentlemen of good family went to her house—ladies, of course, never; and, strangest fact of all, when these gentlemen met the Baroness in the street, they did not bow to her. They only knew her *en cachette*. Another great banker and millionaire, G——, was honored by several of the leading members of society dining with him, of course men only, from time to time. One of them said one day after a particularly good dinner, "Really, G——, you must come and taste my Moselle one of these days." "No, no; I know my place too well," replied the banker. I have heard this story told several times by excellent Viennese people, to prove how thoroughly independent in spirit was their favorite G——. And the Viennese people are a very independent set after their fashion, though kindly and genial. Indeed we may not unfrequently remark that, where political liberty is denied to people, they take it out in rudeness. Wounded self-love grasps at this method of revenge or self-assertion. Englishmen of the middle classes are very polite, because they feel their real power.

To me one of the most delightful reminiscences of Vienna is that of the great dramatic poet, Grillparzer—one indeed, to my mind, of the greatest of the great. My friends have been apt to set the opinion down to personal friendship or the enthusiasm of youth when I told them, what I still think, that Grillparzer (pronounce Grillpartzer) was a greater dramatist than either Schiller or Goethe; but such is my deliberate conviction, to which indeed I am ready to pledge my little reputation as a critic. I hold that a higher power and a more genial art are shown in such works as "The Dream a Life," and "The Waves of Love and Ocean," than in "Faust" and "Egmont" and "Don Carlos." A certain underlying irony is rarely absent from the most pathetic works of Grillparzer, which sup-

plies the saving salt to literature, and wards from grave errors of taste, and from the absurdities which shock us every now and then in the masterpieces of those more famous men whom I have named—a sense at once of the greatness and littleness of things. Scott has it, Shakespeare has it, Tennyson also in due measure, and Grillparzer in perfection. Schiller is always on the stretch, and Goethe is too often small; one unreal and the other prosaic. Of course they remain poets of the very highest order. But Grillparzer is famous in Austria, though scarcely out of it. It is the settled conclusion of North Germany that Austria is *Bœotian*; and Grillparzer, having written a tragedy in praise of loyalty, “*The Faithful Vassal of his Lord*,” has become a name forbidden. He was an ardent constitutionalist when I knew him, not long after the publication of that drama—a lover of England but not of pure democracy; a rather reserved, retiring man, and yet to me, the youthful Englishman who sought him out to lay my soul’s homage at his feet, open as the day and kind; perfectly unassuming. It may go for little, but I never knew a man in whose presence my heart swelled so with reverence. Conscious of his own powers, content to be neglected or even forgotten—tears almost start to my eyes when I remember him now, and feel the littleness of vanity. He took the warmest interest in our English Constitution, and again in a very different manner, our English dramatic literature. In particular, he thought that our best comedies were far too little known upon the Continent. He instanced several pieces of Mrs. Centlivre’s as being masterpieces in their way. Exquisitely—to my mind, that is—with subtle truth, has he delineated the good and evil of Vienna, “*Die Kaiserstadt*,” in a lyric which may be thus freely but fairly rendered. It is called “*A Parting from Vienna*.” It was written before the writer’s Italian journey, and I give it here as bearing so directly on my subject, and suggesting much, with the concentration poetry alone attains to, that might be expanded into an essay of many pages.

“A while, farewell, Imperial Gem,
Of cities liveliest, brightest!

Rare charms! Yet, tired of thee, and them,
Thou scarcely now delightest.

“Vienna, beautiful, but fraught
With wiles no tongue may number,
Too oft thy summer breath has wrought
A Capua’s nerveless slumber.

“Soft are the meads around thee spread,
And calm the river flowing,
And languid airs Elysium-shed,
And skies are mildly glowing.

“And music far and wide awakes
As in her own dominions;
Small need for speech; even thought forsakes,
And memory waves her pinions.

“A pleasant race, that knows the time,
And healthy sense possesses,
And reason weaves with song and rhyme,
And heeds not Thought’s distresses.”

“Here life seems nearly poetry;
Which proves art’s greatest danger,
For nearly never quite may be,
And effort rests a stranger.

“To live, to breathe—the tranquil charm
Preoccupies existence,
Expression’s labor might alarm,
And therefore keeps its distance.

“The tablet and the canvas rest
Right virginal for ever.
Muse, may the traveller prove more blest
In active art’s endeavor!”

I have met with many celebrities in the course of more than forty years, but never with an individuality which impressed me with such a sense of quiet far-reaching power as that of my dear friend Grillparzer. The world has scarcely given him his due, but I am satisfied that future generations will seek to atone for this by the warmth and ardor of their praises. Not only books have their fates, as Horace has it, but poets also. Witness the long obscurity of Wordsworth, who wrote the grandest lyric in our tongue, the “*Ode to Duty*,” and the brilliant success of Cowley and others far less worthy than he. But I must bring these pages to a close. I could tell, indeed, long stories of Schönbrunn and the Austrian Baden, and all the green neighborhood of the far-famed city, and reveal the glories of the Graben and of Munsch’s. But to what purpose? The celebrated Burg-Theater was a delightful place of resort in those days. The actors were the finest I have ever

seen, for tragedy or high comedy alike; the hours perfectly convenient, from seven to ten; the prices fairly moderate. In most things, however, Vienna is an expensive city. House-accommodation is limited, and consequently dear, and firing is a very heavy article, with vast German stoves and severe cold without. Indeed, most fashionable people did not come up to Vienna every year, because they could not afford it. Never have I seen such magnificent *tableaux vivants*, half a dozen at a time, representing a large wall covered with masterpieces, as at the Viennese court. Their luxury was great, and the military and Hungarian dresses were most striking in their picturesque splendor of array.

Perhaps all these things may be modified now. I write of an old time, and many memories are associated for me with Vienna which forbid impartiality. But I think that most Englishmen and Englishwomen who roam thither in the spring, or even in the autumn, will be charmed with the imperial city, and apt to retain a very kindly memory all their days of the good Austrian folk and their genial happy ways.

Popular Science Review.

THE BONE-CAVERNS OF GIBRALTAR,
MALTA, AND SICILY.

BY A. LEITH ADAMS, A.M., M.B., F.G.S., ETC.

THE explorations conducted by geologists of late years at various points on the seaboard and islands of the Mediterranean, have elicited a mass of interesting data in connection with the prehistoric, or rather pre-modern, condition of that area, and the human inhabitants and lower animals that then frequented Southern Europe and Northern Africa. The information thus obtained has been chiefly deduced from researches in the caves, fissures, and alluvial deposits of Southern Italy, Sicily, Malta, and the Rock of Gibraltar; but although the evidences furnished have been for the most part clear and decisive, they may be said to be little other than mere indications of what more extended researches will doubtless bring to light, not only in the above situations, but in other unexplored islands and shores of the great inland

sea. The appearances presented by the rock formations and superficial rocks show that the present outline of the Mediterranean basin was, at least in part, brought about by subsidences of land, which in certain instances was afterwards reëlevated. For example, the denuded surface of the Maltese islands, and traces of wave action on their limestones and that of Gibraltar, as clearly point to action of the sea during their submersion or subsequent emersion, as do the pot-holing and scooping out now going on. The Sirocco and Levante, that send the billows dashing furiously along the coast lines, are not fashioning sea-bottoms and margins in any way different from those now high and dry on the rock of Gibraltar, heights of Malta, or the limestone slopes of the Val di Noto; while the faults and rents filled with red soil, and fragments of rock, and organic remains, show, by the extent of the former and the nature and modes of deposition of the latter, that subterranean movements on a grand scale had been at work in producing the one, and aqueous agencies had afterwards borne the others into their present situation. With reference to the indications of littoral action, there is scarcely an exposed portion of the limestone of Gibraltar, from the sea level up to the highest point of the rock, that does not present proof of marine erosion; and perhaps in few localities is this more evident than on the plateau of Windmill Hill, rendered famous by the wonderful discoveries of Captain Bromé. Here, on the surface, and running into the great tortuous rents which intersect the rock in every direction, may be observed innumerable caldron, trough-shaped, or circular hollows, smooth and rounded, and perfectly distinct from the withering and honey-combing, the result of atmospheric and chemical decomposition now going on. Caves are also plentiful; but the differences between a vaulted chamber formed by the sea waves, and a fissure with its roof partially or entirely covered in by calcareous infiltrations, or fragments of rock jammed between the opposing sides, and brought about by movements consequent on upheaval or depression, are so very various that in many instances what at first sight might appear to be a cave, will turn out subsequently to be a

covered-in fissure. It is only when the cavity opens horizontally without the roof communicating with the surface, whereby the deposits or organic remains might have been conveyed thereinto, that we opine should the name cave or cavern be applied. Openings of this description are common on the sea face of the rock of Gibraltar. In one, situated on the scarped face of a cliff at Europa Point, Captain Brome found several flint implements and pieces of charcoal imbedded in the red soil and calcareous deposits on its floor. The celebrated pithecoïd human skull, discovered many years since, is said to have been found in a cave of this description on the north front of the rock. But one of the most important and valuable discoveries made by the above-named indefatigable geologist, was that of many human skeletons. Captain Brome's attention was directed to a small hole on the plateau of Windmill Hill, into which his terrier was often in the habit of entering in quest of rabbits. On opening this out, an irregular-shaped rock cavity was discovered, filled almost to the roof with calcareous incrustations and soil. It measured a few feet in height, by eight or ten in breadth. In a crevice close to the entrance lay the skeletons of several human beings, dispersed about seemingly without any order. The skulls were well formed, and did not indicate any very great antiquity. Associated with the human bones were flint hatchets and knives, well polished, besides a metal hook, charcoal querns, and edible marine shells. Slabs of a light reddish-brown sandstone formed the hand mills just mentioned, or were polished on one or more sides, as if they had been also used for sharpening the flint tools. This rock is not known to be found *in situ* either on the Spanish or African side of the strait; but neither of the two localities has been carefully examined by geologists. The presence of abundance of limpets and other marine shells in the upper parts of nearly all the fissures opened on Windmill Hill seems to indicate that they had been most probably used as food by the human inhabitants of the rock; moreover, they are intimately associated with the exuvæ of living quadrupeds. The Genista fissure was filled with red earth and stalactite, form-

ing successive feats, and proceeded downwards for two hundred feet below the level of the Windmill Hill plateau. Here masses of the parent rock, detached evidently during the formation of the rent, had fallen down, and were jammed between the opposing sides, which were incrustated with masses of stalactite, and dripping. Among the *débris* were found bones and teeth of two extinct species of rhinoceros, a hare, two species of hogs, the red and fallow deer; oxen, the larger sort allied if not identical with the almost extinct Aurochs; and innumerable remains of one or more species of ibex, besides the African leopard, lynx, serval, brown hyena, and a bear; also fragments of a large tortoise, etc. The remarkable features in the fauna of this extraordinary collection of organic remains are that, with the exception we shall presently notice, nearly all the bones lay detached, and were seemingly mixed up in the greatest confusion, just as might result from a number of carcasses of various animals decomposing on a slope, from whence they were washed pell-mell into the gaping rents below. Many bones were sun-cracked, showing that they had been exposed to the weather for a length of time before being conveyed into the fissure. It is apparent, therefore, that southwestern Europe was at one time the abode of three species of leopards and a hyena, the latter being at present unknown on the north side of the African equator, or even further north than Natal. The discovery of the elephant of Africa in Spain in a fossil state, combined with the other evidences just mentioned, surely affords strong proof that Europe and Africa were at one time joined together, either wholly along the entire Mediterranean area or at certain points. A complete carcass of an extinct rhinoceros was discovered by Captain Bromé in an enormous yawning fissure close to the Genista rent, and about twenty-five feet below the level of the plateau. At the time this individual was deposited in the above situation, the fissure must have presented all the appearances of a natural pitfall, into which an unwary animal might easily have fallen. Many recent quadrupeds were found associated with the extinct species; but in general the former predominated in the upper-

parts near the surface, with the exception of the rabbit remains, which were abundant at all levels; and even at present, along the drainage hollows on the rock, bones of such quadrupeds as the fox, hare, rabbit, mice, etc., are being conveyed by rain water into fissures, and with the red soil and fragments of rock form the well-known long breccias of Gibraltar.

Several of the long bones of deer discovered in the fissures bore marked traces of sharp instruments, and from the abundance of ibex remains it may be surmised that either the ruminants were exceedingly common on the rock, or had been conveyed there by man, who lived, in all probability, in certain of the seaboard caves, such as the one already referred to; moreover, that the canine* and feline quadrupeds preyed on the ruminants and others, and possibly all, from the rhinoceros downwards, were eaten and destroyed by the savages who continued for ages to frequent the district. The decided race character of the skulls discovered by Captain Brome, and the strange, ill-shapen, and ape-like cranium alluded to above, may represent vast ages of man's sojourn in the Spanish peninsula, and while the former may have lived on the rock up to a comparatively modern period, the latter would represent a far earlier epoch; yet perhaps coëval with the extinct rhinoceros and *Elephas antiquus*—a tooth of the latter having been discovered several years since on Europa Point. The subterranean movements which occasioned the submergence of the intervening land between Africa and Europe, and opened the Straits, must have taken place long after the exuvie had been deposited; for how could the present bare rock have maintained such vast numbers of wild animals as are represented by the Gibraltar fissures?

The disturbances to which the Maltese Islands have been subjected during periods of upheaval and depression are likewise attested by numerous and well-defined faults and displacements. These and indications of sea action on the rock surfaces, also fossil exuvie of extinct and recent animals in their caves,

fissures, and alluvial deposits, represent also different epochs in the history of the islands, and show at least, whatever may have been the dimensions of the land in the first instance, that the present insular group are but mere fragments of what must at one time have been an extensive area, in all probability connected with Africa or Europe, or both. Compared with Gibraltar, the same evidences of littoral action are presented on their rock surfaces, and their fissures show a like arrangement of their contents; but the organic remains differ in some very important points. No human exuvie have hitherto been met with in connection with this fossil fauna, or in fact any traces of man; and with the exception of recent land shells and uncertain indications of a ruminant of about the size and appearance of the domestic sheep or goat, all the fossil fauna are apparently of extinct species—such as frequent countries well watered by rivers, lakes, and covered by a rich soil and luxuriant vegetation—conditions totally different from what the faces of the islands now present. The alluvial deposits of the Maltese Islands, like those of the other islands and shores of the Mediterranean, are composed of a red soil, which, in the rock cavities and hollows, is sometimes underlaid by a light-blue clay, in which also organic remains are imbedded. All the numerous fissures and rents which traverse the strata in divers directions are more or less filled with the red primeval earth and clay, presenting much the same appearance as those of Gibraltar, and by the mode of deposition of their contents testify to like agencies having conveyed them into these situations. Some years since a cave on the face of an inland ravine near the middle of the Island of Malta was accidentally intersected while forming a water reservoir in the sandstone rock, and its contents partially cleared out, when among the red soil and clay which covered the floor were found many teeth and bones of extinct species of elephant, apparently different from any yet discovered, besides remains of a large tortoise and birds. Professor Busk and the late Dr. Falconer, who have carefully examined these fossils, come to the conclusion that the elephantine remains belonged to two

* Coprolites of the hyena were abundant in the fissures.

species of very small size, neither of which exceeded five feet in height; and that many of the bones indicated the presence of carnivorous animals from showing the traces of having been fiercely gnawed. However, persevering efforts made subsequently in many other fossiliferous cavities failed entirely in finding any relics of the carnivora. Not so, however, with reference to the *Pachydermata*, for the discovery of numerous fissures and gaps, containing abundant remains of elephants, have at least proved that whether one or more species is included among the *exuvie*, it is beyond a doubt that the numbers that have come to hand could never have lived on the present islands, even allowing their botanical resources to have quadrupled those of any country on the face of the earth, irrespective of the total absence of rivers and lakes, yea, as much as a perennial stream. The same may be said of the hippopotamus, of which bones and teeth have been discovered from time to time in caverns, and always in situations indicating that they were conveyed into the openings by the agency of water, or else died in incredible numbers in the rock cavities and been subsequently buried by the introduction of blue and red clay, and the rounded and water-worn fragments of the parent rock. The fossil fauna hitherto discovered in the Maltese caves, rents, and alluvial deposits, comprise the *Hippopotamus Pentlundi*, so plentiful also in the Sicilian caves, and perhaps another species, very closely allied if not identical with an existent species found in West Africa; two, and perhaps three extinct elephants, two of which are of pigmy dimensions, the other equal to a small-sized African elephant with the molars presenting a crown pattern similar to that of *E. antiquus* although its teeth are relatively much smaller. The dormice (*Myoxina*) are represented by an animal larger than a Guinea pig, and found in incredible numbers associated with the elephant; also a river tortoise, which must have stood nearly two feet in height. A smaller species of the latter was found in the inland cave just referred to. Birds' bones were very numerous, and comprised several species, chiefly large raptorial, and water birds; among

the latter, abundant remains of one or more species of swan, nearly one half larger than the *Cygnus olor*, were found along with the elephantine and rodent remains. The hippopotamus *exuvie* invariably occupied distinct caverns on the sides of ravines and sea cliffs, and from the mode of arrangement of the bones and teeth indicated the presence of tumultuous currents having at one time passed down the ravines and entered the caverns. The same appearances seem to pervade the river-horse remains in the Sicilian caves. It is not, therefore, easy to account for these enormous accumulations of the carcasses of such huge animals in so small a space, unless we suppose that hundreds had congregated in their dens and met their death by some unnatural cause or causes. Not as might be the case with the aged individuals resorting to such places to die; but, on the contrary, almost every vestige of growth, from the new-born calf to the adult, is represented among the relics of these ancient caves. The bones and teeth are strewn about in the greatest possible disorder, but in general not so much fractured or water-worn as might have been the case had they been rudely rolled about with the hard pebbles among which they are found imbedded. In the deposit of one rock cavity, about twenty feet by forty feet in breadth, we counted the straight tusks of no less than thirty individual river horses,* and, representing, as they did, nearly every stage of growth, were surely significant so far that the animals did not all die from the usual decay of nature; and unless we suppose a scourging pestilence affecting all the land quadrupeds more or less alike (which is extremely improbable), there is seemingly but one way of accounting for such wholesale destruction of life, and that is from a consideration of the geological changes in the outline of the area. Again, the elephantine remains and those of the rodent, birds, reptiles, and land shells, met with together in the fissures of Malta, display the same pell-mell arrangement, only the fragments of rocks are very little water-worn. A

* This estimate is no doubt much within the truth, as the greater portion of the teeth and bones was carried off by the curious long before the author's arrival at the spot.

large gap had evidently been the bed of a torrent, for whole skeletons of elephants and numbers of the dormouse were found jammed between large water-worn blocks of sandstone, arranged in layers across the ravine, and alternating with bands of pebbles and red soil, the former representing freshets or inundations, the latter periods of less turbulence. Many of the bones, both in the gaps and fissures, presented the same sun-cracked appearances as are indicated by the Gibraltar specimens, showing that they had been lying exposed and bleaching on the surface before being conveyed into the fissures and gaps. In one of the latter, the maximum length of which did not exceed one hundred feet and its greatest breadth forty feet, were discovered teeth of at least one hundred and fifty individual elephants, representing every stage of growth from the unworn tooth-crown of the calf to that of the aged, not to speak of countless remains of the gigantic dormouse and birds. Thus the former of these rich cavities and alluvial deposits may represent widely remote epochs in the history of the ancient post-Miocene Malta, which doubtless at one time spread far and wide along the central portion of the Mediterranean basin. The hippopotamus conglomerates cave and the torrent-bed deposits may have been accumulated before any very extensive submergence of the area took place; while the disordered and pell-mell arrangement of the contents of the fissures might indicate a far more modern epoch, when many of the great changes of level had already resulted, and the land was broken up in small islands, and severed from Africa or Europe. Supposing Malta or Sicily had been joined to either continent, or even formed one or more large islands; that the land began to sink, at first slowly, but in some parts more quickly than others, cutting off portions and forming islands, and thus contracting the range and decreasing the subsistence of numerous animals; also thereby diverting the channels of rivers and lakes, which flooded the low lands and swept the soil and carcasses of myriads of living creatures, which had been either killed or died of starvation or otherwise, into gaping fissures and caverns; no doubt

many of the smaller accumulations may be the results of ordinary causes continued for ages; but the extensive destruction of life represented by many of these caverns and fissures can scarcely, we opine, be accounted for on other grounds than what have just been surmised.

The discoveries of Baron Anca in the caves of Sicily have resulted in showing the presence of savage men in that island, in conjunction with the large deer, hog, and other recent animals. He has likewise established beyond a doubt the presence of the African elephant in a fossil state in that island, which, when coupled with the circumstance that the submarine plateau called Adventure Bank, stretching between Sicily and the African Continent, is only fifty fathoms under water, it may readily be supposed that there was a communication between the two lands at no very distant period. Moreover, the cavern of Palermo have furnished abundant remains of a hyena apparently identical with the spotted tiger wolf (*Crocuta maculata*), which, like its congener of the Gibraltar fissures, has been driven back to Southern Africa. The *Elephas antiquus* has also been discovered in the cave deposits; and besides the *Hippopotamus Pentlandi*, teeth of seemingly another species, perhaps identical with the undetermined river horse of the Maltese caves. At the same time, late researches have shown that as regards dimensions of teeth, the fossil specimens of the Nile river horse (*H. amphibius*) have been found as large as the huge fossil *H. major* of Northern Africa and Europe; while the *H. Pentlandi* of the Sicilian, Maltese, and Candian caves comes nearest to the dimensions of a seemingly living species (*H. annectens*) far above the cataracts of the Nile. Another species (*H. Siberiensis*), from Western Africa, intermediate in size between the last and *H. amphibius*, might turn out the same as the undetermined species in Sicily and Malta. Thus it is not improbable, when the fossil river horses have been more carefully compared with the living, that all the so-called extinct representatives of the genus still exist on the African continent, and, like the canine and feline mammals referred to, have been forced back.

In summing up the evidences presented by the data referred to, it may be generally stated that the two continents had a land communication at no very remote period, when many quadrupeds now repelled to Central and Southern Africa were plentiful, at least as far north as 40° latitude; and ibex, bears, oxen, deer, etc., now wellnigh exterminated in Europe, roamed in vast numbers over Spain and the South. The Etruscan, but more especially the Lep-torhine rhinoceros, seems also to have been then plentiful, while vast herds of river horses issued from the ancient Nile, Po, and extinct rivers and lakes of the submerged lands, and spread themselves over what is now the basin and islands of the great inland sea; at least, along the central portion of this water area wandered herds of divers species of elephants, while the same shell fish lived on the land and in the sea, and with many of the mammals survived all the great changes that have since taken place. Many of the animals have no doubt been driven back, and in part annihilated through man's agency; still not a few have disappeared from the face of the earth by means far beyond his most powerful energies. How, and by what manner of way, has this been accomplished? The answer must, at least for the present, remain ambiguous until we are better able to estimate the length of time represented by the evidences, and more is known of the laws which regulate the growth, decay, and final extermination of animated beings.

Fraser's Magazine.

ON LIVING IN PERSPECTIVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

AN enterprising artist once painted a picture after the fashion of that school which, with all its exaggerations, has done much for the reformation of modern art; as much as Wordsworth's startling yet grand puerilities once did for that of modern poetry. Not a bad picture, though *very* pre-Raphaelite. Two decidedly plain young people leaned against a wall, or rather seemed growing out of it; and the wall itself was painted minutely down to the last brick, over which

a large green beetle was meditatively walking. The landscape beyond rose almost perpendicularly up to the sky, against which, sharply outlined on the top of a very verdant tree, was a solitary black crow—so large that, if seen on the ground, he would have been as big as a sheep. He and the green beetle together quite distracted one's attention from the melancholy lovers; and though many parts of the picture were well painted, still there was a lack of proportion which marred exceedingly the general effect. It was unlevel, irregular—a sacrifice of the whole to particular parts, which were carefully "worked up," while others were totally neglected. In short, it made one feel, with a sad moralizing, what a fatal thing in pictures, books, or human lives, is a lack of proportion.

It is a plausible theory that neither good nor evil is absolute; that each vice is the exaggerated extension of a virtue; each virtue capable of being corrupted into a vice; so that the good and wise man becomes simply the man with acuteness enough to draw the exact line between either, and then to obey the advice—"In medio tutissimus ibis." If this be a sophism, there is yet truth in it. Undoubtedly the best man, the man most useful to his species, is he whose character is most equally balanced; and the most complete life is that which has been lived, so to speak, in perspective. People with enormous faults and gigantic virtues may be very interesting in novels, but they are exceedingly inconvenient in real life. An equal person, with no offensively exaggerated qualities, is far the safest to have to do with, and especially to live with. My friend Juventus, when you marry, be sure you choose a woman with no strong "peculiarities;" let her soul be well-rounded and shapely, like her form; above all, take care that she has, in all her doings and thinkings, a clear eye for the fitting relations of things which make up what I call the perspective of life.

How shall I explain it? Perhaps best by illustration, beginning with the root of all evil, and of a very great deal of good—money.

It may be a most immoral and unpoetical sentiment, but those are always the best people who have a carefulness

over, and a wise respect for, money. Not *per se*—not the mere having it or amassing it, but the prudent using of it—making it our servant and not our master. As a test of character, perhaps £ s. d. is one of the sharpest and most sure. A man who is indifferent and inaccurate in money matters, will be rarely found accurate in anything. He may have large benevolence—externally; you will see him throw half a crown to a beggar, and subscribe to every charity list in the *Times*; but if he forgets to pay you that five shillings he borrowed for cab hire, you may be quite sure that the beggar's half crown and the twenty pounds in the printed subscription will have to come out of somebody's pocket—probably *not* his own; for there is nothing like the meanness of your "generous" people—always robbing Peter to pay Paul. A liberal man is a glorious sight; but then he must be "liberal in *all* his ways"—even-handed as well as open-handed. His expenditure must be, like his character, justly balanced and in due proportion. And since how to earn and how to spend, are equally difficult arts, and that a large part of our usefulness, worthiness, and happiness depends on our learning them—ay, and they cannot be learned too soon—is it wrong to put money as the crucial test of what we term living "in perspective?"

For example: Smith has exactly five hundred a year. We all know this fact—we cannot help knowing it, he being a salaried official of Government. We also know—somehow, everybody does know everything—that he has no private fortune, and that he had the courage and manliness to marry a woman without a half penny to hers. Nevertheless, when he married he took a house, which, being in our own street, we are aware must cost him, rent and taxes together, at least £110 a year; this leaves him, for all other expenses, just £390. A very comfortable sum if fairly divided among the moderate necessities of life, but which, in these modern days, will certainly allow no extraneous luxuries.

Yet we meet Mr. and Mrs. Smith continually in "society"—he well-dressed as usual, she in her beautiful marriage gowns, which would be ruined by a common cab or omnibus; so we must

conclude they come to these elegant parties in a fly. (10s. per night; say, at lowest calculation, 30s. per week of carriage-hire. Poor Smith!) In process of time we are invited to Smith's own house, to meet "a few friends at dinner." And every dinner—counting the wine, the hired cook, the two waiters, and all the inevitable extraneous expenses of a small household giving a large entertainment, must, we are certain, have mulcted our poor friend of at least £15. If he gives three of them—there, at one fell swoop, goes £45 out of the £390, merely eaten and drank, with nothing to show for it. And Smith being an honorable fellow who *will* pay his tradesmen, though he starve for it, we shrewdly suspect there will be sharp economies somewhere; that the Gruyère cheese may result in family butter frightfully salt, and that these elegant desserts will cause Smith to go puddingless for days. Also, that the tall greengrocer in white gloves, who didn't a bit delude us into believing that our friends kept a footman, will dwindle in daily life to a slatternly Irish girl, who, being paid half the wages of a good housemaid, is so incompetent a servant that poor Mrs. Smith has to do half the work herself. Yet there she sits, pretty young woman! wan, but smiling; anxious to keep up the dignity of her husband's table, but enduring agonies lest all should not go on rightly in the kitchen, which, in that household of £500 a year, aping for one day only the luxuries and conveniences of £5000, is nearly impossible. We are so sorry for her, our gentle hostess; and as for our host, though we laugh at his jokes and praise his wine, we feel as if all the time we had our hand feloniously in his pocket. But why—oh! why—was he so foolish as to invite us to put it there?

Why? Because he cannot see that he is living out of perspective. That if he asked really "a few friends"—not acquaintances—to share the wholesome joint and nice pudding which, I doubt not, Mrs. Smith gives him every day, with, perhaps, a cozy "crack" over walnuts and wine afterwards, we should not only enjoy our entertainment, but respect our host a great deal more. For we should feel that he was giving us real hospitality—a share of his own

bread and salt—the best he could afford; and, therefore, just as valuable in its way as our best—though, we being richer men, this may consist of turtle and champagne, which, if he honors us by sharing, it is an honor; for he and his wife are well-born, well-bred, and altogether charming and acceptable guests. Why should they not believe this fact, and take their stand in society upon higher grounds than petty rivalry in meats and clothes? Why not say, openly or tacitly, “We have just five hundred a year, and we mean to live accordingly. We enjoy society, but society must take us as we are. We will attempt no make-believes; we will not feast one day and starve another; appear *en grand tenue* at our neighbor’s house, and lounge about our own in shabbiness and rags; have a large, well-furnished, showy drawing room to receive our company in, and let our family sleep in upper chambers, bare, comfortless, dirty—something between a work-house ward and a pigsty. Whatever we spend, we will spend levelly; then, be our income large or small, we shall always be rich, for we shall have apportioned our spendings to our havings. The nobleman who is said to have an income of a thousand a day can do no more.”

Not less unreal than the Smiths, or more devoid of that fine sense of the proportion of things which distinguishes a wise man from an unwise, is our other friend, Jones.

Jones is a self-made man. He and his wife began life in a second floor over their shop in the High street. There, by steadfast industry, he developed from a tradesman to a merchant—from a merchant to a millionaire. Now, in all his wealthy mercantile city, no house is more palatial than the one built by Thomas Jones. When he gives a dinner party, his plate, glass, and china dazzle your eyes; and his drawing room—on those rare occasions when you are allowed to behold it—is the very perfection of the upholsterer’s art. But, ordinarily, its carved marble chimney-pieces gleam coldly over never lighted fires; its satin damask is hid under brown holland; its velvet pile carpet you feel, but cannot see—not an inch of it!—under the ugly drugget that covers all. The

chandeliers, the mirrors, and the picture-frames, nay, the very statues, are swathed in that dreadful gauzy substance, sticky, flimsy, and crackly, which must have been invented by the goddess of Sham—as if anything not too good to buy was too good to use!

Yet, even in this dreary condition, the splendid apartments are seldom opened. Jones and his wife live mostly in their little back parlor, where are neither books, pictures, statues, nor handsome furniture; nothing pretty to delight the eye, nothing comfortable or luxurious to pleasure the old age of Jones himself or of excellent Mrs. Jones, who was such a faithful, hard-working wife to him in his poverty days, and who now richly deserves all that their well-earned wealth could give her. But, alas! both had grown so used to narrowness, that when good fortune came they could not expand with it. Save on show occasions, they continue to live in the same unnaturally humble way, approaching actual meanness; as much below their income as Smith lives, or appears to live, above his; and both are equally wrong.

The poor Joneses!—they cannot see that riches were given to a man richly to enjoy, and, what is higher still, to help others to enjoy also. How many a young fellow, with a full brain and an empty purse, would keenly relish those treasures of art which the merchant prince buys so lavishly, just because other people buy them, but does not understand or appreciate one jot! How often some sickly invalid would feel it like a day in Paradise to spend a few hours in Mrs. Jones’s beautiful country house and delicious garden, or to take an occasional drive in her easy barouche, which six days out of seven stands idle in the coach-house! For she, with her active habits, prefers walking on fine days; and on wet days, afraid of spoiling the carriage or harming the horses, she takes a street cab—nay, she has been seen tucking up her old black silk gown and popping surreptitiously into an omnibus. A noble economy, if there were any need for it, but there is none. The childless couple had far better spend their income in making other folks’ children happy. As it is, for all the use or benefit their wealth is to them, they might as well be living in those two little poky rooms

over their first shop; and that heap of countless guineas, which they can neither spend nor carry away with them, is, for all the enjoyment got out of it, of no more value to them than the dust heap at their stable door. Their folly is, in its way, as foolish as the folly of the spendthrift, and only a shade less sinful.

Far wiser are the Browns, whom I went to see the other day, and talked over old times and new. "Yes," said Mrs. Brown—commenting, smiling, upon "now" and "then"—"our great secret has been, whatever our income was, we lived within it." That income, as I knew, began at £300, out of which two households had to be maintained. At present, it is probably over—it cannot well be under—£3000 a year. And I like to see Mr. Brown drive off in his well-appointed brougham, and Mrs. Brown sit cheerful in her pretty drawing room, resplendent in rich black silk and delicate lace caps, even of a morning. How nice she always looks! yet not nicer than she used to do in the neat muslins and warm merinos made every stitch by her own hands. She never makes her own dresses now; she employs a Court milliner, and sometimes appears at dinner parties in attire quite gorgeous. But do I admire her the less for this? Do I not feel such lawful and pleasant extravagance is the natural outcome of those simple days when she was her own milliner, and went to evening parties in a hood, a cloak, and an omnibus? Now, as then, she lives in proportion to her means, fully using and enjoying her income, and, I am certain, taking good care that others shall enjoy it too. For the true root of generosity is carefulness, and if in the omnibus times she managed to spare out of her slender wardrobe many an old gown, and out of her small store cupboard many a half pound of tea, to people poorer than herself, depend upon it, out of the £3000, there is still a large item left for "charity." For true charity consists, not in slap-dash acts of astonishing liberality, but in persistently managing one's expenses so that one always has a margin left wherewith to do a kindness.

Money is, I repeat, the point upon which this want of balance in living most plainly shows itself; but there are

many other sad ways in which people may live out of perspective.

Your great philanthropist, for instance, who devotes himself to one or more pet schemes for the improvement of the race, firmly convinced that his scheme is the only scheme, until it absorbs his whole time, and becomes, like the great black crow on the tree top, a mere blot in the otherwise fair landscape of his life, and out of all proportion to the rest of it—how can he condescend to such small duties as to be the kind husband, whose smile makes the evening sunshine of the fireside; the affectionate father, who is at once the guide, the companion, and the confidant of his children?

Your great author, too. It is a pathetic thing to see a wife sit smiling under the laurels of an illustrious husband, and

"Hear the nations praising him far off,"

while, near at home, she knows well that the praise never warms the silent hearth, from which he is continually absent, or, if he comes to it, only brings with him, sulkiness and gloom. Alas! that shallow of fame rather blights than shelters the weak womanly heart which cares little, perhaps, for ambition, but is thirsting for help, comfort, and love. Doubtless many a time that great man's wife envies the lot of a woman married to some stupid respectable spouse who goes to his office at nine and returns at six—goes with the cheerful brow of the busy, active man, and comes back with the kiss and the smile of the honest man who has done his work and got it over, and has room for other cares than bread-winning—other thoughts than of himself and his celebrity.

And the "auri sacra fames" is as great a destroyer of all domestic peace, as great a blot on the level landscape of a man's life, as the "cacoëthes scribendi." See it, in all its madness, in our poor friend Robinson. He has made one fortune, but did not consider it large enough, and is now busy making another. He is off to the city at eight A.M., never returning till eight P.M., and then so worn and jaded that he cares for nothing beyond his dinner and his sleep. His beautiful house, his conservatories and pleasure grounds, delight not him; he never enjoys, he only pays for them.

He has a charming wife and a youthful family, but he sees little of either—the latter, indeed, he never sees at all except on Sundays. He comes home so tired that the children would only worry him. To them “papa” is almost a stranger. They know him only as a periodical incumbrance on the household life, which generally makes it much less pleasant. And when they grow up, it is to such a totally different existence than his that they usually quietly ignore him—“Oh! papa cares nothing about this;” “No, no, we never think of telling papa anything”—until some day papa will die, and leave them a quarter of a million. But how much better to leave them what no money can ever buy—the remembrance of a *father*! A real father, whose guardianship made home safe; whose tenderness filled it with happiness; who was companion and friend as well as ruler and guide; whose influence interpenetrated every day of their lives, every feeling of their hearts; who was not merely the “author of their being”—that is nothing, a mere accident—but the originator and educator of everything good in them: the visible father on earth, who made them understand dimly “Our Father which is in heaven.”

One of the saddest forms taken by lives lived out of perspective is one which belongs not so much to men as to women, and that is with regard to the affections. We laugh at the lady with whom every second person she chances to name is “my very dearest friend.” We know there can be but one “dearest,” or else the phrase means nothing at all. We take these demonstrative people for what they are worth; extremely obliged for their friendship, but not breaking our hearts about them, and well assured they will never break their hearts about us.

But while we smile with a sort of half-contemptuous pity at those who have such shallow and thinly spread affections, such small capacity of loving, we are forced to admit that it is possible to love too much—I mean, to allow one passion or affection, of whatever kind, to absorb so much of a life that the rest of it, with all its duties, tenderness, and responsibilities, becomes dwindled down into unnatural proportions. Who has

not seen, with sorrowful bitterness, some woman—it is usually a woman—wasting her whole time, thoughts, and feelings upon one individual, friend or relative (we will not add lover, because that is, at all events, a natural engrossment, leading to natural and righteous duties), and sacrificing to this one person everything in life? An unholy sacrifice, and generally to an unworthy object, or it would not have been accepted. Gradually, this influence narrows the worshipper's whole nature. She, poor voluntary slave, cannot see that the essence of honest love is perfect freedom, exacting no more than its just rights, and being delicately careful of the rights of others. No friend ought to be the only friend; no tie of blood, the only tie; our affections, like all else, were meant to be fairly divided. When they are concentrated upon one object, a wholesome attachment becomes a diseased engrossment, which instead of elevating, deteriorates the character, and makes an ardent love more injurious than many an honest hate.

Ay: for love itself may be degraded from a religion into a mere superstition. Sometimes even a mother will neglect her other children to waste her substance upon an undutiful scamp, whom everybody knows to be a scamp, and treats accordingly. And continually one sees sisters condoning and palliating in some ne'er-do-weel brother, errors which in any other man they would condemn and scorn. Worse still—how many a wife, who has unhappily borne children to a man whom it is ruin for them to have as a father, hesitates and quails before her conflicting duties—God help her! Yet how can He help her unless she sees clearly what is her duty, which is not to let even the divine tie of marriage obedience blind her to compromise with sin? There may be cases in which the only salvation is escape. It is possible to love, not only father and mother, but husband or wife, more than Him, and so be led astray from His absolute right and unalterable truth.

And this brings us to the last and most fatal phase of lives out of perspective. There are people who to one special duty, which by some morbid exaggeration of fancy they have been led to believe a duty paramount, will sacrifice

everything else. The balance of conscience is in them quite lost. They see all things in a distorted light. They are unable to take a just estimate of either their own rights or those of others—nay, their very moral consciousness becomes diseased; all the more so, because these victims are generally among the best and noblest of natures—the most single-minded, devoted, and self-sacrificing. While the mass of the world is made up of exceedingly selfish people, passionately pursuing their own interest, there is a proportion in whom the element of self seems to be altogether and fatally absent. I repeat fatally; because a certain quantity of ego, just sufficient to make one weigh one's self, one's own capabilities and rights, in equal measure with those of other people, is not only beneficial but necessary. Nothing is more hateful than the egotist, the selfish epicurean, whose one little "I" is the centre of his universe. Yet, on the other hand, it is sad to see a person, man or woman (and here again it is generally a woman), in whom the quality of self-esteem or self-respect is so totally wanting that she allows herself to be continually "put upon;" follows everybody's advice, succumbs to everybody's tyranny, is the victim of all the injustice of friends and the caprices of acquaintances. Sadder still, because the woman is almost invariably a very good woman; only devoid of that something, intellectual or moral—which is it?—which forms, so to speak, the centre of gravity in a character—enabling the individual to see clearly and decide fairly the balance of duties and the relative proportion of things.

Otherwise, as continually we see, many a noble and useful life is actually wrecked for the sake of some self-created or, at best, strongly exaggerated duty, into which circumstances had drifted the individual, and for which all other duties (including the one, not to man but to God, to preserve for His utmost service the mind and body which He bestowed) are completely neglected. A mother will sacrifice all her children, and herself, upon whom her whole family depends, to save some one child who happens to have more influence over her than the rest; a sister will strip herself of every penny, and perhaps come to

subsist upon charity in her old age, to supply the wanton extravagances of some scapegrace brother, for whom a workhouse crust, of his own earning would be a salutary lesson; or—though of this evil let us speak with tenderness, for it verges on the noblest good—a daughter will waste her health, her strength, all the lawful enjoyments of her youth, perhaps even sacrifice woman's holiest right—love and marriage—for the sake of some exacting parent or parents, who consider that the mere fact of having given life constitutes the claim to absorb into themselves everything that makes life pleasant or desirable. These are hard words, but they are true words; and though it may be a touching and beautiful sight to see one human life devoted—nay, even sacrificed—to another, woe be to that other—ay, even though it were a parent—who compels the sacrifice!

Ay, even as Nature made this tree—at which, while I write, I sit looking—in such marvellous proportion as well as perfection; the strong rough trunk, the slighter boughs, the slender branches and twigs, all hung with green leaves and rosy blossoms, foretelling wealth of fruit; so she created our lives to be lived in perspective, and our duties to be fitted into one another, or rather to grow out of one another—none taking an exaggerated size, or assuming a false relation, to the injury of the rest. And truly the great art of living is to learn the secret of this.

What is it? Where is the one point from which, speaking geometrically, we may safely "describe" all lines, so as to make our confused lives into that divine, harmonious figure which alone constitutes completeness, rest, and peace? Not self, certainly. However conceited and egotistic we are in our youth, we rarely grow to middle age without discovering that egotism, *per se*, is a huge mistake—not merely an ugliness, but a ridiculous mistake. He who dwells wholly in himself, who sees all things with reference to himself, makes a blunder as patently ludicrous as he whose feeble self-dependence and low self-esteem cause him to lean always on the judgment and be guided by the opinion of others. Both err in precisely the same way as our friend the pre-Raphaelite painter, who took his point of sight anywhere, or no-

where in particular, and so lost altogether his power of comparison between objects; made his crow as large as a donkey, and his green beetle a more interesting personage than his unfortunate lovers leaning against the wall.

One last word, and a solemn one, for life is a sad and solemn thing.

In this strange landscape of our mortal existence there is but one true and safe point of sight, and that is neither from self within us nor from the world without us, but *from above*. The man who feels, humbly yet proudly, that his life is owed to Him who gave it, to be fashioned according to the clearest vision he has of His pattern, possesses in himself a permanent centre whence he can judge of all things with an equal eye. He is like what David says of "a tree planted by rivers of water:" he grows firmly on

his own root, and every development of his character, every act of his life, is in due proportion. Consequently, season by season, he will bring forth, in sight of all men, his buds, leaves, blossoms, and fruit: even like my apple tree there, which stands steadfast in its place, while the bees come humming about it, and the birds sit and sing in the branches, as they will do to its very last summer—its very last day. Such a man, who, whatever sort of life it may please Heaven to give him, carries it out to the full, so far as its possibilities allow, bears with him to the end of his days the blessing of the tree—"His leaf also shall not wither; and look, whatsoever he doeth, it shall prosper." And be his life short or long, lofty or lowly, it is sure to be a complete life, inasmuch as, whatever its proportions, it was lived "in perspective."

Temple Bar.

HUGO THE BASTARD.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

I PICKED this quarrel, D'Avanne, with thee,
And I thank thee for giving that death-thrust sure.
Little, I swear, did it matter to me
Whether Blanche thy mistress was stained or pure;
All that I sought, when I picked this fight,
Was a knightly death by the hand of a knight.
Hold thy kerchief, De Loye, to my breast,
And stanch the red gap as well as you can—
Ugh! Jesu be praised, I shall soon be at rest—
A priest—no, by heaven! your hand, D'Avanne,
We're friends, I trust? you forgive the lie?
Injure you, slander you, faith not I!
Thy Blanche is as pure as my sin is small;
I questioned her purity—only to die.
And I've proved she is pure with my blood, that's all.
Ah, friend, all slander is most accurst,
But the slander of one's own eyes is the worst.
Doubt not, doubt not, doubt not, D'Avanne,
By thy faith in thy mistress ever trust,
So walk erect the full height of a man,
When I am dust.

II.

De Loye, you knew her? my wife that is dead?
Nay, man, never tremble and hang your head!
I know what I'm talking about, and moreover
The scandalmongers of dull Navarre
Have cropped the whole tale up, spawn that they are,
Chew'd the cud, too, as cattle eat succulent clover.
Let them! who hinders! not I, I swear,
I who am going to join her up there!
Hush—lift me, De Loye, prop my head on your knee—
Your hands, but come closer—and listen to me.

III.

What was I but a sin in the night
 Sprung up at last to a human height,
 Hugo the Bastard, sans name, sans treasure,
 The mortal scum of a monarch's pleasure?
 But I strode to the Court, with my sword on loin,
 Rugged of feature, but scant of coin,
 Till over his golden beard smiled Francis,
 And gave me some little fighting to do;
 So I rose in the world by the merest chances
 And rose in my own opinion too.
 But look at this head, like the head of an elf;
 This beak of a nose, these eyeballs yellow;
 I've looked in the mirror and hated myself—
 I was ever the same—an ill-favored fellow!
 Base-born, moreover, of no degree!
 God bless her, therefore, for smiling on me.

IV.

How they stared! Just as you, De Loye, stare now!
 Even King Francis made a grimace!
 None of the gad-flies could understand how
 A lady so perfect of form and face
 Should place her white little dove of a hand
 In the great black palm of M'sieu Hugo—
 She did it, though! and they tied the band
 Snug enough in a town where few go.
 From Paris we came to Navarre, and bade
 Francis adieu and his gorgeous train—
 How firm I felt on my legs! how glad!
 The bright blood sparkled through every vein
 With the beaded brilliance of bright champagne!
 I was rich, pretty rich, as you guess, by this time—
 I was never a man to waste money or miss time.
 And here in Navare, at Castle Blois—
 A place to be proud of, though small, we led
 Such a life! a summer dream of joy!
 Till she lay in the darkness and bare me my boy,
 Who caught but a glimpse of her beauty and fled.
 Fled? Nay, I avow, De Loye, my friend,
 His soul dwelt like light on her face till the end—
 Just then came a line from the King: I must fain
 Ride over the mountains and fight in Spain!
 I have never forgot how she looked that night
 When I showed her his Majesty's mandate to leave—
 While she rose on her pillow and strained me tight,
 While her wild black hair in the dim lamp-light
 Sparkled dark on a bosom too stony to grieve.
 But she wept not, but gazed in a pale affright
 With her great dark eyes. Ay, D'Avanne was right—
 Women are nobler than men believe.

V.

Off I rode! Shall I own it, not so unwilling
 To return to the business of wounding and killing?
 I was happy, most happy, though pleasure seemed tame,
 I had feared any change, yet was pleased when it came.
 Ah, we men! we male weathercocks! what are we,
 That women should love us so utterly?
 Off I rode, sword on hip: and was soon far away,
 Tickling the Spaniard's yellow gizzards,
 Fighting, tramping, 'neath sun and star, away,
 Till these cheeks of mine were as brown as lizards.
 Not a scratch got I! The sharp steel shaved me

Closely as razors, and hissed as it fell—
What might have happened I cannot tell,
But on two occasions angels saved me—

VI.

Angels! Ah, I forgot: a boy—
(How I bleed!—press the kerchief closer, De Loye)—
An Italian boy, with great black eyes,
Tanned cheeks and an elfin head,
And a drooping underlip, berry-red,
Where the senses lighted like butterflies.
He turned up, pale, in the midst of the strife,
And brought me a letter from madam my wife—
Blessings, injunctions, protestations,
Kisses, prayers, asseverations;
Then: "The boy who brings you this, my Hugo,
A poor Italian, Angelo,
Craves that in battle he may with you go,
And learn what grown men, warriors, know;
Thy page, thy henchman, let him be—
I knew his mother in Italy."
More blessings, injunctions, protestations,
Kisses, prayers, asseverations;
I kissed the letter, then turned me round
To the boy, who stood with his eyes on the ground,
With cheeks blushing ruddy as junipers,
And I liked him—because he had eyes like *hers*.

VII.

I made him my henchman, as she bade—
A capital henchman, too, he made,
Though once or twice, in the thick of the fight,
I fancied I saw his cheeks turn white;
Yet he bit his lips and upheld his head,
Struggled among the living and dead,
And saved my life three times, as I said.
Tanned and yellow'd, but full of fun,
Home we rode when the war was done;
Some dozen leagues from Castle Blois
I parted from Angelo, the boy,
Who promised to join me, his master, anon,
At home at the Castle. I galloped on.
And the rest was a dream, for my soul was astir,
And my heart was bounding to look on *her*—
Till she stood at the gate with her arms outheld,
And I slipt from the saddle and clasped her to me,
While the servants shouted, the mastiff yelled,
And a bliss like quicksilver sparkled through me!

VIII.

The very next morning there came a billet
From Francis, compelling me, willy nilly,
On urgent affairs to the Court to repair straight;
Grumbling a little, I jumped on my mare straight;
Rode, entered Paris, saw Gold Beard again,
Who held out his hand with an air that delighted me—
Who praised me galore for my doings in Spain,
And drawing his sword, with that grace of his, knighted me.
How glorious I felt when I mounted to ride
To Marie, in the pride of my honor new-gained?
How the hedges and fields whistled by, as I strained
Every nerve of the brute, hasting on to her side;
But lo! a tried servitor met me midway—
(Tried, mark you, and true—be he damned with my hate!)
Who whispered—(now mark how De Loye turns away—

You know what he whispered, De Loye—ay, but wait !)
 That the dark-eyed Italian, Angelo,
 The stripling whose face I had fancied so,
 Had been watched one night as he quietly crept
 Into the room where my lady slept.
 I listened, dumb, then white as death,
 Struck the gray fiend on the mouth, and he fell,
 But followed, with all the devils of hell,
 As I galloped onward, and scarce drew breath
 Till I came to Castle Blois by night,
 When the moon was up and the fields wore a light
 Like the gleam of a lamp on a face that is dead.

IX.

(Higher—and grasp me under the shoulder ;
 There's a hammering, clamoring, here in my head !
 I'm growing weaker—I'm growing colder !)

X.

Swiftly I sprang to my lady's room,
 The gray slave followed, and bore a lamp—
 We rushed up stairs with a hasty tramp—
 And, crouching back in the scattered gloom.
 Without the door of her chamber, ho !
 His bright eyes sparkling, Angelo.
 'Twas enough—by the throat I gripped him tight ;
 He could not speak—but his eyes were bright
 With a beautiful horror, strange to see—
 I hissed to the knave, " A death by steel
 Were too sweet a death for such as he ;
 Help me to grip him neck and heel,
 And place him in the great oaken chest,
 That lies in my chamber—for there he shall rest
 Till he rot ! " The gray knave, who was used to such work—
 He had camped with the Arab, and smoked with the Turk—
 Lent a hand, and 'twas done ; and along the gloom,
 The boy was borne to his living tomb :
 And can I ever forget, De Loye,
 That last despairing look of the boy,
 Who strove in vain to utter a cry,
 And we tomb'd him in silence, and left him to die ?

XI.

Then strode I back, with a fiend in my soul,
 These yellow eyes glaring, my face white as snow,
 Firmly gripping the sword, free to settle the whole
 Black account with the woman, my mistress. But no !
 Her chamber was empty, the bird had fled,
 I sat me down on the side of the bed,
 Thought, trembled, and muttered " Let her go ! "
 [Raise me higher—prop my head ! "
 You know what the scandalmonger said.]

XII.

I kept my secret—till now (I die !
 De Loye, De Loye, bend down and hark !)
 I fought, I swaggered, but by and by,
 I rose one night, and groped in the dark,
 Lit a lamp, and lifted the lid of the chest,
 And saw HER . . . in her stripling's raiment drest ;
 Her face shrivelled up, with her horror, dead eyes
 Blankly staring on me—
 Fair limbs twisted up in their agonies,
 And . . . Marie!—Marie !

Cornhill Magazine.

CLOUGH'S LIFE AND POEMS.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH was born at Liverpool in 1819. His lineage was of some antiquity and distinction; among his ancestors he counted a great-granddaughter of Henry VII. Not long before his birth his father, the third son of a family of ten children, left the Welsh valleys in which the Cloughs had been established for about three centuries, and settled as a merchant in Liverpool. When Arthur was four years old the whole family removed to Charleston in North America, where his childhood was passed in close companionship with his mother. Mrs. Clough seems to have been a remarkable woman. She laid in her son's character the foundation of that earnestness and sense of duty which was afterwards to be developed by the influence of Dr. Arnold. In this respect Arthur Clough formed no exception to the rule that great mothers are most important in the formation of great men. "She had no love of beauty," says her daughter, "but stern integrity was at the bottom of her character. She loved what was grand, noble, and enterprising, and was truly religious. . . . There was an enthusiasm about her that took hold of us, and made us see vividly the things that she taught us." With this mother Clough read Pope's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the lives of Leonidas, Epaminondas, and Columbus, and the history of the Protestant struggles in the Netherlands, shaping his early ideal of nobleness by such examples of heroic self-devotion to great causes. He was graver and more thoughtful than other boys, apt to use set phrases, and not a little pedantic in his views of life. At the age of ten he writes to tell his sister that the holidays are going to begin in these solemn words: "The summer vacation is now just approaching, after which time we shall be conducted, either by uncle Alfred or uncle Charles, to Rugby, which is not far from Leamington, at which place cousin Eliza is at school." His letter ends with this elaborate sentence: "Were you not grieved to hear that that magnificent building, York Minster, had been partly destroyed through the destructive means of fire?"

Clough's family remained at Charles-

ton, while he was sent to school at Rugby and his brother George to Chester. It was then that the most remarkable period in his life began, a period of promise and hope which were destined to much disappointment. It is worth while to dwell upon his letters written at that time from Rugby. They forcibly illustrate the power and nature of Dr. Arnold's influence, the high moral atmosphere which pervaded the school, and the almost unhealthy sense of responsibility and premature importance which was forced upon the older boys. Life between the age of ten and nineteen was already a most serious thing to some of Arnold's pupils. They worked at their own education and at the improvement of their little world as consciously and zealously as a London clergyman among his flock, or a philosopher intent on the production of a new system, combining self-culture and missionary labors in one continued effort of elaborate earnestness. Clough was soon filled with the spirit of the place, which showed itself in a profound belief that Rugby was "the best of all public schools, which are the best kind of schools!" Nor was he content to enjoy the advantages of his position merely: he felt himself an integral part of the system, a member on whom in a great measure its welfare was dependent and who was bound to sacrifice his own interests when needful to the common good. "I sometimes think," he writes, "of giving up fagging hard here, and doing all my extra work in the holidays, so as to have my time here free for these two objects:—1st, the improvement of the school; 2d, the publication and telling abroad of the merits of the school by means of the Magazine." These ideas governed his whole school life. Much of his time was spent in conducting the *Rugby Magazine*, and in extending his personal influence by "associating with fellows for their good." The vigor of his language is not a little remarkable. "I verily believe my whole being is soaked through with the wishing and hoping and striving to do the school good, or rather to keep it up and hinder it from falling in this (I do think) very critical time, so that all my cares and affections and conversation, thoughts, words, and deeds look to that involuntarily." At another time he says: "I

don't know which to think the greatest, the blessing of being under Arnold, or the curse of being without a home." And again: "At school, where I am loved by many, and where I am living under, and gathering wisdom from, a great and good man, such a prospect makes me tremble, for it seems to be too fair for earth." At the same time he writes to his younger brother, impressing upon his softer mind the duties of practical religion, of steadiness of aim, and of constant striving against indolence. There was little indolence in Clough's life at that time. Indeed, though vigorous by constitution and athletic in his habits, his health seems to have been greatly broken by too assiduous study and premature anxiety.

Perhaps we may be inclined to think that there is something morbid in all this. Yet, allowing for the peculiar tone which Rugby under Arnold's influence acquired, we must admire this single-hearted interest in the welfare of a school, this enthusiasm for the character of a great teacher, this constant shaping of daily thoughts and actions to a high unselfish end. We cannot but feel that for a boy, as well as for a man, such a moral condition is good. We cannot but compare this spirit, if overstrained yet vigorous, with the selfishness, low aims, and lack of purity in many schools.

Unfortunately, it was too excessive. Clough seems never to have recovered from the hotbed system of Rugby. His physical and mental health suffered in consequence of that precocious development. When he entered the larger world of Oxford, with principles adapted to the sphere which he had left, he seemed to have lost the plasticity of youth. Questions which might have proved a lighter burden to less conscious and formed characters, disturbed his peace; his old confidence was gone; and by the time of his leaving college for the world of London, one might already have applied to him what was originally said of a greater poet "*Il était un jeune homme d'un bien beau passé.*"

One of the characteristics of the Rugbians of that day was a profound belief in the institution to which they belonged. They seemed never to forget that when other youths were boys they had been men; that while others had picked up

ideas and opinions here and there by chance, they had received the sharp and glittering coinage of Arnold's brain. This made them, as all the members of a new and pushing body must be, somewhat insufferable. They formed themselves into "a high Arnold set," and sought the improvement of their college by extending to its members the advantage of possessing Rugby friends. Clough began his life at Balliol in this strain. A flourish of trumpets had preceded his reception as senior scholar of the year 1836, and the most brilliant career was expected of him. But he soon submitted to the genius of the place. Instead of proselytizing he seemed likely to become a proselyte. The doctrines of J. H. Newman and the Tractarian party were then disturbing Oxford. Clough came under the influence of Ward, who was zealous in dialectics among the younger men, "asking you your opinions on every possible subject of this kind you can enumerate; beginning with Covent Garden and Macready, and certainly not ending till you got to the question of the moral sense and deontology." Nothing could be more different from the vigorous simplicity with which Arnold impressed upon his pupils his own definite conclusions on intellectual or moral questions. Clough's philosophy was deranged; multitudes of things about which he thought he had attained to certainty became unsettled; and he did not live long enough to regain a clear insight. Perhaps this was inevitable; the bent of his mind seems to have inclined him to an almost morbid scrupulousness, and to speculation without end. He equally distrusted his own instincts and the opinions of the world, while the moral sensitiveness to which he was constitutionally inclined had been augmented rather than diminished by his school life. Other men are able after a time to dismiss the insoluble problems which must suggest themselves to every thinking mind, or at least to entertain them only as matters of inquiry independent of the real concerns of life. But Clough carried them about with him; they formed the foreground and the background to all his pictures of the world; they hung like a thick cloud over his spirit, and lay like obstacles upon the path which he desired to tread. Thus

the great force of character which in times of more settled opinion would have rendered him distinguished as a man of action was neutralized; and the genius which might have been employed upon some solid work of art, was frittered away and obscured by doubts. His own thoughts corroded the intellect which gave them birth, and the best powers of his nature were left to prey upon themselves.

It may be asked why we should dwell upon this spectacle of a baffled intellect? Nor would it be easy to answer this question were it not for another side of Clough's character in which we see the real greatness of the man. Hampered as he always remained by the unsolved problems of the world, he was yet content to wait and trust though everything around him seemed confused and dark. Such daily work as came to him he did with all his might. Above all things he refused to acquiesce in make-believe religions and opinions of which he had discerned the hollowness. In the midst of doubt about the proper object of life, he never swerved from the conviction that there was a duty to be obeyed, a law of right and wrong which should not be transgressed. And though all kinds of moral and religious questions plagued his reason, he held fast to the belief that truth immutable abode behind the clouds, that God, the source of all good things, was cognizant of what we thought or did or said. The importance of such a faith as this will not be undervalued by any one who has observed the want of tone and moral helplessness to which mere skepticism leads; who has, for instance, compared the life of Clough with that of Alfred de Musset, a far greater artist, and a far less estimable man. "The New Sinai," "The Questioning Spirit," and the lines beginning "Whate'er when face to face we see," among Clough's poems, show the depth of these convictions in his soul. Such bitter pieces as "The Latest Decalogue," "There is no God the Wicked Saith," and "Easter Day," prove that his lack of definite beliefs did not spring from want of earnestness or thought, but that he had passed beyond the standing point of common orthodoxy without gaining ground sufficiently sure to base a new creed upon. "He would

not make his reason blind," he could not solidify the prejudices of the mass, cry peace where there was no peace, or dishonestly acquiesce in certain formulas because the world at large expected it. The poem which begins "O Thou whose Image in the Shrine of Human Spirits Dwells Divine," is a sufficiently clear expression of the earnest, if sad and undefined, faith which he carried with him to the grave. It is this profound reverence, this courage, this patience, this sincerity, this belief in the unseen, this loyalty to duty, which we admire in Clough, and which make the story of his life instructive. We need these qualities in the present day, when people are too ready on the one hand to hoot down speculation and to stifle doubt, while others take a pride in rushing prematurely to negative conclusions. The perplexities of Clough's mind so far hindered his activity that he was precluded from achieving all the academical honors that were expected of him. Before leaving Rugby the competition for prizes and distinctions had lost for him the charm of novelty. His success at Balliol sufficed to increase his reputation, but not to stimulate ambition. He took a second class in the final examinations, and after failing to obtain a fellowship in his own college, was elected fellow of Oriel in 1842. Among tutors and contemporaries his renown was great, far greater than his actual achievements warranted. Freshmen pointed out the grave and silent scholar, deep-voiced, broad-chested, with peculiar reverence, and one of the most distinguished professors of the university is still wont to say that no man he has known at Oxford bore so clear a mark of genius as Clough. Personally, he became the object of devoted friendship. The mixture of power and tenderness, of thought and feeling, of upright honesty and diffidence, which marked his character, drew men towards him. He proved successful as a private "coach" and as a tutor in his college. But this fair state of things was not destined to last long. His position as the fellow and tutor of a great college brought him necessarily into close contact with many of the principles about which he had serious doubts. He was expected to teach and enforce what he could at most but half believe, and thus

perpetually found himself in a false position. His own language illustrates the painfulness of this state: "If I begin to think about God," he writes, "there arise a thousand questions, and whether the Thirty-nine Articles answer them at all, or whether I should not answer them in the most diametrically opposite purport, is a matter of great doubt. If I am to study the question, I have no right to put my name to the answers beforehand, or to join in the acts of a body, and be to practical purposes one of a body, who accept these answers of which I propose to examine the validity."

Here is a sorry pass for an earnest and conscientious man who has signed the Thirty-nine Articles, and finds himself reputed by his colleagues and the world as one of their paid champions. Clough felt so hampered by his position at Oriel, that he decided, in 1848, to resign his tutorship: almost anything, he thought, was "honester than being a teacher of the Thirty-nine Articles." A few months later he resigned his fellowship and cut himself adrift from Oxford. By this step he gained some freedom, but he lost pecuniary advantages of no slight importance, congenial occupations, and the society of cultivated men. His father had recently failed in business, so that this sudden renunciation of a lucrative and certain post made his relatives not a little anxious. "They wrote kindly and temperately on the whole," he says, "made the most of conscientiousness, but were alarmed with ideas of extreme and extravagant views." To Clough himself the breaking of his fetters brought a sense of infinite relief. He spent the Easter vacation of 1848 at Paris, among the stirring scenes of revolutions and counter-revolutions. His letters at that time took a curiously Carlylesque tone, and it is clear that from the various activities around him he caught a spark of genuine enthusiasm. His generous nature sympathized with every effort after freedom; and he almost won for himself the title of socialist, then dreaded with a superstitious terror, by the tirades which he delivered against "well-to-do-ism" and "aristocracies." This spirit prompted him to write at Oxford, in the spring of 1847, a pamphlet on the

Duty of Retrenchment during the Great Irish Famine, in which he thus appeals to the students of the university: "O ye, born to be rich, or, at least, born not to be poor; ye young men of Oxford, who gallop your horses over Bullingdon, and ventilate your fopperies arm in arm up the High street, abuse, if you will, to the full that other plea of the spirits or thoughtlessness of youth, but let me advise you to hesitate ere you venture the question, May I not do what I like with my own? ere you meddle with such edge tools as the subject of property." The poetical aspect of these sympathies, instead of the didactic or minatory, was set forth in his poem of *The Bothie*—a pleasant idyl of Oxford reading parties, written in the autumn of 1848. It is clear that a man of genius, so well provided with doubtful opinions on social, political, and religious questions, was not likely to keep quiet and at ease in the henroost of Oxford, where heterodoxies even of the retrograde and Romanizing order were regarded with great horror.

In the beginning of 1849, Clough accepted the headship of University Hall, London. This institution was but just founded, and before it came into working order he had time to visit Rome, and be a witness of the extinction of Mazzini's republic. His letters from Rome are full of vigorous thought and graphic touches. It was during his detention in the beleaguered city that he wrote the *Amours de Voyage*, which, perhaps, may be regarded as his most finished poem. The autumn found him established in Gordon-square, at the head of his hall, alone, and comparatively free. He had hoped for perfect liberty of thought and action; but this he could not find. In fact the whole of his life was destined to prove one perpetual hustling against orthodoxies—at Oxford against the orthodoxy of the English Church—in London against the orthodoxy of heterodoxical opinions—in America against the orthodoxy of established Unitarians. The social problems which life in London forces upon a solitary man plagued him. He could not fix himself to money making as the object of existence, and was always restless as to the utility of his own occupations. To one of his friends he writes,

"I, like you, have jumped over a ditch for the fun of the experiment, and would not be disinclined to be once more again in a highway, with my brethren and companions. But *Spartam nactus es, hanc orna*. . . . Nothing is very good anywhere, I am afraid." Later on he said, in the same strain, "I feel sometimes as if I must not trifle away time in anything which is not really a work to some purpose, and that any attempt to be happy, except in doing that, would be a mere failure, were it apparently successful. It sometimes seems to be said to me that I must do this, or else 'from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have.' There is nothing very terrible in this, but I cannot get myself to look at things as mere means to money making; and yet if I do not, I seem in some sense guilty." The dramatic poem *Dipsychus*, written in 1850, shows how profoundly his whole mental constitution was divided and distracted by the sense of unaccomplishment and misdirected energies. Some of its lines are pointed to himself—

"Heartily you will not take to anything;
Whatever happen, don't I see you still
Living no life at all?
. Methinks I see you
Through everlasting limboes of void time,
Twirling and twiddling ineffectively,
And indeterminately swaying for ever."

In fact Clough was one of those men who long for work, whose consciences oppress them if they rest a moment idle, but who cannot set their hands to anything which seems to them worth doing. They are too acutely critical to put their faith in the systems that satisfy other men, too scrupulous to let the question go unsolved, and use their energy in the pursuit of selfish aims. A church is the proper sphere for these men; that alone consecrates daily labor to spiritual ends, and relieves the zealous worker of importunate responsibility. But the time has long gone by since any church could satisfy the mind of such a man as Clough. His painful sensibility to all the puzzles of the world incapacitated him for useful labor even when he most desired it.

Yet we must not fall into a one-sided view of Clough's character. He was not

a sour misanthropist or gloomy dreamer. Much humor and interest in many subjects are shown in all his letters, and the creeds which supported his life were of a high and noble kind. Of religion he speaks thus: "My own feeling does not go along with Coleridge in attributing any special virtue to the facts of the Gospel History. They have happened, and have produced what we know have transformed the civilization of Greece and Rome and the barbarism of Gaul and Germany into Christendom. But I cannot feel sure that a man may not have all that is important in Christianity even if he does not so much as know that Jesus of Nazareth existed. And I do not think that doubts respecting the facts related in the Gospels need give us much trouble. Believing that in one way or other the thing is of God, we shall in the end know, perhaps, in what way, and how far it was so. Trust in God's justice and love, and belief in his commands as written in our conscience, stand unshaken, though Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, or even St. Paul were to fail.

"The thing which men must work at will not be critical questions about the Scriptures, but philosophical problems of grace, and free will, and of redemption as an idea, not as an historical event. What is the meaning of 'Atonement by a Crucified Saviour?' How many of the Evangelicals can answer that?"

And of his theory of life we hear—"As for the objects of life, heaven knows! they differ with one's opportunities. (a.) Work for others—political, mechanical, or as it may be. (b.) Personal relations. (c.) Making books, pictures, music, etc. (d.) Living in one's shell. 'They also serve who only stand and wait.'" There is nothing fanciful or trivial or selfish in either of these creeds. Insufficient as they may be to happiness, far as they may be from supplying a man less powerful than Clough with energy to battle in the world, they reveal to us the patience of a calm and philosophic mind. "If we die and come to nothing," he remarks, "it does not therefore follow that life and goodness will cease to be in heaven and earth." In "this negative stoicism of a man defrauded of positive creeds and unwilling to relapse into selfish in-

difference, there is something which moves admiration even more than pity in the midst of sadness. University Hall having proved a failure as far as Clough was concerned, he set out in 1852 to try his fortunes in the New World. What it cost him to leave England may easily be guessed, and is pathetically expressed in the following stanzas of a poem written on the voyage:

"Come back; come back; and whither back
or why?

To fan quenched hopes, forsaken schemes to
try;
Walk the old fields; pace the familiar street;
Dream with the idlers, with the bards com-
pete.

Come back, come back.

"Come back; come back; and whither and for
what?

To finger idly some old Gordian knot,
Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,
And with much toil attain to half believe.

Come back, come back.

"Come back; come back; yea, back indeed
do go

Sighs panting thick, and tears that want to
flow;
Fond fluttering hopes upraise their useless
wings,

And wishes idly struggle in the strings,
Come back, come back."

There was even pain in relinquishing his old perplexities, or rather in carrying them away with him to new and less congenial scenes. Yet even Clough had reasons in the history of his own family, in his political sympathies, and in the friendship which he had formed for Emerson, to feel less doubtful about the advantages of expatriation than many were who seek their fortunes in the colonies. He travelled with Thackeray, and soon found himself in the society of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Channing, Theodore Parker, Dana, Lowell and others. The *Bothie*, which suited American tastes, had gained for him a poet's reputation; and his sound scholarship secured him the certainty of work. After settling at Cambridge with the intention of making "pupillizing and writing" his vocation, he was forthwith engaged in teaching Greek to an American youth of seventeen years of age, and six feet one in height, and in preparing for the press a revised edition of Dryden's *Phu-*

tarch. But he found it languid work. The novelty of American life wore off; the tyranny of fixed opinions made itself felt even in the United States, and Clough was glad enough to hear of a place in the Privy Council Office having been procured for him by friends. He returned to England in 1853, from which time, till his death in 1861, he led a uniform, hardworking, uneventful life. In 1854 he married, and subsequently had two children, to whom he was most devotedly attached. The nature of his employment was on the whole satisfactory. "I am going on here, working in the office in the ordinary routine, which, however, after years of great tuition, is really a very great relief. All education is in England, and I think in America, so mixed up with religious matters, that it is a great difficulty." Another time he says, in something of his old spirit, "Well, I go on in the office—*operose nihil agendo*—very operose, and very nihil, too." At the time the society of eminent men, Carlyle and Tennyson and others, whose friendship he formed during the latter period of his life, the pretty regular correspondence which he kept up with his American acquaintances, his lively interest in home and foreign politics, and the reading of current literature, supplied his life with numerous and pleasant sources of occupation. His work was unintermitting in its energy. The condition of the educational department of the Privy Council Office at the time when his assistance was required, enabled him to exercise those administrative powers which he possessed so largely, and which had been so long dormant. He infused new life into the system. Nor was he content with his official labors, but continued to devote his spare time to conducting for Miss Nightingale the business connected with her Crimean expedition. Two years before his death his health began to waver. He visited Greece and Constantinople in the April of 1861, and in the summer of that year travelled in the Pyrenees. During these journeys he was alone; but in that summer Mrs. Clough joined him. They went together across the Alps to Florence, where his health gave way entirely beneath the attack of a malarious fever. He died on the 13th of No-

vember, in his forty-third year, and was buried in the Protestant cemetery just outside the Porta à Pinti. He lies not far from the graves of Walter Savage Landor, of Mrs. Barrett Browning, and of Theodore Parker, upon the slope beneath the cypress trees within view of "quiet pleasant Fiesole," a spot second only in beauty and interest to Shelley's grave beneath the walls of Rome.

We cannot do better than echo the words of one of his biographers, who says: "This truly was a life of much performance, yet of more promise." During his two-and-forty years Clough did more than might have been expected from an average man; and none could have cavilled at the results of his life had it not been palpable from first to last that Clough was far above the ordinary height of men. This, to those who knew him, was stamped on his face and form, on his actions, and on his expressed opinions, and we who only judge of him by poems and remains, may find it legible upon his written words.

After writing many pieces in the *Rugby Magazine*, Clough began his career as a poet at Oxford by the publication of a little volume of fugitive pieces called *Ambarvalia*. He and his friend Burbridge brought it out conjointly in 1848. Shortly after this he wrote and printed *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*; at Rome in 1849 he composed *Amours de Voyage*, which was, however, not given to the world till 1858. In the following year he wrote *Dipsychus* and *Easter Day*, the former at Venice, the latter at Naples. Thus all his principal poems were written before 1851, and all were localized—Scotland, Rome, Venice, and Naples supplying the scenery of his four chief works. After 1850, his genius seemed to have fallen asleep, and it was not until the year of his death that it reappeared again in a wholly different kind of composition. *Mari Magno, or Tales on Board*, consists of three stories supposed to have been told on successive nights by fellow-travellers in an American steamer. They are written in the style of Crabbe, with some affectation of Crabbe's prosaic plainness, but more of delicacy than the poet of the borough ever showed. These tales have

been regarded by some critics as falling off from Clough's earlier productions, and an indication of failing strength; others will see in them the resurrection of a true poetic genius in a new and healthier direction. As regards expression, concentration, and vigor of description, *The Clergyman's Tale* is superior to any of Clough's other works. We do not trace in it the painful intensity of *Easter Day*, but the subject is one that enlists the broadest human sympathies, and does not appeal merely to a passing phase in some distempered souls. *Mari Magno* might, in our opinion, be compared to the fresh growth of young and vigorous shoots, which a tree puts forth when it has been relieved of withered or decaying branches. The speculations out of which *Dipsychus*, *Easter Day*, and *Amours de Voyage* were woven, interrupted the healthy development of Clough's genius. It was only when he absolutely abandoned them, and directed his poetic powers to subjects outside himself, and capable of true artistic treatment, that he won a place among the poets of the world. Death put a stop to the further expansion of a mind which showed so fair a promise of nobler and more enduring fruit. Fixing our attention upon the poems which survive, we notice that Clough's principal defect lay in the power of expression. He did not use language with any facility, so that his words barely and unattractively clothe thoughts of great fertility and beauty. Even in his correspondence this is apparent. A certain meagreness and awkwardness of speech seems habitual to his style. In spite of this defect, however, which ought to have resulted in extreme concentration, he was frequently diffuse. It sometimes seemed as if he had a thought he could not seize, and wandered around it in a haze of barren words. Pages of *Dipsychus* will illustrate this criticism; they are tedious from their length and ambiguity, and want of ornament. On the other hand, whenever Clough felt intensely, and grasped a simple thought with mastery, his words are few, and fall like hammer strokes. Nothing can be more impressive in its naked force than this passage from *Easter Day*:

"What if the women, ere the dawn was gray,
Saw one or more great angels, as they say,
(Angels, or Him himself)? Yet neither there, nor then,
Nor afterwards, nor elsewhere, nor at all,
Hath He appeared to Peter or the Ten;
Nor, save in thunderous terror, to blind Saul;
Save in an after-Gospel and late Creed,
He is not risen, indeed—
Christ is not risen!"

Some words need to be said in explanation of these lines. *Easter Day* is to Clough's other poems what *The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* is to Wordsworth's volumes. It expresses with admirable concentration the despair which he felt when he compared the promises of Christianity with the guilt and misery of men; the bitterness that filled his soul when he reflected on the disappointment of long-cherished hopes, the death of ancient creeds, and the necessity of walking, unenlightened from above, in a dark, wicked world. It is a cry of want and pain wrung from the soul of one to whom belief is vital, but whom reason and reflection force to leave the trodden pathways of religious faith. Its tone of defiant bitterness is very characteristic of Clough. He was not wont, like Alfred de Musset, to pour out his anguish in eloquent apostrophes to the crucifix of happier and humbler creeds; he did not indulge in pathetic reminiscences; but he fixed his mind upon the realities of present experience, whether hard or soothing. By the side of despair, such as this—

"Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved:
Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope
We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
And most beliefless, that had most believed.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
As of the unjust, also of the just—
Yea, of that Just One too!
It is the one sad Gospel that is true—
Christ is not risen!"—

he could set these milder meditations:

"Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,
Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around.
Whate'er befell,
Earth is not hell;
Now too, as when it first began,
Life is yet life, and man is man.
For all that breathe beneath the heaven's high cope,
Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope.
Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief;
Or at the least, faith unbelief.
Though dead, not dead;
Not gone, though fled;
Not lost, though vanished.
In the great gospel and true creed.
He is yet risen indeed;
Christ is yet risen."

If we seek to affiliate Clough to his legitimate predecessors in English literature, we shall find that he descends lineally from Wordsworth. The two poets were alike strong in their friendships, genial in their daily life, yet bitter and unsparing of their scorn where vice or folly called for hatred and contempt. They both belonged to that breed of plain livers and high thinkers, lovers and observers of nature in all her moods, philosophical thinkers and liberal politicians, who form the flower of English literary men. How deeply Clough sympathized with the beauties of nature may be seen in his poem of the *Bothie*. It is written in loose hexameters not very different in their jingling measure from

a kind of prose. This undress suited Clough's style, and enabled him to express himself with force and freedom. The poem is an Oxford idyl, showing how men live together, walk and talk and dance and fall in love when they assemble in a summer long vacation among highland lakes. The simple love story which relieves this narrative is very well told. *Amours de Voyage* pretends to more artistic completeness; it consists of letters from Rome, Florence, and elsewhere, written to their several friends by an English girl and a self-analytical Englishman, who fall in love with each other. Accidents of travelling separate them, and we never know the end of their story. The elegiacs of this poem faintly recall Goethe's Roman elegies: the hexameters are like those of the *Bothie*. *Dipsychus*, as its name implies,

is the story of a man with a double soul—or rather with two voices in his soul; one impelling him to seek the world and action and indulge his instincts, the other leading him aside to meditation and the purity of a secluded life. It is the old contest between flesh and spirit, real and ideal, action and dreaming, the world as it is and as it might be, viewed through the peculiar medium of Clough's perturbations at the time when he composed it. How much it owes to Faust in conception and execution we need not inquire. It is a curious example of the powerlessness to take any course, the wiredrawn subtlety, the high moral tone, and the mixed motives of modern skepticism. One or two passages in this poem reveal a greater fluency of language than is common with Clough. We will conclude by extracting one of these:

“ Oh happy hours !

Oh compensation ample for long days
Of what impatient tongues call wretchedness !
Oh beautiful beneath the magic moon
To walk the watery way of palaces !
Oh beautiful, o'err vaulted with gemmed blue,
This spacious court, with color and with gold,
With cupolas and pinnacles, and points,
And crosses multiplex, and tips and balls
Wherewith the bright stars unproving mix,
(Nor scorn by hasty eyes to be confused) ;
Fantastically perfect this low pile
Of Oriental glory ; these long ranges
Of classic chiselling, this gay flickering crowd,
And the calm campanile. Beautiful !
Oh beautiful ! and that seemed more profound,
This morning by the pillar when I sat
Under the great arcade at the review,
And took, and held, and ordered on my brain
The faces and the voices, and the whole mass
O' the motley facts of existence flowing by !
Oh perfect, if 'twere all ! But it is not ;
Hints haunt me ever of a more beyond ;
I am rebuked by a sense of the incomplete,
Of a completion over soon assumed,
Of adding up too soon. What we call sin,
I could believe a painful opening out
Of paths for ampler virtue. The bare field
Scant with lean ears of harvest, long had mocked
The vexed laborious farmer ; came at length
The deep plough in the lazy undersoil
Down-driving ; with a cry Earth's fibres crack,
And a few months, and lo ! the golden leas,
And Autumn's crowded shocks and loaded wains.”

Saturday Review.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF HENRY VIII.*

THE English public has been long enough kept waiting for a translation of Ranke's maturest work—the *History of England*, chiefly in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Mr. Froude is energetically nearing the close of his task before many of his readers are enabled to compare the execution of its earlier portion with the treatment of the same subject by his less enthusiastic German contemporary. Meanwhile, it is well that some of the most promising of the veteran professor's scholars and followers continue to develop, at all events for the benefit of his own countrymen, some of their master's views which independent study seems to them only to confirm. One of the most active members of this school is M. Maurenbrecher, from whose nice judgment and diligent research may be expected contributions even more valuable than those which he has already furnished to the history of the period of the Reformation. The unpretending series of lectures recently delivered by him on English history during that period is valuable, both in itself and on account of the notes with which he has accompanied its publication. The archives of Simancas, and the publications of our own Record Office, have equally helped to furnish the basis of these very interesting essays, which, composed in a simple and direct style, throw much light upon the foreign policy of the Tudor reigns.

As an example of M. Maurenbrecher's treatment of English history, founded in the main upon Ranke's views, it will suffice to instance his account of the connection between the foreign policy of Henry VIII. and the events which gave rise to the great schism between England and the Papal authority. This account necessarily brings the author more than once face to face with Mr. Froude; but it is written in no controversial spirit, and never rises above a tone of mild wonder at the robust faith of Henry's uncompromising champion. M. Maurenbrecher is of opinion "that

the state of affairs on the continent of Europe exercised a more potent reaction upon the island-kingdom than the English historians of our day seem to be aware of," and that "it was precisely at the most decisive moments that the influence of European politics decided the course of affairs in England." While assenting to the general truth of these propositions, we doubt whether, in their application to the reign of Henry VIII., M. Maurenbrecher has not gone too far; whether, at all events, he has not gone farther than Professor Ranke himself.

The foreign policy of Henry VII. was a doubtful bequest to his self-willed son. The founder of the Tudor dynasty, who had formerly been almost without allies among the princes of Europe, was not unnaturally doubtful as to the comparative value of the friendship of those whom his perseverance and good fortune had at last brought to his side. His relations with Spain had latterly varied from warmth to coldness, and back again to lukewarmness; and Catharine of Aragon, the resident widow of Prince Arthur, had felt the effects of each successive phase. Meanwhile the King had been coquetting with the honest knight on the Imperial throne, ever prolific in promises, ever careless as to their performance, ever hopeful and ever penitens. The death of his father made Henry VIII. master of the question of his own marriage, and of the foreign policy of which it could not fail to be accepted as the sign. The young King determined to marry the Infanta, and thus stultify the protest into which he had entered by his father's directions. Mr. Froude, it may be remembered, gently insinuates that his hero was, in his innocence, *quasi* forced to this fatal step. "Being himself but a boy of eighteen, he was persuaded by a majority of the Council, in spite of his vow, and in spite of the remonstrances of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to renew his engagement." This exceptional docility is more naturally interpreted by Ranke as a sign that, "unless all appearances deceive, political considerations coincided with the inclination of the King." At all events, the act involved a decisive alliance between Henry VIII. and his father-in-law. It was not of many years' duration, for from the year 1513 may be

* *England in Reformationszeitalter*. Vier Vorträge Von Wilhelm Maurenbrecher. Düsseldorf: 1866.

dated a new and more important phase in English foreign policy. Under the influence of Wolsey, Henry closely attached himself to the Emperor Maximilian I. The Imperial sword helped to fight the battles of England in France, while English gold filled the yawning coffers of the Emperor's treasury. For that popular monarch and faithful friend was ever loud in his demands for the sinews of action, in return for which he gave, sometimes the use of his military prowess, but always a profusion of promises—in this instance amounting to nothing less than a proffer of the Crown of France. The true method of conciliating this ally was summed up as follows by Pope Julius II. (quoted by Dr. Pauli in an essay on *European Diplomacy in the Year 1516*): "Imperator est levis et inconstans; alienæ pecuniæ semper mendicis, quam male consumit in venandis camuciis; est tamen conciliandus nomine diaboli, et pecunia semper ei est danda."

It was the direct interest of Charles V. to hold fast to the English alliance, with the help of which France might be overthrown, and the first step accomplished towards the universal monarchy of the House of Hapsburg. Wolsey was to be rewarded, through the influence of the Emperor, with the Papal tiara. The offer, whether seriously made or not, was seriously understood. On two successive occasions the Emperor broke his promise. The second abandonment of his pretensions converted Wolsey into a personal enemy of Charles V., who, in a doubly fatal hour for himself, had promoted the election of Clement VII. to the chair of St. Peter. M. Maurenbrecher shows that the English Minister lost no time in commencing to intrigue with France, and that the battle of Pavia only delayed the conclusion of a triple alliance against the Imperial power by the Pope and the French and English Crowns.

It is at this point that the delicate question arises as to the influence of this important turn in European politics upon the domestic affairs of the English King. With regard to the fact of the operation of such an influence there can of course be no doubt, but there is much difficulty in estimating its relative importance, and in fixing the order of events as they

occurred. The motives which actuated Henry in agitating for a divorce were doubtless threefold—namely, his desire for an heir, his aversion to the Emperor, and his wish for Anne Boleyn. The first-mentioned motive has an all but undisputed preëminence in Mr. Froude's pages:

"No one [says M. Maurenbrecher in a note] will think of denying the great importance of these circumstances and observations; but Froude's account lacks the due consideration of *all* sides of the question. He has not sufficiently insisted upon the connection between the divorce and the change in Wolsey's European policy; and he has completely overlooked the intention of Wolsey to substitute a French for a Spanish marriage. The panegyric tone of his History almost allows the idea to suggest itself to the reader, as if Henry had separated from his wife from a sense of duty, as it were from a consideration for the national interests of England. How far more objective and how far truer appears, by way of contrast, the exposition of Ranke!"

Those who remember, in addition to the passages referred to by M. Maurenbrecher, the exquisite pathos with which Mr. Froude dwells upon Henry's recommendation of straightforward dealing to the Pope as "words which have a sad interest for us, when we consider the manner in which the subject of them has been dealt with," will not quarrel with the gentle irony of the above remarks. To the "objective" pages of Ranke we accordingly turn. He shows that the only mode of bringing about a definitive rupture between England and the Hispano-Burgundian house was the dissolution of the marriage with Catharine, and the substitution in its place of a French match; the marriage with Catharine being itself the result of the political situation which had produced the first war of Henry VIII. against France. Wolsey is proved to have, as early as the year 1527, busied himself with this scheme. Ranke allows full weight to the motive of obtaining an heir, without the operation of which Henry VIII. would hardly have entered into Wolsey's combinations; and finally he observes that

"The above-mentioned motives of foreign and domestic policy, the very religious scruples, were actually existent; but it would be refusing to see with open eyes, to deny that this new passion [for Anne Boleyn] which

fed on the expectation of the divorce not absolutely refused by the spiritual power, furnished the most powerful personal impulse for carrying out that divorce."

Common sense will, we think, agree with the eminent historian; but their remains the inquiry, not wholly an idle one, though probably never to be answered quite satisfactorily, as to the authorship of the first idea of the divorce. Mr. Froude thinks that the purpose had been maturing in the King's mind for years; and this, while possibly true, is at all events easily said. What is known for certain is that, as early as 1525 (*two years after the election of the Pope*), Queen Catharine and Cardinal Wolsey had become determined enemies; and that in the same year Henry is found writing to Charles, proposing a marriage between the latter and the daughter and *heir* of the English Crown—by which means the Emperor would come to possess the monarchy of the world. It is therefore probable that the suggestion of the divorce came from Wolsey, that its justification was sought in the necessity for an heir, and that its execution was due to the King's passion for Anne Boleyn.

Wolsey fell because he could not obtain the divorce which he had promised to bring about. Indeed the injured monarch, "putting faith in Wolsey's promises" (as Mr. Froude half plaintively adds), had begun to live with his new Queen before he was rid of the old. M. Maurenbrecher has shown with sufficient clearness why the Pope, originally not disinclined to listen to the English demand, gradually grew deaf to it in proportion to the vehemence with which it was urged. In the year 1529 the quarrel between Pope and Emperor had come to an end, and from that date there was no longer any possibility of gratifying the wishes of the English King, even by the *pis aller* of a bigamous solution. When the Queen appealed from the Legate to the Pope, the former received the appeal, and his departure from England signalized the opening of the last phase of the question. Henry determined to help himself, and the last hour had arrived for the Papal supremacy in England. The hypothetical questions which arise are, therefore, the following—Had the alliance between the Emperor and

England been maintained, would the attempt for obtaining the divorce from Rome have ever been made? Had the Emperor not been reconciled to the Pope, would that attempt have remained unsuccessful?

M. Maurenbrecher will, we hope, be enabled to develop more fully in some future work the probable solution of this and of other questions treated in these lectures. His view of the foreign policy of Queen Elizabeth—or rather of the policy which the wisdom of Cecil gradually induced her to adopt—is clearly and successfully brought out. He has added another to the thousand accounts of the catastrophe of Mary Queen of Scots—accounts which vary scarcely less than the authentic portraits of the unfortunate Queen; but we have no space to follow him into the discussion of another doubtful question.

The Evangelical Christendom.

SCIENCE AND ATHEISM.

It is a fact which can no longer be disguised, and over which, were disguise practicable, it would be both cowardly and criminal to draw a veil, that modern science has developed strong atheistic tendencies, and that there have of late been symptoms rather of increase than of abatement in the petulant dogmatism with which some men would exclude from the universe that Spirit which called it into existence. The frank Darwinianism of the President's address at the late meeting of the British Association in Nottingham was alarming; but the mere advocacy of the theory of an unbroken continuity of natural causation from the dawn of being until now, would have been comparatively unimportant if care had been taken to make it plain that the speaker believed the process of development to have originated in the creative *fiat* of the Almighty. The melancholy fact, however, is, that, neither in its commencement nor in its progression, neither in its beginning, middle, nor end, neither as its Alpha nor as its Omega, was the Most High assigned by the President any place in his own universe. The tide of mechanical force has rolled on from all eternity. No one set it flowing. No

one can tell whither it flows. Such, in its practical result, was the doctrine proclaimed to the British public by our most authoritative scientific association at its last annual meeting.

Accusation of individuals could in no case do any good, and our readers will not expect from us indulgence in invective. We call no man an atheist. The operations of the mind are so subtle that one man may with perfect conscientiousness, and with clear consciousness of intellectual consistency, accept conclusions which to another man would seem utterly absurd, or refuse to draw inferences from which another mind would deem it impossible to escape. But it is our duty to counteract, to the utmost of our power, all influences which seem to us to be injurious to the cause of religion and calculated to sap the Christian faith of the community; and we cannot entertain a doubt that the effect upon ordinary minds of such speculations as those which made up the address of the President at the opening of the session of the British Association must be favorable to atheism. The time, therefore, appears to have arrived when it is important that all those who act in any way upon public opinion should do their best to bring into prominence and recognition those grand truths upon which man's belief in spiritual realities—in God, in immortality—reposes.

Exhaust what professes to be the logic of atheistic science in relation to the existence of a Divine Being, and it can come only to this—that, how far soever the search is extended into the universe, no Creator is *seen*.

"I found Him not in world or sun,
In eagle's wing or insect's eye,"

and, not finding Him, I, the follower of Comte and Darwin, declare that He does not exist, or at least cannot be discovered.

We remark, first of all, that, whether this argument is forceful or forceless, it has little more cogency now than it had in times before physical science, strictly so called, came into existence. If God could not be seen by man in the things immediately around him—if there was no visible, sensible trace of Him within the horizon of the unassisted senses—it is an obviously paltry and puerile argu-

ment to say that the telescope has taken us farther among the stars overhead, and the microscope shown us new wonders among the grasses at our feet, and that no God having yet been discovered, it is evident that none exists. The tacit assumption in this train of reasoning is that spiritual existence can be detected by sense—that God can be *seen*. It may save trouble to those who rely upon such arguments if we grant them, as we do without hesitation, that, if they extended the researches of their science to the utmost frontier of immensity, and if their investigations into the past enabled them to survey material existence from the first moment when matter was until now, they would not, with the eye of sense, discover God. Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned; and in Jesus Christ himself, the incarnate God, the mere bodily eye could see but a man. God must be seen here or nowhere; if we do not find Him in this spot of earth which we occupy, it will be vain to search for Him among the stars. The Roman, looking into the holiest of holies in the Hebrew temple, and seeing there no graven image, proclaimed that there was no God in the place, and that the Jews worshipped no deity. Had he extended his survey throughout the entire created universe, his eye would still have been met by what to him would have seemed blank nothing. In this wonderful and glorious universe, which is in very truth the holy of holies wherein dwelleth God, the man who expects to find a material God will find none. To him, as to the Roman general, the reply to be rendered is, "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

But this is not all. If we cannot by prying and by fingering discover the Mind of the universe, can we by similar methods discover mind in this our bodily frame? No. With microscope and scalpel, urging our inquiries further and ever further, increasing at every step the delicacy of our analysis, we cannot discover mind. The spirit of man eludes us. Sense knows only what can be seen or felt, and we cannot see or feel a soul. Here, too, it is childish either to say that we have now pushed our analysis so far that we can pronounce decisively that mind does not exist; or that, if only we

continued the investigation a little longer we might come upon the spirit of which we are in quest. Whether it is with the external universe, or with the individual man that we deal, it will hold good that the method of investigation by sense alone, prosecute it to what lengths we may, will eternally be at fault.

What, then, is to be done? How are we to come upon the traces of spirit? By falling back from sense upon the higher faculty of consciousness. We are conscious that we think, that we feel, that we know, that we will. We are conscious of a spiritual force within us to which all material force residing in our members is subject. We are conscious that this spiritual power, this inner self, this that thinks, and knows, and wills, is in a stricter sense *we* than the bodily frame which it inhabits and animates. We perceive, besides, that the mental force now discovered is the mightiest *originating* force in the world. To the spirit of man is traceable all the change that has been wrought in the aspect of the earth by what we call civilization and physical progress. Matter has been made the slave of this invisible power—the clay of which mind is the potter. The elements of nature, dumb and blind, have been struggled with and conquered. Mind has directed the telescope upon the midnight sky; mind has held the microscope as it pierced into the infinitude of littleness under our feet. Mind does not see itself with the eye of sense, because the eye of sense is but its humble instrument. If a man is not conscious of his spiritual existence, it is sure enough that he will not be shown it by sense; if he is not conscious that he, the spirit, the mind, the knowing, thinking force, holds sense in his hand, and uses it according to his will, he is not likely to realize that he *is* a spirit. But the man whose habits of thought are most mechanical can hardly fail to grasp the idea that, in all he sees of man's achievement upon earth, in the towered cities standing for centuries on plain or by river side, in the fertile fields stretching over wide spaces where of old were but the forest and the rock, in the steamship furrowing steadily the face of ocean against wind and tide, in the railway train darting through the bosom of the mountain, in the telegraphic wire

which "puts a girdle round the world in forty minutes," in the picture, the statue, the poem, the library of great books, the force at work has been the force of mind. "There is nothing great on earth but man; there is nothing great in man but mind." And yet sense, groping about the world for ever, analyzing the tissues of the brain, tracing the nerves to their roots, will never see, or touch, or in any way discover aught but matter. To sense alone, man is a *body* and the universe is a *coffin*. Such a view is, we pronounce, incredible. We start from man—the mind, the spirit, of this lower world.

Has the spirit of man anything to tell us of the Spirit of God? It has. It tells us, first, that, as mind is the sole originating cause, discoverable by us on the earth, so mind must naturally and reasonably be supposed to be the primal cause in the universe. We are conscious that mind can originate. Matter we conceive as dead. Matter we cannot conceive as originating anything; we pronounce, therefore, that the original cause of the universe was mind. And if, in the universe around us, we behold adaptation of part to part, combination of various elements towards one purpose, "how animate adjusts itself to inanimate, rational to irrational, and this that we name nature is not a desolate phantasm of a chaos, but a wondrous existence and reality," can we fail to derive from all this convincing evidence that an Infinite Spirit has created and sustains the frame of things? We are thus introduced to what is called the design argument, respecting which so much has been said both for and against, which some have rashly and groundlessly asserted to be void and invalid, which has been illustrated with marvellous felicity by Paley, Brougham, and Owen, and which is corroborated with each new step in the advance of science. Looking the elaborate reasonings of Mr. Darwin and his followers in the face, we ask them, Has anything discovered by them proved, or tended to prove, that matter can create or design? When astronomy has extended her survey to the outer chambers of immensity, has she not returned with the same testimony as that presented by the clod at our feet—namely, that matter is not an agent but acted

upon; not a force, but an object operated upon by forces? Science has discovered no power in the universe which does what mind can do, what we see mind doing; and the wisest of those who refuse to accept belief in a God do not now profess to determine or declare what energy it is which originated and sustains the universe, but merely affirm that no such energy is cognizable by us. We reply that we *do* perceive a force, perceive it by the eye of consciousness within us, perceive it by its effects in the world around us, which force, in relation to matter, is causative and original. There is in matter no analogy to that force by which man has modified the appearance of the physical world and worked out his systems of civilization. Mind has made human history. Mind built Nineveh, Athens, Rome, London. Granted that we cannot point to an instance of creation, strictly so called, effected by the human mind. Granted that man cannot make anything out of nothing. Granted that, even in the supreme work of art, in the poem of a Homer, a Shakespeare, a Milton, genius, inscrutable as its methods may be to us, deals with materials furnished it by memory. Still, the *form* imparted by the poet is new, and within the whole material universe where do we behold matter making so near an approach to absolute creation? Where, in the material universe, do we behold matter effecting the most distant resemblance to what is done by this originating and arranging power of mind? That finite mind should not be able to create the world was to be supposed; but if we raise this mind-power, this spiritual force, of the existence of which we are conscious, and whose effects we behold around us, to infinitude, all difficulty vanishes. By the hypothesis of an Infinite Spirit every problem is soluble. In the spirit of man, the image in which the Spirit of God is mirrored, in so far as finite can mirror infinite, we have a window through which streams in upon us the light of the spiritual universe, and from dead matter we rise to the living God.

The fundamental error, then, of the scientific atheists of our day is in their method. It is mechanical, external, superficial, false. They exalt the senses, which are the mere servitors of mind,

into the mind's masters, and terrible is the bondage to which they thus doom the spirit of man. Looking outwardly upon physical nature, and upon that alone, they have been met only by the silence and death of matter, and God has remained unknown to them. They have "sailed through the universe of worlds, and found no Maker thereof; descended into the abysses where Being no longer casts its shadow, and felt only the rain-drops trickle down; and saw only the gleaming rainbow of creation, which originated from no Sun; and heard only the everlasting storm, which no one governs; and looked upwards for the DIVINE EYE, and beheld only the black, bottomless, glaring DEATH'S EYE-SOCKET." Not the less ghastly will this eye-socket be, that it is lit up with the glitter of those unnumbered worlds which science displays upon the vault of immensity.

But not only does the eye of consciousness reveal mind as a force and as the most potent and original of forces, the ear of consciousness hears a voice in the chambers of man's spirit, which, carefully listened to, is discerned to be a voice speaking from God. A new world is thus opened up to us; the world of moral relation; duty speaks to us with an authority which we feel to be Divine. Readers may recollect that noble passage in which Kant, the great German metaphysician, declares that the two objects which impressed him as transcendent in sublimity were the starry heavens and the conscience of man. The mechanical philosopher—he whose whole system of thought and of things is what sense has revealed to him, or what he can construct from sense—will never account satisfactorily for the imperative nature of duty. Out of matter, to construct a conscience—this is a problem which the mechanical philosopher, the man who holds that the senses, assisted by the instruments of the scientific investigator, are the sole media through which truth can be revealed to us, will never solve. All he can do is to refine, to elaborate, to wire-draw, with a view to showing that the stern command, "Thou shalt not," uttered in a man's breast when he is tempted to sin, is a suggestion of utility, or a hint that pleasure is to be gained. "There is no resource for it," says an eloquent writer, "but to get into

that interminable ravelment of Reward and Approval, virtue being its own reward; and assert louder and louder—contrary to the stern experience of all men, from the Divine Man, expiring with agony of bloody sweat on the accursed tree, down to us two, O reader (if we have ever done one duty)—that virtue is synonymous with pleasure." Virtue is *not* synonymous with pleasure, nor vice with pain. Conscience is no mere consideration of reward or punishment. Remorse is no mere sensation of discomfort arising from disregard of physical law. It is the revelation, in every soul of man, of God the Moral Governor, as the instinctive demand for a first cause is the revelation of God the Creator of the Universe. And now, indeed, the heavens open round man. He knows himself related to a Divine Spirit, and his relation to that Divine Spirit becomes infinitely the most important fact bearing upon his condition. He feels himself emerging from the world of matter, of time, of change; he believes, or at least he surmises, that the law of his spiritual existence is an image of the law of existence for the Infinite Spirit, and that he is an immortal. Beyond this, unassisted reason and conscience can hardly lead him; beyond this, certainly, unassisted reason and conscience have never led man. They bring him to the threshold of a higher revelation and leave him there—upon his knees. Thus do science and philosophy rightly so called—science and philosophy regarding man not in a partial, fragmentary manner, as if he were a mere material existence, but looking into *both* the worlds, that of matter and that of mind—conduct men gradually away from atheism towards the temple of the Christian God. Nature can do no more for man; the candid, intelligent, reverent mind inquires whether more has been done for him by the Divine Spirit who is above nature.

We are not called upon to enter upon a consideration of the particular evidences of the Christian religion. Suffice it to say that they come in with force and appropriateness after what has been taught to man by the theology of reason and of conscience. For it is surely undeniable that reason and conscience, left to themselves, have demonstrated their incapacity to do for man what he

requires. Never in human history has their power been adequate to prevent the prostration of society beneath horrible forms of vice, degrading and destroying. A law of virtue without a type, a divinely-sanctioned type, of goodness, has never been sufficient to prevent men or nations from "failing in a world of sin." Cruelty, licentiousness, falsehood, universal dishonesty, have made up the spectacle presented by nations which were not guided by the light of Divine revelation. A law of moral life, a Divine ideal of conduct—these have been vouchsafed to man in the revelation of God's will contained in the Scriptures of truth. The mode of the revelation, combining a display, in miracle, of God's infinite power, with the unfolding of a pure morality and the announcement of facts, otherwise undiscoverable by man, relating to his spiritual destiny and the intentions of his Heavenly Father respecting him, is exactly such as a consideration of the theology of reason and of conscience would have led us to expect. The great doctrines of the Bible, that man is not now in his normal spiritual condition, but has fallen under the dominion of sin; that a Redeemer, even the Son of God's love, has been found for him; that the Triune God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, will receive him back, in Christ, into the family of God, and admit him to the everlasting inheritance of the saints in light—these all harmonize with what we knew of man before, but carry him infinitely farther than was possible for unaided reason and conscience.

To follow the trains of thought thus suggested would lead us far beyond the limits of our space. Our intention was to point out how false as well as meagre is the view of man in all his concerns and attributes which can be derived from a consideration of those things only which sense can reveal. We protest against this extinction of the light within, this abnegation of man's higher nature and nobler powers. Those who have compared the scientific celebrities of our day with the great men of past ages may or must often have been struck with a certain poverty and tenuity of thought, a certain thinness, almost puerility, of character, pertaining to the former; and we cannot help suggesting

that the circumstance may be accounted for by considering that the men of the present are content with sense and sight, while the men of the past lifted up the inner eye to God, Freedom, Immortality, and lived by faith.

Chambers's Journal.

CELESTIAL CEREMONIES.

BARBAROUS countries and their savage populations are strange and interesting to read about; and travellers' stories concerning them, however ill told, have an irresistible charm, which surmounts their literary defects, and supercedes that of civilized adventure, at least within European limits. Another class of narratives have almost equal interest, and are in certain aspects still more strange; they are those which introduce us to systems of civilized life utterly different to our own in motive, history, principle, and progress—systems built upon other foundations, and sustained by modes of thought and action quite foreign to ours. The dissimilarity is the first feature apt to strike the attention, in reading such narratives; and as each detail only adds to the first effect, the freshness and novelty of the description of scenes, persons, and customs absolutely new to us, are apt to be lost in the constant pressure of the sense of contrast, in the preponderance of our observation of what the strange race is not, over our perception of what it is. The more matter-of-fact, the less suggestive the writer's style is, the less we are exposed to this temptation of reading the history of foreign civilized nations by the light of our own habits and customs; and therefore the Rev. Justus Doolittle's book on the *Social Life of the Chinese* is one of the most instructive which has yet been written concerning the inhabitants of the largest and least known empire in the world.*

We have all attained a sort of surface notion of the Chinese. We know they have sloping eyes, pigtails, petticoats,

deformed feet in the upper walks of society, peculiar ideas on the subject of eating and drinking, including dog-pie and boiled wine. We don't think them handsome, though we have seen Chang; or dignified, though the Celestial ambassadors have done the duty of a London season, without going to the Derby, however. We know a little about Hong-kong, and less about Shanghai; we have read the Abbé Huc, and Mr. Fortune, and Dr. Rennie, and the English Tae-ping, and yet it is not venturesome to say that few of us feel any familiarity with Chinese affairs, or sympathy with the Chinese people. We have heard about the early Christian Missions, their failure, and the martyrdom of the missionaries; of the coolie question and the social discontent produced by Chinese immigration in Australia; of the affair of the Summer Palace, and of Mr. Commissioner Yeh—whose name, we have been told, is to be pronounced like "yes" in German and Dutch—and at first sight this looks like a tolerably respectable catalogue of useful knowledge; but it is not: in reality, we know very little of the Flowery Land. Considering the huge space it occupies in the expanse of the wonderful earth, and the enormous number of our fellow-creatures who inhabit it, the great empire which stretches its vast length across the map of Asia, whose borders are the countries of immemorial antiquity which are the earliest landmarks of the human race, before whose traditions our most ancient are the puny devices of yesterday, merits closer study than it receives at our hands, who have so much to read about, that China is laid aside, somehow, and the convenient season for making ourselves acquainted with its history never comes.

Mr. Doolittle is a conscientious and minute chronicler; and the present generation has an opportunity of becoming wiser than its fellows, by at least an extensive knowledge of the city of Fuh-chow, or the "Happy Region," which is the capital of the province of Fuh-kien, situated on the river Min; and is about as fairly representative a Chinese city, as self-contained, as any which could be selected for the instruction of the general public. Fuh-chow occupies the central position of the five ports opened to foreign trade and residence at the end

* *Social Life of the Chinese; with some Account of their Religious, Governmental, and Business Customs and Opinions.* By Rev. JUSTUS DOOLITTLE. Sampson Low & Co. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

of the Opium War, and is equally distant from Canton and Shanghai. It is a walled city, affording pleasant promenades on foot, or in the favorite sedan chairs; it numbers one million inhabitants, and is remarkable as the chosen place of dwelling in ease and dignity of numerous retired official dignitaries of the empire. It is a great literary centre; and as it is not easy to connect the idea of much literary activity with the Chinese printed and written characters, it is good to correct such erroneous notions, and to learn that at Fuh-chow is the official residence of the imperial commissioner, the literary chancellor, and the unofficial residences of many men of high literary attainments; also, that all the literary graduates of the first degree over the province of Fuh-kien, which includes the large and beautiful island of Formosa, must appear at Fuh-chow twice in each period of five years, to compete in the provincial examination hall for the second degree, if they desire to compete for that degree at all. On these occasions, the "educated talent" of the province musters by thousands—a statement which has rather an odd effect on readers who have had their notions of China mainly formed by the late Mr. Albert Smith. All this "educated talent" appears to us to affect the mental and moral attitude of the people very little; and the result of close and elaborate descriptions—drawn from long personal observation and experience of the present, and from impartial study of every record of the past, within reach—is, that the Chinese are, as was said of the ancient Egyptians, only full-grown children. The unpleasant aspects of childhood are distinctly to be seen in the national character: its instinctive cruelty, its silliness, its love of senseless gauds, its incapacity to understand the beauties of nature, its superficiality and fickleness, its self-conceit, and ready, touchy jealousy. The simplicity, the grace, the generosity, and the more poetical aspects of childhood, are wanting in the Chinese character, which is grasping, narrow, and inconceivably credulous and superstitious, without any mixture of the romantic, the graceful, or the beautiful in its superstitions. The elaborate idolatry of the people, who boast an immemorial civilization, has some-

thing in it more distressing, more repulsive, more hopeless, than the rude savage ignorance of the most debased Indian tribes; than the utter absence of recognition of the supernatural among the Australian aborigines; or than the melancholy, material aspiration, taught by their frightful life-long condition of absolute want, to the starved and frozen Esquimaux. The angular artificiality, the "infinite littleness" which pervades everything Chinese, which we remark in their most elaborate works of art, from the decorations of a vast Buddhist temple to the designs on a tea-cup, are peculiarly noticeable in their religious and social ceremonies. It is easy to get into one's mind, and retain in one's memory, facts concerning the commercial importance of China, the ways and means by which the vast population of the empire and its huge vague dependencies exist, the unwieldy fabric of its government, and the peculiarities of its cultivation and industries. It is not difficult to get into one's mind a picture of Chinese localities—of the streets, in which no vehicles are to be seen, and only government officials make their appearance on horseback. It is not difficult to picture crowds of the Chinese people; the process is easy enough where features and complexion are monotonous, where dress never varies either in material or in form. But what is difficult is to get at the reality of human lives all overlaid by a multitude of little forms and observances, which have their origin in the silliest and meanest notions, and which trammel every incident and event of solemn, joyful, or sorrowful importance in existence with fantastic gear, and foolish mummeries at once ghastly and grotesque. It is the contrast between the civilization of China, its venerable history, its vast and multiplied industries, its place in the sphere of humanity—which, though concentrated, and producing little effect outside its own limits, is large and important—and the contemptible folly which pervades the actual life of every family, that strikes the reader of Mr. Doolittle's book so painfully.

We do not shrink with any sense of incongruity, however strong that of disgust may be, from the Obi and the fetich of the African, from the Angeko of the

Esquimaux, from the Anton of the Bornean, from the medicine man of the Iroquois. Either the savage tribes to whom these delusions are a law, will disappear in their savagery, or will become civilized, and these wretched superstitions will lose their stay; but the heathenism which is the law of civilizations so old that those of Europe are but of yesterday in comparison with them—it is from the contemplation of this that the mind shrinks with pain. Not only is Chinese heathenism revolting and despicable when regarded from the point of comparison with Christianity, but it is so when compared with other forms of heathenism. An immeasurable gulf of inferiority divides its mean, low, crapulous devices, its wretched aspirations, its silly cheateries, from the poetical mythologies of Greece and Rome; and its sole superiority to the hideous Mexican form of idolatry consists in the absence of human sacrifices. Its dogmas are weak, obscure, complicated, and calculated to affect only the lowest instincts of the human mind; its details are inconceivably childish, and would be laughable, were they not lugubriously oppressive and tiresome. Fortune-telling and paper flowers accompany every action in life, from betrothal, in which they play a conspicuous part, to burial, which it is hard to believe can be a solemnity in the eyes of the performers of such elaborate and idiotic mummeries as those prescribed on the occasion. The ceremonies of betrothal and marriage, of worshipping the parents of bride and bridegroom respectively, are of the dreariest absurdity; and those which precede and accompany a birth, especially those inflicted on a Chinese infant during his first three days of existence, are perhaps the silliest of all. Innumerable ceremonies are gone through before the child is a year old; among these, “passing through the door” is the strangest. If the child be sickly, it is passed through the door once or twice a month; and as it takes a whole day to perform the ceremony, it must be very invigorating to the young invalid and his relatives. A number of goddesses are implored to be present, and are supposed to be willing, on the correct and emphatic enunciation of their names and addresses; incense, candles, rattles, and tinsel paper are

largely in demand; and the “door” which appears to resemble the stage representation of a triumphal arch, is arranged as follows: “It is made out of bamboo, covered with red and white paper, and is some seven feet high by three feet wide. The furniture is so arranged that the priests and the party passing through this door can go around and around without doubling on their track. One of the priests—who wears a fancy colored shirt, and has on his head a curiously shaped head dress—takes in one hand a small bell, or a sword having small bells fastened to the handle, and in the other a horn, and commences reciting formulas or incantations in front of this door, which is often at this time standing near the centre of the room. The priest, thus dressed, personates ‘mother,’ in the act of performing magic spells for the purpose of saving children from evil spirits and unhealthy and malignant influences. The Paterfamilias, or, if dead or absent, some one in his stead, takes the child who cannot walk, or is sick, in his arms; and the other children, if any, take a single stick of lighted incense in their hands. The priest blows his horn, and advances slowly through the door, followed by Paterfamilias and all the children of the family. All the other priests are at this time doing something to aid, as beating the drum and clapping their cymbals. The head priest brandishes the sword in the air, or, in its place, he sometimes flourishes a whip made in the shape of a snake, as though he was striking an invisible object. The door is then taken and placed at one of the four corners of the room, and the priest, father and children again pass through it in a similar manner. It is then successively placed in each of the corners, and again in the centre, where it is respectively passed through by the priest and his followers. Soon after this, the door is hacked in pieces, and its parts set on fire and burned in the open court of the house, or in the street.” The active and all-pervading influence of spirits, especially of the evil kind, is the very central belief of the wretched delusion under which these creatures live. The ceremonies of propitiation are endless, and one ludicrous part of the folly is that they fondly flatter themselves they can

deceive the evil spirits, and induce them to leave their children unmolested, by pretending to dislike them, by subjecting them to certain insulting treatment, and especially by calling them bad names, of which "Buddhist priest," "beggar," "refuse," "dirt," are supposed to be the most effectively contumelious. If one read about Mr. Baker's and Captain Speke's friends on the White Nile, or Lord Milton's Assiniboines doing these things, and returning respectively to their ant-hills and their wigwams, it would be sufficiently humiliating; but the idea of a people who buy and sell, who make war, who understand diplomacy, who despise all the rest of mankind, who have the whip-hand of the world in many industries, who have a grand system of philosophy, and plenty of purple and linen, worshipping gods of the measure, the bedstead, the eaves of the house, and doing it with the assistance of cut paper and Dutch cheese, is infinitely horrible.

The superstitious treatment of disease is an extraordinary feature in Chinese social life. Death, they account for by saying that it is in accordance with the "reckoning of heaven;" and it would appear that in this at least they are not far out of theirs. Recovery is by the grace of some particular god or goddess. The general practice, as a preservative, is the propitiation of a certain destructive divinity, concerning whose operations they entertain a very uncomfortable notion. They imagine that this evil god works by mysterious influences existing between and among the members of a family, and resulting in illness. Hence innumerable bribes offered to this pleasant familiar, and large profits to the Taoist priest. The formulas employed for the expulsion of deadly influences proceeding from evil spirits are painfully absurd, especially "the mandate of the arrow." This is an arrow-like utensil, two feet long, with the word "Command" upon it, which is begged by a dishevelled and weeping procession from the temple of some powerful god, set up in the centre of a table, and worshipped with burning of incense and candles until the sick dies or recovers. In the latter case, the temple gets a thank offering. The catalogue of the absurdities perpetrated in cases of disease is of a melan-

choly length. One of its items is the invitation of the god of medicine to the house. A friend of the sick man goes to the temple of the god, and having tickled his ears, and thus gained his attention, makes his request. Then he rubs a portion of the god's body which corresponds to the afflicted part of the patient. Lastly, having burned candles and incense before the image of the "Doctor," he returns to the home of his friend, carrying some of the ashes taken from the censer standing before the god. These ashes represent the "Doctor," and must be treated with respect and reverence by the family. They are done up in red paper, and placed in the censer belonging to the household, and incense and candles are daily burned before them, accompanied with kneeling and bowing. Another pleasant notion entertained by them is, that disease is to be ascribed to the enmity of the spirit of a deceased person, and priests are employed to use formula for dissolving or untying grudges, a portion of which performance consists of getting ten men to become "security" for the sick person. The ceremony of endeavoring to bring back the departing spirit by carrying about the sick man's clothes on a bamboo pole, with a number of antics in which a white cock and a bright mirror perform important parts, must be extremely trying to the gravity of even the most sympathizing foreigner. Hiring a priest to ascend a ladder of knives is an expensive but very favorite resource in cases of urgency; and the burning of a paper image, with a quantity of household stuff to enrich the holocaust, as a substitute for the invalid, is found very efficacious in cheating the god who desires his decease. Epidemics are believed to be under the control of the "five emperors," which are five particularly hideous specimens of "bogey," much dreaded by the people of Fuh-chow. The celestial lady who patronizes small-pox, looks her part to perfection. These horrible idols are carried in procession in July and August, to prevent summer diseases.

When all has proved vain—when the gods have finally refused to be either propitiated, bribed, or duped, and John Chinaman has really gone to correct his impressions in another sphere, the cere-

anies for death, mourning, and burial
 gin, and are quite on a par with those
 which have preceded them. Of these,
 "moving round the bridge ladder," and
 burning a miniature paper sedan for the
 use of the dead, are perhaps the most
 absurd. Before burial, there is bringing
 water in the morning, waiting on the
 dead at meal time, and worshipping the
 "longevity" picture. One item in the
 performance has an especially strange
 sound to foreign ears—it is "informing
 the ten kings of hell of the death of the
 individual." Whether this is done with
 strict view to the honest discharge of
 abilities, is not explained. The meri-
 torious ceremonies performed for the
 benefit of the dead are numerous and
 extraordinary. Among them are the
 burning an image of a crane, and trunks
 of mock money and mock clothing—they
 have a "frugal mind," it seems, and do
 not forget that, though they have not
 cheated the god in the main particular,
 they may do so in the lesser—sending
 money to pay the debt of the deceased,
 or for the use of the animal to which he
 belongs, and the ceremony in propitia-
 tion of the ten kings of hell.

The worship of their ancestors by the
 Chinese has a poetical side, wanting in
 all other customs and ceremonies; and
 had their idolatry rested there, it would
 have been reconcilable with the "edu-
 cated talent" of which Mr. Doolittle
 speaks, and of the really high state of
 cultivation and prosperity, of which he
 gives numerous proofs, statistical and
 otherwise; but as if the grotesque must
 needs come into everything these people
 do, the pretty and even pathetic "wor-
 ship of the ancestral tablet" is made
 ridiculous by the custom of making in-
 quiries of the dead. On the anniversary
 of the death of an ancestor, his surviv-
 ing descendant makes kindly inquiries
 of him, in regard to health or food, by
 dropping on the floor before the tablet
 two pieces of wood, each piece having
 an oval and a flat side. The character
 of the answer of the dead is supposed
 to be indicated by the relative positions
 of the same after reaching the floor. If
 the first reply is unfavorable, another
 trial is made; for it would never do to
 desist from inquiring so long as the re-
 ply indicated displeasure or dissatisfac-
 tion on the part of the deceased.

The mythology of which all this non-
 sensical posturing is the outward ex-
 pression, is singularly silly and uninter-
 esting. In vain will a trace of the grace
 and meaning, the poetry and the subtle-
 ty of classic inventions, be sought in the
 coarse, fantastic, childish complications
 of Celestial superstition.

REV. RUFUS ANDERSON, D.D.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

Few men have spent a more truly use-
 ful and honored life, and few men have
 diffused abroad, by means of such an in-
 strumentality, a more benign and lasting
 influence upon the best interests of the
 human race, in foreign and Pagan lands,
 than the eminent man and minister
 whose portrait we have placed at the
 head of this number of THE ECLECTIC
 MAGAZINE. Well and widely known and
 honored by many wise and good men, his
 compeers and associates in the great and
 sacred cause of Christian Missions, who
 have lived and labored for the past half
 century in this country, his official acts,
 his wise counsels, and his far-reaching
 sagacity, have endeared his name and
 character to the missionaries in different
 and distant countries, peoples and lan-
 guages. Having occupied the post of
 Foreign Secretary of the American Board
 of Commissioners for Foreign Missions
 for more than forty years—a position of
 great importance and responsibility, re-
 quiring the constant exercise of practi-
 cal wisdom—he has justly earned the ap-
 probation and commendation of all the
 friends of this great National Institution.
 The investment of such a life of labor
 and toil, though on an inadequate salary,
 in such a cause, by which God is hon-
 ored, and man in countless numbers
 blessed, has made him more than a mil-
 lionnaire in the priceless and imperishable
 treasures and securities of the Celestial
 Kingdom. From this highly responsible
 and honored position the subject of this
 sketch has recently retired, attended
 with valedictory salutations and grate-
 ful thanks, and kindly reminiscences of
 deep and touching interest, in the pre-
 sence of a vast assembly, seldom if ever
 paralleled. This official retirement took
 place at the fifty-seventh annual meeting
 of the Board at Pittsfield, Mass., Sept.

26th, 1866. The valedictory salutations "and thronging memories of the past" were fully shared in by the officers of the Board, by the Prudential Committee, by personal friends, by the missionaries present, and by one vast concert of feeling and emotion the whole of that great assembly expressed its tribute of respect and affection for the person and character of the retiring Secretary. Our limited space lacks room to record on these pages but a small part of "the warm-hearted resolutions which had been passed by the Prudential Committee in view of this resignation." Having known this eminent man for the most part of his official life, it seemed quite fitting, in common with many others, to offer our humble tribute of respect and personal regard, and gratify the feelings and wishes of numerous friends at home and missionaries abroad by putting on record in this permanent form the portrait of one so much beloved and revered for his life-long labors and toils in the cause of Christian Missions in foreign lands. A brief outline biographical sketch will add interest to the portrait.

Rev. Rufus Anderson was born at North Yarmouth, Maine, August 17th, 1796. His father was pastor of a Congregational church in that place, but from 1805 to 1814 was pastor of a church in Wenham, Mass., where he died. His three sons graduated at Bowdoin College, but the second and third died soon after of consumption—the disease which had proved fatal to the parents. Rufus, the eldest, made a public profession of religion while in college, and graduated in 1818. He was then so seriously threatened with consumption, that Mr. Ingersoll, of Beverly, a gentleman whose death soon after entering the gospel ministry was a great loss to the church, procured a gratuitous passage for him in a ship belonging to Mr. Henry Gray, of Boston, bound to India. The ship sailed from New-York, and the young graduate there made the acquaintance of the late well-known Pelatiah Perit, without either of them knowing under what circumstances it would afterwards be renewed for a long course of years.

The ship changed her voyage at Rio de Janeiro, and his health being confirmed, he returned in another ship belonging to the same generous owner,

which happened then to be there. This visit to the capital of Brazil had an important influence in shaping the future. Dr. Samuel Worcester, the first Corresponding Secretary of the American Board, had been on most intimate terms with Mr. Anderson's father, and manifested a paternal interest in the son of his friend. Intent on learning the religious condition of all parts of the world, Dr. Worcester gave him a letter of inquiry, which was answered from Rio de Janeiro, and Mr. Evarts deemed it proper to insert this letter in the *Panoplist* of 1819. This was Mr. Anderson's introduction to the second Corresponding Secretary of the Board, and when Mr. Evarts' health gave out early in 1822, he requested Mr. Anderson, then in the Senior Class of the Andover Seminary, to supply his place for a few months, while he visited the Missions of the Board among the Indians in the Southwest. His permanent connection with the correspondence of the Board dates from the autumn of that year, first as assistant to the Corresponding Secretary of the Board, and from 1832 onward for thirty-four years as one of three coördinate Secretaries, having charge of the department of foreign correspondence. To this add the ten preceding years of service in this department, and it extends Dr. Anderson's labors in the Secretaryship of the Board over the long period of forty-four years. All these were of necessity years of incessant toil, with but little time for relaxation and rest even amid the heats of summer. At the commencement of Dr. Anderson's connection with the Board, it was in its infancy, and its oldest mission had been established only eight years. During his official life Dr. Anderson has been associated with eight Secretaries, three Treasurers, and thirty-one members of the Prudential Committee.

In the winter of 1823-4, Mr. Anderson visited the Island of Cuba, to recover from the effects of a severe cold; and a visit to South Carolina and Georgia, in 1837, was also mainly for reinvigorating health. The *Missionary Herald* for 1824, in three successive numbers, contains notices of Cuba from his pen.

As Dr. Anderson has performed a number of very extended missionary

journeys in the service of the Board, we group a few of the facts here as matters of interest: His first missionary visit to the Mediterranean was made in 1828-9. His second visit occurred in 1843-4. In 1854-5, Dr. Anderson visited the missions of the Board in India, and on his return again for the third time visited the missions of the Board on the Mediterranean. Dr. Anderson's fourth missionary journey was made to the Sandwich Islands in 1863. All these journeys had no reference to his health—they were all undertaken and performed in good health, and, indeed, required it for their successful performance. Dr. Anderson's visit to the Sandwich Islands was doubtless the most important of all his missionary journeys, as it was certainly the most laborious, and was undertaken at an age when men are generally excused from such services. Few men have performed such journeys and rendered such arduous services to a public institution, by travels so extended by sea and in foreign lands. A few facts and particulars of these travels can hardly fail to interest the reader. In 1828-9, Dr. Anderson made his *first* missionary visit to the missions of the Board in the Mediterranean, and was absent one year, and travelled by sea and land a distance of some eleven thousand five hundred miles, then far more difficult than now. In his second visit to the missions of the Board in the Mediterranean in 1843, Dr. Anderson, in company with Dr. Hawes of Hartford, sailed from Boston, October 11th, and reached Athens, touching at Malta, on the 23d of November. They spent a week at Athens, a month at Smyrna, a week at Broosa, thirty-seven days at Constantinople, four days at Trebizond, twenty at Beirut, and a week in Jerusalem. About three and a half months were thus spent in personal intercourse with the missionaries, and two months more were spent in voyaging and journeying, after leaving Athens and Smyrna. An important service was thus rendered to the cause of missions in the Levant. Dr. Anderson returned to the United States by way of England, after an absence of ten months, having travelled by sea and land twelve thousand nine hundred miles.

The third missionary tour of Dr. Anderson was made to the missions of the

Board in India, in company with Rev. Dr. A. C. Thompson, of Roxbury, Mass., as a deputation under the instruction of the Prudential Committee. The deputation sailed from Boston August 2d, 1854, thus aiming to avoid both the rains and the excessive heats of that country—in which they were favored, providentially, beyond their expectations. They reached Bombay just after the rains; visited the Deccan in the cool of winter, and finished their work in the Madura mission before the hot season.

In these important and responsible labors assigned them, the deputation spent seventy-two days in the Mahratta missions, fifty days in the Madura mission, sixty-five in the Ceylon, twenty-one in the Madras, and twelve in the Arcot missions—in all two hundred and twenty days. Dr. Thompson then embarked at Madras on his homeward voyage; but, detained by illness, spent a fortnight in the Syrian mission, and nine days at Smyrna, in which time he visited the church then lately organized at Thyatira—making his sojourn in the mission more than eight months.

Dr. Anderson spent twenty-four days in Calcutta, fourteen in the Syrian mission, and forty-six in the Arminian—visiting Kessab, Antioch, Aleppo, Aintab and Constantinople—making eighty-four days, and a total in the missions, for him, of three hundred and four days, or about ten months. Their arrival at Bombay was on the 2d of November, 1854; Dr. Thompson's departure from Smyrna was September 12th, 1855, and Dr. Anderson's departure from Constantinople was November 8th. The former reached his native shores, October 27th, 1855, and was absent fifteen months. Dr. Anderson reached Boston January 13th, 1856, having been absent a year and a half, and travelled by sea and land in that time twenty-seven thousand miles. We have not space in these pages to record the varying and interesting incidents such a tour must furnish.

4. By request of the Prudential Committee of the Board, Dr. Anderson made a visit to the Sandwich Islands in 1863, on matters of great moment to the interests of missions in those islands. On this interesting tour, he was accompanied by Mrs. Anderson and their daughter, thus imparting additional en-

joyment to the journey. They left Boston on the 9th of January, 1863, and on the 12th of the same month embarked in the steamer Ocean Queen, at New-York, going by the way of Aspinwall and the Isthmus, and arrived at San Francisco, February 9th, having taken the steamer Constitution on the Pacific, which ran over the three thousand miles from Panama to San Francisco, almost always in sight of the mighty range of mountains forming the eastern barrier of the Pacific ocean. Captain Cresey, of the Boston clipper-ship Archer, bound to China, was induced to land the party at Honolulu, where they arrived, February 27th, in about six weeks from New-York.

The annals of the world furnish no such marvellous change and renovation from barbarous to civilized life as has occurred in the Sandwich Islands in about forty years. The inhabitants were barbarians and idolaters, without a written language, and in abject debasement. By the divine benediction upon the missionary instrumentalities of the American Board, the inhabitants of those islands have become civilized and Christianized, put in possession of a written language, and extensive literature, education, good laws, good government, and sit in safety and happiness under their own vines and fig trees. All this wondrous transformation has been achieved in the official lifetime of Dr. Anderson, and now he lands on those islands to behold with his own eyes the rich fruits, which, as one of the Secretaries of the Board, he had so long labored and prayed to promote. No earthly conqueror ever gazed upon such a conquest as must have rejoiced the heart and moistened the eyes of Dr. Anderson as he traversed those beautiful islands as the official representative of the heaven-born Board that sent him. To read Dr. Anderson's most interesting volume, *The Hawaiian Islands*—quite a romance of modern history—would impart more real benefit to a sensible mind than a score of volumes of romantic sentimentalities of the present day.

Honolulu has grown up to be a city, and the metropolis of the islands, where Dr. Anderson and his family were most cordially received and greet-

ed by the Queen and her people. *Polynesian*, the Court Journal, as it would say in London, made this record at the time: "Dr. Anderson, Mrs. Anderson and Miss Anderson, were graciously received by her Majesty Queen, in her private apartments in palace yesterday at eleven o'clock noon. To mark now much they comended these philanthropic visitors to this kingdom, it pleased her Majesty to send her carriage to convey them and from the palace."

After spending a few days at Honolulu, the party sailed for Hilo, March 9th. On March 11th, they approached Hawaii, and had a grand profile view of the island, while Mauna Kea, one of the two great volcanic mountains, before them thirteen thousand nine hundred and fifty feet, and Mauna Loa, the other, rose to the height of thirteen thousand seven hundred and sixty feet, still sending forth vast streams of lava. On its passage, the steamer took in water upon the very spot where Captain Cook was killed. Reaching Hilo afterward, the party was borne to the shore through the high surf on the shoulders of friendly natives, more or less wet. The party visited Kilauea, the great volcano, occupying two days of the way, both going and returning. The crater is four thousand feet above the level of the sea. It has a diameter of three miles. The party descended the great black floor of the crater, then had a walk of two miles to the burning lake. The whole was a scene of awful grandeur. They saw one of God's wonderful works. By particular request of the parents, Dr. Anderson baptized the infant daughter of King Kamehameha at the volcano, a returned native missionary from Micronesia, by the name of Henrietta Kauai, an incident also in the history of baptism. After their return, the party proceeded to visit and make the tour of the island of Maui and its villages—of the island of Oahu, and its villages and mission stations, and Oahu College and other places and scenes of interest—of the Island of Kauai, its villages and its missions, performing extended journeys many miles amid scenes and landscapes of marvellous beauty and interest. To enumerate, or even to name, any com-

able portion of the facts and incidents—of valuable information obtained by Dr. Anderson's three months' journeyings and sojournings in the islands—would swell this outline notice far beyond the limits assigned to it. His visit to these missions and missionaries, and the discussions held with them, were productive of a vast amount of permanent good, and the volume recording the results of his careful and sagacious observation, must be regarded as a treasure, both to the interests of religion and commerce, as well as a rich contribution to the facts of history.

On their return voyage from San Francisco to Panama, the steamer in which Dr. Anderson and his family were passengers encountered a terrible hurricane, in which for twenty-four hours they ate nothing, and it was the general expectation that the steamer would be overwhelmed in the deep. But, we believe, Dr. Anderson did not share in that expectation, feeling a strong confidence that the work assigned him by Divine Providence could not be completed without his safe return home, and the results of his visit to the islands laid before the Prudential

Committee and the friends of missions. The steamer was at length rescued from the trough of the sea in a providential way; her mate having been disabled by a fall, and an old sea captain, a passenger, taking his place. Dr. Anderson and his family reached New-York, September 6th, 1863, after an absence of eight months, and a journey by sea and land of fourteen thousand miles, also five hundred miles in the islands. And it must be a matter of interest to the numerous friends of this eminent Secretary of the Board to know that his various missionary journeys have occupied from four to six years, and the distance travelled amounts, in summing up, to sixty-six thousand miles, in the service of the Board, from which he has retired with the lasting respect and heartfelt gratitude of the American Board and its many friends, as well as the numerous missionaries on the foreign field, who have for so long a period been the objects of his solicitude and almost paternal care.

Dr. Anderson is the author of several valuable works on missions, and we believe it is expected that he will be the historian of the Board up to the date of his retirement of the Secretaryship.

POETRY.

THE PARTING

JULIET. Be but sworn, my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy.
Thou art thyself though—not a *Montague*.
—*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., Sc. 2.

From out her father's hall she came,
Where words of party strife ran high;
But party zeal and party fame
Were naught to her—her love was nigh!
Through mazy paths of woodland fair,
Illumed by evening's ruby glow,
She sped. She met her lover there—
Her heart's one love—her father's foe!

Tight clasped within his arms she stood,
She nestled closer to his side;
She deemed him only grand and good—
Her joy, her triumph, and her pride!
Her lover gazed upon her face,
He thought no more of king or state;
Love healed the ancient feuds of race—
He half forgot her father's hate!

"And wilt thou trust me, darling? Say!—
When envy's shafts my name assail—
When fortune's frown obscures my day—
When foes wax bitter—friendships fail!—

Wilt thou be true, my life's one light?
If good I do, 'tis done through thee!
My star of hope, in blackest night,
Through tempest clouds, shine out on me!

"Nay, fear not, sweet! thy guardian love
Shall keep me safe 'mid death and strife—
As gentle spirit from above
Shall charm with holy spell my life!
In thee, e'en yet, in thee alone,
My toils shall end, my labors cease!
In thee, when all the strife is done,
Shall be my heaven-sent, long-sought peace!

"My comrades call"—"Oh, stay!" she cried,
"Ah! true, mine own, if truth can be,
I'd cling for ever to thy side—
For ever thus be near to thee!
Though kith and kin should curse thy cause,
I'd still be true, whate'er befall;
Love's empire knows no father's laws—
The monarch love is lord of all!"

—*London Society.* T. H. S. E.

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

SARRA the white owl to the martin folk,
In the belfry tower so grim and gray:

"Why do they deafen us with these bells?
Is any one dead or born to-day?"

A martin peeped over the rim of its nest,
And answered crossly: "Why, ain't you
heard

That an heir is come to the great estate?"—
"I 'aven't," the owl said, "'pon my word."

"Are men born so, with that white cockade?"
Said the little field-mouse to the old brown
rat.

"Why, you silly child," the sage replied,
"This is the bridegroom—they know him
by that."

Saith the snail so snug in his dappled shell,
Slowly stretching one cautious horn,
As the beetle was hurrying by so brisk,
Much to his Snailship's inward scorn:

"Why does that creature ride by so fast?
Has a fire broke out, to the east or west?"—
"Your Grace, he rides to the wedding-feast."—
"Let the madman go. What I want's
rest."

The swallows around the woodman skimmed,
Poising and turning on flashing wing;
One said: "How liveth this lump of earth?
In the air, he can neither soar nor spring?"

"Over the meadows we sweep and dart,
Down with the flowers, or up in the skies;
While these poor lumberers toil and slave,
Half-starved, for how can they catch their
flies?"

Quoth the dry-rot worm to his artisans
In the carpenter's shop, as they bored away:
"Hark to the sound of the saw and file!
What are these creatures at work at—say?"

From his covered passage a worm looked out,
And eyed the beings so busy o'erhead:
"I scarcely know, my Lord; but I think
They're making a box to bury their dead!"

Says a butterfly with his wings of blue
All in a flutter of careless joy,
As he talks to a dragon-fly over a flower:
"Ours is a life, sir, with no alloy."

"What are those black things, row and row,
Winding along by the new-mown hay?"
"That is a funeral," says the fly:
"The carpenter buries his son to-day."
—*Chambers's Journal.*

GEORGE PEABODY.

WE mourned the old chivalric times,
Their virtues, with their glories, dead—
Life stricken wholly from romance—
"And what is left to us?" we said:
Up through the land the murmur rose:
"Oh for the days that are no more,
When love of God wrought love of man,
And all were human to the core!"

"The great Arthurian days we mourn,
And all the lapsing years that wrought

Change after change, yet evermore
Some varying phase of splendor caught;
Still noble deeds, still gentle lives,
Till every knightly heart grew cold,
And Valor's sunset-radiance lit
The tourney of the Cloth of Gold.

"The poetry of earth is dead: *
What lesser grief should we bemoan,
With Science in the place of Faith,
With quicken'd brains and hearts of stone?
Our noblest triumphs mock our skill,
We link the Continents in vain—
It only tends to sordid ends,
And whets the appetite for gain."

So from our lips remonstrance fell,
When through the land a rumor went—
"The old heroic fire revives—
Its pulsing fervor is not spent!
The record of the glowing past
Shows in its dim and doubtful page
No deed like that which greets the eyes
Of this debased, prosaic age."

"For, lo! a Queen of sovereign sway,
Of zoneless empire, quits her throne,
Stooping to welcome one who comes
A stranger, nameless and unknown:
No comely youth in knightly guise
Shining at ruffled beauty's knees—
A silver'd head, a homely form—
No more the queenly woman sees."

"No more; but in her heart there glows
The memory of a noble deed,
Of succor to her people lent,
Of princely aid in sorest need.
And gracious is her tearful smile
As forth she thrusts a trembling hand,
And bids him in her name receive
The homage of her grateful land."

Homage to Goodness! Queenly meed
Of generous thanks to simple Worth!
Thus does the old chivalric soul
Survive in us of later birth;
Nor doubt its promptings in the heart
Of him—his nation's noblest son—
The largesse of whose liberal hand
A sovereign's thanks has rightly won.

Never did truer beauty clothe
The radiant limbs of courtly knight,
Than clothes that brow serenely smooth,
And fills those eyes with gentle light.
To latest times that homely form,
And that familiar, kindly face,
The holier memories of men
Will with a tender beauty grace.

Where'er that honored name is heard
The tears will gleam in woman's eyes:
The hearts of men will stir and creep,
And blessings to their lips will rise.
Though Science join'd the sunder'd worlds,
It needed yet what he has done—
A noble action, meekly wrought,
Has knit the hearts of both in one.

* "The poetry of earth is never dead."—*Keats.*

Yes, and as, far above the glow,
 When all the West is fierce with flame,
 A faint star brightens to the night,
 Deep'ning about it—so his fame,
 Surviving all the transient bloom
 That makes the passing present bright
 Will shine, and still resplendent shine,
 An orb of ever-gathering light.
 —*London Society.* S.

THE GHOSTS ROUND BISMARCK'S COUCH.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

THEY come, they come, in thronging hosts,
 Round Bismarck's couch, the pallid ghosts
 Of men swept off before their time,
 In youth, in age, and manhood's prime.

They come from every battle-plain,
 Where lay th' unburied, gory slain,
 From tents and hospitals they glide,
 To stand at midnight by his side.

Vassals and foes together stand,
 And, pointing to the shadowy land,
 "Why didst thou send us there?" demand.
 "Demon! It was thy lustful pride,
 Like Lucifer's, who God defied,
 Which spread around such carnage wide.

"Thy robber hand on Denmark first
 Unjustly fell with weight accurst,
 And every petty German power
 Applauded thee in that dark hour.

"To be thy tool then Austria stooped,
 And for reward by thee was duped.
 Kings are dethroned, nations enslaved,
 The scorn and hate of Europe braved,

"To pleasure thy vainglorious mind,
 A patriot's name thine artful blind,
 Scourge of thy country and thy kind,
 Hark! to thy victims' dying groans,
 Their widows' and their orphans' moans,
 Ascending in accusing tones,

"To yonder distant realms above,
 Where dwells the God of Peace and Love;
 When Time before His bar shall bring
 Thee and thy puppet, Prussia's king,

"Tyrants! how shall ye both appear,
 When thundered forth your crimes ye hear,
 Your earthly glories vanished, flown,
 Ye stand condemned before God's throne?

"Now, with success triumphant flushed,
 Your wretched victims humbled, crushed,
 All better feelings stifled, hushed.
 Then, rising from the dark cold tomb,
 Surrounded by Death's ghastly gloom,
 Ye hear your everlasting doom—

"Depart from me, accursed go—
 To regions of eternal woe,
 With spirits of the lost to share
 The untold horrors of despair."

Round Bismarck's couch such was the strain
 The spectres chanted, but in vain;

His stony heart is deaf to all,
 Except Ambition's frenzied call!

DUSKELDORF, September.

—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

B. C. 570.

HERE where I dwell I waste to skin and bone;
 The curse is come upon me, and I waste
 In penal torment powerless to atone.

The curse is come on me, which makes no haste
 And doth not tarry, crushing both the proud
 Hard man and him the sinner double-faced.
 Look not upon me, for my soul is bowed
 Within me, as my body in this mire;
 My soul crawls dumb - struck, sore - bested and
 cowed.

As Sodom and Gomorrah scourged by fire,
 As Jericho before God's trumpet-peal,

So we the elect ones perish in His ire.
 Vainly we gird on sackcloth, vainly kneel

With famished faces towards Jerusalem:

His heart is shut against us not to feel,

His ears against our cry He shutteth them,

His hand He shorteneth that he will not save,

His law is loud against us to condemn:

And we, as unclean bodies in the grave

Inheriting corruption, and the dark,
 Are outcast from His presence which we crave.

Our Mercy hath departed from His Ark,

Our Glory hath departed from His rest,

Our Shield hath left us naked as a mark

Unto all pitiless eyes made manifest.

Our very Father hath forsaken us,

Our God hath cast us from Him: we oppressed

Unto our foes are even marvellous,

A hissing and a butt for pointing hands,

While God Almighty hunts and grinds us thus;

For He hath scattered us in alien lands,

Our priests, our princes, our anointed king,

And bound us hand and foot with brazen bands.

Here while I sit my painful heart takes wing

Home to the home-land I must see no more,

Where milk and honey flow, where waters
 spring

And fail not, where I dwelt in days of yore

Under my fig-tree and my fruitful vine,

There where my parents dwelt at ease before:

Now strangers press the olives that are mine,

Reap all the corners of my harvest-field,

And make their fat hearts wanton with my
 wine;

To them my trees, to them my gardens yield

Their sweets and spices and their tender green,

O'er them in noontide heat outspread their
 shield.

Yet these are they whose fathers had not been

Housed with my dogs, whom hip and thigh we
 smote

And with their blood washed their pollutions
 clean,

Purging the land which spewed them from its
 throat;

Their daughters took we for a pleasant prey,

Choice tender ones on whom the fathers dote,

Now they in turn have led their own away

Our daughters and sisters and our wives

Sore weeping as they weep who curse the day, •

To live, remote from help, dishonored lives,
 Soothing their drunken masters with a song,
 Or dancing in their golden tinkling gyves;
 Accurst if they remember through the long
 Estrangement of their exile, twice accursed
 If they forget and join the accursed throng.
 How doth my heart that is so wrung not burst
 When I remember that my way was plain,
 And that God's candle lit me at the first,
 While now I grope in darkness, grope in vain,
 Desiring but to find Him who is lost,
 To find Him once again, but once again.
 His wrath came on us to the uttermost,
 His covenanted and most righteous wrath:
 Yet this is He of whom we made our boast,
 Who lit the Fiery Pillar in our path,
 Who swept the Red Sea dry before our feet,
 Who in His jealousy smote kings, and hath
 Sworn once to David: One shall fill thy seat
 Born of thy body, as the sun and moon
 'Stablished for aye in sovereignty complete.
 O Lord, remember David, and that soon.
 The Glory hath departed, Ichabod!
 Yet now, before our sun grow dark at noon,
 Before we come to nought beneath Thy rod,
 Before we go down quick into the pit,
 Remember us for good, O God, our God:
 Thy name will I remember praising it,
 Though Thou forget me, though Thou hide Thy
 face,
 And blot me from the book which Thou hast
 writ;
 Thy name will I remember in my praise,
 And call to mind Thy faithfulness of old,
 Though as a weaver Thou cut off my days,
 And end me as a tale ends that is told.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Irwin's Poems.—A little volume* has just been issued by Messrs. McGlashan & Gill, containing "poems"—unequal, as all such collections inevitably are, but full of exquisite beauties—by Thomas Caulfield Irwin.

Mr. Irwin's genius is metaphysical rather than passionate. His habit of mind is retrospective, and his sympathies more with the sentiment than the action of nature. There is the sadness without the cynicism of Hamlet in these speculations of a solitary spirit, on a "Skull:"

"Silent as thou, whose inner life is gone,
 Let me essay thy meaning if I can,
 Thou ghostly, ghostly moral carved in bone,
 Old Nature's quiet mockery of man.

"I place thee in the light: the orient gold
 Falls on thy crown, and strikes each uncouth line;
 Strange shape! the earth has ruins manifold,
 But none with meaning terrible as thine.

"For here beneath this bleak and sterile dome
 Did hatred, rage, and silent sorrow mourn;
 A little world, an infinite spirit's home,
 A heaven or hell abandoned and forlorn.

"Once on that forehead radiant as the day
 Imagination flamed in tranced mood;
 Once on thy fleshy mask now fallen away
 Kiplined the pulses of a bridegroom's blood;

"And laughter wrinkled up those orbs with fun,
 And sorrow furrowed channels as you prayed;
 Well; now no mark is left on thee but one,
 The careless stroke of some old sexton's spade."

Mr. Irwin evinces a very exquisite appreciation of those half-defined suggestions of a spiritual relation in the picturesque which are so difficult to convey in words, which will bear nothing but the most ærial touch, and disappear under an attempted analysis. These associations, the most affecting and strange of our nature, irreducible to the form of thought, can be treated only as mental sensations. They are reconveyed by the poet in the tone and coloring of his landscape, and in those mystic phrases which reflect and reproduce, we can't tell how, the vague impressions which have moved our feelings and even our tears in other times. Mr. Irwin's sense of the picturesque is always forcible, tender, and fresh. From his "Elizabethan Days" a few lines will help to explain our meaning:

"'Tis pleasant, stretched on grassy lawn,
 Or ocean summit grand and gray,
 To watch the change of sun and sky,
 The shadowy shapes that voyage by—
 Rich golden fleets along the dawn,
 Proud pageants in the western day—

"Lone clouds that move, at set of sun,
 Like pilgrims to some sacred star;
 Long moonlight host that seem to bear
 White banners through the waste of air;
 Like steeled crusaders marching on
 Through deserts to some field of war."

Better still, because dealing with the more difficult problem of the *artificial* picturesque, is this dream of the streets of Venice, "Night on the Lagunes:"

"Along the still lagune,
 While lutes and lips in tune,
 Mingle around, come, gondolier, and oar us to the moon:
 Forth from this shadowy arc,
 Stretched in our lamp-lit bark,
 In festal silence let us float, soft through the summer
 dark;
 Through streets based on the brine,
 Mild droops of Syrian vine—
 One tome of Tasso open, and one flask of Cyprian wine:
 Now float we underneath,
 Some palace hushed as death,
 Its marbles creased in wrinkles by the hot sirocco's breath.

"Lo! in yon casement chaste,
 With vase and truller graced,
 In curtained dusk, a figure rises, as from out the east—
 Some dusky tropic sphere,
 Crown of the burning year,
 Through twilight glimmers o'er the rich ambrosial breath-
 ing meer—
 And garbed in silken stole,
 Pours out her music soul,
 In gushes through the mazes of a joyous barcarole;
 Now touching as she sings
 Her mandoline's bright strings,
 Vibrates the smooth dark flowing air with thinnest tink-
 lings:
 While o'er the blue waves flow,
 A bacchant group below,
 Quaff wine at leafy windows in the moon's autumnal glow.

"Remote the city lies,
 Music and mysteries,
 Breathing and brooding through it under midnight's magic
 skies;
 And broad the moon wave rolls,
 And solemn distant tolls
 The great cathedral bell above the multitude of souls.

"But lo! the morn is nigh,
 And glimmer daintly
 Borran's Alps, like drifts of withered rose, along the sky:

* *Poems.* By THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN. Dublin: McGlashan & Gill.

And falls the dim dawn rain,
As Venceward, amain
We speed to sleep and dream the hours till Vesper sparks
again."

A great deal might be written upon the delicacy and charm of Mr. Irwin's classic feeling. We take here a few verses from "Naiades":

"Tis evening on a crescent shore, silent as a cloud of
gray;
A land of calm, a sea of light, where mortal bark can
never stray;
A land of mighty twilight woods that shrine an island-
scattered bay.
No change comes here, save when the waters with the
broad moon broader rise
At sunset, washing from the gorgeous island the red leaf
that dies,
Where trains of traceless shadows only weave their purple
mysteries,
And roll along the noiseless sun from year to year through
sleeping skies.

"Hark! from the cliff whose marble brow is white upon
the calm below,
A melody arises, stealing o'er the waters soft and low;
An undulating song that floats upon the billows' rise and
fall;
A liquid laugh from out the gloom that lies along the
headland tall,
A listening pause—then from the bright deep comes a low
mysterious call—
'Tis answered, and before the wave its splendor path has
onward hewn,
Sweet Sea Shapes pace the island sands beneath the still-
ness of the moon.
Around their queen they group, the while she rests in ra-
diant quiet there,
Slow disentangling golden locks with dainty fingers moon-
light fair;
The smooth light slides along their forms, o'er their
white feet and flamy hair,
And warmly floats and falls around the sighings of the
forest air."

The Greek spirit has reached Mr. Irwin through a chaste medium. His imagination is impregnated with the grace, fancy, and gorgeousness of classic poetry and times; but the inspiration is always pure. Except of course in Sapphic breathings, and those purely erotic verses, which are exceptional, there is discernible in the forms of beauty presented by the Greeks something always of the dignity, as well as the grace, of their statuary, and perceptible also a thrill of its cold, pure marble. The late day at which this little volume has reached us compels a very inadequate notice. Mr. Irwin's poems present unquestionable evidences of genius.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

Homes without Hands. By Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. New-York: Harper & Brothers. The author has conceived the happy plan of treating of animals according to the mode of construction shown in their habitations. We know of no previous work in which this scheme has been adopted, and hence we think that *Homes without Hands* is likely to become the book of reference upon the subject of the dwellings of animals. Of course the great bulk of Mr. Wood's labors was that of the compiler, and therefore there is not much originality to be sought for or expected; but so far as the compilation is concerned, we think the writer has conscientiously discharged his duty to the public. We notice a few errors, but after all they are trifling ones when the whole merit of the work is taken into consideration. Mr. Wood has divided his subject into seven distinct parts.

He begins with the simplest and most natural form of habitation, namely, a burrow in the ground. Then follows an account of those creatures that suspend their homes in the air. Next in order come the animals that are real builders, forming their domiciles of mud, stones, sticks, and similar materials. The fifth section includes those creatures which live mainly in communities; the sixth, those which are parasite on animals or plants; and the seventh, those which build on branches. Under each of these divisions the animals are arranged in their proper zoological order, commencing with mammalia. Let us select examples from some of these groups. Until Dr. Bennett published his observations, we knew very little of the habits of the Ornithorynchus. Now, however, this creature's natural history is fully made out, and the following is Mr. Wood's account of its burrow: "The duck-bill always makes its home in the bank of some stream. There are always two entrances to the burrow, one below the surface of the water and the other above. The latter entrance is always hidden most carefully under overshadowing leaves and drooping plants. When the grasses are put aside there is seen a hole of moderate size, on the sides of which are imprinted the footmarks of the animal. From this the burrow passes upward, winding a sinuous course, and often running to a considerable length. From twenty to thirty feet is the usual average, but burrows have been found where the length was full fifty feet, and where the course was most amazingly variable, bending and twisting about so as to tire the excavators." In this manner does Mr. Wood proceed to describe all the burrowing animals. Not confining himself either to the description of the habitations, he comments upon the habits and character of the animal, so that his work is a vast comprehensive store of natural history knowledge. Here is an account of a spider which lives in a sort of suspension home: "A peculiarly beautiful pensile cocoon is constructed by a common British spider, scientifically termed *Agelena brunnea*. The cocoon is shaped rather like a wine-glass, and is always hung with the mouth downwards, being fastened by the stalk to a leaf or twig of gorse. It is very small, only measuring a quarter of an inch in diameter, and when it is first made is of the purest white." We wish we had space to follow the writer in his descriptions of the nest-building habits of the sticklebacks, and of the homes of the beaver, the dormouse, and the bee.—*Popular Science Review*.

The Life and Death of Jeanne D'Arc, called The Maid. By HARRIET PARR, author of "In the Silver Age." 2 vols. London: Smith & Elder. There are problems connected with Jeanne D'Arc's character, achievements and martyrdom, which it is, perhaps, impossible now to solve. What was the inspiration under which she acted? What the secret of her marvellous success? Who were chiefly guilty in her death? These are questions of which only a partial solution is possible; and, in our conclusions concerning them, we must necessarily be greatly influenced by the sympathies of her biographer, and the coloring given to her narrative. The careful collection, in five volumes, of all known authentic

documents connected with her history, by *La Société l'Histoire de France*, has greatly facilitated the task of her biographer; and Miss Parr has been fortunate enough to be the first English writer to bring their results before English readers. This she has done with great conscientiousness and skill. Resolutely excluding all secondary representations, she has sought to delineate Jeanne in the simple light of these important state papers. The result is a portraiture singularly beautiful and heroic—and in one sense original. The Jeanne of Miss Parr's volumes is neither the prejudiced conception of Shakespeare the imaginative creation of Schiller, nor the statuesque goddess of Southey; least of all is she the vile courtesan of Voltaire—the unclean credulity which accepted *La Pucelle* as even an approximation to the truth, being but the reflection of an immoral age, and an expression of its inability to believe in what was nobler than itself.

Miss Parr has, we think, for the first time, at any rate to English readers, embodied the simple humanity, the goodness, unselfishness, and heroism of Jeanne's remarkable character; her own womanly instincts have interpreted for her the purity and perfect womanliness of her heroine. Simply and gracefully written, her volumes have all the seriousness of history, all the interest of romance, and all the charm of a work of successful literary art.

Whatever the secret of Jeanne's inspiration, every record, and every impression concerning her attests the most perfect sincerity, goodness, and nobleness. Always, and in everything a woman, she was yet a woman of heroic mould; she was endowed with considerable physical beauty, agility, and strength, with intellectual abilities of a very high order, clear and decisive judgment, single and indomitable purpose, remarkable eloquence, and a voice singularly rich and beautiful. Indications of these are seen throughout her history—in her clear penetration of character, her almost instinctive perception of the thing to be done, her great power of reticence, and her determined perseverance when she was opposed—first by her relatives at Domeroy, next by the counsellors of the king, and by the generals of the army. Whatever her inspiration it was purely her own; for a long time no one believed in it, and to the last it was made use of rather than credited. So far from being an instrument employed by the Armagnac party, her constant complaint was of opposition. At her trial she expressly affirmed that she alone was responsible for what she had done, and only a few moments before her death she exonerated Charles by declaring that it was not he who had counselled her.

In a character of the fifteenth century, her hallucination is not so difficult to understand; her heated imagination no doubt interpreted as divine intimations many things that to another temperament, or in a subsequent age, would have had no significance. She followed her "voices" with simple implicitness—not as a policy but as a faith. Her enemies did not question her inspiration, only they attributed it to witchcraft. What but a malign power could oppose them! With the mass of her countrymen she obtained

a ready credence; and her convictions tended to justify themselves.

Her work was simple, patriotic, and noble; sublimely indifferent to personal interests, she was intent only on the deliverance of her country from the English. "The only peace for them is that they begone into their own country." Her efforts to reunite the alienated Burgundians and the king, were untiring and very noble. She urged the latter to the freest and most generous forgiveness.

The noblest men in the French army—those who became the great commanders of their age—and the most virtuous women, were her firmest friends; she won respect and love in every household—from matrons and little children alike. Her achievements prove that success in war depends upon much more than needle-guns. The English were the finest archers in the world; no soldiers could struggle more bravely, and yet they could not resist the enthusiasm which Jeanne inspired.

Her trial and death are one of the most disgraceful chapters in history. The chief guilt rests, not with the English, whose culpability consisted mainly in delivering her over to the ecclesiastical tribunals, but with her own countrymen—with the University of Paris, who instigated it—with the oily, treacherous, and unscrupulous Bishop of Beauvais, who conducted it, who denied her all legal assistance, with diabolical ingenuity sought to entangle her in the casuistry of forty or fifty ecclesiastical assessors, plotted to destroy her by a perversion of the forms of law, and brutally denied to her the consolation of praying before a church on her way to the court; and above all, with her dastardly and ungrateful sovereign and the Armagnac party, who heartlessly abandoned her to her enemies, and who did not move a finger or utter a word on her behalf. The indolent poltroonery of Charles, always her greatest obstacle, had here its crowning shame. Neither Charles nor France was worthy of the heroine, whose exploits crowned the one and delivered the other.

The Life of Simon Bolivar, Liberator of Colombia and Peru, Father and Founder of Bolivia: Carefully written from Authentic and Unpublished Documents. By Doctor FELIPE LABRAZABAL. For sale by the American News Company. We have here an elaborate endeavor to trace minutely the career of the South American Liberator. The author devotes himself with enthusiasm to his subject, and the chapters we have read we found extremely interesting. Occasionally, as might be expected, we meet with un-English expressions, as, for instance, in the first sentence where we read "it is a difficult task to *compendiate* the lives of heroes." These, however, are slight blemishes, and easily remedied. The volumes bid fair to become an important addition to our biographical literature. Such a work is needed, for there is a great deal of ignorance or error respecting Bolivar. In the most popular works in Europe, as our author states, even the year of his birth is not correctly given.—*Literary Gazette.*

Great in Goodness. A Memoir of George N. Briggs. By WILLIAM C. RICHARDS. With Illustra-

tions. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1866. Though tardy in its appearance this memoir will be welcomed by tens of thousands of readers as a just and worthy tribute to the memory of one whose name is dear to the patriot and the Christian. The biographer has discharged his delicate task with admirable judgment. It is a memoir which ought to be read and studied, for the subject of it was a sturdy and noble representative of the New-England character—simple, patriotic, virtuous and Christian. It appears at an opportune time, when such models of public virtue might be studied to advantage.

The Biglow Papers. Second series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867. The first series of these papers was a great success. Many of our readers must remember the intense interest they awakened, and with what eagerness they were devoured. The present series can hardly equal that; still, as many of the topics are connected with the late war, it is a book that will be read and laughed over and its lessons drank in by multitudes.

Sunnybank. By MARION HARLAND. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1866. This authoress ranks deservedly among the very first of our American female novelists. Her former works, *Alone*, *Hidden Path*, *Miriam*, *Husbands and Homes*, etc., have made her name a household one in the land. Her numerous admirers will welcome this new work from this gifted authoress. It is the first continuous story from her pen since *Miriam*, which appeared in 1862. It will rank as among the best of her productions.

Laus Veneris. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. New-York: Carleton. 1866. The last number of THE ECLECTIC contains a very severe review of Mr. Swinburne's poetry, from the *Saturday Review*, chiefly on the ground of its exceedingly indelicate and sensuous character. This very book of Poems and Ballads, issued by Carleton, has been suppressed in England for this reason. A portion of the English press approves and a portion condemns severely this course. The London *Examiner*, for instance, says: "The withdrawal of that volume is an act of weakness of which any publisher who does not give himself up to the keeping of a milk-walk for the use of babes, has reason to be heartily ashamed." Still much can be said on the other side. Carleton, with these facts before him, seems to have no moral scruples on the subject. Our own opinion is that the objection is a just one, while we admit the genius and ability of the author.

❧ *History of the Gypsies:* With Specimens of the Gypsy Language. By WALTER SIMSON. Edited with Preface, Introduction and Notes, and a Dissertation on the Past, Present and Future of Gypsism, by JAMES SIMSON. New-York: M. Doolady. 1866. This is the most concise, full and authentic history of this singular race as it exists in Great Britain, which has ever fallen under our notice. The English press uniformly speak of it in strong terms of commendation. The author estimates the number of Gypsies in the British Isles at a quarter of a million, and in Europe and America at four millions. It is a highly readable book, as its pages are crowded with facts, in-

cidents and descriptions stranger than fiction ever dreamed of or described. It is a highly valuable contribution towards a complete history of this extraordinary people.

❧ *A Commentary on the Second Epistle of the Apostle Peter.* By JOHN T. DEMAREST, D.D. New-York: A. Lloyd. A most excellent commentary on this interesting portion of the Scriptures. It is chiefly exegetical, aiming to give the true meaning of the Apostle. It is the fruit of years of labor, and is worthy of examination and study. We say this, while we do not agree with the author in his views on the Millennial theory.

Hours at Home, edited by J. M. Sherwood, and published by G. C. Scribner & Co. of this city, we have reason to know, is a decided success. The aim of this new monthly is to furnish the best *Family Magazine* in the country, free from every taint of impurity, inculcating a Christian morality, and infusing an evangelical religious spirit into our literature, while, at the same time, possessing the highest literary merit. And in this they have, in the judgment of the public generally, decidedly succeeded. The work has enlisted more than two hundred contributors, many of them among the most distinguished in American literature. We are glad to learn that its patronage has steadily increased from the day of its first issue till now, and never so rapidly as for the last month or two.

The November number began a new volume. And sure we are that our friends who are desirous of an American monthly of a high literary and moral character, cannot do better than "try *Hours at Home*." In this we quite agree with our neighbor, the *Independent*.

VARIETIES.

❧ *Notes on the Public Libraries of Caracas.*—There are three public libraries in Caracas: *La Biblioteca Publica y Nacional*, *La Biblioteca de la Universidad*, and *La Biblioteca del Seminario*. The first contains nearly five thousand volumes, and occupies a lofty room in the old convent of the Franciscan monks. The books, very few of them being of bibliographical interest, are placed without any system, just as in the shops of some common traders in second-hand books; and the alphabetical catalogue is made without any knowledge whatever, the actual librarian knowing no other language than his native Spanish tongue. He has done, nevertheless, much for the library, which he found in the utmost state of neglect, covered with dust, and partly destroyed by insects. The poor fellow has a monthly appointment of nearly ten pounds, which, however, for two years has not been paid to him. In former times many books have been sold by the very librarians, a fact which I know from my own experience. The directors of the establishment never got their salary, and of course did everything to make amends for it! There are a great many useful books on Venezuela, but none of Humboldt's writings, with the exception of the octavo edition of his work on Mexico. The old Spanish authors on the American discovery and conquest are represented only by a bad copy of *Garrolosada la Vega* (*Comentarios reales* and *La*

Florida), and a defective *Herrera* (the so-called *Derades*). There are no funds whatever. The best things in the establishment are the nice book cases of cedar wood. The *Biblioteca de la Universidad* was formed by the celebrated Dr. José Vargas, a truly important man. He bequeathed it at his death, together with his collection of plants and minerals, to the University, whose real founder he may be called. The collection numbers from four thousand to four thousand five hundred volumes, principally on natural history and medical science. There is no catalogue, and I am afraid this certainly valuable library will by and by suffer serious damages. The *Biblioteca del Seminario* is a collection of theological and periodical works, all of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century, some being of bibliographical interest. The library has a most inconvenient place in one large dusty room of the so-called *Palacio Arzobispal*; it has no librarian, and no catalogue. I began the redaction of a catalogue, but for want of time and any assistance in clearing away the heaps of dust, I was obliged to leave this task undone. This library is not open to the public, but foreigners or literary men find easy admission. From none of the three libraries are books allowed to be taken to other places. Caracas has no right to boast of a scientific or advanced literary life. There is nevertheless something to be said on these matters, but I must leave this for another opportunity.—A. E.—*Tribune's Record*.

Sale of Autographs.—The London *Review* of July 21st says: "The literary event of the week has been the sale of the extraordinary collections of autographs, letters, and manuscripts, formed many years since by Sir John Fenn, Knight, editor of the *Paston Letters*. There were one thousand and one lots in all, comprising royal, noble, and conventual deeds and charters from a period immediately after the Conquest to the fifteenth century. One of the charters was signed—*form crucis*—by King Stephen, Matilda his Queen, Eustachius his son, and Henry his brother, A.D. 1137. Among the rarities were some hundred of very early and important rolls and other records, consisting of domestic accounts, inventories, rentals, court rolls, etc., mostly illustrative of the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk. The autograph note book of Addison, containing portions of essays contributed to the *Spectator*, which was so much canvassed in the public journals two years ago, was disposed of at the conclusion of the sale, and realized twenty-six guineas. Only a short time since this identical volume was sold by a London dealer in old books for seven shillings."

Scandinavian Art.—The sixth volume of the *Transactions of the Kent Archaeological Society*, very recently published, among other articles of interest has a long and copiously illustrative description of the discovery of a numerous series of relics in an Anglo-Saxon (or Anglo-Danish) cemetery at Sarr, in the Isle of Thanet. Many of these relics must be numbered with the most interesting and valuable works of their class that ever have been discovered under similar circumstances. They afford fresh illustration of the singularly advanced condition of art at a period and among races which so long were held to be at least semi-barbarous. It is to be hoped that

"loan collections" at South Kensington may be enriched with the finer and more artistic examples of these Sarr relics, that their reading of the ante-Norman chapter of English history may be made public, and that English artists and students of art of the present day may be enabled to derive from these early productions of skilled hands the lessons they are so well qualified to convey.—*Art Journal*.

Carrara Marble.—The marble quarries of Carrara have a world-wide celebrity, and have long been the only source of supply, not only for the finest statuary marble, but for the ordinary white marble used in architecture and decoration. The works are capable, it is believed, of a very great extension, and the high price paid for even the secondary marbles of Italy proves that the production falls short of the demand. These quarries have been wrought for more than two thousand years. There is no known spot on the globe where marble of so fine a quality is now found. Carrara, therefore, possesses a natural monopoly of a commodity for which the demand must increase with the progress of civilization. The British Colonies and the United States of America are large importers of Italian marble. The quarries have hitherto been accessible only to bullock carts, by roads scarcely deserving the name. The quantity annually extracted at present from the different quarries of Carrara amounts to about fifty thousand tons, which is now conveyed for a considerable part of the distance to the place of embarkation by railway, while saw-mills have been introduced by means of English enterprise and machinery.

Newspapers in Java.—Little has hitherto been known respecting the press of Java, and we are therefore happy to be enabled to lay before our readers the following sketch. Though Holland can boast of one of the oldest papers published in Europe, namely, the "*Haarlemsche Courant*," which dates back as far as the 8th of January, 1656, the papers published in Java are all of a very recent date, notwithstanding the Dutch having been established in the country as early as 1610.

The following is a list of the papers which have been, and are still being published in the country:

1. "*Javasche Courant*," published at Batavia. This is the Government Gazette, and appears to be the oldest paper published in the Netherlands India. It commenced in 1810, under the name of "*Bataviasche Koloniale Courant*," which it bore until 1811. From 1812 to 1816, the period that the country was in our possession, it was succeeded by the "*Java Government Gazette*," and was continued by the Dutch from 1816 to 1827, under the name of "*Bataviasche Courant*." In 1828 it changed its name to "*Javasche Courant*," which it has retained to the present time.

Whatever the position of this paper might have been in former years, it is at present no better than so much waste paper, containing, besides the usual notifications, nothing whatever of interest. It is printed at the Government Press, edited by a civil servant, who receives no remuneration for the same. It has a larger circulation than any other paper in Java, owing to the subscription being enforced by the Govern-

ment from all its civil and military servants drawing above a fixed minimum of pay. The same is done with the Java Directory and other works published by the Government.

2. "Bataviaasch Advertentieblad," commenced at Batavia in 1851 and stopped in 1852.

3. "Java Bode," published at Batavia since 1852.

4. "Opwekker" (Reviver), religious paper, published at Batavia since 1852.

5. "Bataviaasch Handelsblad," religious paper, published at Batavia since 1858.

6. "Indisch Weekblad van het Regt" (Indian Journal of Justice), published at Batavia since 1863.

7. "Java Times," the second English paper published in Java, commenced at Batavia, 13th November, 1863. Though conducted by non-professional editors, this was undoubtedly the best paper ever published in the country. At the commencement it appeared twice a month, and became a weekly afterwards, but was obliged to stop the next year (December, 1864), for want of support.

8. "Nieuw Bataviaasch Handelsblad," published at Batavia since the commencement of the present year.

9. "Samarangsche Courant," published at Samarang since 1846. This would appear to be the next oldest paper published in Java, and it seems therefore that Samarang enjoyed the possession of a private newspaper some years before either Batavia or Sourabaya.

10. "Samarangsche Advertentieblad," commenced at Samarang in 1859, and stopped in 1864.

11. "Locomotief," published at Samarang since 1852.

12. "Javaan," published at Samarang since 1864.

13. "Sourabayaasch Handelsblad, published at Sourabaya since 1851.

14. "Ovstpvst," commenced at Sourabaya in 1853, stopped in 1865.

15. "Sourabaya Courant," published at Sourabaya since 1861.

16. "Nieuwsbode," published at Sourabaya since 1861.

The publisher, sometime proprietor and editor of this paper, was banished last year for an infringement of the press regulations, consisting in being unable or unwilling to supply the name of the writer of some—in the eyes of the Government—highly offending matter, entitled "A Dream," pretending to give a representation of position of Java in 1965. In the course of the same year another party was banished for having published some doggerel rhymes, entitled a "Curse Song; the Last Days of the Dutch in Java." We are happy to be enabled to add that banishment for such offences, though happening twice in 1865, is generally of rare occurrence.

17. "Militaire Courant" (Military Gazette), commenced at Sourabaya in 1863, and stopped in 1866.

18. "Paseroeansche Courant," published at Paseroean since 1857.

19. "Handelsblad voor Paseroeanen Omstreken," published at Paseroean since 1865.

20. "Sumatra Courant," published at Padang since 1860.

21. "Makasaarsch Weekblad," published at Macassar since 1861.

Several attempts have been made from time to time to establish humorous papers, but they have always been so short-lived that never more than a few numbers have appeared.

According to the above list the total number of newspapers ever published in Java would appear to be twenty-one, of which, on the 1st July, 1866, there were still sixteen in existence—that is, six published at Batavia, three at Samarang, three at Sourabaya, two at Paseroean, one at Padang, and one at Macassar. Most of these papers are either weekly or half-weekly, and some appear three times a week. Excepting those publications, the names of which sufficiently indicate their contents, the papers of Java have no political pretensions; they are principally advertising sheets, some of them containing nothing but advertisements, while others publish an occasional leader on local, cultural, commercial, or municipal matters, extracts from the home papers, translations from papers published in the Straits, India, and China, and the usual shipping and commercial news. To fill up, some devote a portion of their space to literature, either original or borrowed, as is often the case with European papers.

The three principal papers of Batavia do not average above eleven hundred to twelve hundred subscribers in Java and the neighboring Isles, and publish a mail edition for Holland. Their largest revenue is derived from advertisements, and though the subscription does not amount to more than £2 10s. per annum, they manage to pay their editors (generally lawyers) handsomely—these gentlemen deriving from their editorial labors £1000 and upwards per annum.

The only revenue enacted by the Government from the papers is one shilling stamp duty for every two insertions of each advertisement, to be paid by the advertiser in addition to the cost of the advertisement. As a check on the press no papers are allowed to leave the printing office until a copy has been delivered to the head of the local government, to whom also the stamp duty is to be paid. The first part of this order, though invariably complied with, is but a mere form, as the circulation is never interfered with, the objectionable matter for which the publisher was banished, referred to above, not having been found out until after circulation. Each copy is moreover obliged to contain a notice stating on whose responsibility the paper is published, which is generally signed by the proprietor, editor, or publisher.

Of the peculiarities of the papers published in Java, we will only say that they are always attacking and very often abusing one another; that some of them appear to be above mentioning the number of their volumes, which makes it often difficult to find out their age, and that the whole of them persist in reversing the order of those interesting domestic occurrences, births, marriages, and deaths, which they will have marriages, births, and deaths, and which latter property they have in common with the papers published in Holland.

In the vernacular four papers are at present published in Netherlands India, namely:

1. "Selompret Malayoe" (Malay Trumpet), a Malay paper, published at Samarang.

2. "Bintang Timor" (Star of the East), a Malay paper, published at Sourabaya.

3. "Djoeramartani" (Messenger), a Javanese paper, published at Souracarta.

4. "Bintang Timor" (Star of the East), a Malay paper, published at Palang.

They are all of a recent date, but appear to be sufficiently supported to be carried on.

The following periodicals are published in Java:

1. "Journal of the Royal Association of Natural Philosophy."

2. "Journal of the Industrial and Agricultural Society."

3. "Journal of Justice in Netherlands India."

4. "Journal of Knowledge of Indian Languages, Countries and Nations."

5. "The Medical Journal."

6. "Transactions of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences."

The journals are of course published in Dutch, but the last-named society does occasionally publish some of its works in the English language.—*Literary Gazette*.

The Sirpeny Waverley.—The announcement, by Mr. J. C. Hotten, a London publisher, of a sixpenny edition of the Waverley novels, has brought out A. & C. Black, of Edinburgh, publishers and proprietors of all Scott's works. They remind the public that the only portion of the Waverley novels now out of copyright is that which was first issued from the press in 1814; that in 1829 Scott carefully corrected and improved the text of this first issue to such an extent that hardly a page remained without material alteration, and, besides, added the notes and introductions; that to this amended edition he gave the name of the "author's edition," as being the only one he desired the public to regard as bearing his sanction and approval; and that all other editions must therefore be regarded as imperfect in the text and incomplete in the notes and introductions. They conclude by announcing, in sixpenny volumes, to appear monthly, commencing in November, the whole of Scott's novels, corrected and revised by himself.

German Periodicals.—Mr. Steiger, of New-York, has issued a copious catalogue, not paged, of the periodical literature of Germany, in all its departments. The contents are classified under twenty-seven heads, embracing theology, philosophy, medicine, fine arts, technology, physics, gymnastics, politics, free-masonry, and we believe everything else. It is a priced list, and Mr. Steiger is ready to supply the works to subscribers.—*Literary Gazette*.

The American Law Review.—An examination of the first number of this new quarterly induces us to believe that it will be a valuable addition to our legal literature. Such a publication has long been needed. The legal profession—large, important, and influential as it is in the country has no periodical which represents its literature. We have had monthly law magazines, but they mainly consisted of judicial opinions and scissors work. We need something of an original character. The new review is carefully made up, and will be acceptable to the legal scholar and valuable to the mere practitioner. There are,

however, three errors to be avoided: Politics must be carefully eschewed; it must not be local; and it must not appear to be simply an instrument to further the law-book business of the publishers. We have looked through the first number with reference to each of these three particulars, and are pleased to see that there is little or no ground for criticism on that score.—*Literary Gazette*.

Doré and Tennyson.—The illustrated edition of Tennyson's *Elaine* (one of the "Idylls of the King"), at which Gustave Doré has been latterly engaged, will be published in London in a few weeks as a Christmas book. The sketches have been engraved on steel—all the same artist's previous designs having been executed on wood. In a London paper, a critic who has seen the plates speaks of one of them—Lancelot riding to Astolat—as particularly fine, and intimates that, whether in accordance with Mr. Tennyson's wishes or at the suggestion of his own judgment, Doré has repressed, in these designs, his strong tendency towards the grotesque. His recent labors on the Bible would naturally sober his manner. Doré's brother, writing about the illustrations of *Elaine*, says: "My brother has this time made a great success, which must carry his name to posterity." Mr. Tennyson has completed a new poem, which will be published early next year.—*Literary Gazette*.

Light in Darkness.—Few things are more needful and few things more indispensable in this world to human comfort, than light. Good lamps, neat, convenient, easily managed, radiating a soft, clear, golden light, grateful to the eyesight, in the parlor, in the library of the student, and in the uses of the family, are a boon of high value. Ives' patent lamp, in all forms, is an article of surpassing comfort and convenience. Chandeliers and hanging lamps, table lamps, with improved shades of various colors, and all the conveniences which enter into the idea of a perfect lamp, are combined in this beautiful arrangement in all needful forms. Examine and make trial of them, all ye good people with weak eyes, who would know the luxury of pure light. We have seen nothing which can justly compare with this lamp, and we do good service by thus calling attention to it. Go to the show rooms of Julius Ives & Co, 49 Maiden-lane, N. Y., and choose.

Ives' Pocket Lamp is also a marvel of simplicity and convenience. It folds up to the size of a small pocket volume, with candles and matches ready for any emergency of sudden darkness. No traveller should be without it.

Messrs. Trübner & Co., of London, have made arrangements with the author of the *History of Rationalism*, lately published in New-York by Messrs. Scribner & Co., for an English edition of that work. The author, Dr. J. F. Hurst, has given an entire revision to the last American edition of his *History of Rationalism* and added a large amount of new matter, giving a copious account of the Colenso case down to the present time, together with a full review of the recent High-Church movements. The late F. W. Robertson, M. Paschoud, Rénan's *Apocrypha*, and *Eccle Homo* are reviewed in detail. The work is expected to appear during the coming autumn, in two volumes.

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